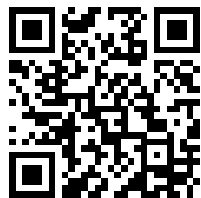


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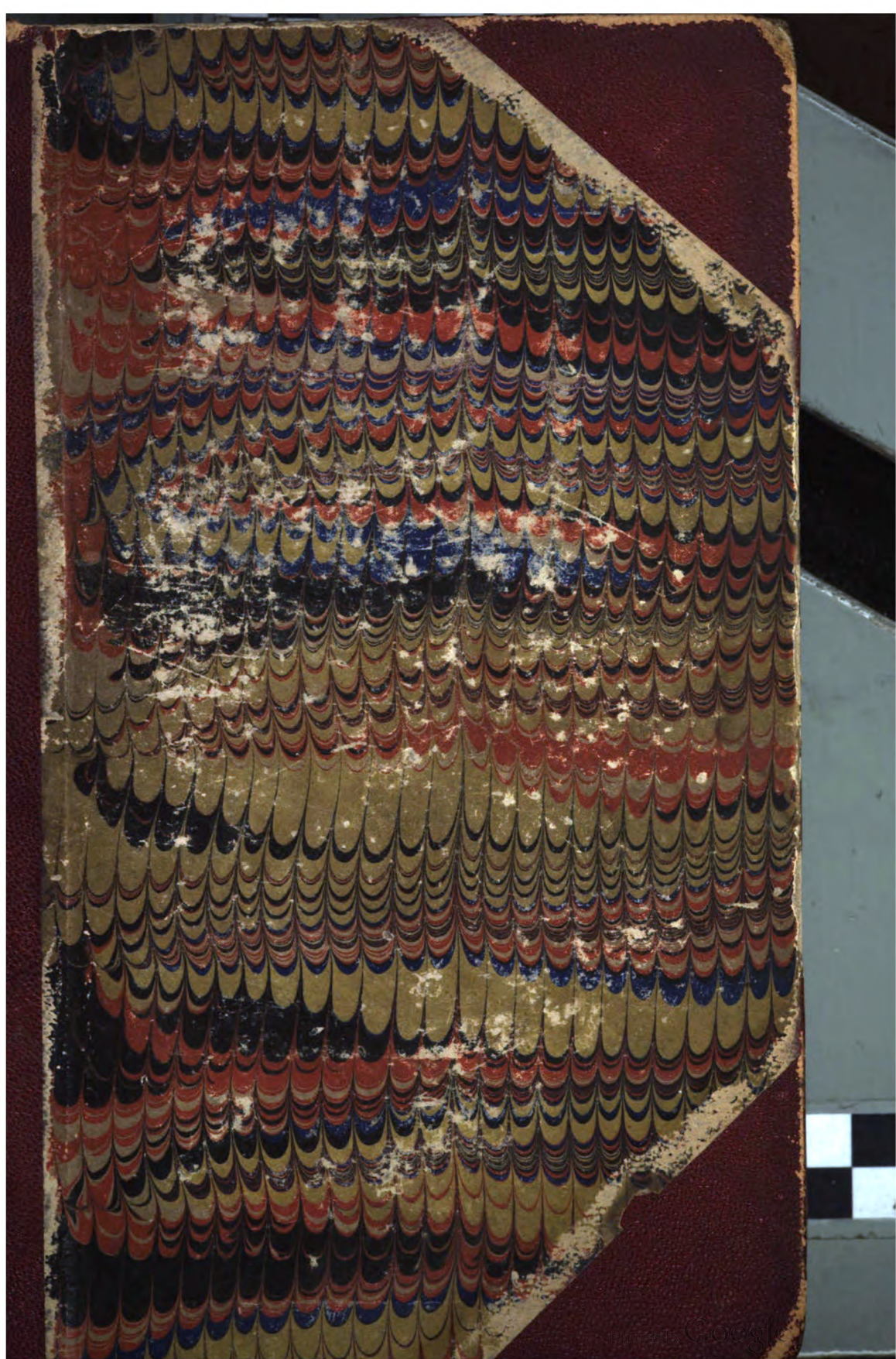
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## Twin Cities Campus











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# BALLOU'S DOLLAR MONTHLY MAGAZINE.

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WHOLE No. 61.

## IRELAND AND THE IRISH.

In the leading article of our Magazine for this month, we propose to present the reader with a very attractive series of illustrations, relating to a country which is annually becoming of more and more interest to our own, and of a people who are monthly sending to our shores thousands upon thousands of emigrants. It will be observed that our engravings are quite desultory in the themes selected, which purpose was adopted to impart as much of variety as possible to the subject. In times past the American tourist has hardly deemed Ireland to be worthy of an especial division of time in his calculation for foreign travel; but now-a-days, not to have visited her lakes and mountains, her noble cities and harbors, her ancient rivers and her cultivated tracts, is to be "untravelled" indeed. Quite as vividly individualized as any country in Europe, her people certainly present as remarkable a chapter for the notice of the student of human nature, as those of any other land; and indeed her peasantry, perhaps, with their prominent peculiarities, are more interesting and more individualized than any other class throughout the whole of Europe. Our first engraving (No. 1.) is an actual scene, as indeed are all of the series herein presented, and depicts a couple of peasant women, with their water-jars, at the side of an open spring. They are quite Oriental in their mode of carrying water and other liquids in jars upon the head; and the scene might be laid in Turkey without outraging the general characteristics of the common women of the East. A writer upon Ireland thus describes the very picture we

present: "Goats trot about with the peasantry very frequently, and are in admirable keeping with the wild beauty of the landscape. You hear their bleat from inaccessible mountains, and you meet them with the women by the well sides, and the running waters. A sudden turn in one of the hill-tops brought us, one sultry morning, to where two young women had been filling their large brown water-pitchers; one stood with her large eyes, whose lashes swept her cheeks, bent on the ground, the pitcher resting on her hip, and her cloak and apron, even her short woolen petticoat falling into graceful draperies around her;



IRISH PEASANT WOMEN.—(No. 1.)





IRISH GIRL AND KID.—(No. 2.)

her companion, whose back was to us, was chattering away 'most eloquently,' her abundant hair was twisted into a knot behind, and fastened with that object of Irish maiden ambition, 'a crooked comb.' A two-eared pitcher was balanced on her head, and her cloak, looped up by her graceful attitude, displayed more of her finely-formed limbs than was quite seemly; and this she thought, for the moment a pause in her chatter permitted her to hear the rattle of our car, she dropt her arm, and the cloak fell. These girls were followed to this lonely place by a goat, who pricked up its ears at our intrusion."

The custom of carrying these burthens upon their heads makes the women remarkably erect, and they are generally very lithesome and free of limb. Especially is this the case among the highlands, where the country is peopled by a brave and hardy race, devoted enthusiastically to their wild hills and glens, and retaining almost exactly their original characteristics, while their habits and customs are as unchanged as their mountain lakes, though civilization has cunningly entered where the foot of the invader could make no progress.

Our second engraving (No. 2.) represents a peasant girl and kid, taken from actual life; she bears upon one arm the roll of worsted stuff of home manufacture, which she is conveying to the neighboring dyer, leading a tethered kid which she will sell or exchange. The pure Greek outline of her features is a marked characteristic of many of the peasant girls of various

districts. This fact has been historically preserved by Harvey, the painter, who has, in the British Museum, a series in oil, painted a number of years since from actual sketches, especially in Galway, where the present scene was taken. Mrs. Hall in her work on Ireland speaks especially of a peculiar character well known in this country, the itinerant knitter, a woman who has no home of her own, if she is quick and clever at her calling, makes out a very good living. She will "go on a visit" for two or three months in "the bad times," or "a hard summer," to a neighboring farmer, and knit out her board and lodging, stealing an hour betimes to keep "feet on herself," or to knit a pair for some poor "Christian" or pilgrim—"that have no time to do it for themselves, on account of the hours they spend making their soul." The knitter has invariably a store of superstitions, and both old and new tales, and sings songs—old ballads it does the heart good to hear, thrilling with the wild, earnest power of Irish harmony—and in the mountain passes it is not unlikely that you hear her wild melody long before you overtake her, as she goes, though long past the morning of life, straight as an arrow, and with a brisk mountain step, from

one village or solitary house to another. She is invariably well received, for though knitting is her profession, she is a "knowledgeable" woman in all things, and moreover a practical match-maker, taking part in general against the "foolishness of love," and siding with the fathers and mothers, unless indeed a rich young farmer fancies one "not his equal all out, barrin' the beauty," and then the knitter is inclined to the "colleen;" for "why should not the young farmer choose?—he has enough for both. Why not? he paid her double for every pair of stockings she ever knit him,—an' troth it's him that has the handsome foot and leg to set off a stocking." The knitter professes perfect disinterestedness in all matrimonial matters, and, perhaps, so deceptive is human nature, that she thinks she is disinterested, though the "might" is her "right." One indeed we knew, who had such a tender heart "towards the innocent young craythurs in love," that she was everlastingly in hot water with the elders, who declared she knit with "double needles," signifying that she was deceitful, and consequently she was very unpopular, until the young persons she patronized married—then they did not forget her kindness.

The "knitters" were not unfrequently "keeners," none being better qualified to celebrate the praises of the dead than those who knew so much about the living; and the facility with which they "wove in" the various qualities of the person they "keened" with the established themes of the death-song, evinced much tact, if



not much talent. The knitter, too, is frequently "a mighty fine hand entirely" at the "quilting"—considered a very valuable acquirement—and can "stitch in" the "waves," or "diamonds," or "hexagons," "wonderful!"—she can also toss cups, and read them "like print," without once "setting down the needles;" she has a knowledge in charms, and can keep off an ague fit, and give a cure for the heartburn, and her "cures" are greatly praised by the old people; for whether she prescribes "herbs" or "roots," she steeps, or rather did steep, them all in whiskey "flavored" with a "little grain of sugar." Her pockets are sometimes capacious enough to contain some dark-brown hard gingerbread cakes—an extraordinary treat for the children; and if she goes to a station, she invariably brings away a bottle of holy water for her friends; she piques herself upon her "good breeding," and when you meet her, or pass her on the roadside, she invariably makes both her needles and herself come to a dead stand-still, and then drops so low a curtsy that you wonder how she ever gets up again. We are picturing the professional knitter; but nearly all the women knit more or less; and the tourist will be sure to be surrounded by a band of them the moment he stops at any well-known resting-place.

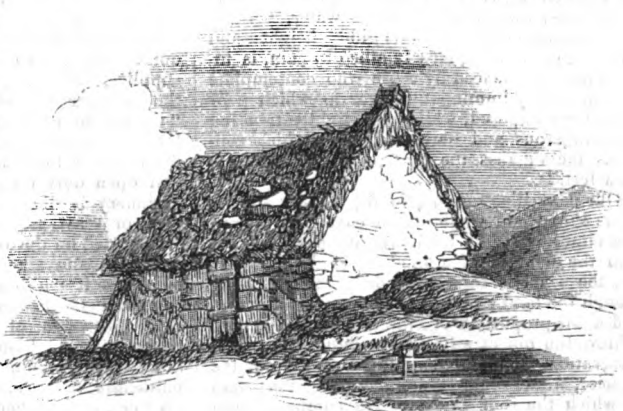
Our third illustration (No. 3.) represents a common Irish Cabin, but by no means of the poorest sort. The wild Indians of the West, and even the Esquimaux, construct their habitations with more care than do the humble classes of the Irish peasantry. Mr. Tite, in his report to the Irish Society of London, thus describes an Irish cabin: "An Irish cabin, architecturally described, is a shed about eighteen feet by fourteen, or perhaps less, built of sod (mud) or rough stone, perhaps with a window, or a hole to represent one; it is thatched with sods, with a basket for a chimney. It generally admits the wet, and does not pretend to keep out the cold. A hole on the ground in front of the door, or just on the side, is the receptacle for slops, manure and other abominations. This one room, wretched as it is, is generally all the shelter that is afforded for the father and mother, with the children, perhaps the grandmother, and certainly the pig; and therefore it appears to me obvious, that the first and most necessary change is, that there should be two rooms instead of one, that the dung-pit should be put at the back of the house instead of in the front, and that a pig-sty should be provided." If by the roadside, instead of raising his dwelling above its level, so as to secure it from damp, the Irish peasant invariably sinks it below, considerably below, the level of the highway; making it, in fact, a drain to the road. If on the side of a hill, he never dreams of levelling the floor; on the contrary, we have seen numberless instances where one gable has been two feet higher than the other,

and the roof straight. We remember a particular instance where a wealthy farmer, we forget his real name, but we always called him "Inigo Jones," set about building a substantial farmhouse on the side of the hill of Carrig. When the foundations were laid, a friend of ours asked him if he did not mean to level the part of the hill whereon he built his house. Level it!" he replied. "Plase yer honor, I was born in a hill-house myself, and all my people lived in it, and it was so steep that *the children used to roll into the bed every night*, but sure they weren't the worse for it, nor will I be, plase God."

Of late years, undoubtedly, there has been some advance towards civilization in the exterior as well as in the interior of the Irish cabin; very frequently now, they are whitewashed—a practice introduced during the terrible visitation of the cholera;—but the progress towards a happier state of things has been grievously slow; and in the more remote districts they retain their primitive characteristics, absolutely degrading to human nature and shocking to humanity. This picture is not overwrought.

Our next illustration (No. 4.) is of a bold and lofty headland and rock, lying opposite to Scotland in the county of Antrim, upon which are seen the ruins of Bruce's Castle. During the civil wars which devastated Scotland after the appointment of Baliol to the throne of that kingdom, Robert Bruce was driven out and obliged to seek shelter in the isle of Raghery, in a fortress whose ruined walls still retain the name of the illustrious fugitive. His enemies, however, pursued him even to this remote spot, and forced him to embark in a little skiff and seek refuge on the ocean. The ruins of Bruce's Castle are situated on a bold and rocky promontory, which is seen in our engraving. The sketch, taken at a distance, barely shows the half-decayed walls of the ancient structure.

Near the village of Ballintary, Antrim, there is quite an interesting "lion" known as the Hanging Bridge, (No. 5.) The chasm here represented divides the island-rock from the mainland, and is in the immediate vicinity of the Giant's Causeway. A modern tourist says: "The chasm is sixty feet wide, the rock on either



AN IRISH CABIN.—(No. 3.)

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THE RUINS OF BRUCE'S CASTLE.—No. 4.)

side rising about eighty feet above the level of the water. Across this mighty rent a bridge of ropes has been thrown, for the convenience of the fishermen who reside on the island during the summer months. The construction of the bridge is very simple. Two strong ropes or cables are stretched from one chasm to another, in a parallel line, and made fast to rings fixed permanently in the rock, across these, planks, twelve inches wide, are laid and secured; a slight rope, elevated convenient to the hand, runs parallel with the footway; and thus a bridge is formed, over which men, women and boys, many of them carrying heavy burdens, are seen walking or running, apparently with as little concern as they would evince in advancing the same distance on *terra firma*. It is awful in the extreme to witness, from a boat on the water, persons passing and repassing at this giddy height—and a feeling of anxiety, closely allied to pain, is invariably experienced by those who contemplate the apparently imminent danger to which poor people are exposed, while thus lightly treading the dangerous and narrow footway which conducts them across the gulf that yawns beneath their feet."

Our next illustration (No. 6.) depicts the famous Port Coon Cave. The cave may be visited either by sea or land. Boats may row into it to the distance of a hundred yards or more; but the swell is sometimes dangerous; and although the land entrance to the cave is slippery, and a fair proportion of climbing is necessary to achieve the object, still the magnificence of the excavation, its length and the formation of the interior, would repay greater exertion; the stones of which the roof and sides are composed, and which are of a rounded form, and embedded as

it were in a basaltic paste, are formed of concentric spheres resembling the coats of an onion; the innermost recess has been compared to the side aisle of a Gothic cathedral; the walls are most painfully slimy to the touch; the discharge of a loaded gun reverberates amid the rolling of the billows so as to thunder a most awful effect; and the notes of a bugle produced delicious echoes.

Our succeeding engraving (No. 7.) represents a portion of that famous coast formation in the county of Antrim known as the Giant's Causeway, the immediate scene being known as the Giant's Organ, from the peculiar formation of the same. Standing upon the causeway, elevated but a few feet above the level of the coast, the tourist will observe upon the side of the hill, immediately above him, the Giant's Organ, a magnificent colonnade of pillars, laid open, as it were, by a land-slip, in the centre of the cliff, and reaching to the height of one hundred and twenty feet.

Our next illustration (No. 8.) represents a picturesque scene in the county of Kerry. The road from Kenmare to Killarney, for the first five miles, possesses little to interest; it is nearly due north; but before entering on this road a deviation to the west will conduct the traveller to many objects of considerable beauty. A mile or two from the town are the ancient ruins of Dunkerron Castle, once the hospitable seat of O'Sullivan Mor; and Cappanacuse, another shattered castle of the same family. Farther on, the river Blackwater flows into the bay; the adjacent scenery is highly picturesque; the river rushes through a deep ravine, the thick sides of which are thickly wooded. Its source is a small dark lake among the Dunkerron Mountains, and near its mouth it is crossed by a bridge of two lofty arches, passing over a chasm of great depth.

Twelve miles to the west, the antiquary may obtain one of the rarest treats which the country supplies, by visiting, on the verge of the coast, the singular fort of Staigue, or Staigue-an-ar, "the staired place of slaughter." It is a circular stone structure standing on a hill, within a deep hollow, formed by surrounding mountains, and open only on the south, to the sea. The periphery is divided into ten compartments of steps or seats, ascending to the top; the whole surrounded on the outside by a most twenty-six feet wide and six feet in depth. Mr. Windele considers it "a remain of the primitive Cyclopean or Pelasgic-Irish architecture, used in the early fortresses of Ireland, and indifferently called 'Cahir,' 'Boon,' and 'Caisiol.'" Valancey has pronounced it to be a Phœnician amphitheatre, and describes it as unique. But since his time, many other erections of a similar kind, or varying from it in no essential points, have

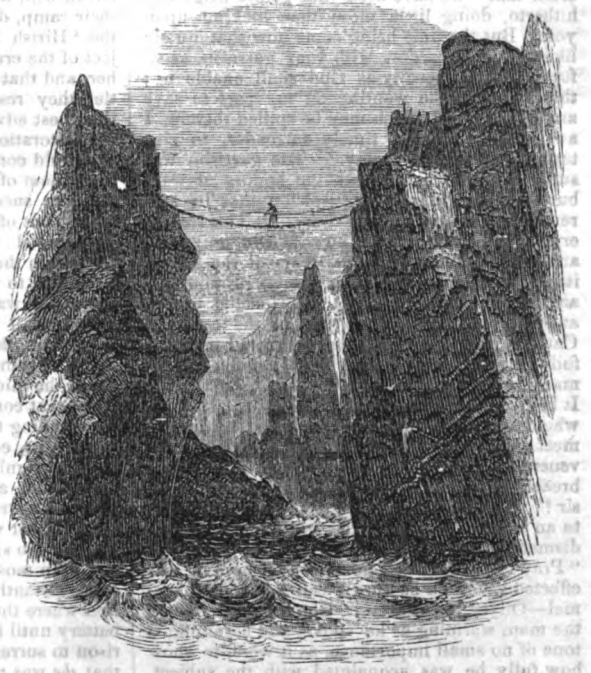
been discovered in various parts of the island, and in this district in particular.

The artists who seek Kerry county to illustrate their portfolios, necessarily employ a native guide, a portrait of one of whom we give herewith (No. 9.), carrying his employer's sketch-book. Note his peculiar hat—not quite a “caubeen,” although the mountain blasts have materially changed its shape since it was “a bran-new beaver;” his small keen gray eyes; his “loose” good-natured mouth—that pours forth in abundance courteous, if not courtly, phrases. His coat was certainly not made by a Stultz, nor his brogands by a Hoby; but the frieze suits well with his healthy and sun-burnt countenance, and the shoes are a fitting match for the sturdy limbs that have borne him a thousand times up the steep and high mountain of Mangerton.

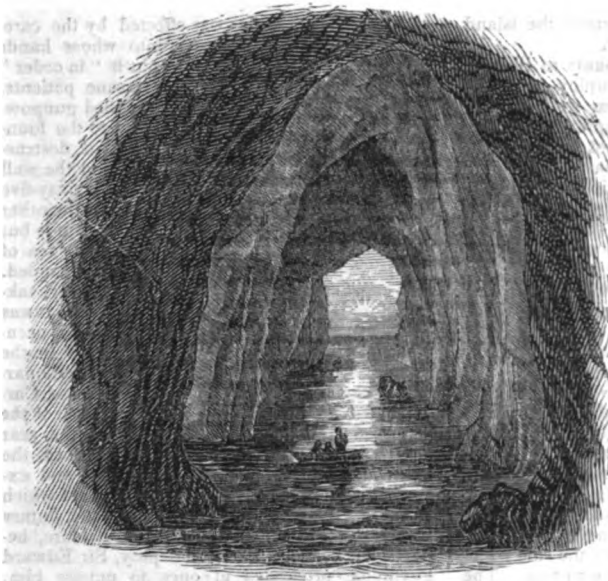
The “brogue,” or shoe, of the Irish peasantry differs in its construction from the shoe of any other country. It was formerly made of untanned hide, but for the last century at least it has been made of tanned leather. The leather of the uppers is much stronger than what is used in the strongest shoes, being made of cow-hide dressed for the purpose, and it never has an inside lining like the ordinary shoe; the sole leather is generally of an inferior description. The process of making the brogue is entirely different from that of shoemaking; and the tools used in the work, excepting the hammer, pinchers and knife, bear little analogy. The awl, though used in common by both operators, is much larger than the largest used by the shoemaker, and unlike in the bend and form. The great objects of strength and durability are sought to be attained, and supercede all others.

The town of Carlow is seated on the east bank of the river Barrow, the “goodlie Barrow,” as Spenser terms it; its source is in the Slieve Bloom Mountains, in the Queen's County, and passing through the towns of Portarlinton, Monastereven, Athy, Carlow, Leighlin-Bridge, and Graigue-nemanagh, it forms a junction with the Nore, and both join the Suir, a few miles from Waterford. The Barrow is navigable for a distance of forty-three miles. The town is modern in its general aspect, presenting a singular contrast to its neighbor, the city of Kilkenny—so full of magnificent castellated and monastic remains. The only ancient relic in Carlow is “the Castle.” It is situated on a gentle eminence, overlooking the river; and is said to have been erected by Hugh De Lacy, who was appointed lord-deputy of Ireland in the year 1179. It was built after the Anglo-Norman style of architecture; a square area, surrounded by thick walls, fortified and strengthened at each corner by a large round tower. Until the year 1814, it had bravely withstood the attacks of time

and war; but its ruin was effected by the carelessness of a medical doctor, into whose hands it came, and who designed to put it “in order” for the “accommodation” of insane patients. In the progress of his work he applied gunpowder, with some unexplained object, to the foundations, and in a moment completed its destruction, leaving but two of its towers, and the wall between them. Their present height is sixty-five feet, and the length from one tower to the other is one hundred and five feet; as the ruin is but one side of a square, it affords a correct idea of the large space the castle formerly occupied. Our engraving (No. 10.) is from a drawing, taken before it was so effectually ruined. As it was built to protect the English of the Pale, it occupies no minor station in Irish history. In the reign of Edward II. it was made the headquarters of the seneschalship of the counties of Carlow and Kildare, instituted in consequence of the disturbed state of those districts. In the year 1361, Lionel Duke of Clarence established the exchequer of the kingdom in Carlow, and expended £500 in fortifying it with walls, of which at present there is not a vestige. In 1494, James Fitzgerald, brother of the Earl of Kildare, besieged the castle. The lord-deputy, Sir Edward Poynings, proceeded at once to oppose him, when, after a brief siege, it was surrendered. In 1534, Lord Thomas Fitzgerald, who with others rebelled, had possession of six of the principal castles of Ireland, amongst which was that of Carlow. In 1641 the castle was reduced to great extremity, but was relieved by Sir Patrick Wemyss. In 1650 it was surrendered to Sir Hardress Waller, who bombarded it with cannon.



HANGING BRIDGE OF CARRICK-A-REDE.—(No. 5.)



PORT COON CAVE.—(No. 6.)

A field about half a mile distant, on the opposite side of the river, in Queen's County, is still pointed out as the place where Waller planted his artillery on the occasion. Ireton had previously summoned it to surrender, but in terms more than usually courteous; informing the governor that "we have been your gentle neighbors hitherto, doing little more than looking upon you. But the time being come now that we are like to deal in earnest with your garrison, as effectually and speedily as God shall enable us; that I may not be wanting on my part to save any of the blood which may be spilled therein, I am willing, upon a timely surrender, to give terms to so fair an enemy." The garrison was suffered to march out with the honors of war; but there are grounds for suspicion that its surrender was effected by treachery. "This treachery," says Carte, "was now grown universal, arising sometimes from the fears of the inhabitants, and sometimes from the corruption, avarice or cowardice of the garrisons of the towns, and was the cause of the loss of the castle of Catherlogh." We have been favored with the following, as among the most popular of the many legends connected with the ancient castle. It is given in the words of a gossiping old man, whom our informant had the good fortune to meet as he stood to take an admiring view of the venerable ruin. "Do you see that large round breach, in the middle of the wall opposite there, sir?" was the question demanded of us, in reply to an inquiry respecting the origin of its present dismantled appearance. "Yes," we answered. "Pray can you tell us how or by whom it was effected?" "To be sure I can. 'Twas Crummel—Oliver Crummel, sir, who did it," replied the man, warming as he spoke, and assuming a tone of no small importance, as it were, to show how fully he was acquainted with the subject.

"Now, sir, if you were to see the castle on the other side, or to enter it, and climb its walls, as I have often done in my youth, you would see that the spot in which the breach is, is the weakest and least thick of any in the entire building; and well the crafty, cunning Crummel knew that, when he planted his cannon right *for-ent* that very part." "But how did he become acquainted with the fact of its being so?" we asked. "Why, then, I'll tell you that too, sir," rejoined our friend. "Well, you see, when the castle was besieged, the poor fellows who were shut up within it, after a short time had nearly consumed all their provisions; and water, which you know will not keep fresh for any length of time, was the first to fail them. There happened to be in the castle two or three old women, servants of the governor, and as the loss of these was to be preferred to that of a single soldier—of whom there were barely enough to maintain the siege—recourse was had to the sending one of them during the night to the river, which, as you may see, runs hard by, for the purpose of drawing water to the castle. Well, as chance would have it, some of Crummel's soldiers, wandering about at the time, fell in with the old woman, and carried her off to their camp, determined to have some sport out of the 'Hirish hag.' Learning, however, the object of the errand in which they had surprised her, and that she had been an inmate of the castle, they resolved to turn the circumstance to their best advantage, and accordingly promised her restoration of freedom and a reward, provided she could conduct them into the fortress, or inform them of any way by which they would be likely to succeed in their designs. Frightened almost out of her wits by their threats, and now encouraged by their promises, she acquainted them with the fatal secret, that the portion of the front wall to which, on the inside, the staircase was fixed, was, in fact, the only point that would yield at all to their artillery. In short, after some time, they agreed on the following terms: that she, being sent back to the castle, should, about the middle of the ensuing night, ascend the stairs that conducted to the battlemented parapet surrounding the summit of the wall, and, standing by its edge, should hold forth a burning torch to signify the place where the frailty lay. Like a fool, as she must undoubtedly have been, and like a wretched dupe as she proved herself, she kept her word, and exhibited at the appointed hour the signal agreed on; and Crummel, who had been most anxiously awaiting her appearance, instantly discharged his shot in the direction where the light was seen, and continued the battery until he succeeded in compelling the garrison to surrender. And now, let me tell you, that *she* was the first to meet her death on that

occasion—the old hag, as she deserved, having been blown to atoms—the victim of her own treachery.”

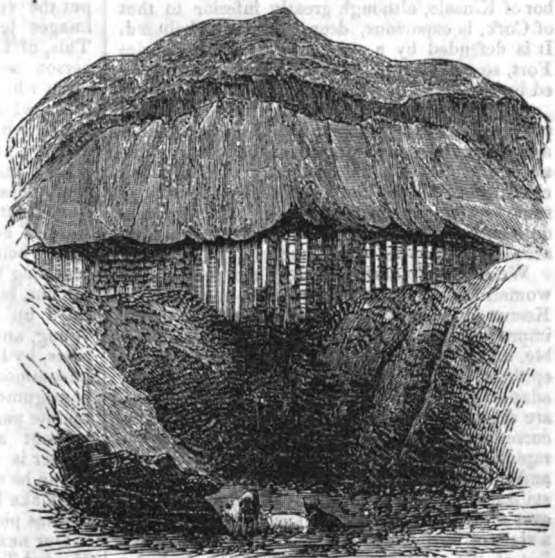
Carlow is one of the most fertile and best cultivated of the counties of Ireland, and has been termed “the garden of Erin;” it is almost exclusively an agricultural county, its soil being admirably adapted for the production of corn of every description—a fact that may account for the number of flourishing mills to be found in every district of it, the Barrow affording great facilities for export through the towns of New Ross and Waterford, the river having been rendered navigable for boats of considerable size; but the navigation requires still farther improvement. The principal mills are those of Mr. Alexander, at Milford, and the Lodge Mills, at Bagenalstown, of which Mr. Crosthwaite is the present proprietor. The grain raised in this county bears a high price in the markets of London and Liverpool; its butter also is famous, competing with that of Cork and Kerry, and large tracts of rich pasture-land are occupied as dairy-farms.

The establishment at Milford is one of the most extensive and celebrated in Ireland. It is situated about four miles from Carlow, on the Barrow, in the centre of a lovely valley, through which the river runs, surrounded by hills, and with the magnificent mountains, Leinster, Blackstairs, and Brandon, in the back-ground. The roof of the mill is flat, covered with *terceira*, formed of chalk, tar and sand; the walls are castellated, so that it has, from a distance, a very pleasing and striking effect. Plantations of fine trees are growing up around it, and the aspect of the whole neighborhood is remarkably cheering, comfortable and encouraging; all giving tokens of the improvements that are proceeding under the direction of the enterprising proprietor and his sons. Roads have been opened through several of the adjacent mountains, and cultivation has naturally followed; the hedge-rows in every direction are as neatly and carefully trimmed as those of England; the cottages are exceedingly clean and well-ordered,—for they are frequently white-washed, the material being supplied “gratis” to every applicant; many of them are covered with climbing plants, and, together with their sober and industrious occupants, bear unquestionable evidence of the vast importance of resident landlords in improving the face of the country and the social condition of its population. The mill was originally established in 1790, and was commenced on a large scale; the neighborhood was propitious, the soil being very rich, and based on a bed of limestone, which gives an inexhaustible supply of manure. The corn to be converted into flour is invariably purchased from the farmers or the peasantry, many of whom grow only some eight or ten barrels, and sell it in order to purchase materials more neces-

sary to satisfy their own wants—rarely or never grinding it for their own use. Mr. Alexander carries on his trade in corn at eight different places in Carlow and the adjoining counties, from whence it is transported to Milford, to be converted into flour, and thence distributed through the country or exported to the English markets; and he largely manufactures oatmeal, the character of which stands very high in the principal mart—Manchester, where it bears the best price. He has also a malting house, now in active work, although this branch was abandoned soon after the introduction of the existing malt-act, familiarly known in Ireland as “the measure for making smuggling easy.”

Ireland has been termed “the granary of Great Britain,” and it is so to a considerable extent; its manufactures are very limited, and almost its whole population are employed in the cultivation of the soil; yet it is notorious that in this country there are more acres capable of raising food, unemployed for any beneficial purpose, than are to be found in any other country of Europe. But every day increases their extent and their power; new systems of farming have been universally introduced; in many instances they have doubled the produce; and in many more they have led the proprietors to convert into arable land whole tracts of formerly barren mountain and bog. Irish farmers are now losing their prejudices in favor of “old plans;” the consequence is an enormous addition to the natural resources of the kingdom.

The next illustration (No. 11.) is that of the Church of St. Multose, Kinsale, of which Mrs. Hall says: “The parish church is dedicated to a female saint—St. Multose or Multosia, by whom it is said to have been erected in the fourteenth century. A legend is told in connection with it. When the saint was building it, which she did with her own hands, she desired to place



THE GIANT'S ORGAN AT THE GIANT'S CAUSEWAY.—(No. 7.)





LOFTY BRIDGE NEAR KILLARNEY.—(No. 8.)

a large stone, too heavy for her to lift. Seeing two men passing, one a native of the town, the other a stranger to it, she summoned them to her aid; the native refused to help her, but the stranger labored until her object was effected. Upon which she gave her blessing to the one, and left her curse with the other. It is a remarkable fact, and one that does not depend upon the authority of tradition, that, generally, when two inhabitants of the town marry, they will not go through the ceremony within the walls of St. Multose, but are "united" at some church in the neighborhood; and we were supplied with proofs in support of the legend, by references to several unlucky couples who had been so unwisely skeptical as to neglect the ancient warning. The harbor of Kinsale, although greatly inferior to that of Cork, is capacious, deep, and well sheltered. It is defended by a strong fort, called Charles Fort, so called in honor of Charles II., and erected by the Duke of Ormond in 1681.

Our next engraving (No. 12.) represents Irish peasant women washing in the primitive manner adopted universally throughout the country districts, the clothes being beaten by sticks or small clubs, prepared for the purpose, by the side of some spring or running brook. This process does entirely away with the necessity for soap, an article little known to these people.

We next illustrate (No 13.) the person of a woman known in Kerry and other counties as a Keener, or paid mourner. She must be a sort of improvisatrice. The Irish language, bold, forcible, and comprehensive, full of the most striking epithets and idiomatic beauties, is peculiarly adapted for either praise or satire—its blessings are singularly touching and expressive, and its curses wonderfully strong, bitter and biting. The rapidity and ease with which both are uttered, and the epigrammatic force of each concluding stanza of the keen, generally bring tears to the eyes of the most indifferent spectator, or produce a state of terrible excitement. The dramatic effect of the scene is very powerful; the darkness of the death-chamber, illumined only by candles

that glare upon the corpse—the manner of repetition or acknowledgment that runs round when the keener gives out a sentence—the deep, yet suppressed sob of the nearer relatives—and the stormy, uncontrollable cry of the widow or bereaved husband, when allusion is made to the domestic virtues of the deceased,—all heighten the effect of the keen; but in the open air, winding round some mountain pass, when a priest, or person greatly beloved and respected, is carried to the grave, and the keen, swelled by a thousand voices, is borne upon the mountain echoes—it is then absolutely magnificent. Mr. Beauford, in a communication to the Royal Irish Academy, remarks, that "the modes of lamentation, and the expressions of grief by sounds, gestures, and ceremonies, admit of an almost infinite variety. So far as these are common to most people, they have very little to attract attention; but where they constitute a part of national character, they then become objects of no inconsiderable speculation. The Irish," continues that gentleman, "have been always remarkable for their funeral lamentations, and this peculiarity has been noticed by almost every traveller who visited them;" and he adds, "it has been affirmed of the Irish, that to cry was more natural to them than to any other nation; and at length the Irish cry became proverbial."

This keen is very ancient, and there is a tradition that its origin is supernatural, as it is said to have been first sung by a chorus of invisible spirits in the air over the grave of one of the early kings of Ireland. The keener having finished a stanza of the keen, sets up the wail, in which all the mourners join. Then a momentary silence ensues, when the keener commences again, and so on—each stanza ending in the wail. The keen usually consists in an address to the corpse, asking him "why did he die?" etc. It is altogether extemporaneous; and it is sometimes astonishing to observe with what facility the keener will put the verses together, and shape her poetical images to the case of the person before her. This, of course, can only appear strongly to a person acquainted with the language, as any merit which these compositions possess is much obscured in a translation.

The lamentation is not always confined to the keener; any one present who has "the gift" of poetry may put in his or her verse, and this sometimes occurs. Thus the night wears away in alternations of lamentation and silence, the arrival of each new friend or relative of the deceased being, as already observed, the signal for renewing the keen. The intervals in the keen are not, however, always silent—they are often filled up by "small plays" on the part of the young, and on the part of the aged, or more serious, by tales of fairie and phantasmie; nor is it uncommon to have the conversation varied by an argument on religion, for even in the most remote parts so large an assemblage is seldom without a few straggling Protestants. The keener is almost invariably an aged woman; or if she be comparatively young, the habits of her life make her look old. One of this cast the artist has pictured from our description.

Our next engraving (No. 14.) represents the Monks' Tomb in the Abby of Mucros, Kerry. Although for a very long period the monks must

have lived and died in the Abbey of Mucross, in Kerry, posterity has been puzzled to find out the places where they are interred. Time has mingled their remains with those of the tens of thousands of nameless men who have here found their homes; but the peasantry still point out an ancient, singular, and rudely-constructed vault on the outside of the church, and immediately under the east window, where the bones of the holy fathers have become dust. Until within the last three or four years, the Abbey of Mucross and the adjacent churchyard were kept in a very revolting state. It is the custom of the Irish to inter the dead within a few feet, sometimes within a few inches, of the surface; and as the ground becomes crowded, it is often necessary to remove the remains of one inmate before room can be found for another. The consequence is, that all the old abbeys and churches are filled with decayed coffin-planks, and skulls and bones, scattered without the remotest care to decency, and absolutely disgusting to the spectator. This reproach has been entirely removed from Mucross, and now there is no disagreeable object to intrude upon the sight.

The next picture (No. 15.) represents an old crone and a young Irish peasant girl, the latter having come to ask some important question of the reputed witch, is awaiting her incantations and mood. It is an actual and frequent scene. It is from Mrs. Hall's valuable and justly esteemed work. She says: "From the sketch we made of them, Mr. Weigall has produced the accompanying print. The aged crone appeared to be bent double by age; she clasped in her hand a long rough stick, which she used as a 'divining rod' for the discovery of 'spring water.' The girl—who was remarkably handsome—was evidently watching until the oracle found voice, for it was sufficiently apparent that the consultation was one of no ordinary moment. The friend who was our companion knew the girl, and addressed her; she was prompt with a reply. 'I stood at her door with the rising sun,' she said, 'to know who charmed away the cow's milk, that my mother paid her to find out; and to know also about a little matter of my own.'"

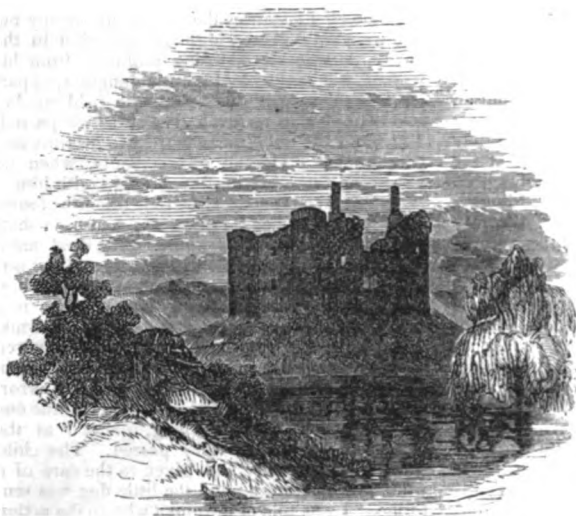
Our last engraving (No. 16.) of the set, represents one of the oft-occurring scenes of the mountain districts, wherein the police have arrested a peasant for illegal distillation of whiskey, and are conducting him and his effects to prison. In the choice of our subject, that of Ireland and the Irish, we have been influenced by a desire to give as much of variety, in our illustrated articles as possible. In our next subject, we shall select quite another theme, and thus from month to month, give the readers of Ballou's Dollar Magazine all the variety and impart to the work all of varied interest possible. Thus at the close of each six months there will be a completed volume, and at the close of each year two volumes of six hundred pages each, finely illustrated.

#### INCIDENTS OF THE INDIAN REBELLION.

Some circumstances that came under my notice were very distressing. A man shot in the head, and who was bleeding profusely from his wound, was tended by his little daughter, apparently about twelve years old, who held up her hands imploring mercy and pity as we passed. Nor was I the only one who tried to reassure and comfort her. One of our servants, when he joined us later in the day, brought with him a little boy, about seven years old, whom he found standing by his dead father, who had been shot, and had fallen from his horse. The dead man, the child and horse, were in a group, and our servant charitably took the child, and placing him before him on his own horse, brought him into camp. I became possessed too of a small white dog, which, together with a baby six or seven months old, was found lying on a bed, from whence the mother, frenzied, I suppose, by terror, had fled, and *left her child behind!* The little one was sitting up and laughing, pleased at the horses and soldiers as they passed. The child was also brought on, and given to the care of a woman in our camp, and the little dog was sent to me. I was told of a woman who, in the action of Beejapore, was endeavoring to escape with her child, but in the agony of fear she clasped it so closely to her side, that she had squeezed it to death, and was still flying with it hanging over her arm, dead and cold.—*Mrs. Dubberley.*



THE IRISH GUIDE.—(No. 9.)



THE OLD CASTLE OF CARLOW.—(No. 10.)

(ORIGINAL.)

**BLACK NED.**

BY JAMES S. DAVIS.

ALMOST exactly in the centre of the kingdom of France, lies a little mountain town, called Montaign. It is in the extreme northwest corner of the department of Puy de Dome, and on the road from Montlucon, in that of Allier, to Clermont, the chief town of the former department; and is just at the point where the traveller, going southward, leaves the plains of the Bourbonnois for the rocks and mountains which diversify the surface of Auvergne.

In the course of one of my many peregrinations through France, I reached this place, one evening, about sunset, somewhat tired and very hungry. "*Le Cheval Blanc*," the "White Horse," was the better looking of two public houses which spread their signs to the breeze; and I found its accommodations as good as I could reasonably expect in such a place.

I shared the hospitalities of the *Cheval Blanc*, on that occasion, with a tall, dark-looking traveller, with an immense bluish-black beard, who had reached the place a little while before I did. This person I found to be decidedly taciturn and unsocial, and, after several unsuccessful attempts to enter into conversation with him, I finally gave him up, as one of the impracticables.

But though I had ceased to talk to the man, I did not find it an easy thing to quit thinking about him. I cannot say that I found him interesting; at all events, he certainly was not attractive; though there was something about the man which made me desirous to know something more about him.

From the few words (of French) I heard from my fellow-traveller's lips, I felt sure that he was

not a Frenchman, and I was inclined to think that English was his native tongue. Supposing this much to be ascertained, the next point was to find out whether he was English or American. It was of no sort of consequence to me, which he was; but my vagrant imagination would speculate on the subject in spite of me.

I spoke English to him, occasionally, and though he evidently understood me, he replied only in French. If I could have had ten or fifteen minutes' conversation with him, even in French, I could easily have settled the question of his nationality; but the conversation was like the handle of a jug—all on one side. He did nothing but nod his head, for yes, or shake it from side to side for no.

This extreme reserve had a very English look; but the man had not. He looked much more like a Yankee—an American—and I had a strong suspicion that he was an individual of that universal nation. But what could a Yankee be

doing in that out-of-the-way place? You may think that that question might be asked *apropos* of myself as well as of him. But the cases were not parallel. Anybody would know that I was a traveller, and bent only upon seeing the country; and if they didn't know, I was always ready and willing to tell them all about it. Anybody, on the contrary, would know that he was not a traveller, *per se*; and that is all they ever would know—from him.

While I was indulging in a train of exceedingly unprofitable speculation on these points, the object of them took himself off to bed; and I thought the most sensible thing I could do was to follow his example. And I'll bet I sleep more than he does, thought I. If I have any skill in reading the great book of human nature, that man's heart bears within it that "perilous stuff" which "murders sleep."

It was thus that this stranger's appearance and deportment operated upon me; and fatigued as I was, it was a long time before I could get him out of my head and go to sleep. And when I did sleep, it was not mending the matter much. I had thought queer thoughts of the man while I was awake, and I dreamed still queerer dreams of him after I had gone to sleep. I can recall little or nothing of the particulars now, but I do remember how he made his appearance, on one occasion, in the character of Bluebeard, and after killing half-a-dozen wives, turned into Tom Thumb, and sat astride of my nose, puffing tobacco-smoke into my nostrils, from my own meerschaum.

This dream was very suddenly dispelled. I thought that the stranger had resumed his original character of Bluebeard, and that he was dragging me away to share the fate of his murdered wives; and it was no small relief to me to discover that it was only the landlord, who was trying to shake me awake, with a strong grip on my shoulder. Mine host was as pale as if he



had to do with Bluebeard himself; and so he had.

"Monsieur! monsieur!" he shouted—"are you a doctor?"

For a man to come, in the middle of the night, and shake you roughly out of a sound sleep, in order to ask if you are a doctor, might not, improbably, in a choleric temperament, be provocative of pugilistic demonstrations, which might be consummated before there was any time for a satisfactory explanation. I am quite choleric enough, you will say, for any such catastrophe. But I had not the least idea of assuming a hostile attitude. On the contrary, I was most grateful to Monsieur Bruneau, for rescuing me from Bluebeard, even in imagination.

Besides, having had a few seconds for reflection, it did not require any great brilliancy of genius to suggest the probability that it was not mere curiosity to learn "what I did for a living," that had roused Monsieur Bruneau from his warm couch at two o'clock in the morning. I therefore simply replied in the affirmative, and waited quietly for further developments.

"Then," continued the landlord, "for heaven's sake, get on your clothes, as quick as possible, and come with me to the blue room. The tall gentleman, with the heavy black beard, has cut his own throat!"

"I knew he wasn't going to get any sleep," said I, as I bounced out of bed, and began to huddle on my clothes. "My prognosis anticipated sleep-murder, but did not go so far as self-murder. Cut his throat, has he? Well, I'll bet two to one he hasn't done it right. He has made a bungle of it—I know before I see it. There is not one man in a thousand that knows how to cut his throat properly. It is a small matter, perhaps, but then, you know, 'a thing that is worth doing at all is worth doing well.'"

The landlord stared. My soliloquy was in English; but it may be doubted whether he would have been less mistified or more edified if it had been in his own tongue. However, I had by this time finished my hasty toilet, as well as my observations upon the art of throat-cutting, and I motioned to mine host to lead the way to the blue room. When I reached that sky-colored chamber, I found the very identical condition of things that I had anticipated. The throat was cut, true enough, and almost from ear to ear; but it was not effectually and properly cut, for all that. I have seen

a good many cases of throat-cutting in my time, and among them all I have never seen the thing done properly but in one single instance. In that case, there was a small, clean, neat incision, not three inches long, and less than one inch in depth; and yet the job was done thoroughly and effectually. The man died immediately.

It was done with a scalpel, and the man who did it was an anatomist. And nobody but an anatomist knows how to do it. The operator generally takes a knife or razor, and saws away directly in front of his windpipe, till he has made a great hideous gash, several inches deep—and he calls that cutting his throat.

Supposing that he has done the work effectually, he throws away his instrument, and lays himself down, expecting to die comfortably in a few minutes. But, to his great surprise, death don't come for days, perhaps weeks, perhaps never. He has done nothing to make him come. He has touched no vital part, and the great ugly wound is not necessarily mortal.

But one who really knows how to do it, instead of sawing at his windpipe, makes a small, neat incision, in the side of his neck, divides the *carotid* artery, *secundum artem*, and bleeds to death quietly and scientifically, in a few minutes. And then, every ignoramus sings out that he has "cut his *jugular*," and therefore must die; when the truth is, it doesn't matter a button whether he has cut his *jugular* or not; he has cut his *carotid*, and that is all that's wanting. That finishes him.

But what a fool I am to be talking surgery in this ridiculous fashion. The fact is, I am always at it, whenever I get a chance. I can't "sink the shop," that is the truth. I never could.

But about this stranger. He had cut his throat, and as I had anticipated, in the usual unscientific manner. It was absolutely butcher-like. His throat was horribly mangled, but still he was



CHURCH OF ST. MULTOSE, KINSALE.—(No. 11.)



IRISH PEASANTS WASHING.—(No. 12.)

not killed, and might continue to live some days. When the landlord and his attendants attempted to bind it up, he tore it open in such a savage manner as to render his case still more hopeless. It was when this occurred that the landlord came to wake me.

By the time I reached his bedside, he had become too weak to do himself any farther injury, and had indeed fainted from loss of blood. While he was in this condition, I dressed the wound carefully, and bandaged it as securely as possible. Four days and nights I watched by his bedside. On the fifth day he died. I have witnessed many fearful death-scenes, but none so horrible as this. He was sane the greater part of the time, and not actually insane I think, when he committed the fatal deed.

I will attempt no description of this appalling death-bed. You may have some idea of what it was, after you have heard a brief sketch of the principal events of his life. He had written a sort of autobiography, which I found among his effects after his death. The paper has been lost, but I have retained the most of it in my memory, and I will transmit it to you, as nearly as I can, in his own words.

For ten years or more, the name of "*Black Ned*" was a terror to the dwellers on the frontiers of Texas. I am that "*Black Ned*." My entire name is Edward Burns. I was born in a quiet village, in the Great Valley of Virginia, between the Blue Ridge and the Alleghany Mountains. That part of Virginia is mostly peopled by de-

scendants of Scotch-Irish Presbyterians and Germans, chiefly from Pennsylvania. The majority of them are somewhat rough, but a simple-hearted, honest race, producing very few characters like myself. My father was a farmer on a small scale—a poor and a hard-working man. He had no family, however, but my mother and myself, and might have gotten along very well, if it had not been for one serious defect in his education—he had never learned the art of saying no. His good nature was continually getting him into pecuniary difficulties, and prevented him from making any progress towards the attainment of a competence. I don't know that I was by nature more depraved than other boys, but my parents were so indulgent with their only child that he generally did as he pleased, and generally pleased to do wrong rather than right. My mother was especially lenient to my faults. I was considered "quick at learning," but I played truant almost as often as I thought proper, and only learned what pleased me. I must have had pretty good natural abilities, for even in that way, I managed to pick up shreds and patches of education sufficient to give me, in after years, a certain degree of superiority over those with whom I

associated in my turbulent career. The first marked step in the downward path, which I can now call to my recollection, occurred in this way. One fine August morning, when I was perhaps ten or eleven years old, I started alone to go to church. My father was sick, and my mother could not leave him.

"Hillo! Where are you going?"

It was in this manner that I was accosted by Richard Savin, a boy of fourteen or fifteen years of age, who had only been living a few months in the village.

"I am going to meetin'," I replied.

"To meetin', hey? What a jolly big fool you must be, to go and shut yourself up where Parson Long can holler at you for an hour at a lick, and old Squire Saunders snorin' so loud you can't even sleep."

"Don't you never go to meetin', Dick?"

"Me? Not any, I thank you—much obliged to you. I used to go though, when I lived over the Ridge. Five or six of us boys had a meetin' every Sunday, and we used to sing a hymn they call 'High, low, jack and the game.'"

"Do you mean you played cards?"

"Played cards? Me play cards? Me—shockin'; I used to read pasteboard picter-books sometimes—but play cards—never. It's agin my principles."

"What are you going to do to-day?"

"Well, if you must know, Squire Saunders has give me an invite to a cold collation—a sort of picnic—all alone, by myself, in the corner of

the woods, down by the big spring. Will you go along? I've got leave to bring a friend."

I had no intention of going with Dick at first, but I went on talking with him, and walking the same way he did, until I was half a mile or more away from the church, before I thought about it.

"There," says Dick, "there's the last bell ringin'. You can't get there in time now. You'd better come to the collation."

"I can't indeed, Dick. Father and mother would be as mad as the mischief."

"How are they going to know anything about it? You needn't tell 'em where you was. They'll think you was at church."

By arguments like this, Dick at last succeeded in inducing me to go with him. I hadn't the least idea of what he meant by his "collation," till we arrived at Squire Saunders's watermelon-patch, where my companion began to help himself very freely, earnestly recommending me to pursue the same course.

"Why, Ned," said he, "I'm surprised at you. The squire will certainly be offended, if you slight his collation in this way. Gather up as many as you can find, of the very largest and best, and put 'em into this bag, and carry 'em into the woods."

"But that's stealin', Dick."

"Blatherskite! Who ever heerd of sich a thing as stealin' watermilons? We'll take a bagful, and old Saunders will never know the difference—you may just bet your head on that. Come—here goes!"

I yielded to Dick's arguments, most powerfully backed by my own appetite. We carried off almost a cart-load of melons and hid them in the bushes. We then took our places at the "collation," and ate till we could eat no more. When we came to a halt, Dick took a small package from his pocket, and slowly removed a paper in which it was enveloped, while I watched him very attentively.

"Gracious goodness, Dick!" said I, at last, "what queer-looking pictures! Where did you get them? What are they for?"

"Picters! Ha, ha, ha, ha! Well, dog my grandmammy's shoes to Guinea, if you aint jest about the greenest young un that ever sprouted!"

"They're cards, aint they, Dick?"

"Rather think they are, old hoss—bran new ones, too, jest outer the store. Shove your limestone sofy up to this ere log, and I'll show you how to use them."

I moved up the rock I was sitting on, and was then and there initiated into the mysteries of "old sledge," "all fours," "seven up," or whatever else its proper appellation may be. The game fascinated me, and before I rose from my "limestone sofy" the sun was low in the west and I had lost my share of the stolen watermelons. I went home, told an ingeniously concocted fib to the old folks, and thus ended my first day of open, flagrant, unmitigated wickedness. From that time forward, Dick became my preceptor in every kind of petty iniquity, from cheating at marbles to robbing hen-roosts, and an apt scholar he found me.

My poor father never recovered. His premature death saved him many a heart-ache. It saddened me for a little while, but I soon learned to rejoice in the additional freedom which my fond mother's lax government afforded me.

One dark, rainy evening, I heard Dick's signal-whistle about dusk. I went out to meet him, and he asked me to walk awhile with him.

"A nice night for a walk, upon my word," said I, as we went out of the gate towards the fields.

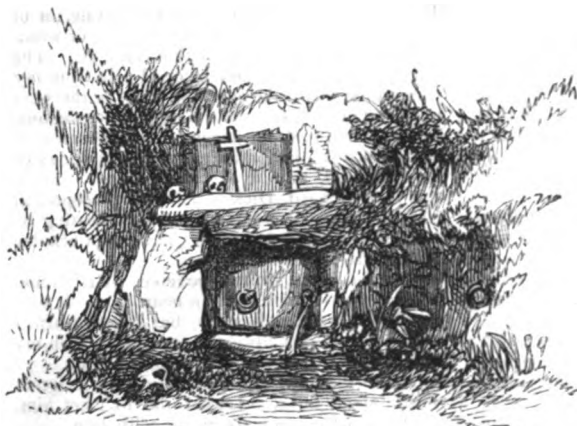
"It is a nice night," said Dick; "just the kind of a night I've been praying for—a first-rate night."

"Well, you may like it, but for my part, I'd rather have a dry skin than a wet one. Come in under the shed here, and I'll talk to you as much as you please."

"Ned," said my companion, as soon as we were within the shed, "you were wishing for something this morning, and saying you would do anything to get it."



KEENER, OR PAID MOURNER.—(No. 13.)



TOMB IN THE ABBEY OF MUCROSS.—(No. 14.)

"I was wishing for money this morning."

"Just so. And if you are not too much afraid of a wet skin, I can tell you how to get some, this very night."

Dick neither said nor thought anything about being afraid of a wicked deed. That was a fear that troubled him even less than it did me. His father was a rogue before him, and he had been case-hardened from his very mother's milk.

"I know a man," continued Dick, "not three miles off, who will pay us a fair price for every sheep, or hog, or calf, we bring him, and furnish a light wagon to haul 'em with, too. I reckon we could manage to pick up a few fat wethers such a night as this—couldn't we?"

The proposition startled me a little at first. I had never stolen anything but fruit and the like, thus far. But Dick soon found arguments to quiet my scruples. We started off at once, and before morning, Colonel Fowler, the "big bug" of our neighborhood, had lost some of his finest sheep, and we had, each one of us, twenty-five dollars in his pocket.

This was the entering-wedge to numerous acts of depredation of a similar character, which we managed to carry on without detection, though not altogether without suspicion in some instances. In the meantime, my mother married again. After that, I was less looked after than ever. Indeed, I was now entirely beyond the control either of my mother or my stepfather, and they had almost ceased making efforts to restrain me in any way.

I loved my mother. She was as kind and gentle, as I was savage and disagreeable. But home was far from being attractive to me. The most pleasant thing there, was a little sister Katie, who was born when I was about seventeen years old. She was a beautiful child, and she loved me with all her little heart.

Dick was a shrewd scoundrel, and his age gave him some advantages over me in those days. We had been adroit enough to lay our theft at the door of the free negroes, and few suspected us. Emboldened by this continued impunity, we now began to look for higher game. Old Mr. Fant, the watch-maker and jeweller, had just

returned from Baltimore with an unusually valuable stock of watches, jewelry, etc. He slept at some distance from his store, though in the same building. We had obtained possession of a key which fitted the lock exactly. These temptations were more than we could withstand. One dark night we entered the store, lit a candle and fell to work, swiftly but noiselessly, to fill a small bag with glittering spoil. I was already far gone in wickedness, but I actually shuddered as I noted the expression of Dick's greedy, cruel eyes, as they gloated over the heavy patent lever watches, and the handfuls of rich jewelry, as they disappeared within the bag—it was fearful to behold.

"Come, Dick, let's be off," whispered I, as I put in the last of the watches.

"No, no," he replied, "there's plenty more things back there. I'm for making a clean sweep as we go."

The words were hardly out of his mouth, when the back door opened, and in walked the owner of the articles we were making so free with. His entrance was so noiseless, that we were standing face to face before we had the least idea that any one was stirring. I dropped the bag, and started to run. I had known the old gentleman since my childhood, and had always had the greatest respect for him. But before I had fairly turned round, I saw a bright bowie-knife flashing in the air above his head, and then his blood spouted out upon the counter, and upon the body of his murderer!

"Great God!" cried I, "what have you done?"

"I've done what had to be done—what could not be helped," replied Dick. "Dead men tell no tales—and he would have had a pretty tale to tell on us, if we'd a' been fools enough to let him live."

The old man was already dead. As I saw his long, gray hair stained with the blood which was still trickling from the wound, I grew dizzy and sick at the sight. I staggered to the door, and urged Dick to follow me; but he would not come till he had everything he wanted. This bloody deed made a great sensation of course in that quiet community; but its very atrocity served to shield us from suspicion. It was generally attributed to two strangers from Richmond, who had been lounging about the village the day before. I had some very severe twinges of remorse for a few days, but when I thought of our three or four thousand dollars' worth of plunder, I soon suffered the idea to console and harden me, though I always envied Dick the perfect coolness with which he treated so foul and terrible a murder. But what were we to do with our booty? We could make no use of it where we were, and it was soon decided that we should carry it to Baltimore. This pleased me exceedingly, for a visit to one of the great Atlantic cities had always been one of my favorite "castles in the air," often dreamed about, but with no hope of the dreams ever coming true.

The evening before I left, when I went home, having been absent all day, as usual, my little sister Katie rose up from her crib, in the corner, held out her white, round, chubby little arms, put up her rosebud of a mouth for a kiss, and cried out:

"Buddy tum home to Tat!e!" As I pressed my lips to those of the innocent child, I left a tear upon her cheek. *It was the last I ever shed!*

Next day I went to Baltimore with Dick, where we commenced a life of the most riotous dissipation. There are few places in America, where the means and appliances for such a course of life and companions therein, are more abundant or more easy of access. Such means and such companions were soon found, and they soon completed our education, and qualified us for the most advanced degrees of wickedness.

Dick was excessively fond of gambling, and indulged in it to the utmost, so that his new friends very soon cleared him out, to the last penny. Thereupon he borrowed ten dollars of me and returned to his village home. For my part, I was too well pleased with my taste of city habits to relinquish them while I had any of the material for a jolly life left. About a fortnight after Dick's departure, I received a letter from him, of which the following is a copy, *verbatim et literatim*:

"DEAR NED:—I set down to rite you a few lines, which I hope you will burn them, and not let noboddy read them but yourself, as soon as you git them. The reasin you will see when you come to read them. Fur I want to tell you how that Curnel Fowler and all his famaly except his bosses and niggers and sich like, which is sont down to the Big Spring Farm, is gone to Philadelpy to see some big doctor thar about Mrs. Fowler's *new rology* in the face. And thars all the teaspoons and teapots, and a waggen-loade of silver things, besides Mrs. Fowler's dimons and nicknacks and gimcracks, wuth thousands and thousands of dollars, and not a sole left in the house but only the overseer, half a mile off. Now you jis come home quick as the devil'il let you, and weel dig a big hole in the groun' and bury all them things, and when the hallabaloo's all over, weel slip 'em off to Baltimore, that is, arter we've tuck 'em outen the house, which we kin do jist as easy as kiss your hand, and come rite off, and yours-an-so-forth RICHARD SAVIN."

My funds were getting low, and I therefore needed no urging to cause me to return at once. When I reached the village, I found that Dick had made everything ready for the burglary. I had arrived after dark, and was anxious to get away again without being seen by any one. I therefore persuaded Dick to go on with the job that night. Favored by a broken pane, we managed to get into a window, and thus into the house, very quietly. We advanced cautiously along the passage, looking into all the rooms as we went.

"Furies!" ejaculated Dick, in a very energetic whisper, "there is somebody sleeping here after all!"

"Are you sure?"

"Can't you hear his breathing?"

I did hear it, sure enough.

"Tread easy now," said Dick, "and we'll see if there's anybody else here."

We soon satisfied ourselves that all the other rooms were empty.

"I tell you what it is, Ned, if that fellow in thar wakes, we'll have to finish him, and you're the one that'll have to do it. I know the house, and know whar the things is, and you don't. While I go and get them together, you will have to watch here, and if he wakes, slit his windpipe. There's no other way to keep him from hoilerin'."

This arrangement was not at all to my taste. Bad as I was, I had never committed murder, and I was loth to do it now. He had once lived in the house, and knew all about it. I could not refuse to take the part assigned me without backing out altogether, and that I was unwilling to do. I reluctantly consented to take my place at the door of the room in which the sleeper was, leaving a candle burning in the hall outside, so as to throw a faint light into the room.

I could not see the face of the person in the bed. I could see nothing indeed but a confused heap of bed-clothes. All was silent, except Dick's step above stairs, the ticking of a clock which had been set going in the passage, and the deep breathing of the sleeper. I sometimes fancied I could hear the breathing of a second sleeper, so light as to be scarcely audible, and only occasionally so. The silence was becoming exceedingly oppressive, and I began to think that Dick was an age in getting through with the job. He was now directly over my head, and seemed to be moving some heavy body. Suddenly there was a loud crash—it had apparently fallen to the floor. I cursed the fellow's clumsiness, and glanced uneasily at the sleeper, who muttered something, turned over, and then rose on one elbow, as if to listen. I sprang to the



YOUNG IRISH GIRL AND THE WITCH.—(No. 15.)



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bedside, and buried my knife twice in the heart of the indistinctly seen figure. The warm blood spouted over me, and a fearful pang shot into the very depths of my soul, as I said to myself, "I am a murderer!" At that instant Dick reached the door, with a candle in his hand, and the light shone full upon all objects in the room. I saw a sweet little face emerge from the bedclothes near the wall, two little white arms were stretched towards me, and a well-known childish voice exclaimed:

"Buddy tum home to Tatie!"

The arms of the unconscious child were dabbled in blood, as she stretched them forth to welcome her mother's murderer!

Yes, I had slain my own fond, indulgent mother. She and her husband had been invited to stay in the house till the proprietor's return from the North. They would have both been there that night, but my stepfather was accidentally called away to sit up with a sick man. With a mark upon my forehead as terrible as that of Cain, I fled to Texas, and there became "*Black Ned*," the savage outlaw, and leader of desperadoes, fearing neither God, nor man, nor devil.

But the doom of the parricide was ever on me, and the life of the "*Wandering Jew*" was a peaceful and happy one, compared to that hell upon earth which has so many years been my portion. A whirl of excitement and never-ending turmoil, of rapine, robbery, crime, cruelty, murder, madness, danger and death, was as the vital air, without which I could not live a single day. But a few hours of rest and reflection would conjure up spectres which drove me many times to the very verge of madness. Years of this wretched existence rolled over my head. I

have already said that I had ceased to weep, and I may well add that I had ceased to smile. A wild, reckless, joyless, scornful laugh, such as devils might indulge in, was my only attempt at mirthfulness.

One summer evening, with robbery and perhaps murder in my heart, I entered the cottage of an English settler, near the Neuces. A lovely little girl stood by the door, and as I opened it, clapped her hands and cried out—"Buddy tum home!"

With a howl of anguish, I turned away, sprang upon my horse, and rode off at a furious speed, as if I might thus escape the vulture of remorse which was gnawing at my heart.

I could rob no more. I tried war, and fought like a madman. I tried rum, and guzzled like a brute. I roamed through all countries, and tried all means of excitement, all modes of self-forgetfulness. But never did I find one cool drop of comfort with which to moisten the parched lips of my despair. But the wretched farce of life is almost over now. Madness and death are about to drop the curtain. Already I feel the fire of insanity tingling in my veins. Already I see the devils rising from the bottomless pit, and beckoning me with bloody claws and grinning lips, while deep down among the curling flames, and the writhing myriads of the damned, I see the arch fiend himself, stretching forth his steel-tipped talons towards me, and screaming in tones of horrid mockery and hellish discord, "*Buddy tum home to Tatie!*"

To live with a true economy is to live wisely. The man who lives otherwise has no prudent regard for his own happiness. But there is no worse folly than false economy.

[ORIGINAL.]

## THE GARDEN SWING.

BY GEORGE G. SMALL.

O, it was a golden halo,  
 One that never, never plays  
 O'er the span of one's existence,  
 Only in his childhood days.  
 And it was amid this glowing,  
 When our hearts were on the wing,  
 That we fleetly swept the roses  
 In our grand old garden swing.

'Neath the tree beside our cottage,  
 When the summer day was done,  
 Gathered we by happy numbers  
 In the golden setting sun.  
 Then the tune and childish chorus  
 From the mountain back would ring,  
 As we courted cooling zephyrs  
 In our grand old garden swing!

Muse I often now in manhood  
 On those joyous times of yore:  
 Seem to see my father smiling  
 On us from the cottage-door.  
 Though life's summer time is with me,  
 I can see its fairer spring;  
 And behold my loves in childhood  
 Gathered by the garden swing.

[ORIGINAL.]

## THE STEEPLE OF PLUMVILLE.

BY GIACOMO S. CAMPANA.

"How are you, Mary? And how is Aunt Polly?"

"Thank you, Mrs. Crow; Aunt Polly is pretty well, I believe; but I have just this very minute got home. Walk in."

These words were spoken at the front door of an humble, but neat-looking cottage, in the outskirts of Plumville, the speakers being an elderly female of a peculiarly sombre appearance, and a pale but pretty maiden of perhaps twenty-two years of age.

Mrs. Crow was sombre-looking both in consequence of her exceedingly lugubrious expression of countenance and of "the customary suit of solemn black" in which she arrayed herself. No one had ever seen her in a light-colored garment, and her complexion was almost as dark as her dress; and even her hair had not grown perceptibly whiter for many years. In fact it looked as if it was keeping its original dark color from sympathy with the sable hue of everything about it.

"Good evening, Mrs. Brail," said she, as another female, some ten or twelve years younger than herself, met her at the door, and escorted

her into a little parlor, at the left of the entrance. It was a very humble room, but its perfectly clean and tidy appearance bespoke neatness and order on the part of the inmates. Mrs. Brail had a pleasant but very pale and rather sorrowful-looking countenance.

"Take off your bonnet, Mrs. Crow," she said, hospitably, but not very cordially; "we will have tea now in a few minutes."

"Well," replied the other, "I declare, now, I don't know as I can stay," (removing her bonnet as she spoke), "for the Widder Martin is expected to die every moment, and I was on my way over there, when I thought I would just run in for a minute or two, and cheer you up a little. And, to be sure, they are all at sixes and sevens, over there, and very little of anything good to eat a-going. Besides, their tea is awful bad. I wonder that a woman that can afford it, like Mrs. Martin, doesn't keep better tea. But she allers was close and saving all her life. Poor woman—it's little good it will all do her now! She can't possibly live more'n a few hours. Jist about your age, Mrs. Brail; aint she? And that cough of yours, too, is very much the same sort of a cough as she's got. I never do like to say anything to make people down-hearted; but you are a sensible woman, Mrs. Brail, and wont mind being told that you have the very exact look that Mrs. Martin had when she first began to fail. Yes, you've got the very same peaked look about the nose, and the very same black places underneath your eyes. Ah, well! we all must die, but I tell you, as a friend, that you've got no time to spare in making your preparations for the great change, for it's a comin' on you very fast, you may depend upon it. I'll take care to be about when the time comes, and you may trust me to have you laid-out properly. I know how it might be done."

Mrs. Crow had that *very uncommon* failing with elderly ladies—she loved to hear herself talk; and there is no telling where she would have stopped, if the tea and its accompaniments had not made their appearance and afforded employment for her talking apparatus of a still more agreeable character. Mrs. Crow liked to talk, amazingly, but she liked to eat even better, and a short respite was allowed to poor Mrs. Brail, the attack being diverted in the direction of the tea, bread and butter, etc. The onslaught was a most vigorous one, and protracted to the utmost verge of human endurance by the lugubrious lady. At last, however, a sigh of repletion announced that Mrs. Crow's appetite was gone, while at the same time it indicated the regret she felt that she had not another to take its place.



The tongue thus liberated began to wag, as naturally as water runs down hill.

"Not heard nothin' from Robert yet?" she inquired.

"Nothing," replied the poor widow, with a sigh from the inmost depths of her mother's heart.

"No, nor you never will hear nothing; though I s'pose you're hardly foolish enough to think that it's possible for him ever to come back again."

The widow answered only with another sigh.

"The boy's drowned—dead as a door-nail, long ago; and it wouldn't be no kindness for to try to persuade you for to believe anything else. The Lord gives and the Lord takes away, by shipwreck or otherwise; and you ought to resign yourself to the will of the Lord and prepare to follow him. I don't mean to follow him down there among the petrifyin' carcases and dead men's bones, down to the bottom of the sea—though they do say it haint got no bottom. What I mean is to follow him into the other world, any way it may please Him to take you—whether it should be through the means of that there church-yard cough of yours or any other. But, bless my soul and body, there's eight o'clock a strikin'! I shouldn't wonder now if Mrs. Martin was to take it into her head to go and kick the bucket afore I got there, arter all! It would be jist like her. She allers did seem to take a satisfaction in disappointin' people."

And away went Mrs. Crow, as fast as she could waddle, for fear that death would get the start of her. Death-beds, and winding-sheets, and coffins, and funerals, were holiday matters to her, and she never allowed such pleasures to escape her, if she could possibly help it.

Poor Mrs. Brail! The reader need not be told that such a visit did not tend to cheer her. Good Mary Brent perceived the deepened shadow on her brow, and did her best to dispel it, though her own heart was but little blither. They were both mourners. One mourned an only and dearly beloved son; the other almost an only, and certainly a most dearly beloved, friend. The individual thus mourned and thus beloved, was Robert Brail. His father, like himself, was a sailor—captain of a merchantman. He was a worthy and a most energetic man, and if he had lived, the fortunes of those who bore his name would in all probability have been far different from what they now were.

But it was not so to be. In the opening of his days and at the very commencement of his career, he was suddenly cut down by the hand of the universal destroyer. His illness was a long and an expensive one, and at his death his wid-

ow and her little Robert were left without a penny, and without a friend who could assist them. Mrs. Brail herself had been a poor orphan girl, without any near relations. Her husband had come from a distant part of the country, and she knew little or nothing about his family and kindred. In these wicked times there is really something noble in the spectacle of a handsome young widow, toiling, virtuously, year after year, for a bare pittance wherewith to feed and clothe herself and her dependent offspring, while temptations in most alluring shapes swarm all around her. Such a one was Mrs. Brail. Many a weary year, of such patient toils and struggling for daily subsistence passed over her head.

The bitterest drop in the poor widow's cup of sorrow was the thought that she could not give her beloved boy even a common-school education. She struggled hard to accomplish that much, but the iron heel of circumstances kept her constantly down. Hers was the daily, nightly battle, with hunger, and cold, and every discomfort; and not always a successful one. And when, as often happened, sickness was joined to those grim monsters in array against her, the poor widow's heart almost failed her, and tempted her to self destruction.

Almost, but not quite. Religious principle was strong within her, and her darling smiled upon her in the very jaws of despair. But under such circumstances, the necessities of the mind were of course forced to give way before those of the body; and Robert, though well-trained to work, knew nothing of books.

The boy was strongly inclined to become a sailor, like his father, and as soon as he was old enough his mother yielded to his wishes, bitterly regretting, however, that his want of education must ever prove an insurmountable obstacle to his advancement. At twenty-two years of age, Robert Brail was a thorough practical seaman, but still "before the mast," and likely to remain there. At this time, however, an incident of some importance came to vary the even tenor of the family history.

Mrs. Brent, who had been a dear friend of Mrs. Brail in the days of her girlhood, wrote her a letter on her death-bed, in which she beseeched her to be a mother to her daughter Mary, her only child. Mrs. Brail most willingly accepted the sacred trust, and Mary Brent, far from being a burthen, proved to be the stay and comfort of her life, in the absence of her son. Though not exactly a beauty, Mary was a very pleasant-looking girl, warm-hearted, kind, good-tempered and industrious. She had received a very fair English education, and at the time of her mother's



death was trying to get an education as a teacher. Though not quite eighteen years of age, she was a better scholar than most common district-school teachers. Such a school was vacant in Plumville, and she had reason to think she could get it. Upon consultation with her new guardian and adviser, it was finally resolved that if the school could be obtained, Mrs. Brail should remove to Plumville, and Mary and she, throwing their resources into one common fund, should live there together. The school was finally secured, and the plan carried into effect.

When Robert next returned from sea, he had the gratification of seeing his mother installed in a new and comfortable home, and with a new and most agreeable companion.

"Mother," said Bob, as they sat at breakfast, the morning after his arrival, "it really does my heart good to see you so nicely moored, in such a snug harbor—and with such a nice little craft for a consort," he added, with a sly glance at Mary.

"Yes, my dear boy," replied the mother, "it was a kind providence that sent Mary to live with me. The dear girl is a comfort to me in every way, and by joining our little earnings we will be able to live better than I have done this many a day. If I could only see a reasonable hope of bettering your condition, my dear Robert, I should be perfectly satisfied and contented. Upon the whole, now, don't you think it would be better for you to quit the sea?"

"Quit the sea, mother?" cried the young sailor. "Bless my soul and body, you might just as well ask a whale or a porpoise to leave the sea as me! Either one of 'em could stay ashore just as well as I could."

"But don't you think, Robert, you could remain on land at least long enough to improve your education a little? The want of it, you know, is the only difficulty in the way of your becoming an officer."

"Ay, ay, mother; I know very well that's the place where the riggin' chafes. And I know too, that better larnin' is the only sort o' spun-yarn to *seize* it with. But where the dickens am I to find it, mother? How is Bob Brail to pay for schoolin', even if the time could be spared? And if there was no other difficulty, how do I know whether I could learn at all or not? Why mother, it's so long since I handled a book, that when I get hold of one I feel as awkward as a hand-lubber would a-tryin' to furl a royal. And as for writin'—you might as well send a baby aloft, in a gale o' wind, to pass the weather earing. A year or two ago, I could build up a sort of a kind of a *pot-hooky* consarn that might pass

muster for Robert Brail; but now I can't even do that much not to save me from sinkin'."

"Well, Robert, what would you say if a person could be found who would undertake to teach you, in spite of all that, and trust you for the pay, too, until you could make it perfectly convenient to discharge the debt?"

"Say? I'd say he deserves to be made commodore of all creation; and if he ever finds his ship a sinkin', he can have Bob Brail's head to stop the leak with, just for the askin'. But you don't mean to say there raly is such a man—do you, mother?"

"No, Robert; there is no such a man; but there is such a woman, or girl, at least."

"How? What? You don't mean Mary? You don't mean Mary Brent, do you, mother?"

"I do mean Mary."

"Great guns and little fishes! But mother's a-jokin'. Isn't she jokin', Mary?"

"No, Robert; I will teach you all I know, most willingly. Nothing could give me more pleasure."

"Hooray! Hooray! Huzza for General Jackson! Please excuse me, Mary, but I'd bust right up, if I didn't holler a bit. But you don't know me, Mary. You'll have a tough job of it—indeed you will. There'll be no lack o' tryin'; but then you see I'm so rusty about such things—as rusty—as rusty—as—as one of old Captain Noah's ark-anchors. I hardly know one rope—I mean one letter—from another. But, bless your little heart, Mary, if you are willin' to try, I'll clap on stun'-sails, alow and aloft, every rag that'll draw; and if I sink a tryin', it will be because they run me under; and not because I don't try hard enough."

"I have no fears of the result," said Mary, with a becoming smile, and a still more becoming blush.

"Well, if you can only manage to beat a little writin' and rithmetic into my thick skull, I'll contrive to pick up a morsel o' *triggerometry*, or whatever you call it, and a little bit o' navigation, somehow or other—the book part of it, that is. If I can only get a start once, I can manage about the practice, easy enough."

"I can teach you theoretical navigation, Robert," said Mary, modestly.

"You? Well, may I never heave at a capstan, if you aint just the head-captain of all the little gals I ever did see, yet; the very Lord High Admiral of 'em!" shouted Bob, in an ecstasy of enthusiasm.

The whole affair was arranged on the spot, and the tuition was commenced that very day. It was the hardest work poor Bob ever did in his

life. The order to reef top-sails in a roaring gale would have been less formidable than many of the gentle Mary's calls for recitation. Not that there was any failure on his part to appreciate her amiable and attractive qualities. It was just the reverse. He had such an exalted opinion of her and so small an opinion of himself, particularly in the book-line, that he absolutely trembled in her presence; and to make a blunder in her presence, was not very unlike being broken on a wheel, as formerly practised.

This sensitiveness, however, had the effect of making him work like a steam-engine; and the consequences were such as to astonish even himself. In about half the time allotted for the purpose, he had acquired a very fair knowledge of writing and arithmetic, and of the elements of mathematics, including navigation, together with the rudiments of English grammar and geography. Above all, Mary had awakened within him a taste for reading and improvement, and excited a thirst for knowledge, which never could be quenched.

Comparatively learned as he had become, Bob did not by any means lose his humility. He still thought Mary as far above him as the heavens are above the earth, and this idea for a long time prevented him from hinting in words what his eyes had often told her, that is, that he loved her as his own life. He had resolved that before many years elapsed he would tread the deck with a speaking-trumpet in his hand instead of a rope's end, and then—perhaps—but it was time enough yet to think of all such far-away matters.

The fact is, Mary was certainly a most admirable girl, but Robert now was not unfit to be her husband. Thanks to the training of his excellent mother, the numberless temptations of a seaman's life had passed off from his character like water falling on a well oiled surface, leaving hardly a trace behind; and his intellectual abilities were by no means to be despised. Physically, his superior was hard to find anywhere. He was tall and finely-formed, with a frame combining strength and activity to an extent very seldom met with. In short, Bob was a man, every inch of him, and well calculated to attract the attention of the softer sex, under any circumstances whatever.

It was a sad day for three loving hearts, when the good ship Titan sailed from New York with Robert Brail aboard of her, bound for Canton. Bob was still "before the mast," but he had excellent opportunities for acquiring that knowledge which he felt sure would before long place him in a different position.

The captain of the Titan was one with whom

Robert had sailed before, and from whom he had experienced much kindness. He was glad to see the transformation which our hero had undergone, and promised to give him such assistance as would enable him before long to become as well skilled in navigation as he now was in practical seamanship. For the sake of these advantages, the young sailor did not hesitate to relinquish the efforts which he had been making to obtain a situation as a second-mate aboard of a small brig, and made the voyage to Canton.

Great was the widowed mother's joy when she received the first letter her boy had ever penned; and that of her friend Mary, if less demonstrative, was perhaps no less heartfelt and sincere. Three such letters had gladdened their hearts, and in a few months more the writer himself was to be with them.

Bob wrote that the captain had done all and even more than he had promised, and through his influence and his own merits combined, there was every prospect of his obtaining, for the next voyage, the place now occupied by the second mate of the Titan, who was far gone in consumption, and would hardly live to reach New York. From her son's wages, Mrs. Brail had reason to count upon a nice little addition to the family stock, for having acted as an officer during the greater part of the voyage, he was sure of receiving a considerable bonus in addition to his pay.

One day in the midst of these bright anticipations, Mrs. Crow appeared, like a bird of ill-omen, and, without preface or preparation, informed Mrs. Brail and Mary that the Titan had been lost in the Indian Ocean, with every soul on board. She had heard the news from the house-keeper at Mrs. Tartuffe's, and had brought a New York paper with her to show that there could not possibly be any mistake about it.

For once in her life, Mrs. Crow had a full feast of others' woes. With the thorough appreciation of an enlightened amateur, or we should perhaps say of a professional mangle of hearts, she watched the effort of her soul-harrowing communication, and revelled in the agony which it produced. The world, alas, contains many monsters of this sort, who show themselves to be thoroughly imbued with the leaven which *Le Rochefoucauld* insists is to be found, to some extent at least, in all of us, since "there is something in the misfortunes, even of our best friends, to give us pleasure." Those like Mrs. Crow, however, are more commonly found among the more polished ranks of society, among those who have abundant leisure for such amusements, and who conceal their ghoul-like propensities beneath a show of friendly interest.

It was a terrible thing for two hearts thus buoyed up to the very heaven of hope to be stricken down at one blow into the very bottomless pit of despondency. To the hapless mother it was almost a death-blow. For many weeks she lay hovering upon the confines of the grave, and it was months before she could walk abroad again.

As is ever the case with those whose livelihood is so precarious, poverty followed sickness like a shadow, and the lone females soon found themselves stripped of everything beyond the bare necessities of life, and even they were often obtained with the greatest difficulty. Mrs. Brail was just beginning to take her part again in the labors of the household when Mrs. Crow made the visit with which our story commences.

About a fortnight after the date of that visit, Mrs. Brail and Mary were snatching a few moments of rest after the fatigues of a long summer day. Twilight was just about to deepen into night, when they heard a succession of screams in the lane which led to their little cottage. Short hurried steps, and the rustling of garments, accompanied the screams, and in a few seconds, Mrs. Crow, all disarranged and dishevelled, and pale as a sheeted corpse, rushed into the room.

"A ghost! A ghost!" she gasped, as she fell into a chair, staring towards the door, with eyes almost starting from their sockets.

"Why, what on earth is the matter, Mrs. Crow?" asked Mary, as the frightened woman entered the house.

"I have seen a ghost!" she replied, stopping to take breath at every other word, "just as plain as I see you this minute. I was a-comin' round by the old church-yard wall, when, just as I passed the corner, it riz right up out of the ground, not ten feet from me!"

"What did it look like?" said Mrs. Brail, as she advanced towards her visitor.

"Well, if it hadn't been so awful tall and terrible-lookin', I should say it was the sperrit of your son Bob. It looked a heap like him, but it was paler nor any corpse you ever seed, and so thin, and *translucent*, so vaporish and *mistical*-like, that I could see the grave-stones through it, easy. The hair was all hangin' down straight, and drippin' with water, as if it had just riz up out of the sea. But then it was eight or nine feet high, at the very least, and—O, Lord—Lord—a-mercy!—O!—O!—there it comes, this minute! Lord bless us—just look-ee there! O! O-h-h-h!"

In an agony of fright, Mrs. Crow backed herself into the farthest corner of the room, pointing at the same time at the door, where there appeared, in the gathering gloom, a pale and ghost-

ly shape, having a spectral resemblance to the outward form of humanity. A scream, which burst simultaneously from Mrs. Brail and Mary, was soon overpowered by a manly voice, crying:

"Avast! Avast there with your screaming! I'm not a ghost, nor a dead man, neither, though I dare say I do look like one. Don't you know me, mother?"

The agitated woman gave one doubtful gaze at the half-visible features of her beloved son, and then, with a wild shriek of joy, fell fainting into his arms. Mary Brent was hardly less affected than her "Aunt Polly," but the cares which the latter required served to prevent her from sinking, as she had done, beneath the overwhelming tide of joy. It was not long before the trembling mother was able to realize the full fruition of her new-found happiness, and to listen to the story of her son's adventures.

The Titan had actually been seen to go down, with all on board, and in such a raging sea that it was thought impossible that a single soul could survive. Five of the crew, however, managed to support themselves upon a fragment of the wreck, till they were discovered and rescued by a Japanese junk, and carried to the port of Nangasaki, whence they eventually found their way to the Cape of Good Hope, penniless, and almost naked.

After many hardships, vexations, and delays, two of the shipwrecked sailors, of whom Bob was one, succeeded in getting aboard of a ship bound for Boston. She had her full complement of seamen, however, and the two sailors could do nothing better than work their passage to the United States, on sufferance, in the character of supernumeraries. The idea, however, of a large amount of wages awaiting his arrival in New York, kept Bob's spirits up, and he whistled a merry air as he entered that city, on foot, in rags, without a cent in his pocket, and worn almost to a skeleton by the fatigues, starvations and various hardships, which he had undergone since his shipwreck.

Two hours later, the poor fellow was leaving the great metropolis, and he tried very hard to raise another tune to keep step by; but it sounded more like a dead march than a quickstep. Poor Bob had met with a heavy disappointment. The owners of the Titan had failed, and his hard-earned dollars, with many thousands more, had gone down in the ocean of bankruptcy.

Slowly and tediously, by doing little jobs of work as he happened to find them, Bob managed to work his way to Plumville. He found it a far more difficult matter to "work his passage" over one hundred miles of land than over one

thousand miles of sea. At last, however, he reached his place of destination, and the first person he saw was Mrs. Crow. He had no time to speak to her, however, for she immediately took to her heels with a nimbleness for which few would have given her credit. He was completely fagged out, and could only follow with a slow and tottering step, which brought him to the cottage in the midst of Mrs. Crow's description of its *transparency* and enormous stature.

Having finished his story, Bob turned round to speak to the old lady, but she was no longer there. She was one of a sort not easily mortified, but it is nevertheless supposed that she had, on this occasion, some faint idea that she had been cutting rather a ridiculous figure, and had therefore taken an opportunity to decamp while the others were too much occupied to pay any attention to her movements.

Our bold-hearted sailor now felt himself in something of a quandary. The family finances were at the very lowest ebb, and it would never do for him to remain in Plumville. If he had been aware of the state of things at home, he would have contented himself with writing to them, and would have remained in New York, with the view of shipping aboard of the first vessel he could find. But it was too late to remedy that now. He was hundreds of miles from the nearest seaport, and no means of getting there, without "a shot in the locker."

While "chewing the cud of perplexity," as an Oriental story-teller would probably say, he received a letter from an old ship-mate in New York, which served to increase his regret at having left that port. This correspondent had been for two or three years the second officer of a "Liverpool Liner," but he had recently received the offer of a chief-mate's berth on board a large clipper ship, in the East India trade, and he was resolved to accept it, if he could find a suitable person to supply his place in the packet.

This second-mateship Bob could have if he wished, and it was in all respects a better situation than he could have hoped for; but, in order to obtain it, he must be in New York by the 26th of June, and it was now the 22d. With a long-drawn sigh, Bob refolded the letter and put it in his pocket. He was utterly penniless, and there was no one to whom he could apply in such an emergency. It was impossible to raise the money necessary to place him in New York, with the indispensable outfit, in the time specified; and there was no use in saying another word or thinking another thought about it. He resolved to dismiss the thing from his mind, and say nothing about it to his mother or to Mary.

It was past noon of the day on which Bob had received the letter, and he had been vainly scouring the streets of Plumville for hours, in search of something to do. His health was good, his strength nearly restored, and idleness was poison to him. As he was trudging homewards, with a very long face, his attention was drawn to a group of men looking towards the new church, on the other side of the street. This church was the pride of Plumville, and the especial pride, and boast, and honor, and glory, of Solomon Tartuffe, Esq., whose money had been the principal means of building it.

Mr. Tartuffe, or Squire Tartuffe, as he was often called, was not a learned man, nor a man of talent, nor an eloquent man, nor a witty man, nor a virtuous man, nor a handsome man; but he was something far more important than any or all these things—he was a rich man. Though he had commenced operations at the extreme foot of the social ladder, he was now on one of the topmost rounds—higher at least than any other man in Plumville.

He had often boasted that he could buy and sell the whole place; and perhaps he told the truth. At all events, nobody disputed the fact that he was immensely rich. He was very prominent too in church-matters, and very fond of letting people know it. It was a favorite saying of his, that he liked to do things "fair and above board." Among the things which he always took care to keep "above board," were his charities. Nobody could accuse him of ever making any secret of them, and chief among them was the new church.

As we have already remarked, this church was the glory of Plumville in general, and of Squire Tartuffe in particular; and the glory of the church was its steeple. To tell the truth, this steeple had been constructed on such ambitious principles, that it was altogether out of proportion to the size of the place, as well as to that of the church to which it belonged. In allusion to this, some one had written, in conspicuous characters, on the front door of the edifice:

"Little church and big steeple,  
Poor town and proud people."

The church had been finished but a short time, and the day following that of which we write was appointed for the ceremony of its consecration, and was to be a grand gala day in Plumville. It was looked forward to with much pride by Squire Tartuffe and his fellow-secretaries, and with a considerable infusion of jealousy by those who were attached to other denominations. In common honesty, however, we should say that the provincial Dives was

rather tolerated, than esteemed, even by those most deeply interested in the new church and steeple.

Guided by the eyes of the crowd, Bob looked up at the steeple and saw that the iron rod which sustained the weathercock had given way, just at the top of the glittering ball which it surmounted, and was now bent forty-five degrees or more out of the perpendicular. The vane (a darling conception of Mr. Tartuffe's genius) consisted of a not-very-well-proportioned pony, who now lay on his back, pawing the air in a style that was rather ludicrous than graceful.

"Bless my soul!" said Mr. Tartuffe, as Bob drew near; "bless my soul! what a terrible misfortune! The very day before the dedication! Could anything in the world be more vexatious? And the bishop will most probably be here to-night! It is too bad—positively too bad for anything!" And here Mr. Tartuffe looked at the steeple, and emitted a very low but emphatic ejaculation. Bob said it sounded like "*Ellen Ann Nation!*" but who she was, or what she had to do with the church, he never could discover.

"Perhaps the thing might be mended," suggested Bob, diffidently.

"Mended?" cried the squire, honoring the speaker with a supercilious stare. "The dedication *must* take place to-morrow morning. The bishop is coming a hundred miles for the express purpose. All the carpenters in the county couldn't put up a proper scaffolding in double the time."

"Perhaps it might be done without scaffolding," suggested Bob again.

"You think so, do you?" said the squire, contemptuously. "I'd like to see the man that would undertake it. I would give him five hundred dollars for the job."

"Perhaps a man might be found to do it for less than that," suggested Bob, once more.

He knew very well that Tartuffe would never give five hundred dollars.

"Maybe you could find a man who would do it for less?"

"Perhaps I could."

"Perhaps you would like to try it yourself?" said the squire, with a sneer.

"Perhaps I would."

"And *perhaps* you'll let us know what you'll do it for?"

"Perhaps I will, if you ask me."

"Will you, indeed? How much, then?"

"If you furnish a rope, I'll do it for one hundred dollars?"

"And who are you, pray?"

"I'm a sailor, and my name's Bob Brail."

A notion was gradually dawning upon the squire's mind that there might possibly be something in Bob's proposition, after all. He was a native of a seaport town, and he knew pretty well what sailors could do. Even a desperately forlorn hope was better than none at all. So he said, at length:

"Well, I'll give you an order for as much rope as you'll want, and I'll pay you a hundred dollars, if you succeed. I s'pose you can't do much harm a trying."

Bob obtained the order, put it in his pocket, and hurried away to make his preparations for scaling the steeple.

This rope which he was purchasing might be said, almost without a metaphor, to be a rope thrown to a dying man. He was confident of success, particularly when he learned that all that was necessary to restore the vane to its proper position was to lift up the rod until it became straight, and then replace an iron screw, the falling out of which had been the sole cause of the disaster. It appears that there was a sort of hinge joint or socket in the rod, where it joined the ball, and that it had been arranged in this fashion, in order to facilitate its restoration, if it should be broken or materially injured.

Although these arrangements had been made in view of the possibility of repairing the vane by climbing the steeple, Bob Brail was probably the only individual, within a circle of two hundred miles' diameter, who could have been induced to undertake it, at any price.

Preferring to conceal his somewhat perilous undertaking from his mother and Mary, as soon as he had procured the rope, he took it to a little shed just behind the church, and there proceeded to prepare it for his purpose by furnishing it with knots, and occasional loops for the feet.

As soon as it was ready for use, he borrowed a kite from one of Mary's scholars, and proceeded to fly it in such a manner as to bring the middle of the string into contact with the iron rod which supported the vane, at the place where it joined the ball, and resting upon the top of the latter.

This much having been successfully accomplished, the kite was suffered to fall to the ground on the other side of the steeple. Bob then attached the end of the string which he held in his hand smoothly and securely to one end of the rope. He then went to the other side of the steeple, and, lifting the kite from the ground, took hold of the string and hauled away on that end of it till he had raised the rope, which was attached to the other end, to the top of the steeple.

ple, and passed it over the ball. He then continued the hauling till he had brought the end of the rope to which the kite string was attached down to the ground again.

In order to keep the string and the rope which followed it from slipping off the ball, he did not pull it straight over, but a little to one side, so as to make it bear against the rod all the time. It will be recollected that this rod, with the vane at the top of it, had given way at the socket or hinge which joined it to the ball, and was now inclined at an angle of some fifty degrees from the perpendicular. It was in this angle—this corner between the inclined rod and the ball—that Bob kept his rope running, and thus prevented it from falling. The knots gave him a little trouble, sometimes; but the rope would generally glide over the smooth surface of the ball without difficulty.

The rope was now successfully passed over the top of the steeple, and left with its middle resting upon it, while its two extremities were lying upon the ground. Bob now proceeded to make one of these ends fast to a tree. He then had his rope hanging from the top of the steeple, and firmly fixed there. With its assistance, getting some one to steady it at the bottom, he could ascend to the ball without much difficulty or danger.

Having provided himself with the necessary screw, and a few other tools, the adventurous "sailor-man" began to climb the rope. By that time, quite a crowd of Plumvilians had assembled, and hundreds of eyes watched him as he scaled the dizzy height. When about half way up, he observed the dark figure of Mrs. Crow piloting his mother and Mary Brent to the spot. She had managed to find out what was going on, and she would not, on any account, have missed the gratification of pointing out to the agonized mother the very spot on the pavement where her son's brains would probably be dashed out, when he missed his hold and fell, as he undoubtedly would.

Bob congratulated himself that he was out of hearing of his friends below, and he determined, for his own part, that he would not see them again till the thing was done. Few steadier heads or stouter hearts than Bob Brail's had ever crossed the main; and he who had been accustomed from childhood to feel as secure upon the main truck as upon the fore-castle, though waves were rolling mountain-high, was not likely to shrink from climbing a church-steeple on terra firma.

The only difficulty of any moment was in getting the rope fixed; the rest was but the rep-

etition of a task which he had many a time accomplished—and in less than half an hour a loud cheer from the hundreds of throats below, proclaimed to all Plumville that the work was done.

In a very short time, Bob was treading in safety the very spot where Mrs. Crow had prophesied that he would meet his death, and she seemed really to think herself an injured woman because he would not break his neck for her accommodation. After exchanging a word or two with his mother and Mary, and receiving the vociferous congratulations of the crowd of landsmen, who looked upon him as one of the marvels of the age, he broke away from them all, and posted off to Mr. Tartuffe's office.

That gentleman had watched the operation from one of the windows, and was therefore aware of its having been successfully performed, before he saw the sailor.

"Well, Mr. Tartuffe," said Bob, standing on the door-step, "I've done the job, and as I'm in something of a hurry, I'll be obliged to you for the money."

"Well, sir, what do you ask?"

"I told you I would do it for one hundred dollars, though you said you would give five hundred. I want no more."

"Pooh, pooh! You can't surely have the conscience to charge a hundred dollars for a few minutes' work—and to a church, too! It's perfectly ridiculous."

"Mr. Tartuffe, desperately poor as I am, if I had been asked to do the job for the church, I would have done it cheerfully, and not charged a cent. But the thing was done for you, individually—and at one-fifth of your own price."

"And do you really think I am going to be such a fool as to give you such a sum for such a piece of work?"

"I'll tell you what I do think, Mr. Tartuffe. I have been told, a dozen times or more, that you would cheat me out of the money in the end; but I always said I didn't think you were such a swindler—but now I do think it."

"What? You miserable beggar! You dirty, lying, thieving rascal! You dare to call me a swindler? I'll have you prosecuted for this! You shall rot in jail for it—you low, vulgar scoundrel!"

"Avast there, squire! You'd better shorten sail a bit—take a reef in your temper, and look out for breakers. Isn't thief, and liar, and rascal, and scoundrel, as good stuff to prosecute on as a swindler is? Or do you have one sort of law here in Plumville for rich church-builders, and another for poor sailors?"

"Here—here is ten dollars, and that will pay you for your work ten times over. If you don't choose to take it, you can go without it, for not another red cent will you ever get from me."

And with these words the speaker threw upon the floor, near the door, a ten-dollar gold piece.

"Well," said Bob, giving the eagle a contemptuous kick with the toe of his foot, "I always thought the meanest man in the world was old Captain Konk. He used to sell the marlin-spikes for old iron, and then flog the sailors for stealing 'em. But I must acknowledge that you beat old Konk, all hollow. If you were a captain, I believe you would steal the men's knives, and sell the lanyards that held 'em for old junk."

Here the office door was slammed very energetically in Bob's face; but it is worthy of remark that though he was shut out, the gold piece was very carefully shut in. He took it all very coolly indeed, and went away quietly, without saying another word.

The bishop did not make his appearance that evening, as was expected, but he would of course be along early the next morning. Mr. Tartuffe rose betimes, so as to be ready to receive him. He was in an excellent humor. The steeple was all right again, and little or nothing to pay for it.

As he stood at the glass, shaving himself, he could see the people passing along the street; and he was not a little surprised that every man, woman and child, upon reaching a certain corner, began to laugh most immoderately. All who came, laughed; all who laughed, stopped; and all who stopped, remained until quite a crowd was gathered. Mr. Tartuffe's curiosity was so much excited, that he could hardly restrain it until he had finished shaving. The crowd increased every moment, and "the mirth and fun grew fast and furious."

At length, while he was putting on his cravat, it suddenly struck him that all these people were looking towards the new church, which was not visible to him from the point where he stood. What *could* it be? His curiosity now began to be mingled with no small share of trepidation. He foreboded some misfortune. He longed to know, and yet he was afraid. Hurrying on his clothes, however, he screwed his courage up, sallied forth into the street, and hustled up to the crowd at the corner.

Though a rich man, Mr. Tartuffe could not be said to be a popular one. Like all men of wealth, he had his sycophants; but he had his enemies also, and it could not be said that he was really esteemed by any one. His presence at the corner was greeted by an ironical cheer, and a burst of uproarious laughter from the crowd.

"Mr. Tartuffe," said old Captain Jollifat, "did you now really pay a hundred dollars for that new weathercock?"

And while the motley crowd laughed and shouted with increased vigor, the rich man looked up at his highly prized steeple, and saw there a sight that almost took his breath away. Astride of the horse, and holding the reins of a bridle, or rather halter, sat the "new weathercock," in the shape of a short, punchy manikin, evidently meant for a caricature of Mr. Tartuffe himself.

Two of the most prominent of that gentleman's characteristics were a very short cloak and a very long pipe, without both of which he was very seldom seen; and both of these peculiarities were faithfully represented in the caricature. Another prominent point about him was, that he had commenced life in one of the Eastern cities as an itinerant glazier. This little biographical trait he was fain to believe was utterly unknown to the people of Plumville. Fancy his feelings, then, when he saw upon a placard much larger than the effigy itself, and in great staring capitals, the terrible words—"Any glass t' put in?"

The reader has already divined that this little entertainment was devised and executed by our friend Bob. In anticipation of something of the sort, he had allowed the rope to remain upon the steeple, and as it was so nearly dark, it was not noticed by his employer or any one else.

As soon as he had positively ascertained that Tartuffe was determined not to pay what he had promised, he went to work and prepared and raised this effigy, which he knew very well nobody but himself could take down again.

To attempt to describe the rage and mortification of the Plumville millionaire, would be altogether futile. The reader can imagine it. Without saying a single word, he fled before the storm of ridicule which was assailing him on every side, and took refuge in his own dwelling. His predicament was truly an unenviable one. The bishop would certainly be there that morning, and might arrive at any moment; and the ceremonies had been advertised, far and near, to come off at ten o'clock.

After a series of unsuccessful attempts to induce some one else to scale the steeple and remove the nuisance, Bob himself was at last reluctantly sent for. It was a bitter dose for Mr. Tartuffe's pride to swallow, but there was positively no cure without it.

"Here," said that personage, in a sadly lowered tone, "here is a hundred-dollar note. Take it and remove the thing."

"No, sir," replied the sailor; "I will do no such thing."

"Why, do you mean to leave the horrible thing there?" gasped the excessively frightened church-builder.

"Yes—until you pay me my own price for taking it down."

"And what is that?"

"Five hundred dollars."

At this announcement, anger appeared to get the better of his fears, and the rich man seemed as if he was about to attack the sailor pugilistically; but there was a certain significance in the manner in which Bob clenched his huge fist, which nipped this project in its bud.

"The bishop! Here comes the bishop!" cried voices in the street, while the sound of carriage-wheels fast approaching was heard in the distance.

Avarice had one last struggle with pride, in the rich man's heart, but the latter was victorious, and Bob left the office with a check for five hundred dollars in his pocket.

Having restored the steeple to a state of propriety, our hero started for New York the same day, and succeeded in obtaining the desired situation. Being thus fairly afloat on the sea of preferment, Bob's excellent qualities soon secured for him the command of a first-rate ship. He married Mary Brent, and in a few years more was able to purchase a house in Plumville. It was the elegant mansion of Mr. Tartuffe, who was so unmercifully ridiculed on account of the steeple adventure, that he found it impossible to remain in the place where it happened.

Mrs. Crow never forgave Bob for refusing either to be drowned, or to dash his brains out by falling from the steeple; and though now that he is getting fat she consoles herself by predicting his speedy death by apoplexy, Mr. Tartuffe's late pew, as well as his house, is still occupied by the sailor-man—or at least by his wife, children and mother—and no more universally respected family than his worships beneath the shadow of the tall STEEPLE OF PLUMVILLE.

#### PARSIMONY AND ECONOMY.

Burke thus felicitously distinguishes these opposite lines of conduct, which in domestic affairs are too often confounded: "Mere parsimony is not economy. Expense, and great expense, may be an essential part in true economy. Economy is a distributive virtue, and consists not in saving, but in selection. Parsimony requires no providence, no sagacity, no powers of combination, no comparison, no judgment. Mere instinct, and that not an instinct of the noblest kind, may produce this false economy in perfection."

#### INSECTS.

Insects are largely endowed with the faculty of sight; for their eyes, though unable to turn, are infinitely multiplied, and compensate by quantity for their want of motion. To give an idea of the number some orders possess, I may mention that to one species of butterfly, by no means among the largest, is allotted nearly 35,000 eyes. These are distributed over every part of the body, and thus, whatever may be the position of the animal, no danger can approach unperceived, as a sentinel keeps watch in every quarter.

The passions of love and fear, and sometimes higher emotions, are exhibited very signally in some orders of insects, and are even expressed in sounds, which, while not without significance to the human ear, are doubtless full of meaning to themselves. The fact may be demonstrated by giving chase to a common blue-bottle, which will immediately raise its note in a surprising manner, the tone being of unmistakable alarm. In tropical countries I have noticed the same peculiarity, with but little variation, in mosquitoes; and the adroitness with which these little jannissaries avoid capture indicates an organization still more subtle.

Few are unacquainted with the alertness or ferocity of spiders, exhibited so constantly within the sphere of familiar observation. Let a fly be thrown on a spider's web, and a strange spectacle will follow. The terror and despair of the fly at the first approach of his inexorable enemy, his energetic efforts to escape from his tyrant's clutches, and his last touching death-struggle, with the exultation, rage and malignant cruelty of the spider, are a vivid mimicry of the mightier paroxysms of man, which few will be able to contemplate with apathy.

I need not dwell here on the affection of insects for their progeny, as that is a point which, by the wise providence of the Almighty, prevails, with few differences of degree, throughout the whole range of nature. But it would be an omission not to say that they experience more than usual difficulty in providing for the necessities and requirements of their young, yet pursue this object, under every disadvantage, with unwearying forecast, tenderness and perseverance. —*Entomological Journal*.

#### HOUSEHOLD TREASURES.

A treasure of a husband—carries the baby. A treasure of a wife—never asks for money. A treasure of a son—has money in the funds. A treasure of a daughter—looks the same age as her mother; if anything, a trifle older. A treasure of a servant—runs to the post-office in less than half an hour. A treasure of a cook—is not hysterical whenever there is company to dinner. A treasure of a baby—doesn't disturb its dear papa in the middle of the night.—*Punch*.

#### HUMBLE WORTH.

Many a flower by man unseen  
Gladdens lone recesses;  
Many a nameless brook makes green  
Haunts its beauty blessed;

Many a scattered seed on earth  
Brings forth fruit where needed:  
Such the humble Christian's worth,  
By the world unheeded.—B. BAXTER.



[ORIGINAL.]

## EMMANUEL—GOD WITH US.

BY MRS. A. P. C.

In the shadow or the sunshine,  
Mid the solitude of night,  
Or when the blessed morn's first outline  
Gives the hopeful ray of light;

In the watchful, weary hours,  
When the soul is filled with dread,  
And the cloud that o'er us lowers,  
Seems to crush till hope hath fled;

In the joy that thrills with gladness  
Waiting souls, now born again  
Into a new world, where sadness  
Sendeth back no slow refrain;

In the loved ones' joyous greeting,  
Meeting once more round the hearth,  
Pangs of absence now forgetting,  
In this harvest-time of mirth;

Through all seasons, through all hours,  
Whereas'er on earth we dwell,  
Let this watchword still be ours,  
God with us—Emmanuel!

Earth's sweet voices hymn this anthem;  
Starry skies, bespangled flowers,  
Fresh with morn's sweet dew upon them,  
Breathing incense at evening hour;

Blessed children, now just entering  
On life's field to pick its flowers;  
Wrinkled age, whose hopes are centring  
In a better world than ours;—

All unconscious join in chorus  
With the angels round the throne,  
Who are ever watching o'er us,  
With harps attuned to this alone.

[ORIGINAL.]

## THE THREE TREASURES.

A modern rendering of an ancient Eastern Fable.

BY HENRY B. MAY.

A LONG, long time ago, when the world was a good many years younger than it is now, there lived in the city of Self-Satisfaction—the capital of the Kingdom of Ignorance—a mighty potentate named King Sloth. Now the Kingdom of Ignorance was a very extensive territory. At one period of its history, it comprised within its limits the greater portion of the world—the few nations that claimed to be independent of its sovereignty, even, being in a measure its tributaries—while the subjects of King Sloth were everywhere numerous and influential. However, though it was still a powerful monarchy, its terri-

tory had considerably decreased, and its influence had been lessened, since the epoch of the "Dark Ages"—at which period its power was at its height.

The dynasty of the Sloths was—and is still, for they are still in existence—of great antiquity, extending back to the Flood. Indeed the family boasts of being coeval with the creation. They say that Adam had slothful blood in his veins, and bring forward as proof, the fact that he slept in the Garden of Eden at a time when a rib was taken from his side for the purpose of making woman.

There has been not a little controversy among antiquarians on this point—those who are inclined to regard the house of Sloth with favor asserting that had not Adam been one of the family, the world would have remained destitute of womankind to the present day—though like all men who ride a favorite hobby, antiquarians especially—who, as a class, are the most prejudiced of all men in favor of their own often absurd theories—these men, having no consideration for anything else, have not thought it worth while to explain how, in such case, the race of man could have multiplied and replenished the earth.

On the other hand, those who are prejudiced against the ancient family of Sloths—equally regardless of the physical impossibility we have alluded to—say, that if the father of man had not been a Sloth, the world would have been better off at the present time, since, in consequence of Adam's drowsiness, Eve was created, and Eve tempted Adam to sin—*ergo*, if Adam had not slept, the world would have remained without sin! However, we have no sympathy with these detractors of the fairest portion of creation.

The Sloths were a happy-go-lucky race of monarchs, who, although they ruled with despotic sway, were well content to let the world wag—each as he had found it, and wished to leave it. The monarch who ruled over the realm of Ignorance, at the period of which we write, was particularly mild in his sway, and so long as his subjects refrained from troubling him, he was satisfied to let them alone to do as they thought fit.

The great fundamental law of the Kingdom of Ignorance was this: "Let things take their course, and neither make nor meddle, lest matters should grow worse." This system of government answered tolerably well, until a certain missionary called Investigation, who came from the distant republic of Thought, with the object of stirring up the sons of Ignorance, succeeded in making converts of some of them. These poisoned the minds of others, and the result was

a succession of broils and disturbances, which at length became so serious as to lead to the necessity of some action on the part of King Sloth, to prevent a revolution in his realm. His majesty was perfectly satisfied that he could devise no system of improvement of his own accord; therefore, solely against his will, he took to wife the Princess Necessity—a hard-featured, strong-minded maiden—the daughter of one of his brother potentates, King Idleness, who ruled over the Realm of Unthrif.

In due time, Necessity became the mother of Invention, and eventually she bore her husband two more sons, one named Science, and one Skill—who was the youngest of the family. As soon as the eldest son, Prince Invention—who, from his earliest childhood, had shown an aptitude for learning beyond his years—grew up to man's estate, the affairs of the Kingdom of Ignorance began to show signs of improvement; and, as the younger princes Science and Skill were always ready to assist their elder brother in all his plans, a complete regeneration of the kingdom might have been arrived at, in time, had it not been for a young lady—a very distant relation of Queen Necessity's, who, having lost her parents while in her infancy, was adopted by her elderly relative. The name of this young damsel was Perfection. She was a beautiful, fairy-like little creature—apparently almost too ethereal, too fastidiously refined for this world—and it quickly became evident that she would prove, innocently on her part, an apple of discord in the family.

The young princes all fell in love with her, and she, on her part, listened to their addresses, one after the other, without showing any decided preference for either. Sometimes Invention thought he had secured her affections to himself, when lo! just as he was on the point of proposing, she would turn away from him, find fault with his conduct, disapprove of all his plans for the amelioration of his father's subjects, and bestow her smiles upon Science, who, in his turn, would be cast aside for his youngest brother Skill, who would also, in time, be thrust aside by the fickle maiden, when Invention would again be taken into favor.

After all, notwithstanding that the princes were all very fine, sensible and excellent young men, whose love would have made any ordinary young lady happy, the Princess Perfection was not so much to blame. She couldn't help it. She was so delicately organized, so sensitive, so imaginative, that she had no affinity toward the young people around her, of either sex. She lived in a sort of Dreamland of her own peo-

pling, and her beau ideal of a husband was so lofty, that it was impossible she could ever meet with such a being among the creatures of humanity.

Nevertheless, this spirit of rivalry among the young persons was very annoying to King Sloth, who loved his ease, and liked to have everything quiet about him; besides, he was now growing into years, and had become more self-indulgent than ever. So, as was his wont, when he was troubled in his mind, he made a virtue of Necessity, called her to his council, and resolved to take her advice as to what was best to be done under the circumstances, and act upon it.

"I think that Invention can't do better than unite himself to Perfection," said the queen.

"But what if Invention don't come up to the standard of Perfection?" replied the troubled monarch.

"Then let Science make advances to her, or Skill. Now I come to think of it, Skill and Perfection would make a happy couple," said her majesty. "Perfection would cure him of the nervous timidity and bashfulness to which he is prone."

"Exactly so, my dear Necessity," returned King Sloth. "Whenever I find myself driven to extremities, you always devise some means by which I can extricate myself; but, unfortunately, in this case Perfection holds her head so high, that she will not deign to unite herself with either Invention, Science or Skill."

"Then," said the queen, "I would recommend your majesty to insist upon one of them claiming *her* for his bride."

"Alas, my love," answered the king, "that is more easily said than done! If, now, I had to do with your foster brother, Independence, or if any of the more distant branches of the house of Ignorance were concerned, it would be no difficult matter to induce any one of them to claim Perfection as his own; but the same failing that applies to Skill, applies also to his brothers, Invention and Science. I have heard them say myself that they look up to Perfection as they would to a goddess—as to something unattainable. They would each fain possess her, but each thinks himself unworthy of her favor."

"Then, your majesty," said the queen, somewhat tardily, "I have nothing more to say. I know what I should do, if I had my way. I recollect, when I was a mere child, my father used to say—'It's of no use arguing with Necessity; she must and will have her own way.' But since I've united myself with Sloth—h'h'm!" And her majesty stalked haughtily out of the apartment.

Poor King Sloth was again left to adopt his own measures to settle this question of rivalry among his children. For once in his life, at least, he regretted that he wore a crown, and that the old Latin proverb—"Necessitas non habet leges (Necessity has no laws)"—was true.

"For," said he, "if Necessity reigned, instead of me, she could make what laws she pleased."

However, prompt action was necessary. His majesty summoned the three princes to his presence.

"My dear sons," said he, "you are all in eager pursuit after Perfection?"

"Alas, sir," said Invention, answering for his brothers as well as for himself, "it is as you say! Ours is a generous rivalry; yet I fear that none of us will ever gain the object of our desire."

"This constant strife for Perfection annoys me," said King Sloth; "and my faithful subjects of the Realm of Ignorance cannot understand it. I have consulted the queen, but, though it is desirable that one, if not all of you, should lay claim to Perfection, it is a question in the settlement of which Necessity has no voice. I have decided upon a plan which I shall insist upon your adopting, and by which it shall be decided who among you shall clasp Perfection to your bosom as a bride."

The princes were all attention.

"You recollect," continued the king, "our royal brother whose history is recorded in the venerable archives of the Arabian Nights Entertainments; he, I mean, who, situated somewhat like myself—having three sons all in love with the same beautiful princess—decided to bestow the damsel's hand upon him who brought to the court, from distant lands, the most valuable gift. If you remember, my children, one brought the miraculous square of carpet which, the owner eating thereon, would convey him instantly wheresoever he willed. The second brought a valuable and wonderful tube, which, when it was placed to the owner's eye, would enable him to see whatsoever he desired. The third procured, with infinite trouble, a marvellous apple which, on being placed to the nostrils of a person in the last extremity of sickness, would restore him or her, in a moment, to perfect health and strength.

"It is my belief, my sons, that those wonderful articles must still be in existence, in some corner of the world, and that one, if not all, may be obtained by him who, regardless of fatigue, difficulty or danger, shall search for them. To him, of you three, who shall bring to my court of Ignorance one or all of these wonderful things, or to him who shall first arrive

with any one, will I give the incomparable Princess Perfection for a bride. Now go, my beloved sons, and Allah speed ye well!"

"But, sire," said the oldest of the princes, "recollect that the records, of which you speak, are of the days of the great Caliph Haroun Al Raschid, who flourished before my brothers, or even I, were born—or, at least, before we had effected much for the benefit of mankind. We, sire, your sons—Invention, Science and Skill—were then but feeble infants, in comparison with what we now are. Although I am inclined to believe the tales are merely the author's invention."

"Science was then in its infancy," said the second brother.

"And skill," added the youngest, "was but very feebly developed."

"Nevertheless," said the king, "I am convinced of their existence. In two years from this, my children, let me see you here again, whether you are successful or not—sooner, if you obtain that of which you now go in search—and remember! he who first returns with a prize shall be wedded to Perfection."

The young men departed in a very disconsolate mood, for they all felt that they were not pursuing the proper steps to gain Perfection by going on such a wild-goose chase; but the king had bidden them go, and they dared not refuse.

Now the fact is, old King Sloth had no notion that either of his sons would find the article which he was about to seek after; but he was tired of their constant rivalry, and he hoped to obtain a little rest by banishing them for awhile from his court. He chuckled over the idea of being able to return to the enjoyment of his old habits of indolence.

"I shall obtain two years' freedom from their continuous strife," he said to himself; "and the boys will mingle with the world, and forget their cravings after Perfection—the silly children!—before they return to court again."

Now it happened that the mighty Realm of Ignorance was situated in the central portion of the earth, and Prince Invention, when he left his father's court, bent his steps westward, travelling over many lands, meeting with numerous and terrible adventures, enduring heat and cold, and hunger and thirst, still never wearied, yet ever reflecting on the folly of the king, his father, in sending him forth on such a foolish journey.

"Perfection will never be mine," he often said to himself, "for where shall I find the wonderful carpet, which, according to the archives of the ancient Sultans of the Indies, enabled its possessor to travel where he listed? Verily, I believe

it is all 'bosh' (a phrase used to express the word *humbug*, in the Realm of Ignorance)."

The prince travelled amongst the Turkey and Persian carpet manufacturers in vain. They hooted him from their bazaars, believing him to be an insane man.

"Carpets do not fly," said they. "Buy thee a camel of the desert, and his thee home, and reflect upon thy folly."

But still the prince journeyed on, until he came to, and passed over the country of the Franks, and thence he journeyed to the land of the Angles, or Anglo Saxons, almost despairing of success, "for," said he, "here they ridicule me with still greater ridicule, when I seek for that for which my father hath sent me; and every step I take, and every new thing I learn, teaches me that I am further off than ever from Perfection."

He determined to wait in this land until the two years were nearly expired, and then to journey homeward and once more obtain a glimpse of the Perfection that he now believed he would never call his own.

One day, footsore and weary, he entered into a cottage, in a country neighborhood, and asked the good woman of the house if he might rest his aching limbs. She willingly assented, and bade him be seated by the fire while she prepared food to refresh him. A boy, scarce fifteen years old, sat on a stool before the fire, watching listlessly, as it were, yet with a strange, dreamy earnestness in his eyes, the lid of the teakettle as it jumped up and down while the water within was boiling.

"Why gazest thou so earnestly into the fire, my boy?" said the prince. "What seest thou there?"

"Ah!" sighed the woman of the cottage, answering for the lad; "James is a strange, idle boy. So he sitteth day after day, always thinking and dreaming, instead of working for his living, or even playing as other boys do."

But the lad heeded not his mother's words—he turned his head and looked curiously at the stranger. At length he spoke.

"Is your name Invention?" said he. "Are you the Prince Invention whom I have so long dreamed of? If thou art, thou canst aid me much—I have long expected thee."

"My name is Invention, my boy," said the prince, attracted by the earnestness of the youth's speech and look. "How can I aid you? What is your name?"

"My name is James Watt," answered the boy, "and thus canst thou aid me. Do you see that steam?—weak as water—nay, the very

evaporation of water? Yet it lifteth off the iron lid of the kettle with its weight. With thy aid, that weak, thin steam shall do the work of thousands of men. It shall guide the weighty machine, and drive the powerful engine—nay more, it shall carry the ship over the stormy seas more rapidly than the widest spread of sail before the strongest breeze—ay, and the car shall be driven on land by its terrible yet controllable strength with a speed never heretofore dreamed of, so that men shall say, 'I wish to be there,' and they shall be where they wish, though a thousand of the fleetest horses could not have carried them over the distance."

And the prince listened, and the light of understanding entered into his soul.

"Truly," he cried, "it is the iron horse that was typified in the carpet of the Indian merchant."

And he breathed his spirit into the lad, and he saw other sages and one mighty one named Fulton—and he did not procure the carpet of which he was in search, but he made the steam-engine, and his soul was satisfied, and he was ready to return to his home [for years in the Realm of Ignorance were measured by times, and not by the measurement of other lands].

"I shall win Perfection," he said, "for surely I have invented a greater thing than they can discover, with all their *science* and *skill*."

Now while Prince Invention was journeying westward, his brother, Prince Science, travelled eastward, crossing the country of the Celestials, until he came to the ocean, which he crossed on shipboard and landed on the shores of Ophir—called California; but though he found gold and precious stones in abundance, he heard nothing of the wonderful tube, the possession of which would crown him with Perfection, and still he journeyed on through forests and across wide prairies, until he came into the far famed Realm of Manhattan, where dwell the New Yorkers.

"For," said he, "I have heard of the ingenuity of these people, and it may be possible that they possess the secret of making the tube of which I am in search."

So he made inquiries, and was directed to a certain sage named Morse, who was busied with sundry wires, which he dipped in certain subtle fluids, and extended them from the gates of one city even unto those of another, and played them with his fingers, and lo! at the instant, friends far apart conversed with each other, as if they were suddenly united. They knew all that was passing in each other's minds, as though they had gazed upon each other through a tube which drew them together.

"Eureka! (I have found it)" exclaimed

Science. "The tale of the Arabian story-book was but a myth, typical of the electric telegraph, which causes us to be present with our friends, even though we be thousands of miles apart. Truly I shall distance my brothers, and attain to Perfection."

And Science resolved to remain among the Manhattanese until the day appointed for his departure homewards.

Prince Skill, the third brother, who was bent upon discovering the miraculous apple, travelled westward from the Central Realm of Ignorance, as his oldest brother had done.

"For," said he, "I have heard that the people called the Franks are wonderfully skilled in medicine, and probably some of the seeds of the apple are yet preserved in their country." But he arrived and searched and found nothing.

Then he journeyed to the land of the Angles, where his brother was staying—but he knew not that Invention was remaining there—and not finding what he sought among the physicians and sages, he too travelled across the Atlantic to the land of the Yankees, and coming to the city of Boston, he met with a certain wise man of medicine, who had discovered an ethereal vapor which he termed "ether," and which possessed the wonderful property of lulling pain, and deadening the senses, so that those who were obliged to undergo the most painful operations, knew not that the knife of the surgeon had touched them until the dreaded operation was completed, when they awoke as from a pleasant dream and asked why they were yet left to linger in suspense, and could not credit their senses when they were informed that all was over.

"Verily," said Prince Skill, "this is the panacea for all evil, for it rendereth even pain pleasant. There is no wonderful apple. It was a myth of the Arabian sages, but it was typical of the subtle fluid which should one day be discovered, and which should change the practice of the surgeon and render his keen-edged tools harmless. Surely Skill hath now a right to claim Perfection for his own."

So, perfectly satisfied that he had outstripped his brothers, Prince Skill resolved to remain in the city called Boston till the day appointed for his departure.

Now the three brothers had agreed, before they set out on their travels, to meet on a certain day, at the expiration of their period of travel, at a certain place on the borders of the Realm of Ignorance. Prince Invention, taking advantage of his discovery, arrived first on his iron horse. Prince Science, who had been practising the use of his wires, was somewhat surprised to learn that

his brother Invention had arrived at the appointed place of rendezvous before him.

"But," said he to himself, "my brother Invention hath started earlier than I."

The two younger princes arrived at the same moment. They greeted each other and their elder brother, and then each proceeded to display his own discovery for the admiration and wonder of the others. There was some little disappointment felt by all, for they could not agree, since each had gained his end, which had made the most wonderful discovery. However, they agreed to leave it to King Sloth to decide which was most worthy of Perfection, and as they were all wearied with their long travel, they agreed to rest awhile before they started to perform, in company, the remainder of their journey.

"But come, Brother Science," said Invention, "let us amuse ourselves, and at once test the value of your wonderful electric telegraph, and, when we start for home, both you and Skill shall have the benefit of my iron steam-horse."

No sooner said than done. Prince Science adjusted his magnetic wires, and desired to learn how things were progressing at the court of Ignorance. Presently a gloom spread over his countenance.

"What is the matter?" asked his brothers in a breath.

"Alas, my brothers," answered the prince, "the wires inform me that the Princess Perfection lies at the point of death. All our journeying has been in vain. Perfection is for none of us. O, my brothers, willingly would I resign my claim, if I could save her life! But she will be dead before we can possibly arrive even to see her breathe her last breath."

"You forget my iron horse," said Prince Invention. "We will depart immediately; but first," he said, addressing Prince Science, "adjust your wires again, and let us learn what the disease is, under which she is suffering."

Again the wires were adjusted, and in another moment the prince interpreted:

"The princess is suffering from a tumor in the throat caused by grief, which can be removed by a surgical operation to which she will not submit."

"Harness your iron horse!" cried Prince Skill. "Thank Heaven, the subtle fluid I have in my pocket will send her to sleep, and so deaden her senses, that she will know nothing until the operation is performed, when she will awake, restored to perfect health."

Quick as thought, the iron steed was fed with steam; the princes mounted his back, and flying with lightning speed over the road, they were

landed, in a shorter time than any one of them believed was possible, at the very door of the palace of King Sloth.

The princes, pushing the guards and nurses aside, rushed, without announcing themselves, into the chamber of the princess. Prince Skill applied the fluid he carried about his person to her nostrils, and immediately she fell into a sound sleep—still, however, breathing painfully. Prince Invention explained matters to the wondering surgeons. The surgical instruments were applied, and in a few moments the fatal tumor was removed. An hour afterward, the princess awoke in perfect health.

After mutual congratulations had been exchanged, and the various wonders exhibited, and their properties explained, the princes stood awaiting the decision of the old king.

"The cure has been effected," said King Sloth, "through the agency of Prince Skill's subtle fluid, which he calls ether; but he could not have arrived in time had it not been for Prince Invention's iron steed, nor would the steed have been harnessed in such a hurry, had not Prince Science discovered, by means of his electric wires, that the princess lay in such a critical condition. My sons," continued the old king, "I can honestly award the princess to neither of you, since you cannot all possess her, yet she owes her life equally to you all. What says the Princess Perfection?"

The princess—it had already been explained to the disappointed young men—had fallen sick in consequence of her grief at finding so little progress made in the world towards perfecting all things. Being now called upon to make her own decision, she smiled gratefully upon all her cousins, but assured them that she could never give her hand without her heart, and her affections were irrevocably fixed upon the man who was as perfect as herself, wherever he was to be found. She confessed that she had not yet seen him.

"I shall be most happy," continued the princess, "if he eventually doth appear in the person of one of my cousins, who have all done so much to prove their love for me and their desire to possess me. Whichever it may be, he shall have my undivided affection. I will resign myself absolutely to his will. But remember, dear Prince Invention, that your iron horse, swiftly as he flies over the surface of the earth, cannot fly like a bird through the air; and you, Cousin Science, recollect that though your electric current can enable you to converse with your friends as if they were present, no matter how many miles they may be distant on the earth's

surface, cannot yet enable you to converse with them through the dense waters of the ocean—at least, not for any great distance; and your subtle fluid, Cousin Skill, although it can prevent the pain of the surgeon's knife, cannot render its use unnecessary. Much yet remains to be done, before either Invention, Science, or Skill can honestly lay claim to Perfection."

Having spoken thus, the princess bowed gracefully to all present, smiled sweetly—an encouraging smile—upon her cousins, and withdrew, with her maids in waiting—Patience, Industry and Energy—to her own private apartments in the Palace of Necessity.

Scarcely as each of the princes were disappointed, they confessed that the princess was right and had spoken wisely; and Perfection herself was so pleased with the services they had already rendered her, and so grateful for their kindness, that she assigned to them her three handmaidens to assist them in their future labors.

By the latest advices from the Realm of Ignorance, we are informed that Prince Invention is busily occupied in endeavoring to devise a plan to guide the course of a balloon through the air—regardless of the point from which the wind may chance to blow. Prince Science, we are told, has laid an electric cable between Europe and America, but as yet he has been unsuccessful in working it satisfactorily; and Prince Skill is hard at work, the newspapers say—having a whole army of quack doctors in his employ—manufacturing hygiene pills, for family use, which shall be effectual for the cure, and even the prevention, of all the ills that flesh is heir to—quite regardless of the number of victims that he slays while testing various panaceas. He also has, as yet, been unsuccessful.

All the princes acknowledge, with thankfulness, the efficient services of the three handmaidens—Patience, Industry and Energy. Nevertheless, the Princess Perfection is still a maiden, "fancy free."

#### OLDEST CHURCH IN AMERICA.

It was built in 1681, in the town of Hingham, Massachusetts, and is still occupied as a place of worship. The bell rope hangs down by the middle of the house, where it was placed in order that the bell might be rang instantly to give alarm of any sudden Indian incursion. There are many of the old fashioned square pews in the house, inclosed in what resembles more a high and substantial unpainted fence than any thing to be seen in a modern church. The frame is of oak, and the beams are huge and numerous. The old house is good for two hundred years more. This old church has an old pastor, the Rev. Joseph Richardson, having preached in it for fifty-three years.

[ORIGINAL.]

## TO THE OMPOMPANUSUC.

BY LIZZIE MORSE.

This small though beautiful Green Mountain stream takes its rise in the town of Vershire. At first dashing, foaming, and winding through a narrow but fertile valley, along the borders of which frown the dark walls of the Eagle Ledge, gradually enlarging as it passes through a succession of wild and picturesque scenery, until it empties its crystal waters into the White River.

Sing, sing of the rolling river,  
That dashes by my country home,  
On it golden sunbeams quiver,  
When tossing up the bannered foam.  
Glide, river, glide,  
In and out 'mong willows ride,  
Swiftly borne on white waved steeds,  
Wet the meadow-lilies' pied,  
Sedge and moss where crickets hide,  
Hum and sing among the weeds.

I'll sing its waves of sapphire blue,  
Rolling 'neath the rill-lit mountain,  
Crowned with foam as pure as dew  
From an eagle haunted fountain.  
Then, river, haste thy way,  
By sun and moon and starry ray;  
From the hill tops lead thy silvery clan.  
Pause not where the moonbeams lay,  
And skipping elfins love to play,  
To the oaten reeds of rural Pan.

Sing, sing of the maddened river,  
When the scowling tempests howl,  
And the huriling thunders shiver  
Mills, and heaving bridges growl.  
O, glory in its pride!  
See the upturn timbers ride,  
Wildly through the bellowing foam,  
Tearing out its rocky side,  
Rushing black o'er meadows wide,  
The Ompompanusuc roams.

The day burns down to the evening star,  
And soft æolian harpstrings wake  
To fair Ivesperius pale afar,  
O'er the purple murmurous lake.\*  
Gurgling waters churn,  
When the pensive starlights burn  
Above thy silvery beechen shades,  
And the sweet flowers upward turn,  
Each pure and star-like urn,  
All along thy shadowy glades.

\* A small lake in the town of West Fairlee.

[ORIGINAL.]

## AN HOUR OF PERIL.

## A THRILLING SKETCH OF REAL LIFE.

BY MAURICE SILINGSBY.

TWENTY years ago Gillian Giovanna was the belle of her native village. She was of Italian descent on the father's side, her grand-parents having crossed the Atlantic shortly after the close

of the American Revolution, and settled in the town of B., where Gillian was born some twenty years after—her father being a mere child at the period of their emigration. As I have said, Gillian at the age of twenty was the belle of her native village. Her eyes were tender and dreamy when in repose, but when animated by feeling or sentiment they would flash forth such fire as betokened a superior soul, or higher order of intelligence than those by whom she was surrounded.

About this time she became the wife of Frederick Bront, to whom for a long time she had been fondly attached. He was by trade a carpenter, and one of the handsomest and most enterprising young fellows that the town afforded; but about a week subsequent to his marriage, he was called upon by the parish authorities to adjust the weather-vane of the village church which had been dislodged by lightning, and in the attempt was precipitated from the movable staging on which he had been raised by means of pulleys to the pinnacle of the spire, and was instantly dashed to pieces in the fall. Poor Gillian fainted when the terrible news was brought her, and for many days afterwards her life was despaired of; but she recovered her health at last, though her old cheerfulness of look did not return to her till after the birth of a little son, who was called Freddy, after the poor father whose life had been so unceremoniously crushed out before he was born.

For months preceding this event, that is, the birth of little Freddy, the horrible recollection of that fearful hour which made the great world so dark and aimless to Gillian, was never absent a moment from her thoughts. Daily in imagination was the dreadful scene enacted before her eyes—the honest neighbor who first came with the sad intelligence, who hesitated and finally broke down with the weight of the terrible news—the four sober men who bore home the mangled form, once so beautiful, now so ghastly, so horribly disfigured, that even the loving wife would have failed to recognize him—and all the subsequent agony, sorrow, or even grief, are words too feeble to express it—which was crowded into the next few weeks that followed; such was the harrowing picture constantly before her eyes, both sleeping and waking, though doubly intensified by the light of dreams. In dreams she would see her husband ascending the village-spire, see him far above the belfry, and the next moment, with a deadly shudder, she would behold him hurled down from the dizzy height he had attained. Then would she close her eyes to shut out the horrid spectacle, and in the agony of that dreadful moment she would awake, and

during the rest of the long night that followed there was no more sleep—nought but the horrid remembrance of that awful dream left her—so late a painful reality.

But with the birth of little Freddy, these phantoms of the imagination vanished, and she grew gradually to be more like her former self. Little Freddy was a strange, unaccountable child, slightly deformed, his neck, shoulders and arms were extremely muscular, while his lower extremities seemed to have shrunk and shrivelled up in developing them; and yet this disproportion seemed rather to add to, than to diminish his strength and agility. Before he was five years old, he had ascended to the topmost branches of the stateliest trees that grew in the surrounding fields, and with a reckless unconsciousness of danger that never failed to strike a chill to the heart of the beholder, he would swing out and drop from branch to branch, catching by the hands and shouting in a sort of insane glee, as though he drew inspiration from the danger which he dared. At such moments as these, he seemed wildly and gleefully happy, but when inactive or in repose there was ever an expression of pain lingering about his features, which was as much a part of him as the features themselves. It was observed by the nurse the first night he came into the world, and it never left him for a moment except when he hung from some perilous height or swung himself from limb to limb of the highest tree with the agility of an ape. It was evident that this strong infatuation was a constitutional weakness inherited from the mother at a time when her great sorrow was fresh upon her, enhanced and intensified by a morbid imagination. Often was the time that she shuddered and turned pale, or shrieked loudly on beholding the dizzy height he had attained, striving with all her might to persuade or coax him out of harm's way, while he only mocked at her fears, swinging from limb to limb, and chattering like a magpie.

Persuasion was of no avail. Little Freddy would climb the trees and there was no help for it; and, though his strange doings kept poor Gillian in constant apprehension, no harm had thus far come to the little gymnast.

One pleasant day in early autumn, when Freddy was about a dozen years old, a large concourse of people had gathered on the green in front of the church to witness the feats of Jack Marlin, the sailor, who was to ascend to the belfry by means of the lightning-rod. Freddy saw it, and heard the enthusiastic shouts of the people, but he only curled his lip in scorn, and remarked: "That is nothing!"

And even while the crowd were yet busy in admiring the bold daring of the sailor, the deformed child had found his way to the corner of the church where the rod descended, and before any one was aware of his intention, he had swung himself up, hand over hand, more than half-way to the belfry. Then for the first time the attention of the crowd was directed toward him, and some of the men, more thoughtful than the rest shouted to him to come down, but he paid no attention to their admonitions, except by a low, scornful laugh, as though he had fully measured his own power, and was determined to exert it to eclipse the effort of Jack Marlin the sailor.

Every one expected when the boy reached the belfry that he would stop by his own accord; but no, he merely waved his hand to the crowd, steadily ascending all the while, while they, in turn, completely carried away, and forgetful for the moment of the lad's peril, shouted and cheered till they were hoarse. Then for the first time, it seemed as though the multitude was appalled by a sense of the boy's terrible danger, which, carried away by their blind enthusiasm, they had hitherto overlooked, in admiration, it may be presumed, of the wonderful daring the lad had evinced.

The next moment, instead of shouts and cheers, a death-like silence prevailed. Every one watched with breathless anxiety his steady progress, higher and higher with each succeeding pulsation of the heart; and so silent all, that each could distinctly hear the partially suppressed respiration of his neighbor. It was one of those unlanguageed triumphs of suspense, not merely tragical, but terrible, where moments become as it were hours, and every nerve seems set on edge, and all a blinding whirl, save the one object that attracts all eyes, and thrills all hearts.

Up, still up, a tiny object, no larger to look at than Marlin's fist. He has reached the weather-vane, and one little arm is thrust up and clasps it firmly. Then for a moment his body seems to swing in mid air, and the next he is above the vane, seated on the forked point of the spire, more than a hundred and thirty feet above the entranced crowd. Then was the spell broken, and shout after shout went up, and the boy looks down, and crows a triumphant little crow, that comes down to them so far and so very faintly, and waves a tiny hand, and then the multitude responds with a second series of deafening shouts, which come booming up to him, ah! how distinctly. Mark now how he clings to the branching prongs of the spire. He does not offer to move; he is evidently dizzy and afraid. Jack



Marlin the sailor, who understands such things from experience, observes it. The rest do not. They know nothing of the workings of fear under circumstances like these. Suddenly all hearts are appalled by the wild shrieks of a woman who comes flying across the common, towards the spot where the multitude were assembled.

I had arrived in B. that morning, and chanced to be one of the crowd present. I had witnessed grief and despair in various shapes, but I never saw so white a face before—one so blanched with the agony of fear. In accents of the wildest terror, she begged of the bystanders to save her boy.

"How could they save him now?" they answered her, pityingly. "He had brought it on himself in spite of all they could do. Persuasion and warnings were of no avail; and now, though their hearts were bleeding for the distracted mother, what could they do but pity her?"

Not so with Marlin. The mother's wild plaint found a responsive echo in the heart of the brave sailor. He shouted to Freddy to come down, and in a few seconds the response came faintly back: "No, I'm afraid to!"

"Hang on to your moorings then, with all your might, and I'll be up presently and tow you down!"

He then turned to the crowd and said: "Bring me ropes, a plenty of them, and the stoniest you can find, and bear a hand lively."

The energetic orders of the sailor were instantly obeyed, and in five minutes, and perhaps less, for moments seem long under circumstances like these, a dozen strong bed cords were procured and firmly spliced together. Uniting the two ends so as to bring the cord double, and then fastening them securely to the belt around his waist, Marlin commenced his ascent, cheered and stimulated by the excited crowd, who were now wrought up to the highest pitch of frenzy.

Up, over the same perilous track the daring boy had ascended, never once looking down, or seemingly conscious of any other object than the one he was on, Marlin worked his way up with the sublime determination of preserving the life of one upon whom the very existence of another seemed to depend. As he neared the dizzy point where Freddy still clung, the shouts of the anxious spectators ceased, and with strained eyes and suspended breath, they watched each movement, as though, instead of one, a hundred lives hung on his humane efforts. But when he had reached the weather-vane, and stood firmly up thereon, the enthusiasm of the crowd broke forth afresh, and shout after shout and cheer after cheer went up, till you would have thought the many, so

strangely silent but a moment before, had suddenly gone crazed.

In the meantime, Marlin had not been idle. He had unfastened the rope from his belt, and passing it over between the branching prongs of the spire, so as to bring the ends on the opposite side from which he had ascended, he again adjusted it firmly around his waist, and shouted to the people below to keep a taut rope, and when he gave the word, to "lower away." He then drew the lad from the point to which he had clung from the moment that fear overpowered him, and winding his left arm firmly around him, and grasping the rope with his right hand as far up as he could reach, he next shouted to the crowd to bear a hand, and swung himself free from the spire.

The crowd below, faithful to their task, lowered away, and in thirty seconds from the time he swung himself clear, Jack Marlin and the lad were safely landed on *terra firma*.

#### ACQUISITION OF LANGUAGE.

A lady in this city was called to the door, the other day, by the importunities of one of those fellows who go from house to house ostensibly to sell small articles of dry and fancy goods, but whom it is dangerous to leave unwatched.

"Eh! you speake de French, madame?" began he, on her approach.

"No," was the reply, "and I want no goods."

"Me no un'stan! got ver nice shoo streeng—buy of poor Frenchman," persisted the fellow.

The lady's reply was to open the door and point to the street, when the fellow, forgetting himself, burst out with, "you needn't be in such a hurry to get a feller into the street; guess 'twont do no harm for ye to look at these goods, marm." Seeing the look of astonishment with which his sudden transition from broken English to unadulterated Yankee was received, the mistake flashed upon him, and he disappeared with great celerity around the first corner.—*Commercial Bulletin*.

#### THE PLAIN TRUTH.

While sitting in the Academy of Music the other night, witnessing the graceful gyrations of the French *danseuses*, we were amused at a little scene that transpired near us. A lady and gentleman seemed to be enjoying a pleasant chat, when, all at once, the lovely daughter of Eve inquired, "Who is that with Kate —, in the proscenium box?" and, before giving her adoring friend time to answer, she added: "If I couldn't scare up a better looking man, I'd go without one!" "Why," exclaimed the gentleman, at the same time looking rather red in the face, "that's my brother!" "O, is it?" laughingly rejoined the lady, "well, one of my brothers isn't half as good looking!"—*Phila. paper*.

#### THE EYE

Takes in at once the landscape of the world  
At a small inlet which a grain might close,  
And half creates the wondrous world we see.—*Young*.

[ORIGINAL.]

APART.

BY EDWIN S. LISCOMB.

'Tis best remain, as now, thus far apart—  
The leaves of life's frail book are open yet;  
Each turning would but cause some painful start,  
Some truth reveal we never could forget.

True 'tis, that, opening at the first fresh page,  
A ray of gladness there will greet the eye;  
A passage tainted not by grief or rage—  
A summer's lake reflecting summer's sky.

But lifting slowly over leaf by leaf,  
Cloud on cloud seems gathering above;  
Changeful is the heart, and grief on grief  
Obscures the light that heaven lent to love:

And in the latest record lives a shame,  
From which our eyes averted fain would be;  
The deep-stained mark that tells of sullied fame,  
Which broke the silver cord 'twixt thee and me.

Ah, yes! 'tis best, as now, thus far apart—  
The leaves of life's frail book are open yet;  
Each turning would but cause some painful start,  
Some truth reveal we never could forget.

[ORIGINAL.]

## THE SAILOR BOY'S REVENGE.

BY CAPTAIN F. ALCORN.

"CONFOUND the whelp! I'll kill him yet—see if I don't!"

I started, amazed, and glancing towards the speaker, recognized Captain Hunt, our commander. Beside him stood the mate, and as my gaze rested on the pair, the latter opened his lips in evident expostulation.

"'Tis useless, I tell you, Mr. Dennis! That boy is an unmitigated pest, and I can bear it no longer. I've borne and forborne, until forbearance has become a crime—and now, if I live, I'll punish him!" And the irritated skipper turned abruptly on his heel and strode aft, leaving his subordinate to mutter, loud enough to be heard by me, as he passed on his way forward:

"Punish him!—as if his life was not already embittered by punishment. Ah! Poor boy! From my soul I pity, though unable to protect you!" And passing down the poop-ladder, he was lost to view on the main-deck, whither I followed him, as soon as I had completed my task on the quarter-deck.

We were outward-bound, and from port that day, on the morning of which I and my mess-mates—twenty-eight in number—had joined the ship, anticipating a pleasant voyage from the fact that her master bore a reputation for nautical

skill, humanity, and certain other characteristics of a true man and gentleman.

My amazement at this speedy ebullition of wrath was therefore quite natural; and entertaining some doubt concerning his right to the reputation awarded him, I sought the main-deck, where my attention was speedily attracted to the mate, who was addressing one of the ship's boys in a very earnest tone, while the youth seemed half inclined to cry, as if writhing beneath the sting of some well-merited reproach.

"There, now!—no blubbing, Edwin! Be off to the fore-castle, and take the dog-watch lookout! Don't leave it till eight bells—remember!"

"No, sir." And turning sadly away, the lad proceeded slowly to his assigned station, to which I soon found an errand, eager to glean some information regarding our officers from one who had evidently but little reason to cherish favorable prejudices as regarded at least one of their number.

"Well, boy—learning to look out for breakers?" I demanded, as, bounding from the windlass, I landed at his side, on the topgallant fore-castle.

"Yes—trying to," was the brief rejoinder.

"Is this your first voyage?"

"No."

"How many have you made?"

"Two."

"In this ship?"

"Yes."

"Under Captain Hunt?"

"No. He only joined last voyage."

"What kind of fellow is he?"

"I don't understand you."

"Aint he kind o' cross?"

"O, sometimes—but you can soon form an opinion of him for yourself."

"Humph! My opinion is more than half formed already. I calculate there's a little o' the horse about that skipper. Aint I right?"

"I can't say."

"You must be a greeny, then. What! sail with a man, and not know him—"

"I might sail with Captain Hunt a lifetime, and not know him at its close. So my opinion of him can be of little value."

I regarded the lad with deeper interest. So cautious, yet so evidently well informed regarding the object of my queries, I could not but admire the tact with which he avoided a direct answer, and after a brief pause, resumed:

"Was it you he was threatening to kill, just now, when I was aft laying up the spanker-gear?"

The boy started, gazed wistfully in my face a moment, and then replied sadly :

"Perhaps. I think, sometimes, he don't like me very well. He seldom speaks to me, and never so kindly or so gently as to others ; but then I'm only a boy, you know."

"No reason why you should be treated harshly," I murmured, indistinctly—resuming aloud, on perceiving the boy's questioning regard : "But rather an odd kind of boy, I take it."

"Why?"

"Why, you're a regular 'know nothing.' I guess your creed is to speak evil of no one."

The lad looked up, and meeting my earnest gaze, smiled sadly as he replied :

"Not my creed, messmate. Only a mother's advice, which I have striven to follow."

"And a precept worthy to be treasured in your heart's core, as well as practised, my lad," said I earnestly, as, assured by his glance that I had won his confidence, I laid my hand on his shoulder—adding : "She who taught you that, taught you also that when smitten on one cheek, you should turn the other?"

The lad bowed his head in a mute affirmative ; and feeling that I had touched a tender chord, I remained silent for some time, my thoughts wandering back to the days of my childhood, when, at my mother's knee, I had been taught the same precepts and strictly enjoined to make them my guide through early life.

The silence was at length broken by the youth, who said :

"You heard the captain threaten. Did he say why he was angry?"

"No. Do you know of no reason?"

"No. I have striven, O so hard to please, or win one kind word or smile from him ! But he hates me—why, I cannot tell."

"Are you certain you have not offended him to-day?"

"Not intentionally, I am sure. Mr. Dennis told me he was angry about something, and sent me here to keep out of his way. He thought the captain intended to flog me."

"And so did I, judging by his manner. But if you strive to please him, let him flog ! Practise those precepts taught you by your mother, and you may count on one friend, at least, while I sling my hammock on board."

"Thank you ! I shall endeavor to prove worthy of your friendship," responded the youth, earnestly ; and clasping my hand fervently on that spot, was ratified a treaty of friendship between the boy and man.

Being called to supper a moment later, I saw

no more of my young messmate until we met at the main-capstan, where the watches were to be chosen. He was standing in the wake of the lee-main rigging when I went aft, in obedience to the summons, and I noticed his head bowed low on his breast, concealing his features, while Captain Hunt stood leaning on the capstan, intently and sternly regarding him. The mate's countenance wore a sad expression, in the gleam of the signal-lantern, and from the furtive glance which ever and anon he cast towards the youth, I apprehended the fulfilment of the captain's threat.

We were soon ranged in line, when the choice of watches began, progressed, and was closed by the mate calling, as his last man, "Edwin Bray."

"No, sir—you can't have him !" exclaimed the captain, hastily—whereupon his subordinate demanded :

"Why not, sir?"

"Because I wish him to be in my watch, this voyage. You had him last voyage, and have made a perfect fool of him."

"Sir?"

"I repeat, you have spoiled him. He takes his trick in my watch henceforth, when I shall take particular care that he does not shirk his duty. Over to starboard, you young whelp—I'll take care of you!"

"I beg your pardon, Captain Hunt, but that boy belongs to my watch, and has been under my care ever since he joined the ship. Under those circumstances, I question your right to remove him ; and under any, your right to deprive me of my choice of men."

"There are three—choose from them!"

"Thank you, I would still be deprived."

"You can't have him—so there's an end of it!"

"Very well, sir—I must bow submissive to the authority vested in you!" And with a slight inclination of the head, the mate turned away and was moving towards the cabin, when his superior called out :

"Here—where are you going ? Choose your man!"

"No, sir. If you please, I prefer not to do so!" And he kept on.

"Mr. Dennis!"

The mate paused on the threshold, responding—"Sir?"

"Choose your man, sir ! I command you."

"Permit me to observe, Captain Hunt, that you carry your authority to an extreme. I cannot choose, sir ! You deprive me of my choice."

"Then you will not choose?"

"I cannot, sir."

"I'll choose for you, then!"

"You're at liberty to do so, sir!" And turning on his heel, the mate passed into the cabin, where he remained till summoned to take charge of the deck at eight bells.

As may be supposed, the event of the evening afforded food for discussion in both watches, that night, and its innocent cause found himself an object of much deeper interest to his hardy ship-mates than he had anticipated—an interest he had no cause to regret, since it led to an early discovery of his intrinsic worth, which soon secured him the esteem and friendship of the majority.

Seamen are proverbially the champions of the oppressed; and such—to such extent as they dared—the majority of our crew proved themselves. Yet they could do but little towards shielding the youth from the tyranny of his superior, who, though to all others gentle, was to him a most severe and exacting task-master.

While under Captain Hunt's personal supervision, poor Edwin had but few leisure moments, and all his untiring efforts to please were rewarded with sarcastic reproaches; but when, for some fancied dereliction of duty, the former essayed to punish him by detaining him on deck double-watches, his scheme was generally rendered abortive by our watch, or our officer—the former rendering his task light by performing the labor, if the latter failed to send him below, which he usually did as soon as his superior retired.

The course on the part of Mr. Dennis resulted in serious altercation with his superior, in which he acted only on the defensive, affording the latter no ground for charge of insubordination, which he several times threatened to bring.

But this sympathy for his victim only enhanced Captain Hunt's incomprehensible displeasure, until, from sneers and cutting taunts, he proceeded to blows, and poor Edwin was to feel, to its full extent, the hopeless misery in too many instances attached to the humble position of "boy-before-the-mast."

"O, dear! I wish the voyage was over, Frank!" said he, as I relieved him on the lookout at eight bells, one dark, stormy night, when off Cape St. Marys, Madagascar. "I wish this voyage was over—I'd try some other trade. I love the sea, but I can't learn to be a sailor!"

"Nonsense, Edwin! Keep a stiff upper lip, boy, and you'll be rated captain before you know it."

A mournful negative was his only response, while I continued:

"You aint bound to sail under old Hunt all your life. Let the old ship slide, as soon as her anchor's down in Batavia harbor. You needn't go alone, either, for I know two or three, besides myself, who will bear you company."

"The deuce you do! I'll trouble you for their names," growled the skipper at my elbow, grasping me roughly as he spoke.

"Hands off, Captain Hunt! What do you mean, sir?" I demanded, endeavoring to shake off his grasp.

"To teach you your duty, my man! Conspiring against my authority—were you? Ho, ho—we'll see! Mr. Dennis, let's have two brace of darbies here!"

And pinioning my arms tightly, he held me, despite my struggles, until the mate appeared with the handcuffs, when, for the first time in my life, my wrists were invested with a pair of steel bracelets.

"And you, you young wolf's whelp! Take that, you mutinous dog!" And striking Edwin a violent blow on the cheek, he collared him, and dragging him from the fore-castle, led him aft, whither I followed, handcuffed as I was.

Mr. Dennis made one attempt to interfere in behalf of his favorite, but was repulsed with so much violence, that dreading the result of the captain's rage, he requested permission to handcuff the former, as the most effectual method of effecting his rescue.

"Not till I've done with him!" hissed the captain, through his clenched teeth. "Not till I've done with him—and you dare to interfere again, at your peril! Strip, you young scoundrel!"

One moment the youth hesitated; but the furtive glance bestowed on the stern visage of his tyrant, assured him supplication would be unavailing, and without a murmur, he obeyed.

"Call all hands, Mr. Dennis!"

But Mr. Dennis had fled from the scene, taking refuge in the wheel-house, where the order failed to reach him; when, perceiving his absence, the captain repeated the order to one of the watch who were clustered in the vicinity, adding, in a louder tone:

"Let's have a signal-lantern, steward—a large one, and well trimmed, that all may witness the punishment I inflict for mutiny!"

He was obeyed, when a scene ensued which beggars description. With his own hand he bound the boy, by the thumbs, to the sheer-pole of the weather-main-rigging, and taking the end of the hawser-laid main-sheet, began to rain the blows, thick and heavy, on the shoulders of his unfortunate victim, continuing the chastisement

until his strength was spent, and the boy had become unconscious of his cruelty.

"Fainted, has he?" grinned the demon, elevating the lantern and peering into Edwin's deathlike countenance. "O ho! I'll revive him." And losing all sense of the dignity of his station, he bounced into the pantry, from which he returned in a few moments, bearing a basin, which he filled with salt water from the lee-scuppers, and returning, dashed its contents over the lacerated back and shoulders of the boy.

"Shame! shame!" exclaimed more than one spectator of the scene, and more than one hand was raised to avenge the deed, when the tortured youth, with a gasp and deep groan—the first sound wrung from his lips—betrayed his consciousness of this new infliction.

Cuning him down, Captain Hunt resigned him to the second mate, ordering him to convey us both to the run, which order the officer hastened to obey, when having seen us safely stowed below, he demanded if I required anything.

"Yes—some water for Edwin," was my reply.

"I'll send him something better, as soon as I have a chance, poor fellow!" rejoined the kind-hearted officer. And backing out of our narrow prison, he left us to ourselves.

"O, I'll have revenge for this, Frank!" groaned the boy, as soon as we were alone. "The most horrible flights of my fancy never pictured treatment like this, but I'll be revenged!"

"Nay, Edwin! You have borne much; but do not give way to temper, nor cherish dreams of vengeance. The law will redress your wrongs; whereas, if you assume the task, you will only become its victim."

"The law!" But from some cause he became silent, nor did he speak again until the steward appeared, bearing some delicacies from the pantry, and the captain's orders that I should return to the deck.

I obeyed, when he saluted me with—

"Well, my man, are you sorry for the part you played to-night?"

"Ay, sir—that I am!"

But failing to catch the true import of my reply, he turned to the mate and said:

"Off with his irons, Mr. Dennis! Let him return to his duty. And hark ye, sirrah! Don't let me catch you attempting a second conspiracy, or you'll fare worse than your confederate did this evening."

A warning pressure of the mate's hand alone prevented the outburst of withering scorn which swelled my bosom, and trembled on my tongue; while the prevailing obscurity fortunately veiled that which my countenance had else betrayed.

"You can go now; but be wary in future."

And I did go; but not, as he supposed, to my duty. No, no! I was all too deeply interested in his victim, to seek rest; and seizing upon the first opportunity, I made my way to the run, where I remained until our watch was relieved, when, deeming it unsafe to remain longer, I hastened to seek my berth.

Edwin was released from confinement at noon of the succeeding day—and then only when symptoms of fever became so clearly apparent, as to alarm his tyrant for the result. Weeks elapsed ere the boy left his hammock, and even then he was unfit for duty; but he received no favors—a fact which awakened the deepest resentment of the crew, who bound themselves, by a solemn promise, to desert the ship as soon as her anchor kissed the mud in Batavia harbor.

But that promise was destined to non-fulfilment. We had almost run our latitude up, and were edging off to the eastward for our destination, when an adverse gale set in and drove us several degrees to the southward. It was still blowing heavy, when Captain Hunt, chagrined by the event, resolved to drive her to the northward under a heavy press of sail, which he persisted in adding to, in defiance of all unfavorable prognostics, until noon of the second day, when a black squall struck the ship and hove her on her beam-ends. All attempts to right her proving vain, we cut away the masts, when finding that she continued to settle, we prepared to launch the boats.

All subordination was at an end. Every man asserted his sovereignty by acting for himself, although in concert with his fellows, and the result was soon apparent in our progress towards the desired end.

We had the boats supplied with an ample supply of provisions and water, and were about to launch them, when Captain Hunt made a last effort to enforce his commands, displaying a rather formidable array of arms about his person. But the attempt elicited only the taunts of the majority, one of whom responded to his reiterated order to "leave those boats, I say!" with:

"Shoot away, captain! But I'd advise ye to shoot us all at once, as some of the survivors may take a fancy to pay you off in your own coin."

At that instant our boat struck the water, and our watch leaped in, shoving her clear as the report of one of the captain's pistols announced the crisis.

"O ho! That's your game—is it? And here's to baulk it, my bouncing skipper!" And

the speaker hurled an iron belaying-pin, which he had snatched from the rail, at the captain's head, with which it came in contact, when the latter fell a senseless heap against the skylight.

A moment later the other boat was afloat, and her crew embarking, when the captain's antagonist having seen the last one safe, sprung on the quarter-davit, and grasping the fall, shouted, as he swung himself lightly into the boat :

"Good-by, skipper—and a pleasant passage to the bottom of old Davy's locker to ye!"

"You aint a-going to leave *him*, Sam?" demanded Edwin, bounding from his seat in the bow.

"Leave *him*? To be sure I am! He'd left some of us, if his aim had only been truer."

"No, for heaven's sake don't leave *him*!"

"What! you beg for favors for such a scoundrel?—for the man who almost cut your heart out? What next, I wonder? But I will leave *him*! Let *him* starve or drown, for what I care. Sam Winthrop don't trouble himself to save such cattle as he. Give way, my lads!"

"Then you leave me too!" And leaping from the boat, the young hero was nobly breasting the billows, on his return to the sinking ship, ere a soul of his messmates divined his intention.

"That boy's mad. Come back, Ed!"

But the youth's only response was to grasp the wreck and haul himself nearer the ship, which he gained only by superhuman exertion.

"Come, Edwin—don't be a fool! She'll go down before you are aware!" shouted the mate, from the stern sheets of our boat, which we held stationary at a short distance. "Jump, my lad! You must jump!"

"Never, Mr. Dennis! When she goes down, I go down with her!" And waving his hand in adieu, he turned to clamber up her inclined deck, to the spot where his tyrant lay a senseless heap.

"Give way, my lads!" said the mate, hastily, adding, as an expression of deep determination settled on his countenance: "Captain Hunt might drown a dozen times, ere I'd peril a hair of my head in his behalf. But that boy *must* be saved!"

We needed no second order, when, as the fourth stroke of the oars laid the boat alongside the sinking ship, the mate bounded from the stern sheets, and alighting on the vessel's rail, grasped the skylight as she rolled over to an even keel, and prelude to her descent.

"Back, Edwin! Lend a hand to place him in the boat, since you think so much of *him*!"

And half bearing, half dragging the unconscious skipper, the mate regained the rails, over which he was about to raise the body, with Ed-

win's aid, when a huge billow hove the ship and boat some ten or a dozen yards asunder.

Alarmed for their safety, we again shipped our oars, but too late; ere they dipped a second time, a second wave hove the ship stern up, when she plunged bows under, and keeling heavily to starboard, went down.

"Jump, Edwin—jump, boy!" shouted the mate, as he leaped clear of the sinking ship, with Captain Hunt in his arms; and at the last moment the youth obeyed him, disappearing beneath the surface as the ship settled from view.

Despite our utmost exertion, we were dragged into the vortex, narrowly escaping being swamped, and were still in danger from the whirling eddies which boiled around us, when the mate rose to the surface alone. Being quite near, he grasped an extended oar, demanding "where's Edwin?" as soon as he could articulate. But ere any could reply in answer, our hero made his appearance at a short distance, and a moment later the captain's head became visible in his immediate vicinity.

In less than two minutes, all three were safe in the boat, when we turned her prow from the scene, and commenced our dreary voyage in search of land or succor.

But the voyage was destined to be a short one. Ere any of the rescued trio had sufficiently recovered to enter into explanations, a large ship hove in sight, and in her cabin Captain Hunt learned from the mate's lips the particulars of his rescue. Need we add he was grateful to his preserver? Should our readers desire evidence of the fact, we beg leave to refer them to the well-known firm of Hunt, <sup>of</sup> Bray & Co., Baltimore, where, if the junior partner hesitates to trumpet his own fame, you will find the senior ever ready, and not only willing, but delighted to entertain his friend with the oft-told story of *THE SAILOR BOY'S REVENGE*.

#### "IS THAT ALSO THINE?"

A beautiful reply is recorded of a Dalecarlian peasant, whose master was displaying to him the grandeur of his estates. Farms, houses and forests were pointed out in succession on every hand, as the property of the rich proprietor, who summed up finally by saying: "In short, all that you see in every direction, belongs to me." The poor man looked thoughtfully for a moment, then pointing up to heaven, solemnly replied,—  
"And is *that* also thine?"

#### WORTH.

O, how much more doth beautyauteous seem,  
By that sweet ornament which truth doth give;  
The rose looks fair, but fairer it we deem,  
For that sweet odor which doth in it live.

SHAKESPEARE.



[ORIGINAL.]

## THE GOLDEN THREAD.

BY MRS. C. PARK.

It is said that when engineers are about to bridge a stream, they first throw across a single cord, and then other strands are added, till a plank can be laid on which they can cross to the opposite shore. So our sorrows may be but the cords forming a bridge for us from earth to heaven.

One cord across the stream—  
The stream that doth divide  
The earthly from the heavenly shore,  
Where we would all abide.

A foot is on the cord—  
A little dimpled foot,  
That falters not, but presses on  
To meet the blessed Lord.

Unheeded rush the waters by—  
She looketh not below,  
Upward is cast her sweet blue eye,  
To the home where she would go

Her golden hair reflects the rays  
Of the eternal Sun,  
And the halo round her blinds our gaze  
As thus she journeys on.

We call her back, but loving words  
Meet not her listening ear,  
There's other music nearer now—  
That of the heavenly sphere.

Another cord so firmly twined—  
Another darling one,  
Crossed o'er with sweet good-by to all—  
The loved ones left alone.

And one by one the cords are twined,  
Till all our treasures sweet  
Have walked across the narrow bridge  
With firm and willing feet.

And on the other shore they stand,  
Methinks I see them all,  
With each a golden cord in hand,  
And thus I hear them call.

Come to us father—mother dear,  
Earth's wayside is but rough,  
We've twined the cords—pass without fear,  
The bridge is firm enough.

[ORIGINAL.]

## THE WOOD-CARVER'S DAUGHTER.

BY ANNA M. CARTER.

It was a warm summer afternoon and Henry Ellis and his sister sat talking together by an open window in Henry Street, Brooklyn. Henry Ellis was a teacher of music in one of our southern cities, and was now spending his vacation with his sister.

"So, Henry," said Annie, laughingly, "you are willing to tell me by word of mouth what you

so persistently have written, namely, that you have not lost your heart to any of your dark-eyed pupils?"

"On my honor, no, Annie; I see every day beautiful, pleasant girls, but it must be that the right one has not come along, for I am perfectly heart whole. That is the honest truth. I have seen none who can compare with you, my dear sister, and I shall assuredly wait until I do."

"Gross flattery!" exclaimed Annie, gleefully, and she looked fondly at her brother.

Robert Ellis, father of the two young people present, died when Annie, who is six years younger than her brother, was but a few years old. Three years passed, and the mother rejoined her husband in that better world, leaving the two children to the care of her only brother and his wife, Mr. Edward Morris. Mr. Morris and his wife faithfully supplied the loss of parents to Henry and Annie. At the time my story opens Annie was just twenty and Henry twenty-six. The relations with whom they made it their home being far from rich, both Annie and Henry made the best use of their talents. Both were gifted with rare musical talents. Henry taught music in a seminary in the South, and Annie taught it in Brooklyn. She also sung at one of the churches, and gave lessons in drawing and painting twice a week to a small, select class of pupils.

After a moment's pause, Annie said, musingly:

"Do you know, Henry, I have come to the conclusion that in some respects I am a very selfish person?"

"I am sure I did not, sis. What put that notion into your busy head?"

"You need not laugh, Hen., for it is the honest truth. I know we cannot always live for each other as we have done, and—"

"Well, I should think not," said Henry, interrupting her; "since during my absence you have managed to appropriate to yourself one of the best fellows that ever lived."

"That's just it, brother mine. I have made my choice, but for all that, I don't want you to make yours. I dread it. Now isn't that a piece of pure selfishness?"

"Not exactly. It's rather flattering to me, if it is selfishness."

"Real dog in the manger feeding. But joking aside, dear Hen. How is it, that situated as you have been, you have managed to keep your heart all your own nearly three years? Young, handsome, fascinating and intelligent, I don't see how it has happened that if you did not fall in love with some of your pupils, they did not fall in love with you?"

"Perhaps, dear Annie, like Ralph Cranfield, in Hawthorne's *Threefold Destiny*, it is decreed that I shall find my mate nearer home. But, Annie, dear, I am a very different person here to what I am among my pupils. I'll show you."

So saying, Henry Ellis rose and bowed a stiff, formal bow, and said in precise, hard tones:

"Good afternoon, Miss Ellis. Did your last lesson prove as difficult as you feared? The next I hope will be more interesting if not more difficult."

Annie screamed with laughter and sprang from her chair.

"Off with your hundred old manners! I should be verily frightened out of my wits, if you were my teacher, and such a frigid specimen of humanity."

"I thought you pronounced me but a few minutes ago as fascinating, etc.?"

"I said my brother Henry Ellis was so; but that term does not apply to Henry Ellis, Esq., music teacher in Mr. Bocara's seminary."

"Well, Annie, now go and sing for me, something pretty. Among all my pupils I have but two, who have voices anything to be compared with yours."

"If you were afraid I should make you vain, I have the same fear of yourself. What shall I sing to you?"

"Anything you please, so be it is a fair specimen of your improvement. I feel lazy—feel like leaning back in this comfortable chair, and listening to your voice."

Annie went to the piano and commenced a very difficult aria. She sang well and with great expression. She had scarcely finished when her brother spoke.

"Annie!"

"Well."

"Come here a minute."

"What's the trouble now?"

"I want you to tell me who is at the opposite window—window of the house where the Marshes used to live?"

"Where they live now, and will continue to do so till you and I are gray," said Annie, good-naturedly coming across the room and taking her station behind her brother's chair, where shrouded by the lace curtains she could see without being seen.

"It was such a sweet face—but it is gone now. I wish it would re-appear."

"Wait, and like a magician I will summon it. I know the charm which will bring it to sight."

So saying, Annie began to sing. At first the curtain at the opposite window moved, then, as the rich, sweet tones of the singer floated across

the street, it was gently thrust to one side, and a wan, but fair, sweet face appeared, the head slightly bent in a listening attitude, and the very soul looking out from the large, blue eyes. Annie still carrying the air, sang on though the words were changed.

"See, brother mine, the charm works well—behold the face, the angel face appears. Look at the eyes, such deep blue, and the wavy, golden hair—the lovely mouth—the parted lips—all, all is fair. When you have looked your fill, the charm shall stop, and I to you a wondrous tale will tell, will tell."

So sang Annie in her brother's ear. But the cessation of the song was not needed to cause the disappearance of that lovely face. Another face, that of an older woman appeared, and with a rude motion, almost a push, the girl was removed from her place, and the curtain slowly drooped across the window.

"What an old hag Mrs. Marsh looked like. I declare she is a perfect Shruite."

"You are not far from the right there."

"I used to think her quite a notable sort of a woman, Annie."

"And I used to think her a tolerable termagant."

"Who is the girl she treated so rudely—a relation?"

"A little drudge she has hired lately."

"A servant!"

"Even so. A miserable life the poor child leads with those two quarrelsome old people. I often hear both Mrs. Marsh and her husband scolding her roundly, and from her face I don't believe she deserves it at all. From my painting room in the attic, I can look directly into the dreary place occupied by the poor child, and have seen her shed many tears."

"Poor thing! Can nothing be done to alleviate her sufferings, Annie?" questioned Henry, gravely.

"I have often wished to liberate her from such thralldom, but have been unable to hit on any available plan for doing so. I have often been tempted to rush across the street and bear her off from before the very eyes of Madame Marsh, old dragon that she is! She—but there goes Mr. and Mrs. Marsh to attend some tea fight, or something of the sort, and you may learn by your own senses what I was about to tell you. Come up into my studio and you will hear and see."

"Wont staying here do as well?"

"No, Mr. Laziness, so come along."

Up stairs the brother and sister went. When they were at last in the attic room, where stood a

couple of easels, some canvasses, and which smelt strongly of oil paint, Annie motioned her brother to come to the window. As Henry obeyed his sister's signal, a gush of melody filled the air. Looking across the street, Henry saw in the opposite attic, the face which had so charmed his fancy. Sitting in a low chair by the window, with a narrow sunbeam just tinging her golden hair, and her dark, blue eyes raised to heaven, was the little servant of the Marshes, and from her parted lips welled forth the exquisite melody. It was one of Annie's favorite arias that the little drudge was pouring forth, and though the voice gave evidence of want of culture, it was clear, sweet and flexible, and the expression was perfectly faultless.

"Himmel! Annie! what a voice!"

"I knew you would be charmed with it. I longed for you to hear it."

"Are the Marshes paying any attention to the cultivation of it?"

"Not they, indeed! On the contrary, they all but beat her, if they hear her singing; and it is only when she is alone in the house, that she dares sing even in her own room. It is a perfect shame to have such a voice go to waste, and I have thought anxiously of trying to get her away and have her taught singing. Hear that rich, clear A! She can go higher still."

Henry seemed lost in thought. At last he raised his head.

"I think I can help you, Annie. The Marshes are in all probability very penurious—they cannot pay her much. Suppose the child struck for higher wages—so high that they wouldn't pay—and then they would send her off! Suppose you trip over and find out what you can before the old dragon's return? It is perfectly terrible to think of such a voice as that left to waste."

"I'll do it." And suiting the action to the word, Annie, bonnetless and shawless, flew across the street and quite soon made her re-appearance, looking joyous and triumphant.

"Well, Annie!" said Henry, who was waiting very impatiently in the parlor.

"Let me get my breath and you shall hear all!" said Annie, sinking into a chair.

In a few seconds, she started up.

"Listen, now—it is better than we could have hoped for! She is a Swede—her name Amalia Svanberg—an orphan. Her mother died when she was very young, but her father only a few months ago and under very distressing circumstances. Mr. Svanberg was a wood-carver by trade, though educated far beyond his station. After the death of his wife, misfortune seemed to follow him; his fortunes grew worse and

worse every year, till at last he determined to leave his native land and come to this country, where he hoped to make a good living by carving furniture. Converting all his worldly goods—and they were few—into money, he started for this country with his daughter. When the voyage was half made, he sickened, died, and was buried in the ocean's depth. Here Amalia knew not a soul—so young, just eighteen, so handsome and completely penniless! Arrived in New York, she obtained cheap lodgings with an old lady, a friend of one of the sailors—a good soul, but poor. Fatigue and sorrow did their work, and three days after landing, she was stricken down with a fever. When she recovered, her money had all gone; and, unwilling to be a burden to the old woman who had sheltered her, she set out to obtain employment. She begged from house to house for work. One day—the second she had tried—she came to a house where Mrs. Marsh was visiting, and who engaged her at six shillings per week. She can embroider beautifully, besides designing her own patterns and carving a little on wood—which she learned to do on ship-board before her father died. She speaks English with quite a broad accent. She seemed quite frightened, when I told her to ask higher wages—that if she did, and the Marshes discarded her, I would take her. I told her that I was going to be married, and needed a seamstress constantly in the house, and would take her in in that capacity. You should have seen her pretty face brighten up."

"Hurrah!" exclaimed Henry. "You are worth your weight in gold, Annie!"

And he seized her by the waist and whirled her round the room.

"Stop, Harry—stop! You'll tumble my hair and muss my collar!"

"A fig for that! Such a glorious voice!"

The next day, Amalia Svanberg was installed in a cozy little room adjoining that of Annie's, and busily engaged in some delicate piece of embroidery. From that day, the little Swede's life began to brighten. She proved to be intelligent and well educated, and before long she was raised from the position of seamstress to that of companion; and Annie gave her instructions in music, and received, in turn, lessons in Swedish. Very soon, in an incredibly short space of time, Annie could teach no more—the pupil excelled the master; and then she took lessons of a famous Italian, Signor Bertuccio. Under him, Amalia made rapid—almost unheard-of rapid—progress.

About a year after Amalia first entered Mr. Morris's house, the following conversation took

place between the two girls. Amalia had been sitting silent. Suddenly she raised her head.

"Annie, Signor Bertuccio says I am now qualified to sing in public, and urges me to do so."

"Why Annie, dear, I never dreamed of such a thing!" exclaimed Annie, impetuously.

"But I have. I am an orphan without any ties here, and my voice is my fortune. Ever since I became aware of the powers God had given me, I determined to use them. My life, until I came with you, dear Annie, had been one long scene of sorrow and privation. I seem to have another life pointed out to me. If my father and mother had lived, I might have been called to a domestic life; as it is, there are no such ties, and God bids me now go forth and use the talents he has given me, and not bury them. I told Signor Bertuccio that I would sing at his next concert."

"How could you, Amy?"

"I thought deeply about it, Annie. My life with you has been very pleasant—almost too pleasant, for it partially unfits me for what my duty demands of me. But this life cannot last, and I have decided what to do."

"Amy, dear, it is dreadful to appear in public. I feel as if it was throwing away part of your womanly dignity."

"Not so. Remember Jenny Lind. Although I cannot, like her, expect to be famous, yet I can, like her, keep my womanly dignity, purity and faith unspotted, unstained through life."

"I believe that, Amy; but I do not want you to enter a public life."

"Do not seek to turn me, Annie, for I think I have chosen rightly."

"Amy, does your heart lay in this choice? Do you willingly give up the pure happiness of the fireside, of our pleasant home, to go out into the world?"

An agonized look passed over Amalia Svanberg's beautiful face—a shadow of some great pain. But an instant it was there; but the keen eyes of Annie had noted it, and she had her own thoughts, though she said nothing, but waited for Amy to answer, which she did, after a moment's pause, in this wise:

"Annie, if you love me, do not question me any more, but help me to do what I firmly consider to be my duty. Good night."

So saying, she passed out of the room.

Annie remained for a few minutes absorbed in thought, then going to her writing-desk, hastily penned the following lines:

"DEAR HENRY,—For once you have not

dealt wholly frankly with me, but I have read your heart. I do not complain or blame. Amy has just left me. Before she went to her room, she informed me that she was to sing at Signor Bertuccio's next evening rehearsal or concert. I reasoned with her, tried to win her from her determination, but she is resolved upon it—thinks it is her duty. With her timid, retiring nature, I know she shrinks from such a life; yet she looks upon it as the right course, and once assured of that, she would do her duty if she went through fire or water. I cannot tell what to do. To you, brother, I look for aid. The concert is announced for next Tuesday. I am in sore trouble. Good night.

"Your loving sister, ANNIE.

"Brooklyn, N. Y., Friday evening, Dec. 10, 1857."

The hall was crowded to overflowing with a very select audience. It was a moderate-sized room, and seemed more like a private parlor than a concert-hall. The windows were draped with rich curtains, the floor covered with a soft carpet, and the walls decorated here and there with pictures. It was the night of the second concert given by Signor Bertuccio, who was deservedly a favorite, and, as usual, the audience—for the number of tickets issued were but few—were music-loving, appreciative people. Little Ernestine Laruc, a tiny, black-eyed girl, a little prodigy, had finished her startling fantasia on the piano, and silence reigned, broken only by the low hum of voices, when the door beside the platform opened, and Signor Bertuccio appeared, leading Amalia Svanberg.

Amalia was just twenty, tall, slender, graceful and beautiful, with deep, soul-lit blue eyes, and a wreath of golden hair. She was attired richly, yet simply, in white silk, trimmed with rich lace—her sole ornament a bunch of blush roses fastened on her breast. Annie Ellis, who sat in a far corner, almost hid from sight, saw by the fitting color in Amy's face how much she was agitated, and trembled for her. The prelude ended, Amy's voice swelled forth—at first rather tremulously, but as she went on, gaining confidence and power—till the audience listened almost breathlessly to its wondrous sweetness. The cavatina ended, Amalia was led from the platform, or stage, half-fainting. The enthusiastic plaudits sounded afar off, and as the door closed behind her, a sudden blackness came before her eyes.

"Some water—quick! Mademoiselle Svanberg has fainted," hurriedly spoke Signor Bertuccio.

A glass was held to her lips, and a voice, which did more good than the water, said:

"Mr. Morris's carriage waits."

With a sudden start, Amalia roused up and, with a sort of clinging, weary feeling, took the

arm that was offered her—took Henry Ellis's arm. He had almost to carry her, she was so weak. As soon as they were seated in the carriage, Annie and Amalia on one seat, and Henry opposite them, Amy spoke :

"Mr. Ellis, I did not know you had arrived—did not know, in fact, that you were expected."

"I was not expected—perhaps not even wished for. I got here just after the concert had begun—got here just in time to witness your great success. I suppose you are satisfied now."

"Of course." The words were spoken wearily.

"You would be unreasonable, if you were not, for it was a decided triumph."

No notice was taken of that remark. A long pause ensued. Annie leaned back in the carriage, pretending sleep, while the vehicle rolled on and soon reached Mr. Morris's house. The steps being let down, Annie sprang out unaided, leaving Henry to assist Amy. Perfectly silent, the two entered the house—Henry leading Amy to the foot of the stairs. Just as she was about to bid him good night and follow Annie, who was already out of sight, Henry said, in a deep, earnest tone: "Miss Svanberg, are you truly satisfied with the life you have chosen?"

"I have chosen."

The answer came in a low, quiet tone; but taking one step forward, Amy fainted. In a moment Annie, who had been leaning over the railing, was down stairs and helping Henry restore the silly girl to consciousness. When her senses returned, Annie ran away and left them.

The next day Annie, Henry and Amy were sitting together in the parlor. Annie spoke:

"Signor Bertuccio called to day, Amy, to inquire after your health. Hoped you would be able to sing at his next concert. Poor blinded man!—thinks you will do credit to the life you have chosen. Are you satisfied with the life before you?"

"Perfectly, Annie dear."

In vain did the public look for Amalia Svanberg's name in the advertisements of each concert. A few times they thought of it; then some other novelty attracted their attention, and she was forgotten, till one day there appeared in the New York Tribune the following notice:

"On Tuesday morning, February 10th, by the Rev. Thomas Cook, Miss Amalia Svanberg, of Stockholm, Sweden, to Henry Ellis, Esq., of Brooklyn, N. Y."

Her name was again revived, and her beauty and talents again talked of for a few days. Their interest again subsided, and all but her intimate friends forgot the existence of THE WOOD-CARVER'S DAUGHTER.

### A FIJIAN EXECUTION.

Young men are deputed to inflict the appointed punishment, and are often messengers of death. Their movements are sudden and destructive, like a tropical squall. The protracted solemnity of public executions in civilized countries is here unknown. A man is often judged in his absence, and executed before he is aware that sentence has been passed against him. Sometimes a little form is observed, as in the case of the Vasu to Vuna. This man conspired against the life of Tuikilakila; but the plot was discovered, and the Vasu brought to meet death at Somosomo. His friends prepared him, according to the custom of Fiji, by folding a large new masi about his loins, and oiling and blacking his body as if for war. A necklace and a profusion of ornaments at his elbows and knees completed the attire. He was then placed standing, to be shot by a man suitably equipped. The shot failed, when the musket was exchanged for a club, which the executioner broke on the Vasu's head; but neither this blow, nor a second from a more ponderous weapon, succeeded in bringing the young man to the ground. The victim now ran towards the spot where the king sat, perhaps with the hope of reprieve; but was felled by a death-blow from the club of a powerful man standing near. The slain body was cooked and eaten. One of the baked thighs the king sent to his brother, who was principal in the plot, that he might "taste how sweet his accomplice was, and eat of the fruits of his doings." This is a fair sample of a Fijian public execution. Those who are doomed to die are never, so far as I know, bound in any way. A Fijian is implicitly submissive to the will of his chief. The executioner states his errand, to which the victim replies, "Whatever the king says, must be done."—*Fiji and the Fijians.*

### AN ARTIST'S THIEF.

The greatest pleasure enjoyed by Prince Gottschakoff, it is said, is to sit in his dressing-gown in a large arm-chair, before an easel on which there is a fine picture; crossing his legs, and swinging one on the other while he plays with his slipper and smokes his cigar, he gazes for hours together on the picture. He has a fine gallery of modern pictures, and he had a valuable album containing sketches by the best living artists. Two or three years ago, a French diplomatist asked to see the album; to his surprise, he found the best sketches gone; and said so to the prince. "True enough," replied the latter; "my best sketches have been stolen out of it."

"Stolen! Do you suspect by whom?"

"O, yes—one of my messengers; he took to imitating me in my love for art, and the rascal helped himself out of my album."

"But didn't you arrest the scoundrel?"

"O dear, no! the puppy showed such decidedly good taste in the selections he made, I could not think of having him arrested."—*French paper.*

### A LIBRARY.

See tomes on tomes, of fancy and of power,  
To cheer man's heaviest, warm his holiest hour.  
Turn back the tide of ages to its head,  
And hoard the wisdom of the honored dead.

SPRAQUE.

[ORIGINAL.]

## THE LILY OF ROSLIN CASTLE.

BY DR. A. C. HURD.

I do not know why the very name of Roslin Castle stirs up within me a crowd of sensations both sad and sweet. Sad, like the sound of fine old music—the refrain of an air which we have heard in childhood—and sweet, because it was in our ear long before the bitterness of life began.

Roslin Castle overhangs the Esk. It is now only a dilapidated pile of fragments—a wreck of its former self—yet dear to Scottish hearts for all its tender and beautiful associations, and the romantic region in which it stands. By whom it was built, or why such a spot should have been selected for a fortress, is not known; but it is known that in the year 1100, William de St. Clair, the son of Waldernus, Comte de St. Clair, who came from Normandy with William the Conqueror, obtained the lands of Roslin from Malcolm Canmore. It is not improbable that he was the founder of Roslin Castle, as the early barons lived at their fortresses.

In the fourteenth century, one of the lords of Roslin had a beautiful sister, who had lived a very lonely and isolated life since the death of her parents. Her extreme beauty, and the simplicity with which she had been reared, made the proud brother jealous lest some designing person of a lower rank than her own, might take advantage of both, to spirit her away from the castle; and, acting upon this, rather than upon any desire to treat her cruelly, he shut her up in the castle, with an old duenna-like woman called Elspeth Dirleton, and positively forbade the latter to allow her charge to cross the little one-arched bridge which was the sole mode of egress from the castle.

Indeed, the anxiety consequent upon the possession of so beautiful a relative, and the fear that she would disgrace herself by a connection beneath her rank, prevented all intercourse between Lord Roslin and the neighboring gentlemen, and limited his associates to a few of the older barons whose estates were nearest his own.

Among the guests not prohibited was the Baron Mackenzie—old, infirm and ugly—to whom Lord Roslin would willingly have given up the care of the young Isabella; and whose attentions, though deemed by himself irresistible, were received with a terrible shrinking by the lovely girl. Nothing could have been more unseemly than a marriage between the two; yet the Lord of Roslin could not see any reason why the blooming Isabella should resist one,

who, if not young nor handsome, was still wealthy and highborn.

Every visit which the pompous baron made to the castle, was the signal for a fit of indisposition on the part of Isabella. It was no counterfeit illness either, for such was her dread of him, that the announcement of his coming was but the commencement of a series of faintings too real to be disputed, and too lasting in their nature and effects to be agreeable.

Suddenly, however, these symptoms ceased in reality, although Elspeth was coaxed into keeping them up in appearance. She loved her young mistress too well to cross her; but had she resisted the Lord Roslin's wishes, he would have discharged her to make way for some one who would obey him. Towards him, therefore, Elspeth kept up a show of perfect sympathy with his choice of a husband for his sister.

"And how is the Lady Isabella to-day?" asked the baron, as he placed his ponderous frame upon the chair of state. "I trust her faintings are over by this time."

"I will call Elspeth, my lord baron," answered Roslin, "and ascertain from her the state of my sister's health." Elspeth was summoned and inquired of.

"Indeed, my lord, the walk round the garden was so fatiguing to my lady this morning, that I persuaded her to lie down. She will be up and lively again by the time supper is over, and will then come down."

"That is right, Elspeth; and hark ye," he continued, "see to it that she is bravely dressed, and that she does not look so pale as she did yesterday."

The last words were inaudible to all but the old woman herself, who understood that she was to try some artificial remedy for her charge's white face—a face, however, which had latterly begun to resume its former bloom, with as good reason for the change as for the former paleness. Elspeth went back to her young mistress whom she had left in her chamber, but the bird had flown. The couch where she had been lying, was tumbled and untidy, as if left in haste, and one silken slipper was still upon the floor. But Elspeth well knew that the pretty little room adjoining, which had once held a bed for herself, was cleared of all such furniture, and now displayed only a rare Turkish carpet about five feet square, and two low footstools of the young lady's own embroidery.

The door was partially opened, but so man- aged by a cord that it could be shut from within at the sound of an approaching footstep. One glance told the old woman that there were more



than one behind that vacillating screen; and her conscience told her that it was young Hector Craig, the old baron's forester, who, being a great favorite with his master, was always allowed to accompany him upon these occasions, leaving a subordinate to supply his place.

The youth, tired of attending upon the baron's infirmities, had one day ventured to leave him in the Lord Roslin's care, under pretence of looking at the chapel, of which he had heard so much, and received a very willing assent, as the baron was unusually well. On that day, Isabella had gone to the chapel, after struggling with her severe nervous headache in vain. The coolness of the chapel struck pleasantly upon her aching head, and she felt better. Wandering about, she had playfully entered an empty niche, from which she was just emerging, when Hector Craig came into the chapel. The dim light, her white dress, and the paleness which her malady always left upon her cheek, excited the superstitious imaginings of the young man. He believed that it was a spirit—the animated ghost of some saint who had inhabited the niche—until Isabella, perceiving the effect of her presence, called upon him to come near.

Blushing at his fears, he advanced, and never had the youth's eyes rested upon a sweeter vision. If no ghost, she could not be less than angel—while on her part, she was quite as much attracted by the handsome youth whose beaming eyes and noble brow were but the reflex of as lovely qualities within.

The baron was hunting one day, about twenty years before, and in the very depths of the forest, he discovered a beautiful child, apparently two or three years of age, lying asleep upon the grass. At a little distance, its young mother had thrown herself down, as he conjectured, to die. When they moved her, she had already passed the dead portal.

The baron, never niggardly nor unkind, took home the unconscious orphan and reared it as his own, but without giving it his name. The boy was called Hector Craig, from some whim of the baron's. When he was sixteen, he bestowed upon him the post of forester, more from a wish of giving him some authority in his household, than from any desire to require any service from him. Latterly, since the infirmities of age had begun to afflict him, he had kept him more about his own person.

The first interview with the Lady Isabella was not the last. Every visit of the baron was the prelude to a stolen half hour in the chapel, or subsequently, in Elspeth's dismantled room, now converted into a perfect bower of roses and su-

perb heaths; while the Lord of Roslin gave no thought to the fact that his sister was actually loving one beneath her.

This had been his constant dread; but when he thought of her doing so, his ideas only embraced the neighboring lairds, whom he considered his inferiors. That she could even speak to one of the baron's servants, as he considered Hector, was an enormity too great to be tolerated for an instant.

It was true that a few brief moments were all that Hector dared to stay; but the very scantiness of the time made it all the more sweet, and these stolen interviews being succeeded by Isabella's entrance into the grand hall, where she tried to greet the baron kindly, the youth consoled himself by repairing thither also. In short, the two young hearts had already become one and inseparable, and it only remained for some plausible scheme of maintenance for both to present itself, to take the requisite steps for a union.

Poor Elspeth, she could not go back now, although she dreaded her master's wrath, when the plot was discovered. Hector, too, felt sometimes that he was proving himself an ingrate to his benefactor, and Isabella had compunctious visitings about her brother; but the affection of the old nurse prevailed, and love, all powerful, invincible, ruled the younger hearts.

A soft, sweet evening had beguiled the young Lord of Roslin to a long ride. The same enchanting hour had brought the old baron to the castle, where in the twilight, he sat in the hall, and waited for Elspeth to announce his arrival to Isabella, and beg her to receive him; and Elspeth, in all the glory of a new kirtle, had bustled off to see if her young lady's head were better.

The day had been hot, the baron was fatigued. It was no wonder that, notwithstanding his great love for the lady of Roslin, he should fall asleep while waiting. The easy posture which he had assumed upon the long oaken settle with its leathern cushion nicely adjusted, was favorable to continued sleep. He awoke, however, about one hour afterward, and looked out of the window under which stood his temporary couch.

The twilight had given place to a glorious moonlight that lay silvering with dazzling brightness the bosom of the Esk. Upon that bosom was a trace of white foam that caught the moon's rays, as fleecy clouds catch the setting sunbeams, and appear more glorious than the pure blue of sky or sea; and in that track a single dark speck was dancing like a sea gull above the waters.

The old baron's perceptions did not take in the palpable fact that, having lain too long in the breezy night air, he had contracted a dreadful pain in his bald head, and with a long groan he called for Hector. Hector did not come; but the Lord of Roslin was thundering over the bridge with his swift charger, and soon appeared at the door of the castle.

There was no light save that of the moon; but the Lord of Roslin needed nothing to guide him to the apartment where he usually received the baron, but of whose presence there now he was unconscious. To Lord Roslin's surprise, the door of the apartment was barred, and to his cries for Elspeth, he only heard the response of the baron's deep-toned voice, in high wrath.

"Ah, is that you, baron? Nay, unlock the door. It is I. Is Isabella with you?"

"No!" roared his visitor, in a spasmodic effort to burst open the refractory door, which could not be made to yield on either side. The exasperated Lord of Roslin stamped his foot upon the oaken floor, and the missing key rang back to the pressure of his iron heel. He applied it to the rude lock that hung at the end of the iron bar, and found the baron as he had said, quite alone, and in an agony of pain as well as rage at the non-appearance of Hector.

The absence of Elspeth and Isabella was equally strange; but on the opposite bank of the Esk, where a boat was landing, the moon was looking down upon the sweetest face, framed in curls that glittered like golden threads upon a handsome brown cheek, glowing with joy and pride, and last, but not least, upon the matronly form of old Elspeth, quivering with the pent up fear of her master's indignation.

A fine looking man, apparently between forty and fifty years of age, was standing on the bank when they landed. He heard Hector's voice, and saw his face. It seemed to waken in him some latent emotion, and he paused, as if about to speak, but seemed to change his mind. When they arrived at the inn, the same lordly looking man was there, surrounded by several servants, who seemed to listen to him with the greatest deference, as he gave them orders in a calm, quiet voice, speaking in English.

Hector's sole anxiety seemed to be to procure a private room for his companions, and the stranger instantly addressed a young man of superior appearance, and after a moment's conversation, he turned to Hector, and offered a room to his acceptance. Too glad to obtain one, Hector uttered a hasty expression of thanks, and turned to usher his charge into the one pointed out. Again the stranger started at the voice.

"It is the very tone of the Leighs," he said to the young man beside him. "You have not more the sound of the Leigh voice than this stranger."

"O, father," answered the English youth "do not prepare yourself for another disappointment. How many times since we began to journey, have you believed you have found my lost brother?"

"But this seems so real. Besides, he resembles you. I shall see more of him before I sleep."

And when Hector appeared again, after leaving Elspeth and Isabella, he drew him into the room opposite, and questioned him of his life. Hector answered frankly. He had no wish to conceal anything. He had longed too deeply for the unknown father who he sometimes believed would appear to claim him. And lo, here indeed was the unknown father!

Sir Henry Leigh, a young English baronet, had married a poor girl, but one who in all other things, was his equal. His family had treated her in a way that outraged all her sensibilities. On the birth of her second child, she became slightly deranged, and continued so for more than two years. Her husband banished her tormentors, and tried every means to soothe and restore her; but on returning from a short absence, he found that she had eluded the nurse, and had gone, no one knew whither, carrying her youngest boy.

Half distracted, the husband had searched in vain for years, without success. Only, as his son had said, he had met with disappointment; but this night he felt an intuitive perception of what proved to be the joyful truth.

It was a meeting worthy of the sympathy of the world. Hector explained his position, and placed the Lady Isabella under his new-found father's protection. They all set off for England the next day, and the first step on their arrival, was to summon Lord Roslin to Warwickshire to find his sister, who was with the aunt of Sir Henry Leigh. The latter sent the message, Hector choosing not to appear at present until all was explained.

Lord Roslin arrived in hot haste, but the dignity and respectability of the family in which his sister had found a refuge from the importunities of the baron, precluded any refusal to become connected with them. He staid to see his sister united formally to the Honorable Hector Leigh, and returned to comfort the crest fallen baron, who eventually solaced his wounded pride by obtaining the hand of a rich widowed baroness, much nearer his own age than THE LILY OF ROSLIN.

[ORIGINAL.]

## THE RIBBON.

BY WILLIS E. PARON.

A ribbon, blue as April skies,  
I cherish as a treasure;  
For in it a sweet story lies,  
On which I muse with pleasure.

For when the fields were white with snow,  
And icy cold the weather,  
No wintry weather we did know,  
As, sitting close together,

I said to her, for sweet love's sake—  
Since love was such a treasure:  
"O, dear and darling, let me take  
The wedding finger's measure!"

I called her pet names, dear and dove,  
My life, my heart's sure idol,  
And framed the sweetest terms of love,  
And whispered of a bridal.

But all the while she whispered, "No!  
Dear friends we could be ever;  
But nearer ties we could not know—  
No, never, never, never!"

But still I kept the ribbon blue,  
The wedding finger's measure,  
Hoping, as lovers often do,  
One day to win the treasure.

And hope and earnest love at last  
Were victors—words were spoken  
That made us both forget the past,  
In bliss as yet unbroken.

For then ere long at altar's base  
One moment we did linger,  
And ere we left the holy place,  
Upon the wedding finger

I placed the symbol of the vow,  
That time will only strengthen;  
And dearer make than it is now,  
And with life's season lengthen.

Love triumphed, for that love was true;  
I won the wished-for treasure;  
And so I keep the ribbon blue,  
The wedding finger's measure,

In memory of that one hour  
Bygone and fled forever;  
In token of love's wondrous power,  
That "ever" made from "never."

**ILLUSION.**—There is nothing so real in this world as illusion. All other things may desert a man, but this fair angel never leaves him. She holds a star a billion miles over a baby's head, and laughs to see him clawing and battling him self as he tries to reach it. She glides before the hoary sinner down the paths which lead to the inexorable gate, jingling the keys of heaven at her girdle.—*Lancaster.*

[ORIGINAL.]

## THE WAGGISH CAPTAIN:

—OR,—

## A STRANGE SAIL ON THE WEATHER BOW.

BY JOHN H. UNDERWOOD.

"Take him all in all, we shall never look upon his like again."

CAPTAIN FRANCIS JOLLIMAN, at the date of the events chronicled in this narrative, was the commander of a "Liverpool liner"—a fine packet ship of fifteen hundred tons, running between New York and the "old country," and making all her passages in remarkably quick time, without accident or the loss of so much as a studding-sail boom. There were two causes for these uniformly successful trips—the first of which was the go-ahead disposition of the captain, which was still tempered down by prudence to the happy medium between reckless daring and too much timidity; the other was the kind treatment which the crew of the *Fleetwing* ever received from their superior, and which prompted them to make the interests of the ship their own, and perform their duty with a hearty good will.

Jolliman's name was descriptive of his disposition, for he was truly a *jolly man*, and his baptismal appellation—shortened into Frank by his familiar acquaintances—was no less emblematic than his surname, for it described a quality which he eminently possessed, viz., frankness. Of genuine honesty, kindly feeling towards his fellow-men, and jovial good humor, he had more than is found in one man of a thousand, and all who knew him respected and esteemed him.

He was a large, fine-looking man, six feet two inches in height, with corresponding breadth of shoulders and depth of chest, muscular limbs, and a large and still increasing development of the region encircled by the waistband, a full, round face, luxuriant beard, whiskers and moustache, and clear blue eyes, which, while they could awe the insubordinate into cheerful obedience, or pierce the hypocrite to the very soul, far more frequently beamed with humor, or twinkled with merriment. In short, he possessed the organization which is most favorable to mental superiority. Nature had been lavish of the raw material, when she made him, and there was nothing small or mean about him, either physically, mentally or morally.

His age was thirty-five, and he was the happy possessor of a pretty wife and two lovely children, who sometimes, though seldom, accompanied him on his voyages, living for the greater

part of the time in a charming little cottage on the banks of the Hudson, happy in the society of the husband and father while the Fleetwing was in the port of New York, and impatiently counting the days of his absence while she was ploughing the blue Atlantic.

If Captain Jolliman had a fault (as who of us has not?), it was an inveterate habit of practical joking; though his jokes were always harmless to their subject, and so good naturedly inflicted, that it was almost impossible for the victim himself to refrain from joining the laugh at his own expense. As a boy, he had been celebrated for his sly tricks of this kind at school; as a youth, he had enjoyed a high reputation for waggonery and practical joking; and his conduct as a man, holding the dignified position of commander, would seem to indicate that the ruling passion had "grown with his growth and strengthened with his strength."

On shipboard, he had of course an excellent opportunity to gratify his love of fun; and the fear of being victimized by some of his droll arrangements, kept officers and crew almost constantly on the alert to fulfil their respective duties, for if any one attempted to shirk, or play the *soger*, he was very certain to be discovered in the act by Captain Jolliman, and "brought up with a found turn," to become the laughing-stock of the whole ship's company.

On one of the Fleetwing's passages from Liverpool, it chanced that she was manned with an entirely new set of hands, with the exception of two veteran salts, who had sailed with Jolliman ever since the handle of captain had been attached to his name. The Fleetwing's mate had been unexpectedly offered the command of an American ship, at Liverpool, and the second mate had gone with him in the capacity of chief mate. The other two officers had left the ship for another, merely to gratify the restless love of variety which characterizes Jack Tar, wherever he is; and the men who were shipped in their places were strangers to Captain Jolliman, and, of course, not aware of his joking propensities.

For the first few days of the homeward passage, no unusual event occurred to cause an excitement aboard, or otherwise relieve the monotony which is always more or less inseparable from sea life; but Captain Jolliman, according to his custom, had kept a weather eye upon his new mates and men, and found that they were none of them likely to become distinguished for extreme wakefulness, while having charge of the deck at night.

He said nothing, but, like Pat, "kipped up a deuce of a thinkin'," and revolved various plans

in his mind for bringing to pass a better state of things, and having a lark at the same time.

One pleasant night he crept softly on deck, in the middle watch, and, as he expected, found everybody asleep, except the two old sailors before mentioned, who chanced to be, one at the wheel and the other on the look-out.

"This is something new for the Fleetwing," said he to the helmsman, pointing to the mate, who was placidly slumbering on a hen-coop.

"Yes, sir. It's all hands to caulk now."

"I wonder if I can't rouse the watch without speaking a word."

"If you can't, sir, nobody can," replied the helmsman, delighted at the prospect of sport.

"Well, keep quiet, and we'll see what can be done."

So saying, the captain descended to the main deck, stopped quietly to the main life-rail, and let go the topgallant sheets; then springing to the starboard rail and performing the same operation upon the topsail halyards, he dodged into the forward cabin. The topsail yard, of course, came down by the run, and the rattling of the halyard blocks, the flapping of the topsail and topgallantsail, and the threshing of the slack ropes, made sufficient noise to wake the sleepers from their pleasant dreams, and bring them all, the mate included, immediately upon their feet.

The captain hastened through the cabin, and ascended the companion-way, appearing on deck just as the mate had succeeded in opening his eyes, and had discovered the cause of the noise.

"What's the matter, Mr. Bell?" asked the captain.

"The maintopsail halyards have parted, sir," promptly replied the mate. "I noticed yesterday that the fall had got badly chafed in the leading block, and intended to see to it directly."

"Perhaps it is so," replied the captain, "but I am so fully persuaded that you are mistaken, that I will agree to give you a dollar for every rope-yarn in the whole fall that you find chafed off."

The mate stared at the captain with surprise; but he could see nothing in that placid countenance which would indicate a desire to quiz him, and perplexed to know what the "old man" was driving at, he hastened to the topsail halyards, which, to his astonishment, he found in good condition from one end to the other.

"String out on the maintopsail halyards, men. Hoist the yard!" he exclaimed. And the men began to "swig" away at the rope.

The captain walked forward to the break of the poop, and stood calmly looking on during the operation.

"To gallant sheets haul home!" cried the mate, when the halyards had been made fast.

"Did you find the fall chafed off, Mr. Bell?" asked the captain.

"No, sir—I was mistaken; the belaying-pin was broken."

"What! an iron belaying-pin break like that?"

"No, sir," replied the mate, in some confusion. "You see the last time the yard was hoisted, they made the halyards fast to a wooden pin by mistake."

"Just let me look at that broken pin a moment, Mr. Bell."

For an instant, the mate was nonplussed; but again a ready lie sprang to his relief.

"I chucked it overboard, sir."

"Mr. Bell," exclaimed Captain Jolliman, laughing, in spite of himself, "you didn't tell me of all your accomplishments when you applied for a mate's berth in the Fleetwing."

"What do you mean, sir?"

"You didn't state that you were so skilled in the use of the 'long bow.'"

"Do you intend to call me a liar, in the presence of the crew, sir?" cried the mate, turning red as a boiled lobster. (The men who were standing round the mainmast had been laughing "consumedly" at this brief dialogue.)

"O no, sir—I don't say you lie, but if I had said just what you have, I should call it a slight exaggeration of the real facts. However, I guess the topsail halyards won't get 'chafed off' again at present—so we will drop the subject, if you please. Haul taut the weather main brace, sir; then get a pull on your sheets fore and aft." And the captain walked away.

Growing somewhat, in an undertone, the mate obeyed the captain's orders. The running gear on the mizzen having been tautened, the men commenced the same operation upon the sheets and halyards of the main, while one of the boys in the watch remained upon the poop to "lay up" the ropes.

The captain was slowly pacing the deck, when suddenly his eye fell upon the boy, and a luminous idea occurred to him.

"Joe," said he, "run down in the cabin and stay there till I call you. Keep out of sight, and ask no questions."

The boy silently obeyed, and the captain turned to the helmsman, saying:

"Now, Jack, you shall see some sport. I'll drive sleep so far from the lubbers' eyes, that they'll keep the rest of this watch, at least."

As he spoke, he seized a buoy—a painted float belonging to the quarter-boat, and sometimes

used in mooring her—and gave it a "sea toss" to leeward. It was painted with black and red stripes, and could easily be distinguished in the water, even in the obscurity of a moonless night.

"Buoy overboard!" shouted the captain, at the top of his voice, pronouncing the first word nearly as if it had been *boy*. "Hard down your helm! Brace aback the main yard. Lay aft here, some of you, and lower the quarter-boat," he continued.

"Boy overboard!" repeated the men in the waist, and "boy overboard!" was echoed from stem to stern; while in a moment all was bustle and confusion aboard—the startling announcement effectually exciting the sleepy crew to a state of activity, and entirely driving from the mind of the mate the transient feeling of vexation at the captain's sarcastic remarks.

"Bear a hand, men!" cried the captain, apparently in a high state of excitement. "Round in on your weather main brace—so belay! Topsail brace. Make fast all. Man the quarter-boat. Jump in, Mr. Bell, and pull directly astern. With a will, men, or we shall lose the buoy. There! lower away the boat. Let go your falls. Unhook the tackles. Pull, my hearties! Bend your oars. Hurra now—save the buoy, if it is a possible thing!"

And away went the boat, containing the mate and six men, in the direction which the captain had indicated.

"Poor Joe!" exclaimed one of the men who had been left behind, as he stood with his watch-mates at the lee rail, watching the quarter-boat as it alternately rose in sight upon the crest of a wave and disappeared in the trough of the sea. "Poor Joe! I'm afraid it's all day with him. His chance is mighty small, this dark night."

"I wonder how he fell overboard," said one.

"I don't know. The last time I saw him, he was layin' up the ropes on the poop."

"Poor feller—he's bound for Davy Jones's locker, sure enough!" exclaimed another.

"Silence on deck!" cried the captain.

The talking ceased, and every one strained his eyes to gaze after the fast receding boat which had become like a speck on the water. Suddenly a faint shout was heard from the boat's crew.

"They see the buoy!" exclaimed the captain.

A few minutes of silence followed, and then a clear, ringing cheer arose from the distant quarter-boat, followed by three times three rousing huzzas which, even at that distance, sounded more like shouts of merriment at some unexpected discovery, than the spontaneous expression of pleasure at rescuing a fellow being from a watery grave.

"Stand by to give them three cheers and a tiger, as they come alongside. They've got the buoy, without a doubt," exclaimed the captain. And the men crowded around the davits to greet the rescuers and the rescued.

In a few minutes the boat had nearly reached the ship, and the men had taken off their hats to have them ready for swinging in the air, when their comrades came alongside.

"Joe!" called the captain.

"Ay, ay, sir," responded the boy, springing up the companion way.

An audible expression of astonishment broke from the lips of the men, at this unexpected apparition.

"Silence!" cried the captain. "Look out for the boat and be sure to give her three rousing cheers before you run her up to the davits. You, Joe, stand in the mizzen rigging, and make a bow to Mr. Bell as the boat comes alongside."

"Ay, ay, sir." And the boy stationed himself in the mizzen chains.

He had heard everything which had been spoken on deck, and fully comprehended the trick which Captain Jolliman was playing. The men, too, by this time began to "smell a rat," and stood ready to do their share of the work when the time arrived for "the laugh to come in."

"Ship your oars. Fend off from the side," cried the mate. And in a moment more, the quarter-boat was directly under the davits.

"Have you got the buoy, Mr. Bell?" asked the captain.

"Yes, sir, there's your buoy and be hanged to him!" replied the mate, tossing the float upon the ship's deck. "You sent me on a wild goose chase, and I suppose I shall have to acknowledge the corn. Hoist away the boat, you lubbers!" he cried, glancing fiercely at the men who were leaning over the quarter-rail convulsed with laughter.

Instead of obeying this order, they swung their hats in the air and gave vent to three times three thundering cheers, which made the welkin ring, while Joe, taking off his hat, made a succession of very low bows to the angry mate, who stood in the stern sheets of the boat, as furious as a dog with a tin-kettle tied to his tail.

"What the deuce are you grinning at, you young monkey?" cried the officer, aiming a blow at the boy with the boat-hook.

"Joe is obeying my orders. Please to let him alone," quickly replied the captain.

"Hoist this boat, or I'll take the hide off of every mother's son of you!" roared the mate.

And amid perfect yells of laughter from the

men in the boat, as well as those aboard the ship, she was run up to the davits.

"I should like thundering well to know how that buoy got overboard," muttered the mate, as he stepped upon the poop.

"I can easily tell you," replied the captain, who had overheard this remark. "I threw it overboard."

"Well, what the deuce did you do it for?" demanded the mate, forgetting, in his anger, the respect which was due to the "old man."

"I sent it to look for that broken belaying-pin which you *chucked overboard*, Mr. Bell!"

At this reply, the men roared again; and the mate turned as many colors as a dying dolphin.

"Now, boys," continued the captain, "I have a few words to say to you which I wish you to remember. I want no caulkers aboard my ship. You came aboard to work the ship and perform your duty, not to go to sleep on the watch and leave the ship to take care of herself. You have watch and watch, and when you are compelled to work hard at night, there shall be no job given out the next day. As long as you do your duty faithfully, you shall be treated kindly; but if I ever again come on deck at night and find this watch asleep, I shall give you something to do more disagreeable than picking up a buoy. So remember. Now you may go forward."

Of course a due share of this harangue was intended for the officers of the watch, and they were not slow to understand it. The mate and his fellow-officer held a long consultation after the captain went below, and finally decided that the joke to which they had been subjected was too good to be offended at; that the "old man" had treated them better than they would have done, had they stood in his shoes; that his demand was perfectly reasonable; and lastly, that the men in the watch should never be suffered to caulk again, while *only one of the officers should go to sleep at a time*—the other remaining awake to give due notice of the captain's approach!

This arrangement was directly put in force, and for several nights following the accident to the buoy, the port watch were kept in a wakeful condition by divers "eye openers," such as "dry pulls" at the weather main brace, useless swigs at the fore and main tacks, *et id omne genus*; while the mate and third dickey alternately slumbered and watched, and thus completely deceived the old man, who took occasion to appear on deck every night when he was least expected, but never again caught the officers of the port watch napping; for the moment he opened his state-room door, the one whose turn it was to be on the alert would quietly arouse his

ellow, and by the time the captain had mounted the companion way ladder, both would be engaged in an animated conversation upon some point of seamanship, or whistling "Hail Columbia" over the weather rail.

"So far, good," quoth the captain to himself, when he had become satisfied that the port watch were cured of their caulking propensities. "Now it remains to give the star-bowlines a lesson, for I perceive that they have not yet profited by the example of their shipmates. Let me see—how shall I do it? I must get up a different and more extensive programme of performances for this occasion, for I am literally dying for a bit of fun." And the captain cogitated deeply.

The result of his deliberations seemed satisfactory, for with a merry twinkle in his eye, he stepped on deck and called for "Joe!"

Joe was busily engaged in one of the "fancy" branches of seamanship, namely, cleaning the brass-work about the quarter-deck, and he obeyed the summons with alacrity—hoping that he was about to receive an order to assist the steward (as had frequently happened), in which case he would probably find an opportunity to "scoff" (eat) an abundance of cabin dainties, and "hook" as many "manavels" as the capacity of his pockets would allow.

"Go down in my state-room, Joe," said the captain, "and take all the books from my shelves, and all the articles from the drawers, and arrange them in better order."

"Ay, ay, sir," replied Joe, hastening into the cabin, somewhat disappointed at finding that his destination was not the pantry, but comforting himself with the reflection that there was plenty of wine and soft biscuit in the captain's closet handy.

In a few moments the captain followed Joe into the cabin, and entered his state-room just in time to find the boy standing upon a stool in front of the closet, with his head inserted between the upper shelf and the ceiling, and producing sandy mysterious sounds with his throat and organs of mastication.

"Whistle, Joe! Whistle, while you're at that closet," cried the captain.

Joe started, for he was just in the act of inserting the neck of a wine bottle between his lips, but, being caught in *flagrante delicto*, he was too shrewd to arouse the captain's anger by a denial of the fact, so he instantly replied:

"Yes, sir, I was just a-going to do so, but I found I should have to wet my whistle first."

"Joe," exclaimed the captain, laughing at the boy's impudence, "why is it that all sailor boys will steal?"

"I s'pose it's the natur' o' the beast," replied Joe, coolly.

"O, Joe, you're a depraved youth—but listen to me now: Never mind fixing the shelves now—I sent you here for another purpose. I'm going to get up a little fun with the starboard watch to-night, and I want you and Jack and Sam to help me. Now I will tell you my plan, and you must repeat it to Jack and Sam without letting anybody else hear you."

The captain then unfolded his scheme in all its details to the wide awake lad, who fully comprehended all that was said.

"Now," continued Jolliman, "can I trust you to get Jack and Sam posted and ready for the parts they are to play?"

"Yes, sir."

"What are you going to tell them? Let me see how well you remember."

Joe repeated what the captain had said to him in nearly the same words, for he had an excellent memory.

"That's right—you're good for it," replied the captain. "Now go forward and set the ball in motion. Tell the men to be ready at five bells in the first watch, and come aft here without disturbing the watch on deck. Here—fill your pockets with these biscuits, if you wish to, and then away with you."

Joe crammed his pockets to the extent of their capacity, and then hastened forward, overflowing with delight at the prospect, not only of the promised sport, but of the "reward of merit," which he knew he should receive from Captain Jolliman if he served him faithfully. Jack and Sam were the two men before mentioned as having previously sailed with Jolliman, and Joe soon put them upon the *qui vive* to assist the old man in his funny project. In the meantime, Jolliman busied himself in constructing several articles which would be needed for the consummation of the scheme, and his assistants forward were no less active in getting themselves up for their own roles.

The star-bowlines kept the first watch on the night following the conversation between Captain Jolliman and Joe the sailor-boy, and at six bells, the whole number, with the exception of the helmsman, were wrapped in the soundest slumbers. The night was extremely dark, and the huge hull of the Fleetwing, as close-hauled to the wind and running ten knots an hour, she careened over the billows, seemed like a wedge to pierce the inky black space about her which was almost tangible.

Captain Jolliman was up and dressed and sat in his state-room as if in momentary expecta-



tion of a summons on deck. The helmsman was in great glee, muttering softly to himself and occasionally slapping his trousers pocket in which a hard silver was plainly perceptible to the sense of touch, and which dollar had just been presented him by the captain in consideration of a service which he had performed by keeping his eyes and ears closed to what had just transpired on the deck of the Fleetwing.

Suddenly the clear ringing report of a pistol, fired apparently from the mizzen topmast cross-tree, started and aroused the sleepers fore and aft; the next moment a hoarse voice which seemed to proceed from some vessel on the ship's weather bow, and at a very short distance from her was heard crying:

"Ship ahoy! What the deuce are you trying to do? Do you mean to run us down?"

The look-out man jumped up from his recumbent position, and glancing in the direction of the voice, beheld a faint light resembling the rays shed from the binnacle-lantern of a ship.

"Sail ho!" he cried, hastily. "A sail on the weather bow. Hard a port your helm!"

"Hard a starboard, you sleepy-head, or you'll cut us to the water-edge" yelled the mysterious voice again.

"Hard a lee!" shouted the second mate to the helmsman.

"Hard a weather!" bellowed the look-out.

"Well! Hard a helm, then," replied the officer, for he too observed the light on the weather bow. "Up with your helm!"

"Down with your helm! Are you drunk or crazy?" came in angry tones from the stranger, but this time from a different quarter. The light had momentarily disappeared, and now twinkled brightly on the lee bow.

"Ahoy, there!" cried the second mate, hailing the mysterious stranger.

"Ahoy, yourself!"

"Why don't you put your own helm up, and get out of the way?"

"Because we never turn aside for mortals!"

"Who are you?"

"Heave your ship to, and let us come aboard."

"Who are you?"

"Never mind that. Call your captain."

At this moment the captain sprang up the companion-way.

"What is all this uproar about?" he asked.

"There is a strange sail on the lee bow, no, on the weather bow, as I live," continued the officer, for again the light changed to windward.

"Well, what of it?"

"The skipper orders us to heave to, and let him come on board, sir."

"I will speak him myself." And the captain hastened forward.

During all this time, the helmsman, notwithstanding the conflicting orders he had received, had neither put his helm up or down, but had kept the ship to her course, and although she had been sailing at the rate of ten miles an hour, the distance between her and the strange light had not decreased by a single inch.

"Ship ahoy!" again hailed the captain.

"Hallo!" responded Jolliman.

"What ship is that, pray?"

"The Fleetwing, Jolliman, from Liverpool, and bound to New York."

"Are you the captain?"

"Ay, ay!"

"All right. Heave to, and let us come aboard."

"Who are you?"

"King Neptune and his prime-minister, Davy Jones. Heave to."

"Ay, ay, sir! Back the main yard!"

The captain spoke in a tremulous voice as if overwhelmed with fear, and the men caught the infection, as they silently hove the ship to, trembling in anticipation of what was to follow.

At this moment a ball of red fire twelve inches or more in diameter suddenly appeared at the mizzen-truck, upon which was visible the semblance of a huge eye, wide open, and staring down upon the deck; and after a lapse of three or four minutes, a similar luminary blazed forth at the main. In the meantime, sounds were heard from the weather bow, which exactly resembled the lowering of a boat from the davits of a vessel; with the necessary orders to the helmsman and crew, and appropriate responses. Presently the noise of plashing oars was heard, growing more and more distinct as if a boat were approaching the ship.

All the lanterns on board the Fleetwing had been hastily lighted and suspended about the weather gangway, where the watch had collected, by the captain's orders, to welcome their supernatural visitors. And now, a third constellation, similar in every respect to the other two, glowed suddenly at the fore truck; and simultaneously with its appearance, a small boat, containing two strange looking beings, shot into the light shed on the water by the lanterns and ranged up alongside the weather gangway ladder.

Shipping their oars, the strangers made their painter fast to the side and scrambled up the ladder. As first one and then the other tall figure, sprang down from the rail and stood on the deck in the full glow of the lanterns, the crew stepped back aghast; and well they might, for the appearance of their nocturnal visitors was truly terrific.

The costume of both was extremely grotesque. The foremost was dressed in a huge pilot coat reaching below his knees, and beneath which appeared flowing trousers of a sea-green color; his feet were encased in moccasins, curiously wrought with shells and corals, and his head was covered with a bushy mass of wet sea-weed, which apparently grew there, and his huge beard and whiskers were of the same submarine substance. A crown of shark's-teeth inserted in a circular rim of bone surmounted his head, and in his hand he bore a huge trident or three-pronged pitchfork. Barnacles clung to or were sewed all over his shaggy coat, and his ruddy face was encrusted with salt.

His companion was wrapped from head to foot in a shroud of coarse canvass, which covered even his head, and having holes cut for his eyes, nose and mouth. This ghostly drapery was gathered in at the waist by a rope which was wound several times around his person and tied in a double reef-knot; and the terrible "death's head and crossbones," was painted in black upon his broad chest. In one hand he bore a fragment of a shark-fish's bony weapon, about three feet in length, and in the other a large speaking trumpet, green and corroded, as if it had lain for a thousand years in the "oozy caves" of the sea.

"Come aboard, sir!" said the first described, in a deep gruff voice, touching his crown to the captain as he spoke.

"So I perceive," replied Jolliman. "You are King Neptune, I suppose."

"Ay, and this is my respected friend, Davy Jones."

Davy bowed to the captain and extended his hand, which the latter took, but instantly dropped again, shivering from head to foot, as if its touch chilled him to the very marrow of his bones. The crew looked on with terror depicted upon their countenances.

"What is your majesty's will?" asked the captain.

"I have come to punish your whole starboard watch, for the insult which they have offered the Powers of the sea."

"Ay, his majesty is justly offended. He has come to pronounce judgment, and I, his executioner, shall speedily carry out the sentence," added Davy Jones.

"In what have they offended?" asked Jolliman.

"They have mocked at my power, by presuming to slumber in the presence of the storm-king, by spending the hours in sleep which they should devote to watchfulness against the attacks of my servants, the winds and waves."

"And what will you do with them?"

"Secure them in the prison-cells of the ocean, where all are confined who despise my authority."

"Spare them this once, your majesty."

"It is impossible! They must suffer the penalty of their folly. Away with them, Davy!"

"Davy stepped forward and extended his arms as if to clasp the whole group in one fatal embrace.

"Stay!" cried the captain, throwing himself between the cowering, shrinking crew and the hideous monster of the deep. "Listen one moment, your majesty."

"Say on," replied Neptune. "But be brief, for we must hasten to the Arctic Ocean, where an iceberg is about to crush a whale-ship into atoms, and the services of Davy and myself will be required to assign to each member of her crew his last resting place in the ocean cemetery."

"Have I not been a faithful servant to your majesty, ever since I first felt the spray of the salt sea upon my cheek?"

"You have, Jolliman; would there were more like you."

"Then, will you not at my request, spare these men this once, if they will promise never to offend again?"

Old Neptune seemed to meditate for a moment, then, turning to his companion, the two worthies held a whispered consultation. At length the god spoke again:

"For your sake, Jolliman, I will spare them, on condition that they kneel at my feet and promise never again to sleep upon the watch."

"Do you hear that, men?" cried the captain. "Down on your knees and promise what his majesty desires."

"Ay, ay, sir," was the unanimous response, as the crew flung themselves upon their marrow-bones.

The second mate, alone, of the starboard watch, saw through the farce from beginning to end, but as he found that the men, with true sailor superstition, one and all firmly believed that Neptune and Davy Jones, *in propria persona*, stood before them, he relished the joke too well to spoil it by any show of reluctance; so, kneeling with the rest, he repeated in his turn these words:

"I promise never again to sleep in my watch on deck, and as I fulfil this vow, so may King Neptune guard and protect me, or condemn me to merited punishment!"

"It is well!" exclaimed Neptune. "Now, Jolliman, farewell. I grant you a prosperous passage, and a safe return to your family."

"Thanks, your majesty."

"Farewell!" cried Neptune.

"Farewell!" echoed Davy Jones.

"Farewell!" replied Jolliman.

"Good-by!" stammered the trembling crew. And the two supernatural beings clambered over the rail and descended backward into their boat.

"Fill away your main yard!" shouted Davy Jones, through his rusty trumpet, as he cast off his painter.

"Ay, ay, sir," replied Jolliman, and with joyful alacrity, the watch braced round the yards.

The three lights at the mast-heads had been rapidly growing dim, and as the ship filled away they faded into total darkness. In a few moments more, the cheering sound of eight bells was heard, and the wondering star-bowlines hastened to the fore-castle to inform their shipmates of the strange events which had just transpired on board.

As soon as the starboard watch were fairly asleep, the ship was again hove to, and the boat of old Neptune and Davy Jones came immediately alongside. It was hoisted to the davits, and when there, bore a striking resemblance to the Fleetwing's own quarter-boat. The god and his companion came aboard, and hastened into the cabin, whence they presently reappeared, not as Neptune and Davy Jones, but as Jack Williams and Sam Peterson, of the fore-castle. The starboard watch were effectually cured of their fault, for they never doubted but that the scene which had so terrified them had been real, notwithstanding the hints thrown out by the larboard watch, concerning the part which Jack and Sam had played in the farce.

Several days afterward, the second mate found an opportunity to ask from the captain an explanation of the *modus operandi* by which he had carried out the joke to such perfection, and the captain readily gave him the desired information on the point.

It appeared that the mysterious lights at the mast-heads were proper lanterns, which the captain had himself constructed and caused to be attached to the trucks. When the proper moment for lighting up had arrived, Joe had climbed to the mizzen truck, and illuminated the lantern placed there; after which he slid across to the main-topgallant cross-trees, upon the mizzen royal-stay, and ascending to the main truck, lighted the lantern there and in the same manner crossed over to the foremast.

After Jack and Sam had arrayed themselves in proper costume, they had seated themselves in the quarter-boat which Jolliman and Joe had then lowered carefully into the water. One end

of a spare coil of rope had been attached to the end of the flying jib-boom and the other end placed in the hands of Jack and Sam. By this rope they had drawn themselves forward of the ship and then by holding it fast had kept the boat at a distance of some twenty feet from the ship, while they were still, of course, towed along with her.

A lantern was suspended from a pole placed upright in the bows, and by means of an oar, Jack had been enabled to shift the position of the boat from the leeward, and back again at pleasure. After the ship was hove to, they let go their hold upon the rope, and pulled alongside. When they re-embarked in their boat, they pulled her astern of the ship, and holding by a line which had been thrown over the taffrail for the purpose, were quietly towed along in the ship's wake until they could return aboard, unseen by their victims.

Thus was the mystery explained, and for many long months afterward the captain and the second mate indulged in hearty laughter, whenever they remembered the nocturnal visit of his majesty, King Neptune, and his prime-minister and executioner, Davy Jones.

#### CONFESSIONS OF INFIDELITY.

Says Hume: "I seem affrighted and confounded with the solitude in which I am placed by my philosophy. When I look abroad, on every side I see dispute, contradiction, distraction. When I turn my eye inward, I see nothing but doubt and ignorance. Where am I? or what am I? From what cause do I derive my existence? To what condition shall I return? I am confounded with questions. I begin to fancy myself in a most deplorable condition, environed with darkness on every side."

Voltaire says: "The world abounds with wonders, and also with victims. In man is more wretchedness than in all other animals put together." How did he judge of it? By his own heart. He adds: "Man loves life, yet he knows he must die; spends his existence in diffusing the miseries he has suffered, cutting the throats of his fellow-creatures for pay, cheating and being cheated. The bulk of mankind," he continues, "are nothing more than a crowd of wretches, equally criminal, equally unfortunate. I wish I had never been born."

Hear what St. Paul says: "I have fought a good fight, I have finished my course, I have kept the faith. Henceforth there is laid up for me a crown of righteousness, which the Lord, the righteous Judge, will give me at that day."—*Lutheran Observer.*

#### LEARNING.

Learning is  
A bunch of grapes sprung up among the thorns;  
Where, but by caution, none the harm can miss:  
Nor art's true riches read to understand,  
But shall, to please his taste, offend his hand.  
Lord Bacon.

[ORIGINAL.]

## ON THE DEATH OF AN INFANT.

BY MARY PERCIVAL.

The voice of joy was hushed,  
And sorrow reigned around,  
When we laid away our darling  
'Nearth yonder grassy mound.

O, gently came the angel,  
Wandering in quest of flowers,  
To twine a beauteous garland  
To deck celestial bowers.

He gathered from our garden  
A bud of promise fair,  
And took our infant darling  
To realms of purer air.

That here in this cold world of ours  
He said it ne'er could bloom;  
And told us of a better land  
Away beyond the tomb.

Here we are left to watch and pray,  
For soon he'll come again;  
Peace, troubled heart, and meekly bear  
A heavenly Father's reign!

O, suffer it to go to him—  
Of such his kingdom is;  
For in that beauteous garland there  
Our choicest gem is his.

[ORIGINAL.]

## THE SMUGGLER'S BRIDE.

BY DAVID A. HARRISON.

In the spring of 1829 there came to Marseilles, to the hotel where I lodged, a young couple in whom I became very much interested. They occupied rooms opposite to mine, and from meeting them several times daily, in the hall, we passed from bowing to speaking, and before many months we became very intimate and formed a very happy trio. Henri Zeiber was a German, and his wife, the beautiful Nina, a Frenchwoman. They had been married but a few weeks, before they came to Marseilles, and over them seemed to hang a cloud, but one which seemed gradually to lighten.

I was obliged to remain at Marseilles some months, and the time would have hung rather heavy on my hand, for I was a companionable person and very fond of home comforts, had it not been for the smart, witty Zeiber, and his gentle, affectionate little wife. For me, they made a home—I was always welcome, and many a pleasant evening I spent in their rooms, reading or listening to Nina Zeiber, who with a very

sweet voice and much expression, sang pretty ballads and love songs.

Some of my time I spent in painting, and one day, after watching Nina's face, I made bold to ask her to sit for the prominent figure in my new picture. She very willingly consented, and was quite curious about my picture. It was a fancy sketch, and I refused to give any information relative to the subject, or let them see my work till it was completed. Nina Zeiber sat three times—three successive days, then I closed my studio door and painted in silence. Each day Henri asked if it was finished and was answered in the negative. He almost worshipped his wife, and I know that the interest he expressed in my work was caused by his desire to see his wife's lovely face in canvass. I am sure I didn't blame him, for Nina Zeiber had the most beautiful face I ever saw—exquisite in feature, color and expression. At last the picture was finished, and for an amateur, it was good. The subject had been suggested to me by the reading of a pretty little Spanish story. It represented a dark, deep cave, by the water, with the green, curling waves rolling a little ways into the mouth of it. In the centre of the picture, and of the opening of the cave, brought into relief by the dark, rough rocks and angry waves, were two figures—a man, roughly dressed, lying on his back, with his feet almost washed by the waters, and his deathly pale face turned upward—and, bending over him, the figure of a beautiful woman whose face expressed despair and anxiety. The face was slightly raised, and the dark, anxious eyes were looking out of the cave across the waters. The back-ground was filled in with rough rocks and swarthy, dark-browed men. The sole ray of light in the picture glanced in as if from the top of the cave, and fell upon the face of the dying man, and upon the upper part of the woman's face, lighting only the deep, despairing eyes.

Placing my pet in the best possible light, I eagerly called my friends to examine it. They came and I watched to see the effect my picture would produce. I saw Nina turn a little pale, and a deep flush spread over the brow of Henri Zeiber, involuntarily they draw a little closer to each other. I was astonished at the sensation my picture had produced, and my artist's pride rose, for I saw that I had painted forcibly. Visions of future greatness and a name hereafter famous in the annals of art, floated before my eyes. My ambitious dreams were broken into, by a question asked in a hoarse voice:

"What do you call your picture, Monsieur Harrison?"

"The Smuggler's Bride," I answered readily enough. And the next instant I felt the iron grasp of two hands upon my throat; my feet slid from under me, and I fell to the floor, and Henri Zeiber was kneeling upon my chest. I was astonished, bewildered, frightened. I had never been served so before since I was a Freshman at Yale, and got collared by young Watkins. I closed my eyes for one instant, thinking all was lost; that I was in the clutches of a madman and would never leave them alive. I closed my eyes, and what between fright (for I am a coward) and strangulation, I was fast losing my senses, when I heard Nina's voice, a trembling, fearful voice, and it sounded better than the sweetest music I ever heard:

"Henri, Henri! *Was wollen sie thun?* (What are you going to do?)

I was not much of a German scholar then, but I know that the execrable growls he uttered meant that he was going to murder me then and there. I trembled from head to foot, and a cold perspiration settled over me. Ugh! I tremble now. Suddenly I felt the grasp of his fingers loosen, and I heard Nina talking to him in her winning manner. I cautiously opened one eye, but his great, dark eyes were on me and the relentless fingers tightened gently, gently but still with strangling meaning. I dared not move, and being a timid man, and, moreover, no match for my athletic foe, I resolved to be quiet and strive to prepare for the worst.

It seemed as if I had lain there hours, though it was only a few seconds, when Henri Zeiber rose and Nina with her bright eyes bent over me. I felt she was looking at me, still I dared not open my eyes. Presently she exclaimed, in a low, sad voice:

"Henri! Henri! You have killed him!"

I hated to pain her kind heart, so at that exclamation, I gave a dolorous groan and faint movement. It had the desired effect. Nina again bent over me and asked, fearfully:

"Monsieur Harrison, are you very much hurt?"

I was more frightened than hurt, but concluded it was best policy to "play possum" a little while longer, so in a faint, half-strangled voice, I gasped out:

"Ah—but—gone. Can—you—not—raise—me—and—and—lay me—on—my—bed?"

I kept my eyes closed and breathed short and hard, with here and there a groan. A few seconds I lay there, when I felt myself raised in the powerful arms of my foe and borne to the next room, where I was laid upon the bed, with no very gentle motion, but I pardoned the little

malice, and Nina bathed my head and throat with cold water and cologne. Still doubtful as to the wisest course to pursue, I lay perfectly quiet, with my eyes obstinately closed. Only a few minutes did I lay there, for soon the young Zeiber, the tiger! left the room. As soon as I was sure that he was safe in his own room, by the click of the latch, I sprang from my bed, thereby frightening Nina half out of her senses.

"In Heaven's name, Nina, tell me the reason of your husband's strange behaviour!"

"I cannot, Monsieur Harrison, but Henri will. It is the only apology he can make you for his almost fatal violence. Are you better? Can you listen to him now? I will call him."

"O, don't," I exclaimed, and one hand involuntarily sought my injured throat.

Nina smiled mischievously, and said as she went to the door:

"You have nothing to fear."

When she left the room I dragged my chair to the low window, resolved that if Henri Zeiber made such another spring at me, I would jump into the street. But Nina had spoken rightly, when Henri entered the room all his frenzy seemed to have passed, and in a sad voice he begged to be forgiven.

"My injured friend, can you ever forgive me?"

"Most certainly," I answered, with the affability of the great Mogul. "Please be seated, and if not too disagreeable or painful, I will listen to your explanation."

"I can explain it in only one way—by telling you a story, asking only one favor in return—that you will keep what I tell you a profound secret. The following is the tale as I heard it:

"In the year 1829, the Rhine perfectly swarmed with smugglers, no cargo was safe, and the wily contrabandists eluded the utmost vigilance. The winter was cold and the earth covered half the time with snow. The government grew desperate, and late in the fall sent to Rhineland one whom they judged would carry terror to the hearts of the contrabandists. Carl Loiret and his daughter, Elise, settled among the people, and none suspected the truth. Elise was bewitchingly beautiful, and soon all the youths were wild about her, seeming to care for nothing but obtaining a smile from her. This no one was able to do but the bold, handsome Moritz Ebstorff. To him the beautiful Elise gave her young heart, and she gave it to one worthy of it as far as the world could judge.

"Carl Loiret alone seemed to look suspiciously at the young man, and even went so far as to forbid him the house, giving his pretty Elise as a

reason for doing so, that he belonged to the band of contrabandists. That reason was not sufficient, and Elise and Moritz met clandestinely. What she learned of her lover did not seem to frighten Elise Loiret, for she clung to him with a devoted love.

"One evening Carl Loiret was quietly sipping his coffee, when the door opened and unannounced an official entered the room. His dress and manner betokened haste and anxiety, which his words soon explained.

"Up! up! Loiret! There's mischief afloat! One of the smugglers, a drunken oaf, has peached and disclosed the whole infamous plot—rendezvous and watchword. Get ready as quick as you can! Arm yourself, for there will be the deuce to pay this night, or my head for a foot-ball!"

"Without a word Carl Loiret rose and hastily wrapped himself in cap and cloak, and took from his desk a brace of clumsy pistols. As he left the room he whispered to his terror-stricken Elise:

"I am right, and if I come across that scoundrel, Ebstorff, I'll shoot him like a mad-dog. They cannot escape me now."

"Now was no time for faltering, so Elise summoned all her courage and with a calm, smiling face, she answered:

"I fear not for Ebstorff, but, father, be careful they do not outwit you again. They are slippery customers, and know the rocks and hiding-places better than you."

"So father and daughter parted. As soon as the door closed and Elise heard her father's feet breaking through the little crust of snow outside the house, she fell upon her knees beside a chair, and sobbed bitterly. A few moments she gave way to grief, then sprang up.

"Moritz, I will save you—save you, or die! What would life be without you! Blessed was the hour when led by your love you disclosed all to me. Now I can aid you, and I will!"

"In a few seconds Elise was warmly dressed and ready for any emergency. She was pale but firm. Taking the precaution to throw a white drapery over her shoulders and dress, she sallied out, and as long as her road lay in the direction her father had taken, she closely kept in his track, and her tiny feet made no mark. Quickly and silently Elise Loiret walked till she reached the river's bank—a steep, rocky precipice. Here she paused to deliberate, and as she did so, the village clock tolled the hour—half past eleven—and at twelve the contrabandists would be starting on their projects. To go round by the way Moritz had told her of, would take an hour, for

it was a rough, dangerous road, and then she would be too late—too late! Kneeling upon the snow with eager eyes Elise peered over the precipice—nothing but rocks covered in places with ice and snow. It was the only sure way of reaching the rendezvous, and yet—it was almost certain death to attempt it.

"I shall be too late if I go the other way, and here I can but perish."

"Seizing with both hands the overhanging bough of a tree, Elise swung off into the darkness. The branch cracked and bent lower and lower, till Elise felt her feet touch a narrow, rocky ledge, the one she had espied from the bank. So far was good, and Elise smiled triumphantly, though she knew the worst had to be accomplished. Clinging to the sharp rocks, swinging over the black waters beneath, sliding with the ice and snow, dizzy and bleeding, Elise at last reached the rocky base, and sank almost fainting on the ground. Her feet were almost bare, her shoes having been torn from her feet by the sharp rocks, and her delicate little hands were torn and bleeding. A moment she paused to recover her self-possession, then started on her comparatively easy road. At last she reached the narrow side-entrance to the smugglers' vast cave. The men were busy, and so silently had she come, that none noted her approach, till at the deep, resounding, despairing cry, 'you are betrayed! Fly!' they looked up, and beholding a delicate, womanly figure draped in white, with dishevelled hair and bleeding hands the most of them, ignorant, superstitious people, were horror-stricken and fled precipitately, never looking behind them. One remained, and that was Moritz Ebstorff, and he turned and questioned fiercely, for in the dim light he did not recognize his dearly beloved, and her voice so changed by fatigue and fear gave no clue to her identity.

"Who are you, who dares to speak treason?"

"Fly for your life, and question not! Farewell, Moritz!"

"He knew her then, and sprang forward in time to catch her in his arms, as overcome with cold, fatigue, pain and fear she fainted. Just then a faint light appeared, and the officers of the revenue arrived. They saw the tall, manly figure, but not the fragile being in his arms, and the foremost man fired and Moritz fell. The report of the musket resounding through that echoing cavern, roused Elise from the swoon, and wholly conscious she sprang to her feet, and exclaimed, as she saw another man raise his gun:

"You do well to fire upon a woman, and that woman the daughter of your commanding officer."

"The musket fell, and the man came forward."

"Your pardon, Mademoiselle Loiret. I dreamed not of meeting you here. Return with us. All have fled."

"All, save this one, who lies dead at your feet. Go without me. I watch here by my dead, till the morning comes. Say to my father that when my vigil is over, I will return. Go, now!"

The men obeyed silently. When they were gone, Elise busied herself with her lover. He was quite severely wounded. When she had made him comfortable as possible, she left him, and soon by the aid of the smugglers' wives had him transferred to a place of safety before day-break. When the sun rose, the officers reached the cave and found a large quantity of valuable goods and merchandise.

That night Carl Loiret got his death. The exercise gave him a heavy cold, and he took to his bed and never rose. Elise nursed him with affectionate care, and the old man passed away, blessing her.

Moritz Ebstorff and Elise were married soon after Carl Loiret died, and left for other parts. The smuggling for that time was broken up, and the village people no longer feared the visit of the officers."

"Monsieur Harrison," said Zetber, when the story was finished, "I am that Moritz Ebstorff, and Nina, my dear Nina, here beside me, is the Elise Loiret who one dark night perilled her life to save mine. Ninety feet down the rocky precipice, she descended—no human being has ever dared attempt it since—I shuddered as I looked up, to see the way she came. Here in Marseilles I have striven to bury the memory of the past, and make myself worthy of my beautiful Nina. Your picture recalled all the past, and I thought when you named the picture that you had learned all and would denounce me. A madness seized me—you know the rest—will you forgive me?"

"Certainly," I replied. "And let me beg that you will accept this, my best picture, which is made sacred by the face of your heroic wife shining from it; and we alone shall know that it was once called **THE SMUGGLER'S BRIDE.**"

#### LOVE.

Love?—I will tell thee what it is to love!  
It is to build with human thoughts a shrine  
Where Hope sits brooding like a beauteous dove,  
Where Time seems young, and Life a thing divine.  
Yes, this is love—the steadfast and the true,  
The immortal glory which hath never set;  
The best, the brightest boon the heart e'er knew:  
Of all life's sweets, the very sweetest yet!

CHARLES SWAIN.

Praise, though it may be our due, is not like a bank bill to be paid upon demand; to be valuable it must be voluntary.

#### HOW TECUMSEH WAS KILLED.

The Western Christian Advocate lately contained an obituary notice, by Rev. A. Wright, of the Indiana Methodist Episcopal Church, of Isaac Hamblin, Senior, who died at his residence, near Indiana, a few months since, aged about eighty-six years. Mr. Hamblin was a man of deep piety and unquestionable veracity. He was in the battle of the Thames, and the writer gives the following as his statement in regard to the manner in which Tecumseh was killed: "He says he was standing but a few feet from Colonel Johnson when he fell, and in full view, and saw the whole of that part of the battle. He was well acquainted with Tecumseh, having seen him before the war, and having been a prisoner seventeen days, and received many a cursing from him. He thinks that Tecumseh thought Johnson was Harrison, as he often heard the chief swear that he would have Harrison's scalp, and seemed to have a special hatred of him. Johnson's horse fell under him, he himself being also deeply wounded; in the fall he lost his sword, his large pistols were empty, and he was entangled with his horse on the ground. Tecumseh had fired his rifle at him, and when he saw him fall, he threw down his gun and bounded forward like a tiger sure of his prey. Johnson had only a side pistol ready for use. He aimed at the chief over the head of his horse, and shot near the centre of his forehead. When the ball struck, it seemed to him that the Indian jumped with his head full fifteen feet into the air; as soon as he struck the ground, a little Frenchman ran his bayonet into him and pinned him fast to the ground."

#### CYANIZED WOOD.

The Hartford Courant gives a simple and efficacious mode of cyanizing wood, so as to prevent it from rotting: Dissolve blue vitriol in boiling water, then add water enough to make twenty quarts of the solution to each pound of vitriol. The end of the stick to be cyanized, is to be dropped into the solution and left in it for four or five days; for shingles, three days will answer; posts six inches square, require ten days soaking. Put the solution in a metal vessel or keyed box, as it will shrink any barrel so as to cause leakage. Chloride of zinc will answer instead of vitriol, but vitriol costs but a few cents to the pound. To show its efficacy, the editor says that small stakes used to support raspberry-vines after twelve years constant use, were as sound and bright as if recently made, the part in the ground being as sound as that in the air.

#### A GOLD STORY.

The liveliest gold item of the season is in a late Mariposa Gazette, which says, "three quartz miners struck a 'pocket' in a quartz lode not far from this place, from which they took in one day quartz and gold that will yield nearly, if not quite, thirty thousand dollars. Over \$16,000 had been pounded out in two hand mortars up to Tuesday, and there remained, to be reduced in the same manner, three pieces, each of which was about as large as a peck measure. To us it appeared that at least one-third of the entire weight of these was gold, that not only lay in flakes as large as a dollar on the outside, but penetrated all the rock."

[ORIGINAL.]

## THE VISION.

BY R. G. JOHNSTON.

Long, long ago, in days of yore,  
 Once, when my love and I  
 Sat side by side on Hudson's shore  
 To see the boats go by:  
 While listening to the old church-bell,  
 Which distantly did toll  
 The mournful music of a knell  
 For some departed soul,  
 She looked a moment in the tide,  
 As if in reverry;  
 Then starting up, "Ere long," she cried,  
 "That bell will toll for me!  
 I see it all—I see it all—  
 The newly-furnished grave,  
 The sad procession and the pall—  
 There, there, within the wave!  
 This vision is the tongue of Fate,  
 And tells what is to be:  
 O Father, be it soon or late,  
 I bow to thy decree!"

'Twas in the joyous month of May  
 My darling prophesied;  
 And ere the summer passed away,  
 Death smote her and she died.  
 And as we bore her corse along,  
 A white bird ventured near,  
 Regardless of the mourning throng,  
 And hovered o'er the bier.  
 And when we'd done the funeral rite,  
 It sang a solemn stave,  
 While stooping from its circling flight,  
 And rested on the grave.  
 Then sprang upon exultant wing,  
 And soared away in air;  
 And made the welkin sweetly ring  
 With music strangely rare!

[ORIGINAL.]

## ISABEL OF ANGOULEME.

BY JOSEPH H. WELDON.

It had been a fête day in Guienne, for it was the year 1200, and King John of England had in the morning received oaths of fealty from various counts, amongst whom were those of Angouleme and La Marche. It was now evening, and the soft, clear breeze had tempted forth the numerous inhabitants of the fancy villas that dotted the woods and hills high up the bank opposite to the rich town of Bordeaux, that frowned on them in all her pride of wealth and majestic beauty, while casting her broad shadows over the smooth bosom of the Garonne, on whose surface sported many gaily decked skiffs, filled with light hearts and still lighter spirits.

Among them King John's shone pre-eminent,

with its crimson curtains and gay-liveried attendants, reposing on, rather than cutting through, the sunny waters. Boat after boat came up with and shot past it, scarcely touching anything, save the soft-fanning vapor that swept over the fairy world of flowers, on the banks by which they passed, till all had disappeared; yet still the idle monarch reclined on its velvet-cushioned seats, watching the playful flies, which as they danced over the mirrory purple in fantastic circles, now basking in the full glory of the west, then skimming along the wave sent glittering lines creaming around him.

For once he was admiring nature in the hour when she most disposes the mind to peace with all around—and he had long been left alone in the watery world, when the soft sound of a lute came to his ear, and presently a boat, decorated with the purest white, came quickly up with them. The owner, a tall, martial-like young man, rose and doffed his cap to the monarch, while his companion, a lovely girl scarcely in the first bloom of womanhood, laid down her lute, and drawing her veil more closely around her, also rose and gracefully returned John's gracious bend of the neck, for he had recognized in the elegant man before him the young Count de la Marche. They then passed on, and as the lute was resumed, many a truant breeze bore its strains to the apparently absorbed monarch. Suddenly, however, turning to his gentleman in waiting, he demanded:

"Know you if La Marche is married?"

"Sire," answered the attendant, "the count has since childhood been betrothed to the lovely Isabel of Angouleme, the lady with him, and to-morrow Bordeaux will make merry at their nuptials."

"Betrothed!" exclaimed John, "only betrothed—to-morrow to consummate the nuptials, say you—ashore! ashore!"

The attendants, aware by his earnest manner, that some hasty resolve had just been taken by their capricious master, instantly ordered the rowers to speed, and a very few minutes landed and found them safe within the gates of Bordeaux.

In the meantime, the Count de la Marche had landed at his chateau with his beloved Isabel Taillefer, who, as John's informant had stated, had long been betrothed to him, and for some months had been placed under his protection by her father, the Count of Angouleme. But their marriage had not yet taken place on account of her extreme youth. They proceeded to the long hall, where the servants had prepared the light evening meal; and as they sat side by side, and



La Marche's lip touched her cheek, she thought not enough of heaven.

"A pedler stands at the gate, my lord, and though I have told him that the Lady Isabel was well prepared, he insists upon it he has a head-wreath no bride would refuse to buy," said a female attendant, entering with breathless haste.

"Nay, girl," interrupted the count—and he smiled on his young bride—"the Lady Isabel and I are indebted to the pedler for his attention. She will see this magic wreath—bid him enter."

The maid retired well pleased with the order, for her reward, if she brought a successful message, was no less a consideration than a tempting new piece—one of the new coin just issued—and an old mark would have won the sly abigail to have undertaken a far greater achievement than that of winning her lord's consent to admit one who bore a present worthy of purchase for the bride he doted upon. It was true she had made many objections to the errand, but then, each newly raised obstacle brought tempting promises of future presents, till she finally said:

"Methinks, old man, thy conscience might trouble thee. I wonder thou art not ashamed to put such profits on thy ware as will enable thee to make such presents to timid maidens."

"Nay, maiden, it is not every one boasts eyes as bright as yours. I will wager this golden ring,"—at the same time drawing one from his case—"that your mistress has not brighter; and I know, maiden, I should not lose it to you, so take it." And as she raised her hand to open the door, the wily pedler slid the ring on the hand of the nothing loth waiting-woman—and as the next day would make her the wife of the tall, handsome valet of La Marche, all these fine presents and promises could not have come more opportunely. Meanwhile the pedler entered the presence of Isabel and the count, and the abigail waited on the outer side for his return, to conduct him again through the long, winding galleries. The contents of the pack were displayed—rings, necklaces, breast-knots, all "inimitable"—and among the rest the boasted head-wreath.

"That wreath, my lord, I swear was purchased for the Queen of England," said the pedler, holding it daintily between his thumb and first finger-tips.

"It is indeed beautiful," said Isabel.—"But hark, my lord, the warder's horn sounds."

"'Tis doubtless, love, some of our good friends come to rest the night with us, before the morrow's fête. I will receive them in another chamber.—Do you purchase what in this motley collection pleases you best."

So saying, he smiled and left the hall.

"Nay, good man," resumed Isabel, in answer to the pedler's praises of the ornament, "what you ask is a purse of gold."

"Even so, lady. But look at the large pearls, and think how many one of these delicate roses contains," returned the pedler, drawing more closely to her.

"Ay, 'tis true, and it is very beautiful. But I must look lower in the pack—such an expensive bauble does not become Isabel Tailleffer—so you must even carry it to the Queen of England, and—"

"Place it on her fair brow," concluded the pedler, snatching up the wreath and placing it on Isabel's long silken hair with one hand, and with the other raising the gray scalp from his own head, discovered to the astonished girl, King John of England!

"Nay, fair lady, do not attempt to speak—I know all you would say—excuses for behaving with so little ceremony, and surprise at seeing me here in such a disguise—yes, I know all, but this is not my business here—do you not think the wreath becomes your silken tresses?"

"Pardon me, sire," said Isabel, endeavoring to free her hand from his close grasp. "I must warn my lord whose host he is. The King of England must not remain here in indignity any longer, and—"

"But stay, Isabel Tailleffer. The wreath—I would know ere you leave me, if you think it will best become the Countess de la Marche, or the Queen of England?"

"The royal Advise, sire," she replied, taking it from her head.

"Nay, I meant not her—"

"Did you not say the Queen of England, sire?"

"As truly, Isabel, as I meant you as such—"

"Hush, hush, sire! an' I knew not your talent for saying gallant speeches, I should say it did not become me to listen to you. But I should be vain indeed to imagine your words in earnest. But I will leave my good lord a few moments only, to bid the count to his guest."

"Stay, Isabel of Angouleme, I command you, and listen to what I have to say—ay, and in earnest. Advise is no longer my consort. I shall obtain a dispensation from the pope to cancel my marriage vows. I have loved you since the moment I gazed on you to-night—nay, hear me out. I had wished to obtain your free consent to share my throne, but you are so madly resolved to refuse our gracious offer, know that I have sworn on the holy cross to possess you—"

"Never! never! John of England, you dare not tear the betrothed from the altar!" Her feelings overcame her and she fainted.

John did not attempt to revive her, but kneeling by her side, pressed his lips on her icy cheek and exclaimed :

"Were you less beautiful I could pity you ; but as it is, you must be mine. I will now go to your father. Ambition is marked on his high brow and curling lip, as truly as feminine beauty and maidenly submission are in your soft, hazel eyes. I doubt not he would rather be the ancestor of kings than counts. Farewell then, my beloved. In a few short hours we shall meet again, and I doubt not there will be one at my side then, whose well-told tale of inevitable ruin, or displeasure from me, will bend you to my wishes. But I must begone—farewell, farewell !"

And after imprinting on her lips another impassioned kiss, he rose, and gathering the trinkets in his pack, resumed his gray scalp and joined the inquisitive waiting-woman, who had been vainly endeavoring to catch one of the many loud words uttered by John. But she appeared by her smiling, simpering whispers to be well pleased with the continued conversation of her companion, and it would seem that she knew his rank, for as he reached the door and bade her "remember the reward !" she ducked a curtsy even to the ground.

The count's surprise may be imagined, when, on returning to his bride he found her in a death-like swoon, and not one of the servants could give him the least explanation. With the greatest relief he saw her open her eyes, but she looked timidly round, and whispered :

"Is he gone, then ?"

"Is who gone, dearest ? I could almost chide you for thus alarming yourself. But you will pardon my long absence when I tell you the cause. Rise, love, and see the bride-like presents King John's knights have brought you."

"King John's presents for me—O, La Marche, I—but dismiss these attendants," said Isabel, faintly.

When they had left, she turned to her astonished lord and exclaimed :

"Let me not look on these baubles—burn them, La Marche. John has been here—the pedler with the wreath was himself. Away, away, and though it be not maidenly, I say away to the altar, if you would have Isabel Taillefer your wife, for John of England has sworn she shall be his, and who is there that does not know his evil passions ? As I fainted, I felt his hateful breath upon my cheek, and heard him say he would hasten to my father. O, La Marche, to no one but yourself would I breathe it—but Angouleme's ruling passion is—ambition !"

"Calm yourself, Isabel. Your timid spirit

has taken this mummery too seriously. Depend upon it we shall hear no more of him. John caught but a glimpse of your charms this evening, but that made him wish a nearer view—and who would not, dearest ? I, at least, cannot chide him."

But La Marche smiled in assumed pleasantry, for he knew John's character too well to feel at ease.

"Stop, La Marche," interrupted Isabel, "you know better—yet I see your kindness and acknowledge it."

"Well, then, dearest, 'tis but calling the good father some hours earlier ; your friends must even take necessity as an excuse for not awaiting their kindly presence. See, Isabel, the west is gray, that was but a little while since in its glory, and those clusters of heaven's diamonds tell us that the hour is fast approaching midnight. Go then, and deck yourself, love, while I hasten to the monastery to bid them prepare the chapel by the first vesper bell."

"Nay, let us not stay for pomp and ceremony, La Marche," exclaimed Isabel, losing in the importance of the moment all thought of maidenly pride. "I shall pledge my faith as truly in this disordered dress, and at the taperless altar."

"True," answered La Marche ; "yet, I would not that my bride appeared thus. And remember, love, John will not conjecture that our bridal hour will be before the morrow's evening. Go then, and let your woman robe you—she and my valet will alone be present."

Silenced, yet with a foreboding heart, Isabel proceeded with the before mentioned waiting-woman, to her toilet. The bridal robe of spotless velvet was drawn forth, but the ornaments which La Marche had given her were nowhere to be found. The chapel bell tolled one—the pearl bracelets and necklace were discovered, and with breathless haste Isabel arrayed herself in them.

"O, my lady, had you but purchased the pearl head-wreath, all would have been complete," said the girl, casting a keen glance at her agitated mistress.

"'Tis better as it is, Alice. But speak no more of that, my good girl. You know I have more momentous thoughts to occupy my mind at present." And she smiled sadly. "But my veil—"

The veil was now missing. In an agony of tears she flung herself on the couch, while Alice vainly ransacked every corner. The bell meanwhile chimed the quarter, then half. Isabel started up and wildly exclaimed :

"Attend me, girl. I will be a veiless bride, rather than—but hasten." And she was darting

from the room, when Alice drew the long sought-for veil from beneath several dresses, and hastily casting it over her mistress, they proceeded to the monastery chapel.

La Marche had been impatiently awaiting her. Yet the rapture of the moment was not unmingled with pain, for the beauty of her pale features was heightened by a wildness which alarmed him, and when he took her hand to lead her to the altar, its icy chillness struck to his heart.

"Nay," he said, as he pressed hers between his larger and far warmer hands, "you have needlessly hurried yourself. What should we fear now, dearest? A short space will unite us indissolubly." And he placed her before the altar.

The priest began the first solemn prayer, and Isabel with La Marche had deeply engaged in silence in it. Thus occupied, they had not noticed the entrance of several persons by the eastern door. But now, as they moved up the long aisle, the clanking of armor aroused them to a full and better knowledge of their situation. The intruders advanced towards the altar, and the leader, who, as he threw off his cloak, they discovered to be King John—exclaimed, in a loud voice:

"Go no further in that ceremony. John of England commands you!"

"We are betrayed, my Isabel," exclaimed La Marche, drawing his sword. Then turning to John, he continued:

"I know not by what right you command this holy father to stop—but if by the laws of power, I bid you defiance, John of England. I claim this lady as my wife!"

"Wife!" cried John, in a transport of rage—"wife!—Girl, hast thou fooled us?" turning to Alice.—"Speak, holy father, how far has this ceremony proceeded?" he continued, to the priest.

But the holy man's answer was interrupted by Isabel, who, at John's appeal to Alice, had flown from the altar, and now standing by the girl, she bent her eyes wildly and piercingly on her, exclaiming:

"Girl, if it is true that you have done this—O, now I recall the lost veil and bracelets. Alice, Alice, may the one who sees the most secret thoughts forgive you."

"Peace, daughter!" now interrupted the priest. "John of England, in answer to your question, I bid you, as you revere the holy mother church, to allow the scarcely commenced ceremony to proceed."

"So—'tis well," said John, bending a fond glance on Isabel. "Angouleme, we are yet in time."

"Angouleme!" shrieked Isabel, "is my father here, then?"

She rushed wildly towards the tall, armor-cased figure which had stood by John's side on his entrance, and in whom, as he raised his helmet, she recognised her parent.

"Count of Angouleme," resumed the deep, musical tones of the priest, "it rests with you alone to settle this disgraceful dispute. I command all here to silence, while this lovely lady's father speaks his will."

Instantly a death-like silence reigned in the holy edifice, and the Count of Angouleme spoke.

"Isabel," he said, unheeding the agony of fear with which she fixed her eyes upon him while awaiting his decision, "it is my command that you receive the King of England as—"

"No, no, dearest father," she interrupted, as she knelt before him and clasped his knees, "no, no, you cannot mean that. Did not that revered hand give me to the protection of La Marche till my age should fit me for his wife? Father, that time has arrived—you will not tear me from him now!"

For a moment Angouleme seemed moved, and even a tear trickled down his steel corslet. But quickly recovering himself, he raised his child, saying:

"Isabel, I had not expected disobedience from you. But I will speak with you apart. Meanwhile, I charge you, Count de la Marche, restrain your words."

La Marche bowed a cold acquiescence; then fixed the point of his sword in the oaken floor, placing one hand on the hilt, while the other leaned on the altar. John also stood at the head of his men, preserving a sullen silence, occasionally bending a look of triumph on his rival, or one of doting fondness on Isabel, as she paced the farther end of the chapel in earnest conversation with her father. Ever and anon, as they stepped where the blaze of the tapers surrounding the altar shone upon them; La Marche caught the agonized expression of Isabel's features, and occasionally some few words.

"Isabel, my child, I charge you—I implore you not to publish my disgrace!"

Thus pleaded Angouleme, in reply to a firm "never!" from his daughter.

La Marche sprang to the side of his pale bride, and clasping her waist, exclaimed:

"Believe him not—he is working on your devotion—your filial love—telling you his ruin or his exaltation depends on you. I know it—but it is false, dearest, false!"

"Hey-day, Sir Springald! false, say you? Does it become the would-be husband of a maid-

en to tell her that her father lies?" said John, scornfully.

"John of England," replied La Marche, "there are more fitting places than this to beard La Marche. Know that henceforth I swear, even in this holy place, revenge to you till death! My Lord of Angouleme, you know yourself safe in the title of father."

"Nay," returned Angouleme, with a bitter smile, "I care not if I condescend to try good steel with you at my leisure. Now, I have more weighty business pressing on me." Then turning to Isabel, he added: "Has a father to tell his child she may rely on his word?"

"O no, no!" she answered, and gathering her white veil around her face, bent her head on her hands a few minutes, then raising her tearless eyes to her betrothed, said firmly: "La Marche, my first and my last love, fare thee well!"

She did not linger to look on his death-like brow and quivering lip, but stepped tremblingly towards John. He drew the pearl wreath from beneath his cloak, and held it towards her.

"John of England, I am yours," she exclaimed, as she bent her brow to receive it; "and may the holy virgin plead with her son for you and my father, if he has deceived me."

"To horse! to horse now, my brave knights! Behold your queen!" cried King John.

The men bowed low to the fair girl.

"And now for you," continued John, turning to Alice, "what I promised you is there," flinging towards her a purse. Then raising the feeble Isabel in his arms, he bore her to a beautiful palfrey, and in a few minutes the distant sound of horses' hoofs brought to the mind of La Marche the utter desolation of his soul.

"And now to study revenge!" he groaned forth. Yet ere he left the chapel, turned to Alice and exclaimed: "Go, girl! Wed him who loves you, and enjoy if you can, your basely earned wealth. I forgive you, or, at least, I hope I do—"

"Ha, ha, ha!" laughed the girl, holding the purse to the light, while through its meshes many a gold piece shone brightly.

"Listen, Count La Marche! You know that I once followed your steps with love, which you scorned—now I am revenged! Farewell." And she flew madly from the chapel.

What she had just said he knew to be true. She had sought him unceasingly, repeating her protestations of love with a fervor unbecoming woman. Yet he had hoped and believed since the devotion of his valet to her, that she placed her heart in a more fitting sphere, and he had even promised them a pension when the next

day should have made them one—and Isabel—but the thought of her was madness. It burned on his brain, for now all was utter hopelessness for him on this side the grave.

In a few days Isabel of Angouleme was wedded Queen of England, at Poitiers. This, with the fact that she yet again stood at the altar as a bride, and became the wife of La Marche, is well known from the pages of England's histories. And we will add, her love was more chastened—more holy in its fervency—yet not less true than before time had passed his blanching hand over the once raven locks of La Marche. Neither did he look with less rapture on the stately matron, than on the once slight girl.

It may be questioned if Isabel truly performed her duties as John's consort, and as mother of John's children. Yet it would seem that she did not prove truant to her soul's idol when her duties allowed her thoughts to turn that way; for once, the sworn revenge of La Marche had placed him as prisoner in John's castle at Rouen. Nevertheless, he was soon set at liberty. Who would not fancy by whose interference? Thus did Isabel of Angouleme illustrate a certain French writer's not very spirited idea of a woman's whole duty:

"Women best serve Heaven by their patience and submission."

#### LORD MACAULAY.

Lord Macaulay's pedigree is one of which no one need be ashamed, and of which many would be proud. His paternal grandfather was the Highland minister of a Highland parish, with a Highland wife and Highland children, one of whom, Zacharias by name, following the example of his forefathers, descended to the Lowlands to gather gear, not by lifting cows, but by peaceful trade. The young Zacharias found favor in the eyes of a daughter of a Bristol Quaker. Friend Mills supplied that serious and respectable, but not very erudite or accomplished society with literature, the call for which amongst the Quakers was not, however, so pressing as to prevent the grandsire of the future essayist of the "Edinburg Review" from employing his talents in periodical composition, or from cultivating literary pursuits as the editor of a provincial paper. Meantime the loves of the young Highlander and the fair Quakeress prospered, and from their union sprang Thomas Babington Macaulay, Baron Macaulay, of Rothley, in the county of Leicester.—*New York Times*.

#### PRESENTIMENTS.

O, did you never lie upon the shore,  
And watch the curled white of the coming wave  
Gleamed in the slippery sand before it breaks?  
Even such a wave, but not so pleasurable,  
Dark in the glass of some presageful mood,  
Had I for three days seen, ready to fall.

TENNISON.

[ORIGINAL.]

## BIRTHDAY VERSES.

BY ERNO FORD, JR.

The springtide air is calm and clear,  
The sky bends softly o'er us;  
And flushed with hope, the passing year  
Gleams gay and bright before us.

Beneath our feet the tender blade  
Is marked with opening flowers;  
Sweet choral music fills the glade,  
And charms the happy hours.

What may such promise not betide  
Of sunny summer time;  
How softly will its splendor glide  
To autumn's golden prime.

And so with thee, my gentle friend:  
The youth that crowns thee now,  
May all its joys, with brighter, blend  
To light thy manly brow.

May thy young hopes and boyhood dreams  
No worldly blight assail;  
No mists of earth their golden gleams,  
No clouds their glory pale—

The friendly hearts now linked with thine,  
By stronger ties than blood:  
Fier, nobler far than royal line—  
In holy brotherhood.

[ORIGINAL.]

## THE BELLE OF PARIS.

BY MRS. M. A. DENISON.

OLYMPE DE MERCIER was at one time the reigning pride and beauty of Paris. Her father was a man of wealth and influence. She governed men's passions, however, more by the force of her strong intellect and overpowering will than even her beauty. Her eyes were extraordinary. Large, deep and lustrous, they seemed two worlds in themselves, and sparkled with benignity and the fires of genius. She was very young, and much accomplished, playing, dancing, painting, singing, and to crown all, she had to a great extent the power of improvisation.

One day in her thirteenth year, as she was returning from school with her *bonne*, she encountered a wierd, and singular old woman, whose wrinkled face almost hidden under a red hood, and whose decrepid form attracted her attention, and she paused to look at her, then taking a few sous from her pocket she held them out to her.

The woman grasped them. Her little, hard, black eyes glittered like polished steel as she did so, but after contemplating the child for a moment, she threw them indignantly from her, and exclaimed:

"She who condemns to death the future be loved of France, cannot give a blessing with what she gives. Go, child, your fatal beauty will intoxicate, and cause men to perish, unless you are merciful."

The child indignantly sent her *bonne* to pick up the money, and then she laughed as she followed the odd little retreating figure with her eyes.

Time passed on, and Olympe became a beautiful woman of seventeen. Her great attractions drew around her all the wealth and intellect of Paris. She might have said, "I govern all France with a glance."

Among her most distinguished followers, were Pierre Janvrien; a young, handsome, brilliant lieutenant, and a grave, splendid nobleman, to whom every eye was turned in admiration. It was not for a long time evident which she appeared to love best; but youth and beauty seemed to settle the question, and it was whispered that the glorious Olympe had chosen the dashing young lieutenant for her future spouse.

The next year was the commencement of the reign of terror. was a remarkable epoch for the young, the beautiful, especially when these two gifts were connected with genius. Olympe grew thoughtful as the arrests were multiplied. Already two very dear friends of hers were arrested on account of their Jacobinical tendencies, and more arrests were daily looked for. She herself had secretly taken part against the government, hence all her sympathies were with the condemned.

"One hardly dares to speak now," said her attendant, one day, a pretty girl of about her own age. "For my part, I distrust every one who walks with a paper in his hand, or looks in a book."

"You have no need to fear," said Olympe, gravely.

"Have I not? You do not know," said the girl, blushing deeply. "I hear a great deal of news from Paul Le Bene, one of the students. He is a handsome young man, with a full beard and moustache. There he goes now."

Olympe smiled as she saw a sallow-faced youth go by. The girl saw it, and said quickly: "I like him as much, perhaps, as they say you like the brave Janvrien. Besides, Paul is no Jacobin."

"What do you mean?" exclaimed Olympe, turning quite pale.

"I mean that some of the young men in the army are suspected," said the girl, "so at least Paul says."

"Paul had better be silent on that point, I should think," remarked Olympe, gravely.

"Mam'selle is wanted in the library," said a servant, appearing.

Olympe quietly left the room, and wended her way to her father's favorite station, the splendid reception room in which he had gathered all the great literature of the past and the present. The beautiful creature never looked more lovely than she did on that day, clad in the simplest robes of white. Her hair falling in magnificent curls swept low beneath her girdle. Her eyes were fixed upon her father as he sat there in a sort of state.

"Be seated, my daughter," said her father, graciously. "I have to tell you," he added, with a proud manner, "that the Count Lanthemas makes you an offer of his heart and hand. The count is perhaps the most responsible person in the nation at the present time, and he is very fond of you. Of course you accept him?"

Olympe bowed her head, though she was terribly agitated. Trained never to question her father's motives, or prefer her own desires, she had nothing to say. It was the irrevocable parental will of France, and there daughters seldom oppose. The father was satisfied.

"Count Lanthemas will call upon you this afternoon," he said, motioning her to depart.

She left the room and hurried to her own chamber, and there fell down before a crucifix. It was a beautiful apartment, the light mellowed by hangings of amber satin fell like a pale glory about her. She looked like a saint, her lovely face upturned, her eyes full of tears. She went to an ivory box, and took from thence a picture, kissed it passionately again and again, and then with hurried steps paced the floor, sighing, moaning, anguished, while sometimes the word "Pierre," thrice repeated, sprang to her trembling lips.

That evening her father's saloon overflowed with visitors. All were talking about the tribunal then in session. The silent might have been the suspected ones. Count Lanthemas was there, his noble face irradiate. Olympe was his betrothed bride, he was supremely happy. Years before, he had decided that he would never wed, because he feared he could never love. During the time that intervened between young manhood and his present age, his character had been gathering force and solidity, and insensibly his passions had strengthened. Now that he had found the perfection which he had ever denied an existence, his love swept over his whole nature. It was no ordinary heart he laid at the feet of the beautiful Olympe; the depth and intensity of his love no mortal pen could transcribe. The knowledge of this only made Olympe more wretched. She

saw the value of the treasure that to her, individually, was valueless. She wished she had not seen Pierre, and dreaded his arrival.

But at last he was announced. Her heart beat almost to suffocation at the mention of his name. He was coming towards her, his handsome face more gloriously beautiful than ever—his dark eyes shining—his lips parted with a glowing smile.

She held out her hand, but her welcome was cold, agitated. He did not see it at first, but by degrees he became conscious that she was not the same. He begged of her a song. Every one was silent as she went towards her harp. The fame of her voice was as great as that of the star of the public. Critics declared it to be far richer than the other, and of a more wonderful compass.

Seated at the harp, her eyes grew mournful, a gathering sadness only made her look more bewitchingly beautiful. It was, however, a strange song that she improvised. It brought clouds upon the face of the gallant soldier. It even darkened the brow of the happy count, and to many eyes it brought tears. It was the story in song of a poor girl, betrothed to a noble, but loving another whom she had been forbidden to love.

"Olympe!" said a deep voice.

The young girl had just received the congratulations of the select throng that had gathered thickly about her. She started at the sound of these tones, however, and quickly turned. It was Pierre.

"Olympe, what did the song mean?" he asked in low, troubled accents.

"It meant that the highest born may have the same sorrows with the poor maiden of my verse," said Olympe, in a sad voice.

"Why are you so altered towards me to-night, beloved? Surely I have done nothing to merit this coldness."

"We must not talk thus, here," exclaimed Olympe.

"Go with me then to the conservatory."

"I dare not," murmured the young girl.

"Olympe, if you would not drive me to instant despair, I beseech you let me meet you alone," he exclaimed, in a frightfully calm voice.

"We will meet in the conservatory, then, for a few moments," she replied.

The scents of a thousand flowers threw their damp perfume on the evening air. The regal plants, displaying the brightest, richest, most tropical hues, were ranged according to the order

of their growth of beauty, while the oranges dropped from laden branches, the lemon spotted the deep green of their foliage with pale gold, and the crimson ranges of the cactus gave a glimpse of the beautiful region from whence they came.

The conservatory had been much frequented during the early part of the evening, but now the dancing had called the merry company in, and there were only groups of twos and threes scattered at irregular distances. Olympe entered with a fearful air that sat uneasily upon her, and a moment after the young lieutenant appeared.

"Tell me, Olympe," he said, pale and eager, "tell me the import of your words. Am I to understand that you no longer love me?"

"No—no—not that—I mean—that it is not honorable for me to hear such words now."

"Not honorable? In the name of Heaven what means this language, coming from the lips of one who has professed to love me?"

"O, Pierre, spare me, spare me!" cried Olympe, making a gesture of anguish. "It is not I that consent, but my father wills. I must obey outwardly, though my heart should break."

"Wills—your father wills? Olympe, are you not still mine? Speak, my brain is on fire—say 'no,' and I die before you."

He was now pale as ashes, and his eyes glittered. The poor girl trembled, and strove in vain to keep back her tears.

"I could not help it—I cannot help it—I can do nothing now but throw myself on his mercy, and trust in God."

"Whose mercy?" ejaculated Pierre.

"The Count Lanthenus," said Olympe, her voice low and faint.

"The Count Lanthenus?" exclaimed Pierre, aghast. "And has he sued for your hand? Will you marry that rock—that automaton, whose only power is political, and whom I would crush as the enemy of his country?"

"Silence—O, be silent!" exclaimed Olympe, looking about, "you endanger both our lives. It is dangerous to speak of a man high in authority, who wields kings and senates."

"And the hearts of perfidious women," exclaimed Pierre, in a passion. "The hearts of those who have perjured themselves for station and for gold. O, Olympe, I never thought this of you. I never thought you could drive so sharp a weapon through my heart. Farewell, bride of the Count Lanthenus! When you are exalted to your high dignity, think sometimes of the heart-broken soldier who died for you. Farewell!"

"O, Pierre, Pierre!"

At that cry of anguish, he turned. Regardless of everything save that he whom she loved might be about to leave her forever, Olympe stood with outstretched arms, the tears falling, and the voice like sobbing sighs.

"Discard him, Olympe," whispered Pierre, as he drew her to his bosom and showered frantic kisses upon her brow. "Together we will leave this rocking France, and find love and concord in another land. Be mine—only, wholly mine—my own beloved."

"Do not tempt me, Pierre," she said, partly regaining her composure. "I cannot leave my father, for I love him devotedly, and his curse would be more terrible than death—O, far, far more. I can only say, find another, Olympe—one who can be more to you than I can—and remember that I can never, never forget you."

"Yes, I will seek one who will more willingly become my bride," he exclaimed, pale and trembling. "I will seek death!" And he was gone from her presence.

Again the beautiful Olympe was in the saloon, surrounded by admiring worshippers. But her manner was no longer unconstrained. The dry, wild eyes, the feverish hectic and the unnatural laugh were not Olympe's, and more than one who spoke of her brilliant appearance, felt that there was a struggling undercurrent of sorrow beneath the surface of that forced exterior.

As for the count, blinded by his overwhelming love, he saw nothing of all this. She was to be his, to belong to him only; that was all he thought of—all he cared about. She might have ten thousand admirers, while her word was pledged to him, he recked not.

"I declare, it is as much as one's life is worth to go upon the street," said the young assistant of Olympe, as she came panting into her mistress's room.

Olympe was embroidering. Her cheek was pale, and there was a look of apprehension as she glanced inquiringly up.

"Why, a drunken fellow just asked me who I went for, and because I would not answer, dragged me a rod, I screaming at the top of my lungs. Presently a *gen d'arme* came along, and asked me what the matter was, and when I told him where I belonged, he gave the man a rap, and made him put me down. He bears some marks on his face, though."

"Were the streets quiet?" asked Olympe.

"Quiet? you wouldn't think so. I saw a woman raving mad, shrieking at the top of her voice. From what I could gather, they had

killed her husband, and she wanted them to kill her and her little children. I heard shoutings, too, and saw a mob, saw them dragging one of the nobility, I should judge by his white hands, dragging him along, and nearly tearing him piece-meal. Ugh, I almost hear the axe! They say it is going constantly—that the blood is ankle deep around its foot—and that the yellings and shriekings are horrible.” She clasped her hands upon her ears. “O, they tell me the marshal, next door to here, is arrested and condemned, and so is his daughter, the beautiful Marie.”

Olympe turned still paler at this horrible news.

“My student gave me the information. He says that the marshal was very white, but brave, as they took him from his door, and that Marie came out crying that she would go too. So when they refused her, she avowed herself a Jacobin. The marshal said, ‘My friends, pity her—it is to accompany me that she condemns herself—do not heed, leave her for her mother.’ But Marie cried in a louder voice, all sorts of treasonable sayings, and so made the crowd angry. They took her away with her father.”

“She is a noble creature,” said Olympe, with enthusiasm.

“My student saw her. He said she looked like an ideal of liberty, an heroic impersonation, or something of that sort. I cannot always understand his high-flown language. But she has a very sweet countenance, and when animated must be very handsome indeed. I wonder if she is sorry?”

“Sorry? No, it was glorious!” exclaimed Olympe.

“Ah, another piece of news: Pierre Janvrien, the honorable soldier, will be beheaded to-morrow at twelve by the guillotine.”

A half-suppressed cry startled the girl. In another moment she was calling for help. Her mistress appeared to faint.

“I am better—call for no one—it is nothing—I am better,” said Olympe, as a servant appeared.

And dismissing her garrulous young attendant, she moved to and fro, moaning to herself, only pausing at times to bend the knee before the shrine of the virgin. Her face was colorless, her lips had grown deadly white. Often she pushed back the thick locks from her brow, giving her hair a dishevelled appearance that only heightened her sad beauty.

“What I do, must be done quickly,” she murmured, clasping her hands in anguish. “He must be saved—for me—for me has he

courted death. I have done him grievous wrong—God forgive me!”

An hour after that, dressed in disguise, she was threading the streets of the Rue St. Honore. Horrible sights arrested her vision. Women and children wept for husbands and fathers. It seemed as if the atmosphere were thickened by a million sobs and groans. Here an aged man moved along, anguish and despair written on the furrows of his face. Once a cart filled with the condemned came by. The men sang national songs, and the women shouted their execrations. They were on their way to death, and they unburdened their minds; they gave loose rein to their tongues. They were death-mad. Some of them made the motion of the guillotine across their throats. Poor Olympe shuddered from head to foot. More than once was she spoken to, but she had a pass that would have insured any one, even a red republican, safety. Coming at last to the palace where the assembly sat, she gained an entrance. She sought for the Count Lanthénus.

“He is in his office,” said the secretary, who came out, “and desires not to be disturbed.”

“Tell him that the daughter of M. De Mercier wishes to have audience with him,” said Olympe.

The secretary instantly disappeared, returning in a moment, and with the utmost deference ushering her into a room lined with a singular green paper, whose pattern was a golden dragon fly. There, habited in a gorgeous dressing gown of purple velvet embroidered with gold, sat the count, the great minister, the national controller. Rising, he came gracefully forward, though his looks expressed both admiration and surprise. For a few moments Olympe was silent, through excessive agitation, and the terror of what she had seen and heard. At last, controlling herself, she said with a low but firm voice:

“I have but one request to make—one boon to ask.”

“If in my power I will grant it, be assured,” said the count, after waiting a few moments for her further speech.

“You have upon your list of the condemned, the name of Lieutenant Pierre Janvrien,” she said, commanding her voice.

The cheek of the count flushed—he bit his lip angrily—but in a moment he possessed a perfect self-command.

“He has been an inmate of our house for many years,” she continued, in a steadier voice, “I have known him since my childhood—O, shall I petition you in vain for the boon of his life?”



"Is't so great a boon?" asked the count. He was hastily turning leaf after leaf.

"For him, yes, yes—he is impetuous, rash, but brave and strong—he is young to die thus."

"Others die as young," said the count, coldly, while Olympe felt her heart grow heavy. "Here is his name," said the count. "Pierre Javrien, age twenty-four, condemned for traitorous designs upon his country."

Olympe held her breath.

"I will save him," said the count, in the same passive voice.

The feelings of the poor girl overcame her then. She would have thrown herself at his feet, but he prevented her with a movement, respectfully led her to the entrance, and sent her home in his own carriage. After that she heard the name of the young lieutenant no more, but she depended upon the honor of the stately Count Lanthenus.

The terrible reign came to a close. Families were once more re-united, and the slaughtered dead had honors paid to their memory. Preparations on a grand scale were going on in the mansion of M. De Mercier for the marriage of Olympe to the count, whom all France honored, politically.

Olympe herself had changed. No longer her brilliant sallies provoked the astonishment of the gay world. Her cheek had lost its color, her eye was listless, she moved languidly. Her was smile told of a breaking heart, and everybody saw the change.

They robed her in her rich bridal dress, and twined the orange-flowers in her hair. So she stood like a cold statue in the midst of the assembled company on her wedding night. As the ceremony was about to begin, the count whispered, "Parlez-moi," and leaving her he moved away a moment, returning immediately with the young, gallant and handsome Pierre, whom he called Count Pierre Lanthenus.

"I trust," he said, turning to the astonished assembly present, and speaking in a manner that proved how his great heart was moved, "I trust to make my once intended bride happier by giving her in marriage to my adopted son, Count Pierre Lanthenus. I need say nothing more, that face explains all."

It was the blushing, radiant face of Olympe turned to him, full of love, joy, gratitude. This was not the bridal she had expected, but it was he one her heart had yearned for, and it was satisfied.

The Count Lanthenus, the elder, never married; his son (I have used feigned names) became the leader of France in its most critical period.

[ORIGINAL.]

## THE OLD FOUNTAIN HOUSE:

—OR,—

### MEDFORD IN THE OLDEN TIME.

BY GEORGE H. BURMAN.

THE dingy sign creaked drearily over the windows of the weather-stained tavern. But indoors, within the sanded traveller's room, all was life and bustle. A perfect hum of voices saluted the ear; and through the hazy atmosphere redolent with fumes of punch and tobacco, might be distinguished dimly the rubicund face of the squat-looking landlord, looming above the ochre-tinted bar on which from time to time he reposed his wearied elbows—wearied with the scarce intermitted labor consequent on the continued cries for "Another flip, hot, mind you!" "Another Jamaica, deacon!" "Spirits for two!" and all the varied summons of a bibulous character to which, in the last century the ears of the hotel keeper were so accustomed even from the most respectable visitants. In those days the tavern and its hospitalities held a station in social life which they have been long since forced to abdicate.

"I tell you, sir," exclaimed a voice which rose above the general murmur, "I tell you, sir, that our affairs demand prudence; yes, demand prudence, I say. It will not do to intrust proceedings to hot-headed men, and inexperienced youths. The direction of things should be given into the hands of men of sagacity, learning, and experience, who will understand how to represent the country's grievances to his majesty's ministers."

"A fig for your learning, as you call it, schoolmaster. What good will your Latin and your Greek do when it comes to hard words and hard knocks? And hard words and hard knocks we are going to have, schoolmaster, and that right soon."

And the speaker struck a brawny fist on the table with a force which made the drinking cups clatter merrily. A hoarse murmur greeted the blunt speech to which further rejoinder was interrupted by the sudden stopping of a horse at the door of the inn, and the entrance of a young man booted and spurred, and showing in his soiled dress the evidence of hard riding.

"What news, Master George?" ejaculated two or three voices.

But the youth, coolly placing himself at the bar, declined reply till he had refreshed himself with a warm modicum of the landlord's best.

Then, replacing the goblet, and regarding the company with a slightly affected superiority of manner:

"Not much, gentlemen," he replied. "I have just been over to give the Malden folks warning that they should look for a safer storing place for their ammunition. There is rumor of a general descent of the red coats on our magazines, and the general committee are taking measures accordingly."

"Right," exclaimed the schoolmaster's beligerent antagonist. "Right! This looks a little like action. A queen's-arm and a dozen cartridges for me, before all the prosy talk that ever was spoken. Hillo, Master George, would you say no to an ensign's commission in a company of stout Massachusetts rebels, ready for all chance blows that may offer?"

"I think, lieutenant, I should accept readily enough, provided no better post offered," rejoined the young man, in a tone which sufficiently evinced his own opinion that a more advanced position would better befit his merit.

"Coxcomb," murmured the redoubtable lieutenant, inwardly much displeased at the self-sufficiency thus covertly displayed. "Here is a boy who never saw an enemy's face, nor made a ten mile march, who yet thinks himself fit to command a good score of tried veterans. Come, friends," he continued, rousing himself from his momentary dissatisfaction, "let us drink a health to all good patriots, and confusion to the king's ministers."

The proposal received unanimous consent, being stoutly put in practice with all the rude honors of the occasion. The jingle of pewter cups had not yet ceased, when the door of the apartment opened, and the comely face of William Emerson made its appearance. He was the ward of Schoolmaster Pollard, or to speak more definitely, a sort of poor relation, who, in consideration of plentiful work, was allowed a place at the frugal table of the pedagogue, with such opportunity for literary acquirement as might be snatched from his labors.

"Master Pollard," exclaimed the youth, "Miss Martha desires me to say that the supper table has been waiting long, and that she is anxious for your return."

Master Pollard reddened to the roots of his hair, while several of his fellows winked meaningly at each other.

"Tell Martha, William, that I am engaged in discussing matters of public importance, and that I will return as soon as I have finished my business."

"And here, youngster," shouted Lieutenant

Dimmick, "before you go, turn down your throat a mug of good flip, and drink a downfall to tyranny, like an honest youth as you are. Egad, you've a good eye and clean limb. I only wish that you and I were in the front rank with muskets levelled, and the enemy coming on at double quick time. Would not we make a good account, friend Will?"

"I cannot say what I should do in such case," answered young Emerson, not a little embarrassed. "And for matter of drinking, you will excuse me, I am not accustomed to heady liquor."

"The more reason that you should begin," rejoined the veteran Dimmick. "No blenching, lad, walk up and tip your mug like a soldier, such as you expect to be."

The young man colored deeply, shook his head in dissent, murmured some inarticulate reply, and hastened from the apartment, much to the discomposure of the worthy lieutenant, whose favorable impression concerning young William was instantly on the decline.

"A little of the milkop after all, I am afraid," he murmured in a disappointed tone. "But one can't always tell. I dare say now, Master George, that yonder lad, spite of his faint stomach, would hold as stout heart with the red coats as any of you youngsters."

"It may be so," replied the other, with rather a contemptuous air, "but I would not wish to risk great odds on his courage. Will was never much of a fighting character."

"Nay, Master George," replied the schoolmaster, with a pompous air of erudition. "The old Romans were wont to say, '*Nil mortuis nisi bonum*,' or as we might say in our own tongue, 'Speak nought but good of the dead.' And surely it were better that, in speaking of the absent, we should count them as it were dead to all intents and purposes; that is to say, incapable of defending themselves against injurious accusations. Moreover, since this lad William is in some very slight degree akin to myself, I might justly be blamed were I altogether to omit bearing witness to his good qualities. He has been, generally speaking, a harmless and obedient lad, and one that appeareth to have a due reverence for the gift of learning. Concerning his bodily valor, I can testify nought. Yet the youth has been well inducted by myself into the warlike histories of Rome and Greece, and cannot but have imbibed in some degree the spirit of their immortal heroes. Verily I cannot think, with such training, that the youth would disgrace himself when necessitated to the bearing of arms. Most especially must I otherwise anticipate,

since he would doubtless have before him the ensample of Master George Carter, whose martial spirit and bearing I would uphold as matters of worthy emulation."

Dimmick yawned, two or three others grinned with an owl-like intelligence on the speaker, while young Carter (half suspecting some ironical meaning to be veiled by the language of Pollard) made haste to pay his reckoning and be gone. The schoolmaster himself, apprehensive of his sister Martha's rebuke, delayed not long to follow the example. His unpresuming dwelling was but a little way from the tavern, and lifting his eyes as he neared it, he was rather surprised to behold two carefully caparisoned steeds fastened at his gate. The peculiar fashion of their harness, the shapely saddles, and the holsters on either side, struck him with added apprehension. He had not gained the porchway ere sorer cause of alarm declared itself.

"Ah, my pretty lass, a kiss, a kiss before we part. Not such a handsome face have I seen since leaving the shores of old England."

"Forbear, good gentlemen, forbear."

"By Apollo himself I'll have a taste of those cherry lips, spite of your pretended coyness," cried the first voice loudly.

The schoolmaster hesitated no longer, but hastened into the house, gaining the large keeping room just in time to see Will Emerson, with flashing eyes and clenched hands standing over the prostrate form of an English officer. The companion of the latter, with sword unsheathed, and breathing dire oaths, seemed on the point of summarily repaying the injury inflicted on his comrade. A finely formed young woman who might have been about the witching age of seventeen, half sat, half lay, in a wide rustic arm chair at one side of the massive fire place.

"Who are you, and whence," exclaimed the master, with unwonted energy, "that you thus invade with your rudeness a peaceful man's dwelling?"

"I'll let you know, my old cock," wrathfully retorted the officer, "and this young cockerel of yours also. A fine mess it must be if one of his majesty's captains cannot kiss a pretty rebel without his interference."

"Hold there," interrupted the other Englishman, slowly lifting himself to his feet, and rearranging his disordered dress. "Let well enough alone, Phippen, if you please. I fancy accounts are now tolerably well squared. I was fool enough to behave myself improperly to a worthy young lady, and this brave lad has done his duty, learning me a lesson that I will endeavor to remember. Your pardon, reverend

sir," he added, holding out his hand with such irresistible frankness that the old schoolmaster could not refrain from accepting the offer.

"You are a brave soldier, I am sure," said the old man, with a tremulous voice, "and right-hearted at bottom, or you would not thus willingly acknowledge the desert of your intrusion. Though there are many wearing your colors who seem as they were so many ravening wolves, eager for our destruction, yet your face does not declare you of such malignant temper."

"Softly, good father," returned the Englishman, "we men of war are by no means such ogres as you have chosen to think us. We are not here of our own free will and intent, but by the command of his gracious majesty, to whom our swords are due. And for my part, I have no such longing for blood and slaughter, and that sort of thing, as your province would take it for granted that every English soldier must have. But come, Phippen, we must not linger, unless I may delay for one instant to sue for forgiveness from this fair maid. Indeed, we had but called for a drink of pure water, when my own rattle-brained folly, heightened by too much wine, urged me to an offence which I sincerely regret. So then, to horse, to horse, comrade, for the sun lowers fast in the west."

"How now, Anne?" exclaimed Master Pollard, as soon as the retreat of the intruders left him more at liberty. "It would seem that you have recovered from your fright very quickly, since I see you smiling as gaily as ever."

"How can I help laughing," exclaimed the maiden, who had once more regained her cheek's warm flush, "when I think of our bold Master George, who stands yonder so silent and pale?"

"Ha, young sir, George," said her father, suddenly perceiving that youth, who stood somewhat withdrawn within a recess of the apartment, "it is well that you for once laid aside your usual rashness. Had you also raised the hand of violence, I know not what the consequence might have been."

"Most commendable prudence in him," retorted Anne, indignantly. "He never so much as opened his mouth, and I know not what I should have done, had it not been for Will breaking in as he did. But stay, George, you alone could not have— There, I have vexed him, and he is gone," and the little beauty burst into tears.

"Why, George, Master George," exclaimed the old man, hastening to the door, though too late to intercept the flight of the chagrined youth. "Turn back, turn back, lad; never mind what the idle fussy says. *Puella instabilis*," muttered

the old man, returning to the keeping room, which he found vacant, for Anne had vanished, and William himself, sagely anticipating that the irritability of his patron would, as usual, be prone to vent itself, whether with or without proper cause, had wisely followed the girl's example. *Puella instabilis*," repeated the school-master, knitting his bushy brows together, and clenching his bony fingers in the emphasis of ejaculation. "Sox unstable, varying and inconstant. Why should this provoking girl so behave herself? Did I not know that she is really attached to this young Carter, I should feel sore indeed, since it behooves my welfare and hers too, that they be mated in due time. But why will she then so often take occasion to flout him? O, sex variable, inconstant and inexplicable!"

"What now, brother John?" said a mild voice.

"Eh, Martha, is that you? What is the matter? Why, here William has been quarrelling with two of those English officers, and had like to have raised trouble enough about our ears. And Anne has taken a miff at George Carter, because he had too much wit to embroil himself with the men of war."

"Ah, a love quarrel?" said Martha, who though some years past the bound of old maidship, was a well-formed, presentable woman, with good features, and a rather brunette complexion.

"Fish, nonsense," exclaimed Master Pollard, glancing at her angrily. "You women, the most sensible of you, are always having at your tongue's ends some silly, romantic notion or other. I tell you, Martha, that I fear every day that some of our Anne's oddities will make a breach between her and the son of the wealthy and influential Squire Carter. And if it should be so that I should lose the favor of the family, I fear that it will go hard with my future prospects."

"Will it then be a severe disappointment if your project of marriage between George and Anne should fail?"

"I have set my heart on it, Martha. Have I not toiled and dived and pinched till I am near sixty, that I and mine may gain secure footing in the world, and find ourselves beyond sordid want? Why should we not have voice and power in society, as well as others who are so much less deserving than ourselves? And how far short of my aim should I not fall, were it not for contrivance and management?"

"Your management may overshoot itself, John," replied Martha, with a little severity in her tone. "Above all, beware how you let any match-making management be noticed. No

surer means could be taken to effect the duties of your plans."

"A fig for your silly advices, Martha. Have I not studied human nature from boyhood up? But I do desire that Anne should be less capricious in her conduct. Sometimes I have noticed that she behaves as kindly and civilly to young Carter as though she had no thought of fancying any other youth in the whole world. Then, perhaps the very next day, she would be directly the opposite in her demeanor. Nay, I have sometimes scarce controlled my anger at beholding her, even in George's presence, smiling kindly on WH, our bashful Will himself, and acting as though she really most affected him of the two."

"She might not be in the wrong if she did prefer William."

Master Pollard stared at her with rounded eyes.

"I am astonished at you, Martha," he exclaimed. "'*Multum admirans*,' as the classics say. Prefer William Emerson, whom I have taken into my house through charity, as it were, since the few drops of blood which in our veins claim kindred with his family, could scarce constitute any claim to our assistance—prefer him, I repeat, to George Carter, son of the most influential man in town, a youth of the highest expectations? Martha, you are mad."

"It may be so, brother John," answered Martha, from the arm-chair within which she had now composed herself, "but you know that my conclusions are not always mistaken even when they differ from your own."

#### TEN SEVENTEENTH OF JUNE.

"Why are not those guns brought forward?" exclaimed a mounted officer, imperiously addressing a group of soldiers gathered around two pieces of cannon, halted near the foot of Bunker's Hill. "Is this your discipline?" continued the speaker, his glance resting on the leader of the artillerymen. "Every moment, sir, is precious, and here you waste your time at your ease. You are once more directed to bring forward those pieces—instantly, sir, instantly."

Without stopping to hear the rejoinder, the indignant officer rode on at full speed.

"A fine idea," murmured the young man who had been thus authoritatively accosted. "I wonder whether they expect me to obey half a dozen different orders at one and the same time?"

He kept his position, in sullen disregard of the command just issued. Meanwhile, the men who had been placed under his control began to discover signs of agitation, conversing with each

either, at first in under tones, but presently with more open utterance, as their emotions were excited by the gathering signs of conflict. It was yet early in the morn, before the actual commencement of the fray. The works at the top of the hill were intercepted from the vision by an undulation which rose at a short distance in front of our little company; and over and across this hillock, now and then plunged a shot from the British ships of war which were furiously cannonading the rebel intrenchments, and enflading the line of march which the approaching reinforcements must necessarily pursue. The sight of these missiles as they ploughed the earth in their terrific career, was not calculated to strengthen an untried courage, and the nerves of more than one of the party shrank from more nearly encountering these engines of assault. Nor was the young leader himself exempt from a certain timidity, were one to judge by his pallid cheek and unsteady eye.

"We shall have some of those balls cutting in here amongst us, if we stop much longer," muttered one. "I for one think we might as well fall back a little till Captain Harris comes up with the rest of the troop. I know that he gave order that we should halt hereabout till his arrival; but he couldn't have meant that Lieutenant Carter should expose us 'thout any use."

The spirit of the men was plainly giving way, although some still said that they ought to go on at once when there was so much need of their assistance. Young Emerson, who was ensign in the company, saw the critical moment, and the necessity of immediate action.

"Sir," said he, addressing himself to Lieutenant Carter, "I would make bold to advise that we march on immediately. Some accident doubtless has detained Captain Harris, and at all events we have just received authority for an instant advance. Our further delay may be of great disadvantage."

"What, sir," exclaimed Carter, his face reddening, and his sword half uplifted, "do you presume to dictate your orders to me—to me, your superior officer?"

"No, sir," retorted Emerson, thoroughly aroused, "but there is something else that I will presume to do." "Men," he exclaimed, addressing his companions with a loud voice, "who of you came here to-day to fight? To those who did so purpose, I would say that we are losing precious moments. We have been ordered by competent authority to go on. Our present officer refuses, for what reason he himself best knows. Now, then, I will take the responsibility of moving these guns. Who helps?"

"At your peril," shouted the Lieutenant, with a threatening gesture.

He was intercepted, however, by a score of hardy forms, and as many voices eagerly exclaimed:

"Go on, ensign, go on; we'll have up the guns."

Others stood aloof, sulky and silent, yet interposing no obstacle to the action of their brave companions. These latter, putting forth their strength in earnest, moved rapidly on with the cannon, inspiring each other with short snatches of a rude Lexington ballad of which time has barely spared a single couplet:

"The red coats marched for Concord bridge,  
So merrily beat their drums, O!"

When arrived within a few yards of the intrenchments they were met by another mounted officer, a stout-built, farmer-like looking man.

"How's this, lads?" he said pleasantly. "Rather short handed for the management of these little playthings. Is this all of your company?"

"No, general," answered one, "you'll find t'other half of our company in snug shelter down yonder."

His questioner's eyes flashed fire, and he was instantly speeding in the direction indicated.

"Old Put's dander is started," said the man who had just spoken. "I rather guess you'll see our nice lieutenant and the rest of 'em up here pooty shortly now if I aint mistaken."

The guns had scarcely been placed in position when Carter and the rest of the company joined their companions.

"Which of you led the party that brought up these guns?" said Putnam, again presenting himself.

A dozen fingers were pointed at Emerson, who stood in confusion, hardly knowing whether he were not to be the recipient of blame rather than praise for the bold step which he had taken.

"Are you acquainted with the management of cannon?" inquired the general, eyeing him sharply.

"I have paid some attention to it, sir," replied Emerson, modestly.

"Beg your pardon, general, for speaking," exclaimed a sedate, middle-aged man, stepping forward, "but I must say what he wont say himself, and that is, that he can handle these cannon as well as our captain himself."

"Your captain? very well, where is he?"

"Can't say, exactly," replied Carter, who now felt compelled to speak, "but—"

"Enough," ejaculated Putnam, impatiently. "Young sir," turning to Emerson, "you will

take command of these guns till further orders be received in my name, observe you. And do you, sir," abruptly confronting Carter, "take care that his orders are promptly obeyed. Let us so behave ourselves that this day will at least do us no dishonor."

And with a meaning glance at the young lieutenant, he passed on, murmuring to himself:

"Heavens, I believe the boys are taking place of the men—captain missing, lieutenant wont stir, boy ensign brings up the guns to action! Ah, a little sharp seasoning will bring these laggards to their senses."

Young Emerson had at first given very little attention to matters around, but glancing aside a moment or two after the general's departure, he was startled at beholding the gaunt figure of Master Pollard turned toward him in an attitude of the utmost surprise.

"*Eheu, mirabile dictu!*" ejaculated the worthy man, alternately eyeing his young kinsman, and the discomfited Carter. "Truly it is marvellous! '*Milites est dux*,' the soldier is now a leader, and commands his own commanders. Truly, it is marvellous!"

"Master Pollard, Master Pollard," replied Emerson, with more than equal consternation, "is it possible that you are here? Indeed, sir, you are too venturesome at your age."

"Nay," exclaimed Master Pollard, transformed as it were to the appearance of another being by the earnestness of his feeling. "Am I too old to die for my country? I have come among these youths and riper men to show them that the aged also can bear a part in the day's work. Neither have my eyes yet lost their vision altogether, nor my arms their vigor."

"Well said," added a man at his left, leaning for an instant on a spade which he had been industriously plying. "Well said, sir. You can use a spade, too, as well as the rest of us, that I witness. For my part, I am tired out with shovelling earth; I have labored since midnight, and heartily wish this part of the work were done."

It seemed but a second of time, when a cannon shot grazed the top of the works, and Master Pollard was nearly prostrated by the shock of a body falling against him. His neighbor lay at his feet, his right arm and shoulder torn away. A single gasp and he was dead.

"His work is done," said Pollard, slowly.

A crowd gathered quickly around the corpse. To most this was a totally new experience, that of death on the battle field, with its appalling and sudden violence. As they gazed, a stalwart, military-looking man came up.

"My lads," he said, "I trust this is no more than what we are prepared to see many times to-day. Better thus than on a sick bed, far better. Those who fall to-day will be like those of Lexington, immortal. That will do, lads, take your spades and bury the dead quickly as possible."

"What," exclaimed a rustic and astonished bystander, "bury him without even a prayer?"

"My good fellow, if I should fall to-day, I should have neither spade nor prayer; time enough for such things to-morrow," replied Prescott, with a smile as full of seriousness as could have been the gravest countenance.

"Shame, shame," exclaimed one and another, with excited looks, "can no chaplain be found?"

Prescott's countenance lowered, and he was about to issue a sterner command, when Master Pollard, with bared head, arrested him.

"Sir," he said, "may it not be well for the moment to gratify what is certainly no unworthy feeling? Though no clergyman, I trust I may be able to say a few appropriate words."

"They must be few," answered Prescott, pointedly.

Master Pollard raised his eyes with reverent air, and every breath was hushed in close attention.

"Our Father in heaven, who wilt hear those who pray to thee humbly, and in a righteous cause, hear us, thy too sinful children, who this day go forth to battle the enemies of their country. Thou who didst in ancient times receive the flocks of the field as a sin-offering from thy people, wilt thou, this day, receive, the life blood which we fervently offer, giving thy blessing to that country which we would willingly die to save. Amen, and amen!"

The body was lowered into the ditch, and quickly covered. The crowd dispersed silently and steadily to their posts. Every sign of dread seemed to have vanished, and they were strengthened most visibly by those few words for the task before them. The day passed on with all its glorious horrors, rank after rank were mowed in death, and when the thrice repulsed foe were again driven as it were to the assault, when cartridge box and powder horn were empty, and when the close bristling bayonets pushed forward with deadly order on the rustic troops, still the latter bore back steadily, and with face to the foe. Musket butts and stones answered when all else failed; and the rustic, ill-armed militia kept at bay the veterans of England, retreating with equal step towards the narrow isthmus which was to place them in security.

"Don't give up the guns, boys," shouted

Emerson. "One more for Lexington and Bunker's!"

One more larum of slaughter poured forth; one more, and the last. Amid the volleying smoke their foes were upon them. The little band was fearfully thinned. Half their number had fallen.

"Don't desert me, Emerson," cried the feeble voice of Carter, who lay extended on the earth. His entreaty was vain.

"Steady, lads; close together, and lay on. There comes old Put himself."

And, at the word, the veteran with some two score sturdy reapers of death beside him, cleared a space around.

"Move on, move on, my brave fellows—take care of yourselves—let the brass playthings go. They'll not serve the redcoats to-day, I'll warrant. So put spike and hammer."

The crash and clamor of conflict rolled on, falling dull on Carter's sinking sense.

"He has left me to die," he murmured.

With an effort of reviving strength he raised himself on his elbow. He could still distinguish Putnam's rusty hat and flaming sword. The tide of retreat wavered for an instant, and the cry came: "Emerson is down; save him!"

"Move on!"

Two years had passed. Burgoyne's surrender had just lightened the gloomy horizon with a flood of joy and hope. Men's hearts, which had sunk to the stagnant depths of sullen though stubborn despair, now bounded with animation and vigor, and a universal thanksgiving spread throughout the land.

Accompanying the captive army in its inglorious march toward the eastern seaboard, came Carter, now a major in regular commission. His spirit was light and free as the bracing air which he drew in every breath. The transient cloud which had dimmed his first essay in arms had long since passed away. The encomiums of his superiors, the public commendation of Gates himself, might have been sufficient cause for exultation. But other and milder rays than those of warlike fame illumined the future. Gentle Anne Pollard, gentle and more beautiful than ever, had listened to his suit, and had not said him nay. In brief, he was hastening to his wedding day, which was to take place immediately on his arrival. The anticipated event, so welcome to him, was scarce less so to Master Pollard, and to the elder Carter, whose severe and rather worldly heart had been quite thawed by the charming face of his prospective daughter-in-law.

"A most worthy young man, Martha," exclaimed the schoolmaster to his sister, his heart meanwhile swelling with exultation. "A most worthy young man he has proved himself, and how different from the perverse lad Emerson, with whom you were once so much taken."

"Poor fellow!" said Martha, with a sigh. "I wish that I could know for a certainty what has become of him."

"Know for a certainty?" exclaimed Master Pollard, his face ablaze. "What possesses you to say thus, when we all know that he deserted to the British, and is now flourishing at the south with a pocket full of money, and a fat office, the young villain. I could wish that he had been knocked on the head at Bunker's, and lain there, as I intended that young Carter should have lain, for all the help that he would give."

"There may be some mistake, possibly," interposed the compassionate sister.

"Mistake about what? I declare you are enough to put a saint in a passion with your possiblys. You know very well that James Gibson said there was no doubt that Emerson saw and heard Carter. He stood right beside him, and perceived him look that way. It was scarce more than a yard distant. It is very easy to understand it; there had been rivalry between the youngsters. But there, Martha, I meant not to have said so much. Heaven forbid that I should wish William Emerson ill. And indeed, it is not wishing him other than well to say that I had a thousand times rather that he had died an honorable death, than to be living now, a traitor to his home and country."

Martha was effectually silenced. Yet a mutual gloom pressed on the spirits of the two, when Anne entered the room, bent on some household errand, her silken hair awave, and the tender roses and lilies coming and going like the gentle tints of an early summer morn. Such a light as was dispersed through the just now saddened room! Master Pollard, with unwonted levity of action, caught her by the arm as she passed him, and pushing softly back the tresses which encroached upon her forehead, said, with a half serious smile:

"So light and free of care, my little butterfly! And to-morrow, perchance, George Carter will be here."

"So soon?" exclaimed Anne. And there was a slight change of color, and a little tremor in her voice as she spoke.

Martha, standing by the table, involuntarily took up a small Bible which lay thereon. On a blank leaf, as she opened it, met her eyes the name of William Emerson, in his own writing.

"Poor boy!" she said, scarce aloud. "That would scarce seem a dishonest hand that traced those round and well-shaped letters."

She was startled at feeling a breath upon her cheek. Anne whispered, with a strange, wild look in her eyes:

"Aunt Martha, I saw him last night."

"Anne!"

"I dreamed it. He was pale, deadly pale. I can remember scarce anything, except that he said he had been belied. Aunt Martha, it is dreadful."

"My dear Anne, you tremble like a leaf. You have been a little nervous, that is all. There, love, think no more about it. We have a thousand like idle visions. We but spoke, of him the other eve, and this has come of it. I could recount you a full score of such baseless visions."

And, with a kiss, the comforting woman dispelled the pallor from the cheek of fair Anne. Master Pollard, meanwhile, out of hearing of this colloquy, looked on with a curious perplexity. Anne turned a glance thither, and instantly comprehended that a cheerful countenance would just at that moment be peculiarly appropriate. So, with a smile of the gayest liveliness she sprang forward, and throwing her arm playfully around him, dragged him away to the farther corner.

"Ah, sir, we must not risk your listening to our little follies."

"A joyous occasion this, friend Dimmick."

"Hum, yes, I s'pose one ought to think so."

"Ah, captain, you are a born grumbler, I must believe," exclaimed the first speaker, who was no other than Dick Hazeltine, the jolly and well-to-do merchant of the village. "One would think, from your grum looks, that you had come to attend a funeral instead of a wedding. Happy and joyous, why not, pray? Here is Master Pollard, full to the brim with honest pride and satisfaction. There is Stephen Carter, Esq., justice of peace, member of assembly, and what not, at this very moment totally forgetful of strut and consequence in his sympathy with the happiness of Carter, minor, who stands yonder, hardly conscious whether he is on his heels or his head. And who can say anything, pray, when he looks at this sweet young bride so soon to be?"

"It is I that can say it, Master Hazeltine. I am a rough fellow, I know, and one whom you would not think capable of looking very far into ladies' minds; but I can tell you that not five minutes since, that girl was thinking of a very different person from George Carter."

"Pooh, captain, you mean Will Emerson. I have heard you say that before now. But I don't think that she ever thought much of him. And I know that you and George are no great friends."

"And never will be, the popinjay! But he is coming this way. Such a condescending shake of the hand as he bestows on his humble guests! I'm off, for I want no such lofty notice."

"Ah, Dimmick," exclaimed Hazeltine, as the veteran retreated, "what a man you might be if you could but wring that drop of gall from out of your heart!—Major Carter, I wish you joy. Here am I with a crowd of your old acquaintances and fellow-soldiers to participate in your happiness."

"Ay, ay, I thank you, sir," replied Carter, with an abstracted air. "But, I pray, can you tell me who that man is who has seated himself at the table near the door? He is a stranger to me."

"A stranger?" echoed Hazeltine, peering over his questioner's shoulder. "Sure enough, and strange enough he looks—dusty, scarcely-dressed, and such eyes! Dare say it's some chap a little overloaded with liquor, who has stumbled in here. Well, well, never mind, as long as he is quiet."

"What ails the major?" said one of Hazeltine's companions a moment after the bridegroom had passed on. "'Pears to me he looks a little out o' sorts like."

"O, nothing, except there's an unbidden guest here that looks as if he had gotten his liquor aboard a little too early. And you know what Jim Thomson says, 'When a fellow's to be married or hung, he likes to have things go on in good shape.'"

"Well, Dick Hazeltine, you must always be joking, I b'leve. But, law, here comes the gal herself, pretty and blushin' as a June mornin', bridesmaids, groom and all. Declare it's enough to make an old fellow young again to look at her. No glum looks about Major George now, I warrant you."

"Why, Mason, who would have thought you so poetic? But hist, Parson Goodenow is going to begin. Hope the old man won't be quite so lengthy as he sometimes is."

The clergyman commenced a preliminary address, the prolonged phraseology of which seemed not to promise the fulfilment of the hope just expressed. But Hazeltine presently forgot all anxiety on that score, in observing a singular change in the demeanor of the young bride. At first, unusually composed as she sat by the side of the groom, awaiting the commencement of



the marriage ceremony, her color a few instants afterward began to come and go like that of one struck by some vague apprehension. Then she became pale, apparently unconscious of what was spoken, her eyes turned intently toward the farther end of the apartment. The eyes of Hazeltine and others also followed that singular gaze till attention centred on the countenance of the unbidden guest, now sitting with head erect, his face of corpse-like hue, rendered more striking by a long red seam which descended from temple to cheek. His eyes flashed with a preternatural brilliancy that chained in apparent fascination every faculty of Anne Pollard's mind. So marked became her agitation that the clergyman paused. Dimmick and Hazeltine pressed forward to remove the cause of the disturbance.

"Friend," said the merchant, "your manner is unseemly, your appearance scarce befitting the occasion. We would entreat you to retire."

"Come, sir, up with you," added Dimmick, with difficulty restraining himself to such a grasp on the offender's arm as would indicate an alternative which most intruders would have disliked to await, in view of the iron muscle exhibited in the veteran's clasp. But scarce had Dimmick placed his hand on the stranger, when the latter flung him backward as though the firm set man were the merest child.

"He is mad!"

"Mad—mad?" cried the intruder, rising and breaking out in feverish utterance. "Who would not be mad? Will none of ye greet me? Ha, dapper groom, fair maiden, must I be gone, back to shame and the prison rot? Curses on ye all, fair lips and lying hearts!"

"William!" thrilled a low, imploring voice.

"Forgive me," cried the maniac, his tones suddenly lowered to gentleness. "I am neither coward nor traitor, but since you ask it I will go. Yes, I will go."

At the word he fell. A dozen hands were outstretched to raise him, but Anne was already there, his head supported in her clasp, while the blood from his re-opened wound trickled on her snowy dress.

"William, William!—dear William—live, and I will be yours; indeed I will!"

"Neighbors," said Dimmick, hurriedly, to those around him, "we cannot be wanted just at this moment. There is space for us in the garden and orchard, till the household recovers from this unforeseen occurrence. Well, I should never have thought that to be William Emerson."

The rough soldier was, among all the guests,

first to evidence a rare and delicate consideration of feeling. The apartments were soon cleared, Anne was conveyed fainting to her own apartment, Emerson was placed on a bed in an adjoining room, and a message despatched to the physician. The elder Carter could not restrain his annoyance at such proceedings.

"Very improper, very improper," he repeatedly exclaimed. "Miss Anne, too, should not have thought it. Not respectful treatment at all."

A little consideration, however, and a few words from his son and Master Pollard sufficed to check his irritation, when Martha Pollard, coming in, said that Anne wished to talk with George. He obeyed the call.

Anne was half reclining in the arm-chair, when he approached and took the little hand which she extended with a look so beseeching.

"O, George, can you ever pardon me? Indeed, I can go no farther. I cannot marry you. I was led to believe him dead—dead to us at all events—forever. And now—George, the day before he left us for battle, I gave him my heart. He has it now. Pardon me!"

And her head with its waving tresses bent over his clasped hand in utter grief and humiliation. George shook with answering emotion, but he thought and answered manfully.

"I do forgive you, Anne, hard as it is to part with you in this way. But if you love William Emerson better than you do me, Heaven bless you both, heartily. I have been called selfish, but, Anne, I am not so to-day. And William, there has been some great mistake, doubtless he has been belied, but tell him I have had no hand in it. Anne, I can't say more. Good-by!"

She made no reply, but her eyes and her countenance told all she would have said.

For weeks William Emerson lay dangerously ill with brain fever. Before he rose again he and Anne Pollard had joined hands forever. Health again recovered, Emerson once more entered his country's service, knowing no dearer friend and fellow-soldier than Major George Carter. Both the one and the other became ennobled in character by their attachment; an attachment so strong that it gave rise to a proverb among their townsmen, "Like Carter and Emerson."

The reports of Emerson's recreancy, so strongly attested as to have gained universal belief, had arisen from the coincidence of his name with that of a refugee from New York. The young soldier had escaped from a long and cruel imprisonment, making his way homeward in a condition scarce removed from insanity.

[ORIGINAL.]

## THE MOON-GASER.—A FABLE.

BY ISA. AMEND HERBERT.

Cynthuleus stood on a prairie bare;  
A few fall flowers through their icy hair  
Looked up and smiled, but they caught not his eye,  
For he gazed on the moon in the cloud-hung sky.

Unmindful of hearts that were beating so loud,  
The modest moon hid in a rayless cloud;  
The eager-eyed gaser, scarce breathing a breath,  
Stood stricken, and seemed like a statue of Death.

His eye to the cloud, as a star to the night,  
Clung close till he saw the dark edge growing bright;  
Then he laughed—and as coyly the moon peeped out,  
The still prairie rang with his wild glad shout.

The moon like a charm o'er his spirit fell,  
His features were changed by the magic spell;  
A deep sweet smile to his face was given—  
He seemed as if breathing the air of heaven.

Now the wind rose high—through the dismal air  
The cold sleet fell on his forehead bare;  
He cared not, but smilingly still gazed on,  
And only was conscious the moon still shone.

I offered him shelter, and warmth, and home,  
And bade him, a child, to my cottage come;  
I entreated, and urged he must perish soon—  
He moved not, but whispered, "The moon! the moon!"

Morn came, and he lay on the cold earth there,  
With his wild eyes fixed on the vacant air;  
The frost had jewelled his locks of gold,  
His eyes were glazed, and his heart was cold.

[ORIGINAL.]

## THE PUMPKIN HOOD.

BY GEORGE C. LYMAN.

"A PUMPKIN hood, by all that's comfortable!  
I haven't seen one these six years." And Ned  
Bailey—one of the clerks at the M— post-  
office—slipped down from the high stool upon  
which he had been seated, and came close to the  
window, that he might purvey more at his ease  
the little bundle of Thibet and furs that stood  
before the ladies' list in the outside apartment.

It was a very graceful little figure, in spite of  
the warm wrappings that cumbered its move-  
ments, and Ned seemed to take considerable in-  
terest in watching it. Presently a very small  
plump hand was slipped from its mitten of white  
worsted, and a taper, rosy-tipped finger com-  
menced running along the line of names. What  
a pretty hand it was! Ned's eyes grew bright,  
and he regarded the lady more attentively than  
ever.

Suddenly the little figure turned around, and

never had a brown merino pumpkin hood, with  
a blue silk lining, shaded a prettier face! Such  
a pair of dazzling violet eyes! such a pouting,  
scarlet mouth! such a complexion—like rose-  
tinted ivory! The sudden, half-impatient mo-  
tion had tossed over the white brow a tress of  
soft, curling hair, like golden silk; and as the  
pretty owner tucked it inside the warm hood, the  
glance of her bright eyes fell upon Ned. Such a  
blush as leaped into her beautiful face!—(Ned  
was decidedly a good-looking young man, with  
a pair of fine, dark eyes)—it made the half-  
captivated fellow dream of roses and lilies all  
that night. But the young lady didn't stay to  
observe its effect. Very hastily she tripped into  
the street, and if Ned sighed as she went away,  
we don't know as anybody possessed the authority  
to dispute his right.

It was very cold when the clock struck nine  
that night, and Ned buttoned his overcoat closely  
about him, as he walked hastily homeward.  
Spite of the brisk exercise, he was benumbed  
with the cold when he reached his lodgings.  
Hurrying up the stairs, he threw open the door  
of his room and entered. The place was as  
cold as a tomb.

"Pshaw!" he muttered, thrashing his arms.  
"That confounded fellow has neglected to make  
a fire again. It's enough to try the patience of  
a—better fellow than I am."

He rang the bell violently, and when a little  
round-faced negro-boy answered the summons,  
he gave vent to a burst of eloquence that quite  
bewildered the boy.

"Wasn't it enough for him to walk over half  
a mile such a night, without coming to a room  
like that? Did Tom remember what he had  
promised him last week for this very thing? and  
now which would he prefer—a caning, or a pair  
of boxed ears! He didn't want to hear any  
excuses. Tom might save his breath to con-  
vince some one besides himself that he was any-  
thing else than a lazy, good-for-nothing torment.  
If he would be kind enough to quit interrupting  
him, when he was talking, he would be exceed-  
ingly obliged to him. And now did he know  
where the coal-bin was? If he was possessed of  
the desired information, Ned should expect a  
fire in that grate in the course of three min-  
utes, or—"

Tom didn't wait to hear any more, and the  
discomforted bachelor sat down in an arm-chair  
and laid his watch on the table before him.  
Perhaps he thought that this little show of  
authority would accelerate Tom's movements,  
but it really didn't seem to have the desired  
effect. It was full five minutes before the plump

little fellow waddled in with the fuel, and then he proceeded so leisurely to lay and kindle it, that Ned at length quietly arose, and taking him by the collar, led him to the door and shut him out. Then he proceeded to do the work himself.

Presently the polished grate held a bed of glowing coals, and Ned threw himself upon a lounge and lay gazing into it. But he was decidedly out of humor, and his countenance was anything but a pleasant one. Presently he commenced muttering to himself:

"He was really the most unfortunate fellow alive. He wished he had a home and a wife—mother. He couldn't see the least use in his own existence. He wished most heartily that he had never been born. He hadn't any friends, and he didn't want any friends."

He took another position upon the lounge and turned a cold shoulder to the warm, genial fire. With the new position came a new train of thought. He carelessly recalled the events of the day, and then suddenly remembered the pumpkin hood and its owner. He recalled the rosy face and pretty, jewelled hand that had attracted his attention that morning. Immediately upon this recollection, he felt better. He made friends with the fire again, and fixed his eyes pleasantly upon its brightness. He speculated upon whom the little lady was—wished he could see her again. Wondered if she was married, and concluded she wasn't. Was quite sure she wasn't, and in a few moments grew quite angry at himself for entertaining such an idea for a moment. Put a bold face upon the matter, however, and wished *he* was. Declared that he shouldn't have the slightest objections, if a little blue-eyed lady should open the door and enter that very room. Indeed he shouldn't object very strongly if she threw her cloak and furs and a brown and blue pumpkin hood over a chair, and then came and seated herself upon an ottoman beside him. And then if she should take a whim to rest her bare, dimpled arm on his breast and lay her curly head upon it, he didn't know how he could help it, without being rude—and Mr. Bailey made a point of treating all ladies with the strictest politeness.

He was very proud of his handsomely furnished apartment; yet he didn't know but what it would be less annoying than he had sometimes thought, to have a pair of small, white hands take her nicely arranged books from their case and leave them lying on the sofas and window seats. He couldn't prove that a pair of number three and a half slippers would look any worse thrown carelessly down upon the hearth than his

own did; and to his taste, the firelight would stream more richly upon an animated, flushing, living face lying softly upon his breast, than it did upon the calm, Madonna features in the gilt frame opposite. With a little sigh, he closed his eyes and let his fancy have free range. The clock struck eleven, but he did not move. Of what was he thinking? O, Ned, Ned! are you not playing traitor to the vows you made, so long ago, when pretty Lizzie Howe coolly presented you with a mitten?

The fire was gradually going down. A wreath of white ashes fell upon it. The flame of the lamp grew dim, and the room became dark and cold. With a rattle, the few living coals in the grate fell together. A mist of fairy frost-work grew over the window-panes. The wind came up and rattled the casements. With a sudden start, Ned awoke and sprang to his feet. Ah, Ned! after an evening spent like this, who shall answer for your dreams?

St. Valentine's Day. Ned worked himself into a brisk glow, as he sprang about the office, for not since he could remember, had there been such a rush of business. It was enough to make a man contented with his lot for a week afterwards, to have the privilege of waiting upon the owners of the pretty, shy faces that peeped in upon the occupants of the little back office continually. The place was crowded, and the chime of merry voices and the ring of gay laughter sounded through the building all day. Ned was tired, when night came—weary of the hum and bustle, pleasant as it was. The ladies had deserted the office—for the evening was a dark and snowy one—and save the occasional tap of a gloved finger against the window glass, as the owner called for the contents of his box, the place was very quiet.

Suddenly the sound of gay voices was heard. Ned stepped to the window. Why did his heart give such a tremendous leap? A young lady and a gentleman stood together in the outside office. As Ned looked forth, the gentleman was closing the door against the drifting snow, and the lady stood holding her skirts from her little India rubber-booted feet, while she stamped the snow from them. Laughing gayly, she untied the blue ribbons of her hood and brushed the snow from her wavy, golden hair. Then still chatting merrily with her companions, she turned to the list of letters. Again the little white finger travelled the line of names. Then hastily she turned to the window. Ned's heart beat fast.

"Miss Jessie Raymond," she cried, in the most musical of voices.

Ned reached a package of letters and shifted them four consecutive times, without knowing whether the desired letter was there or not.

"I am quite sure that it is here," observed the owner of the dazzling eyes that was watching his movements. "It is impossible that it has been taken by any one else."

With some effort, Ned recovered his scattered senses and found the letter. As he handed it forth, the touch of the little white hand that received it, thrilled him like an electric shock. He blushed, and when the young lady made some inquiry regarding the evening mail, stammered so as to be scarcely intelligible.

When she had gone, he sat down and covered his face with his hands. One of the clerks came in and asked if he was sick. He thought he was—would go home and leave him to close up the office. And he went home, but not to sleep. The queerest fancies haunted him. If he looked into the fire, the coals assumed the appearance of bright eyes that sparkled and laughed in his face. He tried to read. If a cloud of silky, golden hair had fallen upon the pages, he could have distinguished the words and their meaning quite as plainly. The sound of the wind seemed to him like gay, mocking, girlish laughter; and he grew so uneasy, that at last he sprang up and commenced pacing the floor. But he soon grew tired of that, and seated himself at his desk to write to an old schoolmate. Having written three pages very carefully, he prepared to read them, and found them to be addressed to "dear Jessie," and their import to consist of the most extravagant expressions of love.

"I believe I'm bewitched!" he exclaimed, tossing the sheet into the fire. Ah, Ned! there was "more truth than poetry" in those words.

When the eastern mail came in, next morning, Ned received a letter from an aunt who was his only surviving relative, and had been his guardian from his infancy. The old lady was an invalid, and very wealthy and eccentric; and though Ned ever treated her in a most dutiful manner, her commands were sometimes very unreasonable and annoying to him. She would imagine her last end to be drawing near, without the slightest physical change to warrant the supposition; and whenever this whim entered her head, her nephew was forthwith summoned to attend her. So used had Ned become to this freak, that the reception of the letter caused him not the slightest uneasiness on the good lady's account, although he gave utterance to a little sigh on his own.

"I wonder how long I am to be shut up in that dismal old den of a country-house, in the

dead of winter?" he muttered, as he threw himself and his portmanteau into the cars. "And just now, of all times! Hang the women!"

If Ned had been asked if he made no exceptions, when he gave vent to this spiteful denunciation of the fair sex, he would have given the questioner a most unsatisfactory answer. But as it was, he was whirled on to his destination without any interruption to his most uncomfortable thoughts.

"Just as I supposed!" he exclaimed to himself that evening, as he walked back and forth in the long sitting-room beneath his aunt's chamber. "Another of those unreasonable whims. Now what in the name of reason am I to do, caged up in this old, dreary place, for the next four weeks, whilst she—" He stopped, shocked at his own indiscretion, and then taking a lamp from the mantel, went sullenly to bed.

Several days passed by—Mrs. Bailey always remaining in her own room, and Ned, companionless and lonely, wandering restlessly about the house, uneasy in mind and body.

At last the mistress of the establishment considered herself able to be brought down stairs, and, having been bolstered up in an easy-chair, was wheeled into the parlor, where sat her most unhappy nephew in a brown study.

"Edwin," she exclaimed, after gazing at him for some time, "how queerly you look! You're not going to be sick, are you?"

With only an "excuse me, aunt," in answer, Ned hurried from the room.

Incongruous as the idea seemed, he had suddenly devised a scheme that might possibly favor him. Going to his room, he seated himself, with pen, ink and paper; and when a servant came to call him to dinner, she was answered only by a thundering "begone!"

That afternoon, Ned walked a mile and a half to the post-office, and carried with him a letter addressed to Miss Jessie Raymond. It was a bold venture, but Ned was desperate—and—successful!

On the third morning, he received an answer. A perfumed note was handed him, on which was inscribed the most delicate characters, expressive of the modest interest which the writer felt in the author of the letter she had received, and a kind consent to correspond with him. Ned was in raptures; he pressed the precious missive to his lips and put it—away in his trunk! It was answered immediately, and letters came and went, through the succeeding fortnight, at a rate that made the old postmaster look suspiciously over his spectacles at Ned's handsome, animated face.

At length his aunt gave her consent to his return to town, and then the last and most important letter was penned. He gave full vent to his emotions, and in the most delicate manner hinted at his wish to see his fair correspondent in person, and begged the favor of an interview on his return to town. An answer granting all he desired was received, and on the following day he was seated in the cars, on his way to M—. As he rode along, he took the last precious letter from his pocket and re-read it. Somehow it did not sound to him then as it did when he first perused it in the solitude of his chamber. He thought it smacked more of the theatrical style than any letter he had ever seen before. But then had he not written her much in the same strain—ardently, extravagantly, with allusions to congenial souls and future bliss? He replaced it in his vest pocket, with a smile, and leaning back in his seat, gave himself up to pleasant thoughts.

Stopping at his hotel only long enough to leave his portmanteau and make some alterations in his toilet, he hurried out on to the street in the direction of Miss Raymond's residence. He found it a large brick house, with a quiet, aristocratic air. His ring was answered by a mulatto girl, who ushered him into a finely furnished apartment, where he sat down with a heart beating a great deal faster than usual, and awaited the appearance of the lady.

At last a light step was heard, and as he rose, ere he had time to turn towards the door, a female, about six feet high, dressed in a very gaily trimmed dress of pink merino, and apparently about thirty-five years of age, threw himself violently into his arms, and amidst tears and caresses, sobbed out—"My dear Edwin!"

Ned turned pale and staggered to a seat upon the sofa—the lady still clinging to him.

"My dear madam," he cried, striving to lift the ringletted head from his shoulder.

"O, do not speak to me!" she exclaimed, throwing both her bare, sallow arms about his neck. "It is happiness enough to be near you—to feel your embrace—to know that at length I have found a congenial soul—that nought but death can ever part us more! O, I love you—I love you!"

"For heaven's sake, madam!" cried Ned, wildly, struggling from her embrace; and at length succeeding, he stood before her. "There has been some mistake. You are not the lady I wished to see."

"Who did you wish to see?" said the lady, suddenly drying her tears, and brushing her dishevelled ringlets from her face.

For an instant, Ned stood nonplussed; then suddenly observing the portrait of the beautiful object of his dreams, and the wearer of the pumpkin hood, he pointed to it and said:

"It is the original of that, that I saw, and supposed I was corresponding with. How has this terrible mistake occurred?"

"That is the portrait of my niece, Miss Alice Browne. She was married here this morning, and left town with her husband a few hours ago. She has taken several letters from the post-office for me lately, and I suppose that is what you meant by saying that you had first seen me there. But," cried the lady, springing towards him, convulsed with anger, "you needn't think to get off in this way—for you won't. No," she continued, shaking her bony hand so near his face, that he stepped back in dismay, "no, I'll not be tampered with in this way. I'll sue you for breach of promise, sir, for I'm able to do it. I have your letters, and the smartest lawyer in the land can't clear you. You're a wretch to abuse a poor girl in this way—gaining her affections, and then casting her off with some senseless twaddle about a mistake! I'll not stand it, sir. I'll not be hoaxed by any man!"

Poor Ned! Explanation and persuasion were useless. The affair cost him a lawsuit, and that wasn't the worst of it. About three months after, he passed in the street the beautiful niece of his correspondent, and by the roguish sparkle of her blue eyes, as she met his glance, he knew that she was acquainted with the whole matter. Words could not express his chagrin, yet, strange to say, the affair has not taught him the lesson it was evidently intended to teach—for Ned is still a bachelor, and stares at the pretty girls who enter the office as intently as ever.

#### AN OPEN DOOR.

A few years since, while Rev. Thomas Hill (the newly elected President of Antioch College), was occupying the pulpit for the day, of the Second Unitarian Church of Brooklyn, there was a very severe rain storm, and the church door being open, one of the congregation was about to shut it, when Mr. Hill announced his text from Rev. 3: 8: "Behold, I have set before thee an open door, and no man can shut it." The effect upon the person was so apparent that he did not stir; so the door remained open.

The sermon, however, was a very good one, and opened the door to the attention of the congregation present; but the coincidence of the occasion was remarked by several, and Mr. Hill (who was afterwards informed of it) laughed heartily over it.—*Christian Inquirer*.

#### A SKYLARK.

Type of the wise, who soar but never roam;  
True to the kindred points of heaven and home.  
WORDSWORTH.

## The Florist.

Bend your brown branches, leafless trees,  
Beneath the wintry sky;  
I know for me the harvest-time,  
The vintage hour, is nigh!

### Growing Camellias in Pots.

The camellia is a plant which requires abundance of water, and yet is soon killed by suffering stagnant moisture to remain round its roots. When grown in a pot there should be abundant drainage. The soil should be peat-earth and sand, which may be mixed with a little vegetable mould, if it is desired to have the plants of a very luxuriant growth, and the plants should be potted high. The pots should not have saucers—or, if they have, for the sake of cleanliness, the water should be carefully poured out of them immediately after the plants have been watered. The plants should be watered abundantly every day while their flower-buds are swelling; for, if this be neglected, the buds are apt to drop off. When the flowers begin to expand, the watering is not of so much consequence, though it should be continued in moderation, and a plentiful supply should be given when the plants are making their young shoots. After they have done growing, watering once or twice a week will be sufficient till the flower-buds begin to swell.

### Round-shaped Cacti.

These plants take their name from their resemblance in form and spines to a curled-up hedgehog. There is, however, a great degree of confusion about them; and those with very long-shaped flowers are by some called *cerus*, because their flowers resemble in construction those of other plants belonging to the genus *cerus*. But whatever the name given to them, all the round-shaped, ribbed, spiny or porcupine cacti, require the same treatment—that is, to be grown in vegetable mould, mixed with pounded bricks or lime rubbish. The pots should be drained with cinders, and the plants be frequently watered; but water should never be given overhead, as when there is an indentation, it will rot the centre if suffered to remain there, which can hardly be avoided if water be poured all over the plant.

### Genista.

There are above fifty distinct species of *genista*, most of which will live in the open air, but some are greenhouse shrubs. They are all very handsome from their profusion of bright yellow flowers. The greenhouse kinds should be grown in peat and loam, and are propagated by cuttings under a glass, which should be frequently taken off and wiped, or they will damp off.

### Patersonia.

A fibrous-rooted genus of very beautiful plants, natives of New Holland. They should be grown in sandy loam and peat, and are increased by dividing the roots or by seed. They require a little protection during the winter, and on that account are generally grown in pots which can be readily removed from the border to the greenhouse.

### Lapourousia.

Cape bulbs with pretty flowers, which may be planted in a warm border and left in the ground during winter, if protected during that season by a hand-glass from frost and heavy rain.

### Management of Cuttings.

The management of cuttings after they are planted depends on the general principle that, when life is weak, all excesses of exterior agency must have a tendency to render it extinct. No cutting requires to be planted deep, though such as are large ought to be inserted deeper than smaller ones. In the case of evergreens, the leaves should be kept from touching the soil, otherwise they will become damp, and rot off; and in case of tubular-stalked plants, which are in general not very easily struck, owing to the water lodging in the tube and rotting the cutting, both ends may, in some cases—as for instance, the honeysuckle—be advantageously inserted in the soil, and besides with a greater certainty of success, two plants will be produced. Too much light, air, water, heat and cold are alike injurious. To guard against these extremes in tender roots, the most common means is that of enclosing an atmosphere over the cuttings, by a hand or bell-glass, according to their delicacy. This produces a uniform stillness and moisture of the atmosphere.

### Growing Tulips.

One of the best composts for tulips, in order to insure bloom, is made up of equal parts of fresh soil, well-decomposed barnyard manure, decayed horse-manure and good loam. When variety of colors is desired, a compost may be used of one-third old lime, well pulverized and sifted finely, and two-thirds of fresh soil. It is a good rule to take every dry part, which appears of a brown or black color, away from each tulip-root before planting it. In planting seedling tulips, care should be taken to keep them clear of weeds, and the second year they may be expected to send forth flowers. At this stage, it is advisable to pull out and throw away such as are of a red or yellow color, as they will not prove to be handsome flowers, and are, therefore, perfectly useless. Such as are of purple and flesh color will prove fine flowers, and should be saved.

### New Seedlings.

French amateur florists have lately been remarkably fortunate in the production of new seedlings of some classes of flowers. For years the old scarlet geraniums have been grown without showing any remarkable or distinct new colors; the French, however, have within a short time past raised sorts quite dissimilar to any previously seen. Among the recent sorts are the *rubens* and *damage*; the former a superb rosy crimson, and the latter a salmon pink of exquisite shade. There are also the *nemesis* and *consuello*; the former a delicate shade of pink, with large white centre—the *consuello* a rosy scarlet, and blossoms very large.

### Bulbs.

Bulbs of most kinds flourish in rooms with less care than most other kinds of plants. Hyacinths, tube-roses and lilies should be planted in the autumn. In preparing pots for them, select such as are about four inches deep and three inches wide; put a little rotten dung into each pot, fill up with rich, light soil, and plant the bulbs so shallow that nearly half the bulb stands above the soil. As soon as the bulbs begin to start, water well, and keep them in the sun.

### Pernettya.

A pretty little evergreen bush, a native of Terra del Fuego, with white, heath-like flowers. It is quite hardy, and only requires to be grown in a bed of peat soil.

## Curious Matters.

### A Sea of Punch.

On October 25, 1784, a bowl of punch was made at the Right Honorable Edward Russell's house, when he was captain-general and commander-in-chief of his majesty's forces in the Mediterranean. It was made in a fountain in the garden, in the middle of four walks, all covered over with lemon and orange trees; and in every walk was a table, the whole length of it covered with cold collations, etc. In the fountain were the following ingredients, viz., four hogheads of brandy, eight hogheads of water, twenty-five thousand lemons, twenty gallons of lime-juice, thirteen hundred weight of fine Lisbon sugar, five pounds of grated nutmegs, three hundred toasted biscuits, and lastly, a pipe of dry Mountain Malaga. Over the fountain was built a large canopy to keep off the rain; and there was built on purpose a little boat, wherein was a boy who belonged to the fleet, who rowed round the fountain and filled the cups of the company—and in all probability over six thousand drank from it.

### Hearing his own Funeral Sermon.

An English paper—the Gateshead Observer—tells a curious story of an inmate of one of the workhouses on the Tyne, who on a recent occasion fell into such a state, that it was difficult to say whether he was dead or “dead drunk,” and the opinion of the doctors having been taken, he was pronounced to be in the former condition. He was accordingly carried to the dead-house, and preparations were made for his burial. Sunday intervened—there was divine service in the workhouse—and the reverend gentleman who officiated having heard of his removal, “improved” the event; but by this time the jovial pauper had recovered from his trance—had demonstrated his death to be a “fallacy of the faculty”—and was discovered to be listening with great sobriety to his own funeral sermon!

### Female Heroism.

The Charlotte (N. C.) Bulletin records the heroic conduct of a young lady residing in Henry county, Virginia. A child of Dr. Watt, of Charlotte, was on a visit to the Read family, and while playing in the yard was struck in the foot by a rattlesnake. Fully aware of the danger which she incurred, but without a moment's hesitation the courageous young lady set to work to draw the poison from the wound by applying her mouth to the bite, and sucking out the virus, which she persevered in until she was satisfied that the poison had been eradicated. Up to this time she had experienced no ill effects from the poison, and the child, with the exception of a swelling of the foot and leg, was well in a few days.

### Noteworthy Example.

When railways were in their infancy, it was supposed that they would injure the estates through which or near which they run, and Mr. Labouchere's father received the compensation of £80,000 for an imaginary detriment to his property of this sort. After his death, his son, finding there was no injury to the estate from the vicinity of the railway, but the contrary, refunded the £80,000.

### New Poultry.

It is said that chickens of a new breed, called “Belpendean,” are being introduced into this country. Instead of feathers, they are covered with fine hair like that of lap-dogs, very white, soft and beautiful, and have curious red ornaments on their heads.

### Electricity.

In front of the “Bellepue Imperial” at Paris, there exists an open space, upon which the opera-house formerly stood, where the Duke de Berri was assassinated. The place is ornamented with a bronze fountain, which has just been coated with copper by the electrotype process. The operation was carried on in a workshop built for the purpose at the neighboring village of Anteuil. Some weeks ago the upper basin, from which the water flows through sixteen tigers' mouths, was in the bath of sulphate of copper when a violent thunderstorm burst over Paris, and the lightning-fell close to the workshop in question. Immediately after the storm had subsided, M. Oudry caused the liquid copper to be poured off, in order to examine the vase, and to assure himself that the electric fluid had not deranged the deposit. He was extremely surprised to discover that the copper had been deposited on the tigers' heads in streaks or lines about the twenty-fifth of an inch in height, separated by equal intervals, and so happily arranged that they form a veritable tiger's skin, covered with hair, in as perfect a manner as if they had been produced by the hands of a skilful engraver.

### Betraying Government Secrets.

A curious case, involving the crime of treason, has just come to light in Berlin. A workman in the royal manufactory of the percussion mixture used in the preparation of cartridges for the needle-gun, was induced to betray the secret to, it is said, a French agent. He attempted to forward a quantity done up as bales of paper. At the railroad office attention was attracted by the extraordinary weight of the packages, which were opened and found to contain a large quantity of detonators. An agent of the secret police was at once despatched from Berlin, and both the workman and his tempter are said to have been secured. The composition is a secret, and all the employees in the manufactory are required to take oaths of allegiance and secrecy. His betrayal of trust is thus a case of high treason.

### A gifted Family.

The Broun family are giving concerts in England. Mr. Broun, who is a German, is so fortunate as to possess six children singularly gifted. Two of them, girls, play upon the violin, one, a lad, handles the double bass, another, quite a boy, performs upon the violoncello, a younger brother plays the viola, and an elder sister sits at the piano. Thus an orchestra is formed, and difficult pieces of music are rendered in a manner both strange and delightful.

### New Fire Alarm.

An ingenious mechanic in St. Louis has devised a singular fire alarm apparatus for hotels. Cords with weights attached run to all the rooms in the house, and connect with registered bells in the office. A fire in any part would burn one or more of those cords, whereupon, by mechanism nicely arranged, the bell to which it was attached would be made to fall to the floor, and all the others set to ringing loudly.

### The Lover's Puzzle.

To learn to read the following, so as to make sense, is something of a mystery:

I thee read see that me  
 Love is down will I'll have  
 But that and you have you'll  
 One and up and you if

### Singular Presentiment of Death.

Among the effects of the late Henry B. Lane, the young man who was recently burned to death by the explosion of a can of camphene in the St. Louis Democrat office, was found a diary, in which the following entry had recently been made. It is certainly a most remarkable instance of presentiment of death:

"To whom it may Concern.—Having been impressed with forebodings of the most painful nature within the last four or five weeks, and fearing that I am about to meet with some sad misfortune or other, I take this method to make known my wishes, should anything happen which may cause my death. It is my request that some one will inform my relations, by writing to Mr. John Buckworth, No. 187 Spring Street, New York, at the earliest possible moment, and also please to write to my mother, Mrs. Hannah D. L. Neal, London Mills, London, N. H., and thereby render a favor to one who died in a strange land.  
HENRY B. LANE."

### Maternal "Affection" of the Tiger.

Contrary to the habits of most animals, which take the utmost care of their young, and in their defence will expose themselves to the direst peril, the mother tiger is in the habit of making her young family her pioneers, and, when she suspects anything wrong, of sending them forward to clear the way. Knowing this curious propensity, the experienced hunter will not fire upon a cub that shows itself, for the mother will, in most cases, be waiting to see the result of her child's venture. Therefore, they permit the cub of cubs to pass with impunity, and reserve their ammunition for the benefit of the mother as she follows her offspring.

### Curious Instrument.

Dr. Scott Allison has introduced a new instrument for the detection of diseases in the chest, which he calls the "chest goniometer," or angle measure, by which he is enabled to detect the slightest deviation from symmetry, and thus to discover depression at a very early stage of consumption, and to mark the progress of the disease, whether favorable or unfavorable. The instrument is of ivory, and very light and portable. Its use in the way intended is said to give very satisfactory evidence of its usefulness and value, and it is being extensively introduced.

### The great Bell of Birmah.

An East India missionary writes of a celebrated heathen temple near Rangoon:—"Near this pagoda is by far the largest bell I ever saw. Its weight is, as written on the bell, 2,514,549. These figures, according to some, mean *ris*; according to others, *respects*. Taking the lowest estimate, the weight of the bell is over 90,000 pounds. I think there is nothing that will compare with it in England or America. Some fifteen or twenty men can stand inside of it. It contains, according to the inscription, one hundred and twelve pounds of gold, which would be alone worth over twenty-five thousand dollars."

### Remarkable Suicide.

A desperate case of suicide is recorded in the St. Louis papers. A Frenchman, named Jean Benoit Bonnadieu, cut his throat, but being disappointed in not succeeding in killing himself, he took a gun, placed the end of the barrel in the wound he had made in his throat, and pulled the trigger. He had method enough in his madness to point the gun upward, so that the bullet penetrated his brain instantly, and so ended his misery.

### Child nurtured by Wolves.

Le Loyer, an old writer on demonology, relates a story of a child nurtured by wolves, remarkably similar to those which have been recently brought from the kingdom of Oude. This account is, that in the reign of the Emperor Louis, of Bavaria (A. D., 1818-47), a child was taken in a forest of Hesse, who walked on his hands and feet, and in this manner was able to run faster than any wild animal. After a time they succeeded in taming him, and he was taught to walk upright by tying his hands to sticks. He related that, at the age of about three years he had been carried away by wolves, which had removed him to their den, without doing him any harm. The wolves shared their food with him, and lay round him in winter in order to protect him from the cold. They forced him to walk and run like themselves on his hands and feet; and he became so perfect in this mode of progression, that there was no wolf in the forest which could run faster, or leap a ditch better, than he could. This boy was presented to Prince Henry, Landgrave of Hesse, and he often said he would have preferred to remain with the wolves, so far had his life in the woods become a second nature.

### Pigs taking Opium.

A London agricultural paper, "The Field," says that the opiate in the flower of the poppy fattens pigs by making them sleep more. One of their correspondents writes:—"In a sandy field of mine, a part of which had been dug up and not planted, a large quantity of poppies grew and completely covered the ground. Not knowing what to do with them, I asked a farmer how I should act, and he advised me to give them to the pigs. This I did, and was surprised to find how fond they were of them—eating them up clean, and with evident relish, and preferring them to other food as long as they lasted. The pigs improved in flesh, and one of them which was unusually noisy became quiet even when his feeding time came round. No doubt the poppies had some somniferous effect; but no injurious symptoms followed, and the bowels were not constipated, as I thought would perhaps have been the case. I had never heard of it before; and perhaps this may induce others whose land produces a large crop of poppies to try this novel way of feeding their pigs."

### Odd Fatality.

A returned Californian reached home a short time ago with between \$15,000 and \$16,000 in gold coin. Feeling it unsafe to keep so much money about him, and suspicious of the honesty of banking institutions, he determined to bury it, which he did accordingly, without informing any one of the locality. A few days afterwards he went out riding, when he was thrown from his horse and instantly killed. Of course no one knows where the money is, although it has been searched for very carefully.

### Singular Accident.

A lady came near losing her life by a singular accident, in Louisville, while riding in a buggy. One end of a scarf which she wore around her shoulders blew off, and was caught in the spokes of one of the wheels, and wound up in such a manner as to draw her neck down on the wheel, and was choking her very severely. Some gentlemen stopped the buggy, and relieved her from her perilous situation.



## The Housewife.

### Bally Lunn.

Sift into a pan one and a half pound of flour; make a hole in the middle of it, and put in two pounces of butter, warmed in a pint of sweet milk, a saltspoonful of salt, two eggs well beaten, and two tablespoonful of the best brewer's yeast. Mix the flour well with the other ingredients, and bake it in a turban form, or bread-pan, well greased. It requires to be put to rise at three o'clock, in order to bake it at seven o'clock.

### Muffins.

One quart of milk, two eggs, a piece of butter the size of an egg melted in the milk, two tablespoonful of yeast, a little salt. When the milk is warm, put all the ingredients together, add two pounds of flour, set it in a warm place and let it rise. Turn into buttered pans, and bake to a light brown. About twenty minutes is long enough if the fire is good.

### Bread Sauce for Partridges.

Cut up an onion, and boil it in milk until it is quite soft; then strain the milk into a cup of stale bread-crumbs, and let it stand one hour. Then put it into a saucepan, with about two ounces of butter, a little pepper, salt, mace, and the boiled onion. Boil it all up together, and serve it in a sauce-tureen.

### Fremont Bread.

A little more than a quart of flour, three eggs, two tablespoonful of white sugar, three tablespoonful of butter, one teaspoonful of cream tartar, one half-teaspoonful of soda in one cup of milk. Bake about half an hour.

### Potato-Balls Ragout.

Add to a pound of potatoes a quarter of a pound of grated ham, or some sweet herbs, or chopped parsley, an onion or eschalot, salt, pepper, and a little grated nutmeg, and other spice, with the yolks of a couple of eggs.

### Potatoes Roasted under Meat.

Half boil large potatoes; drain the water; put them into an earthen dish, or small tin pan, under meat roasting before the fire; baste them with the dripping. Turn them to brown on all sides; send up in a separate dish.

### To remove Ink.

Ink may be removed by rubbing upon it the juice of wood-sorrel, holding it over a hot flat-iron with a cloth between; then wash it out, without soap at first. Sometimes cream-tartar and boiling water will remove ink.

### To remove Paint or Grease, Pitch or Tar.

Make a mixture of one pint of alcohol and one ounce of spirits of nitre. Wet the soiled place, and rub hard with the fingers until it is removed.

### A liquid Glue that keeps for Years.

Dissolve two pounds of good glue in two and one-ninth pints of hot water; add gradually seven ounces of nitric-acid, and mix well.

### Invisible Cement.

Dissolve Russia isinglass in hot alcohol, and it will stick firmly broken crockery or glass.

### Cider Cake.

One pound of butter, one pound of sugar, four eggs well beaten together. Dissolve two teaspoonful of soda in one pint of cider, and pour into the previous mixture, and then stir in gradually two pounds of flour. Cloves and mace are the best seasoning. Any fruit can be added, either raisins, currants or citron. This makes two large loaves. It should be baked three hours with a steady heat.

### Rich Loaf Cake.

Three-fourths of a pound of sugar, three-fourths of a pound of butter, six eggs, half a cup of molasses, one pound of flour, one pound of currants, one teaspoonful of cloves, one teaspoonful of cinnamon, one teaspoonful of nutmeg, one teaspoonful of soda, one pound of raisins chopped fine, half a pound of citron.

### Milk Biscuit.

Ingredients—One pound of flour, quarter of a pound of butter, quarter of a pound of sugar, one and a half teaspoonful of milk, one egg, one wineglassful of yeast, a teaspoonful of spice, and six ounces of flour to mix with. Make into a fine, light dough, and bake them in tins, or in pans.

### Jenny Lind Cake.

One cup of butter, two cups of sugar, one cup of milk, six eggs well beaten, yolks and whites separately—the whites should be kept until everything else is done and then added—four cups of flour, into which two teaspoonful of cream tartar should be well stirred. Flavor with lemon.

### Potato Bread.

Boil and peel a dozen mealy potatoes; rub them through a sieve, mix them thoroughly with twice the quantity of flour or meal, add sufficient water to make a dough of the ordinary consistence, ferment in the usual way with hop or potato yeast, and bake in rather a hot oven.

### Temperance Cake.

One cup of milk, one cup of sugar, one tablespoonful of butter, one teaspoonful of soda, and flour to make it as stiff as cup cake. This should be eaten new, as it soon dries if kept. Most persons like it best eaten with butter. It may be baked in a small loaf or in cups.

### Potato Cakes.

Mash boiled potatoes until smooth, and knead with flour to the consistency of light dough; roll it about an inch thick, cut in any form desired, prick with a fork, and bake on a griddle.

### Rice Bread.

To one pint of rice boiled soft and two quarts of wheat meal add a handful of Indian meal; mix with milk to mold it like wheat bread, and rise with yeast.

### Carpets.

If you are buying a carpet for durability, choose small figures.

### To destroy Crickets.

Scotch snuff put on the holes where crickets come out, will destroy them.

**Roast Capons and Fowls.**

They must be killed, in warm weather, two days before cooking; in cold weather, several days. A good criterion of the ripeness of poultry for the spit is the ease with which the feathers can be plucked; always leave a few on to pluck to ascertain this. A full grown fowl requires about an hour and a quarter for cooking; it is prepared and dressed exactly as a turkey, only not much, if any, stuffing in the belly of the fowl. The crow requires some for plumpness, but the stuffing absorbs the flavor of the fowl. The gravy is made like the turkey, of the liver and gizzard. Cranberry sauce is a necessary companion of roast poultry.

**A Cure for Lockjaw.**

A young lady ran a rusty nail into her foot recently. The injury produced lockjaw of such a malignant character that her physicians pronounced her recovery hopeless. An old nurse then took her in hand, and applied pounded beet-roots to her foot, removing them as often as they became dry. The result was a complete and most astonishing cure. Such a simple remedy should be borne in mind.

**Potatoes fried with Fish.**

Take cold fish and cold potatoes. Pick all the bones from the former, and mash the fish and the potatoes together. Form into rolls, and fry with lard until the outside is brown and crisp. For this purpose, the drier kinds of fish, such as cod, hake, etc., are preferable. Turbot, soles, eels, etc., are not so good. This is an economical and excellent relish.

**Tea Cakes.**

Two eggs, well-beaten; two spoonful melted butter, in a pint of milk; add one teaspoonful of soda. Put two teaspoonfuls of cream-tartar into a little flour, and mix with the former ingredients, and continue to add flour until it makes a stiff batter. Drop into cups or tins, and bake in a quick oven twenty minutes. These cakes are very nice either hot or cold.

**Chicken Broth.**

Wash half the breast and one wing of a tender chicken; put it in a saucepan with three half pints of water, a little salt, and one tablespoonful of rice or pearl barley. Let it simmer slowly, and skim it. When the chicken is thoroughly done, take it out of the broth. Serve the latter in a bowl with light bread or a fresh cracker.

**Potato Colcanon.**

Boil potatoes and greens and spinach separately. Mash the potatoes; squeeze the greens dry, chop them quite fine, and mix them with the potatoes, with a little butter, pepper and salt. Put into a mould, buttering it well first; let it stand in a hot oven for ten minutes.

**Grape Jam.**

Boil grapes very soft, and strain them through a sieve. Weigh the pulp thus obtained, and put a pound of crushed sugar to a pound of pulp. Boil it twenty minutes, stirring it often. The common wild grape is much the best for this use.

**Cheap Loaf Cake.**

Take two spoonful of butter, two cups of sugar, two cups of milk, two teaspoonfuls of soda, two cups of raisins, chopped fine, and flour enough to make a stiff batter. Add a nutmeg, or a little clove or cinnamon, for flavor.

**To preserve cut Flowers from wilting.**

Procure a flat dish of porcelain, into which pour water; place upon it a vase of flowers, and over the vase of flowers a bell-glass with its rim in the water. The air that surrounds the flowers being confined beneath the bell-glass, is constantly moist with water that rises into it in the form of vapor. As fast as the water becomes condensed it runs down the side of the bell-glass into the dish; and if means be taken to enclose the water on the outside of the bell-glass, so as to prevent it evaporating into the air of the sitting-room, the atmosphere around the flowers is continually damp. The plan is designated the "Hopean Apparatus." The experiment may be tried on a small scale by inverting a tumbler over a rosebud in a saucer of water.

**Canary Birds.**

Persons who keep canaries and other birds, instead of putting fine gravel in the cage, that the poor birds may help themselves to flint, to assist their digestion, sometimes give them a piece of cuttle fish bone (carbonate of lime), which is useless. The consequence is, the poor creatures sicken and die of dyspepsia. If any one will make the experiment and try the effect of some minute particles of silica on their favorite song-birds, the extreme greediness with which it will be consumed will speedily assure them of the necessity for its continuance.

**Cranberry Sauce.**

Pick and wash the cranberries. Put them into the kettle or saucepan with a little water, and stew them about half an hour; then stir them up, and add sugar enough to sweeten; stir it in, and cover it up tightly; let it simmer fifteen minutes; take off the cover, and let it simmer a little longer, and turn into an earthen jar.

**A useful Remedy.**

A simple but often very effectual remedy for biliousness, arising from any cause whatever, will be found in drinking half a tumbler of lemon-juice. It can be repeated, if necessary, and will put many a headache to flight.

**A good Tooth-Powder.**

Take pulverised orris-root, charcoal and pumice-stone, in the following proportions:—two-thirds orris-root, one-sixth each of charcoal and pumice-stone. This dentifrice should be used with care as to frequency.

**To take out Mildew.**

Mix together soft soap, powdered starch, half as much salt, and the juice of a lemon; lay it on both sides with a painter's brush, and let it lay on the grass day and night until the stain comes out.

**Potato Cheese Cakes.**

One pound of mashed potatoes, quarter of a pound of currants, quarter of a pound of sugar and butter, and four eggs, to be well mixed together; bake them in pattypans, having first lined them with puff paste.

**Potatoes mashed with Onions.**

Prepare some boiled onions by putting them through a sieve, and mix them with potatoes. Regulate the portions according to taste.

**To make Soft Water.**

A gallon of strong lye put in a barrel of hard water will make it as soft as rain water.

## Editor's Table.

MATURIN M. BALLOU, EDITOR AND PROPRIETOR.

### A NEW VOLUME.

With the present number of *Ballou's Dollar Magazine* we commence the *eleventh* volume of the work, and the sixth year of its issue. It is not a cause of surprise to any one that it has attained to so large a circulation when its originality and general excellence, and its wonderful cheapness are considered. No work has ever been attempted in America at so low a rate, and it even rivals in price the famous Penny Magazine once published in London. We shall steadily continue our efforts to make it more and more valuable, and in every way worthy of all the good things said of it, and the extensive circulation it enjoys in every State of the Union. Remember that *one dollar* sent to our address will secure the work for a whole year, or *five dollars* will pay for six subscriptions for a year.

POSTAGE STAMPS IN GREAT BRITAIN.—The annual demand of penny postage stamps in Great Britain is little short of 500,000,000. Supposing the year to contain 300 working days, it would give for every working day about 1,600,000 stamps to be manufactured. No very impossible task, however, when we remember the small size of the stamp, and the number that might be printed by a single stroke of the press, or one revolution of a cylinder machine.

IDLENESS HARD WORK.—The retired butcher in the neighborhood of Whitby must have found idleness hard work, when he gave notice that he should kill a lamb every Thursday, just by way of amusement.

QUESTION AND ANSWER.—What is the difference between a crockery dealer and a cabinet maker? One sells tea-sets and the other settees.

HOME.—The sweetest type of heaven is home; nay, heaven itself is the home for whose acquisition we are to strive the most strongly.

A GRAVE JOKE.—"There's always a Ketch to a legal joke," said the culprit to the hangman.

### "The Welcome Guest."

On the first of January we shall commence the publication of a choice and elegant weekly journal thus entitled, which it is our purpose to make the *gem* of the literary press. It will be issued, of the mammoth size and in that favorite form the folio, upon fine paper, and new type cast expressly for its columns. *It will be in every particular entirely distinct from Ballou's Dollar Magazine, and the two will be sent to any person together for \$2 50 a whole year.* We have long been engaged in perfecting this enterprise, and after nearly twenty years' experience in the newspaper business, we command unequalled facilities and ample means for the purpose. The *Welcome Guest* will be entirely unlike all its contemporaries, and will follow the lead of no other paper published, striking out and maintaining for itself an entirely original path. We hope every reader of our Magazine will send us his or her subscription for the year 1860, for the new journal, as we are resolved it shall become the most popular weekly in the country. Terms \$2 00 a year. Four cents per copy.

Any persons who have already renewed their subscriptions for the Magazine, can enclose us one dollar and a half (the half dollar in postage stamps, if most convenient), and state at the same time that they are on our Magazine subscription list, and *The Welcome Guest* shall be sent them a whole year at that price.

MATRIMONIAL.—We have heard of several novel resorts to "raise the wind" for California, but the last expedient is that of a young gentleman in Boston, who advertises for a *wife*, who is willing to invest a sum of money sufficient to enable him to reach the gold regions!

TALKATIVENESS.—A tremendous talker is like a greedy eater at a boarding-house table, keeping to himself an entire dish of which every one present would like to have partaken.

SO IT IS.—A dollar ten years ago was worth as much as a dollar and eighty cents is to day. So, after all, the increase of gold doesn't really make the world any richer, it seems.

## POLAR EXPEDITIONS.

The return of the steamer *Fox* to England affords all the melancholy relief that can be derived from the certainty of Sir John Franklin's fate. The sad widow who for so many long years has sought for the evidences of his death, or indulged at intervals in the hope that the hero whose name she bore was yet numbered among the living, has now incontestable proof that he died eleven years since—died surrounded by noble companions, who, at longer or shorter intervals, followed him to the better world. The icy north has claimed its glorious dead. And now, is it not time to say that henceforth no more gallant adventurers shall be sent forth to perish in those gloomy regions of darkness and horror, and perpetual frost, that has already claimed so many victims? The *London Times* decides this question in the affirmative, taking precisely the ground and employing the arguments which we used in an article written for this journal two years ago.

There are forces in nature which are stronger than the might of man. There are lines drawn around the globe we inhabit of which it is written, "thus far shalt thou go, and no farther." There are regions where Nature brooks no human companionship. Of the mysteries of those far northern climes that gird the Arctic pole, we have learned quite enough. The record of the expeditions sent forth from England and this country to make polar discoveries are ample enough and sad enough to satisfy all but a morbid curiosity, and when we weigh the cost of such voyages in treasure and life, we must come to the conclusion that it is even criminal to swell them by renewed sacrifices. For be it remembered that those who go forth on such wanderings must necessarily be among the best and bravest members of society, and that the energies thus wasted, if secured at home, would inevitably prove valuable and effective. No word or aid of ours will ever be exerted in favor of another polar expedition. It is time that the losing account should be closed.

**ALARMING STRENGTH.**—We have just heard of a Kentuckian whose amazing strength has been attended with very fatal consequences. He was eating a slice of bread, when the knife slipped and cut him in halves, and two men behind him.

**A KNOWING BACHELOR.**—"A fine gold lady's breast-pin" is advertised as lost. A bachelor makes the inquiry if she is a single "gold lady," and is willing to be changed.

## A HOETICULTURAL ANECDOTE.

When Sir Francis Carew had rebuilt his mansion house at Beddington in Surry, he planted the garden with choice fruit-trees. There he was twice visited by Queen Elizabeth; and Sir Hugh Platt, in his *Gardens of Eden*, tells a curious anecdote relating to one of these visits: "I conclude," says he, "with a conceit of that delicate knight, Sir Francis Carew, who, for his better accomplishment of his royal entertainment of our late Queen Elizabeth, led her majesty to a cherry tree, whose fruit he had of purpose kept back from ripening at least one month after all cherries had taken their farewell of England. This secret he performed by straining a tent, or cover of canvass, over the whole tree, and wetting it now and then with a scoop, as the heat of the weather required; and so by withholding the sunbeams from reflecting upon the berries, they grew both great, and were very long before they had gotten their perfect cherry color; and when he was assured of her majesty's coming, he removed the tent, and a few sunny days brought them to their maturity."

## LARGEST OPERA HOUSE IN THE WORLD.

—They are erecting at Rio de Janeiro an opera house which surpasses the celebrated theatres of the lyric drama at Milan and Naples, and is four times the size of the Royal Italian Opera House, Covent Garden, London. The government in Brazil sustains the opera. The emperor, who takes the lead in the literary and scientific matters of the empire, is a great lover of music. The successful plan for this temple of the Muses brought Messrs. Green and Deville, of London, about \$16,000.

**PATHETIC.**—A Connecticut tombstone has this inscription: "Sacred to the memory of Jonathan Thompson, a pious Christian, and an affectionate husband. His disconsolate widow continues to carry on business at the same place as before the bereavement."

**HEAVY DIVIDEND.**—A gentleman in Alloa received a letter, which had the following item: "Edinburgh, Aug. 25, 1859.—Dear Sir,—Enclosed I send you four postage stamps, being your second and final dividend on the sequestered estate of —, late of Waterloo Place, Edinburgh."

**ON THE AMOOR.**—The Russian government are about establishing a cotton factory on the Amoor River.

**LIGHT TAX.**—In Georgia, the tax is only two-thirds of a mill on the dollar—light enough!

### THE PHILOSOPHY OF LABOR.

In reading the record of such a life as Humboldt's, the unthinking reader is apt to consider it a marvel that a man who performed such a multiplicity of labors should have attained such length of years. But he unconsciously suggests the very secret of his long life. It is the variety and many-sidedness of continual labor that renders it endurable and even salutary. You may say that Humboldt made science alone his pursuit. True, but science is a comprehensive term, and includes a vast amount of contracted details, affording that variety which is not the spice, but the very bread of life. It is not labor that wears us out, but monotonous, unvaried labor, or total inaction. The man who has nothing to do, is the most pitiable of mortals; and next to him, in the scale of suffering, is the man whose life is passed in one unchanging branch of labor.

The agriculturist will tell you that a system of rotation of crops is better for the land than an alternation of culture and fallow. The same piece of ground which has ceased to yield good crops of corn, or potatoes, or wheat, will yield an abundant harvest of grass, or turnips or cabbages. So with the human frame; activity is sometimes more refreshing than repose. A brisk walk after a long ride on horseback is much better than a nap on a sofa. And so with the mind. An active mind had far better seek refreshment in a change of employment, than in intervals of idleness. The man who passes from mathematics to music, and from politics to painting, finds himself in a much better condition than he who, wearied in a favorite pursuit, attempts to recruit by doing nothing, for if he take the latter course the perplexities of his habitual employment will project their shadows into his attempted leisure.

There is a popular prejudice against a "Jack of All Trades," and these same "Jacks of All Trades" have made such a brilliant figure in history, that if we but briefly sketched them we should fill a volume, not a column of a paper. Look at Rubens, who ranks in the annals of his country not only as a painter but a diplomatist; look at Leonardo da Vinci, a man of universal ability in science and art, excelling in painting, sculpture, architecture, engineering and mechanics; in botany, anatomy, mathematics and astronomy; distinguished also as a poet and musician. "Unpublished MSS. by Leonardo," says Mr. Hallam, "contain discoveries and anticipations of discoveries within the compass of a few pages, that strike us with something like the awe of supernatural knowledge." The name of our

countryman, Morse, will go down to posterity indissolubly linked with the electric telegraph, but few will remember that he was also a professional artist, a distinguished painter. Mr. Ball, one of our fellow-citizens, is an excellent instrumental musician, vocalist, painter and sculptor. He might make either of the arts he has mastered a speciality.

Labor, properly understood, is a blessing in disguise. By varying its application we can render it agreeable. Every man should have one leading pursuit, but the occasional cultivation of other trains of ideas will infallibly give vigor to his mind, and refreshment to his spirit.

**AUTHORSHIP.**—Author-craft is an imitative as well as a creative art; an original thinker is one who portrays the works of the great Author of the universe—the compiler, one who ingeniously adapts or re-arranges the thoughts and illustrations of others; both in their degree may be said to exhibit creative power. Pseudo-authors are counterfeits—and belong not to the true and honorable craft, and should be dealt with according to the laws of felony.

**DURATION OF LIFE.**—In spite of the constant croaking about physical degeneracy, it appears from the reports of the life insurance companies of Great Britain, that the average duration of human life is constantly on the increase. And with our modern appliances, how much more we live in a day than our grandsires did!

**WORTH REMEMBERING.**—Any one residing within fifty miles of Boston, can hand his magazines, sheet music, or newspapers, to the express, tied up with the directions, and addressed to our office, 22 Winter Street, and they will be bound up strong and handsome, at a trifling charge, and returned in one week.

**MONSTROUS BIVALVES.**—Some of the oysters from the newly-discovered bed on the coast of Connecticut, are said to be as large as garden spades. "A dozen on the shell" would make a supper for a small man with a moderate appetite.

**ELEGANT SENTIMENT.**—The annexed is a choice extract from an album kept at the Niagara Hotel: "Next to the bliss of seeing Sarah, is that of seeing Niagara."

**AN IMPERIAL FARMER.**—Louis Napoleon is an extensive farmer, and owns 50,000 acres of land, divided into twenty-six farms.

## A GEM OF THE PUREST WATER.

One of the large capitalists of Paris, Mr. W—, is the envious possessor of one of the handsomest wives in that capital of grace and elegance. Every one is well pleased to be compared to her in any way. Proud of calling her wife, Monsieur W— spared no expense to richly adorn his idol. His pride was to see her eclipse all others in dress and beauty. Those who know the various means of expending large sums on dress, especially in Paris, may form some idea of what the cost was to Monsieur W—'s purse to have a wife a leader of fashion. Though large the allowance he made her, frequently she was obliged again and again to have recourse to his generosity to pay her debts; but then point lace, honiton, sable, all were so dreadfully expensive. Could he reasonably refuse, when it gave him the honor of being the husband of such a beautiful creature, the envy of all?

Very lately, at a grand *soirée* in the Faubourg du Roule, Monsieur W— and his wife were among the guests, and the entrance of the latter, as usual, was a complete triumph. But whilst every one was in ecstasies about the beauty of her dress, ornamented with rich lace, one of the fencers, thanks to her crinoline, caught in the gilding of a console ornament, and a portion remained suspended as the lady swept past. Two or three of the envious and curious seized upon the precious morsel to admire the fineness of the texture on closer inspection; but imagine their amazement on discovering that the lace was only imitation. It was truly delightful to find such a hole in the garment of a beauty *à la mode*.

Not a little astonished, next morning, was Monsieur W—, on the receipt of an anonymous letter enclosing the piece of lace, and saying, "Do you know, monsieur, that it is a breach of confidence to pass off imitation lace for real? Who now will assure us that madame's diamonds are not false likewise?"

"Imitation! imitation!" exclaimed the indignant man of money; "it's only envy which says so." And under the influence of the perfidious billet, he rushed off to his wife's apartment, and laid the missive on her lap, loudly exclaiming against the calumny.

"No, my dear," she calmly said, "there is no calumny, only a little evil-speaking, for all these suppositions are perfectly just."

"What," he exclaimed in amazement, "even the diamonds?"

"Yes, my love."

"Why, 'tis infamous!" he cried. "People will think I am ruined."

"What will that signify, when you are well aware of the contrary?"

"But what has become of all the money I have given you?"

"That is my secret, monsieur," she replied, "which I will tell you if you demand it of me."

"I do, madam," was the angry retort; "I insist upon knowing how you have dissipated my money."

"Here, then, is the register of my expenses," she answered, offering him an open book; "I was just making it up when you entered."

We leave our readers to guess the amazement of the husband, when, instead of extravagance and foolish squandering, he read an account of sums spent in wooden and other shoes, flannels, bread, and clothing of every description, for the assistance of the poor. In this consisted all the seeming extravagance.

We must do Monsieur W— the justice to say that from that moment the false diamonds and imitation lace of his wife seemed to adorn her far more than gems of the purest water would have done, or lace of the most costly texture and make.

**FIXEDNESS OF PURPOSE.**—No human being who habitually halts between two opinions, who cannot decide promptly, and, having decided, act as if there were no such word as fail, can ever be great. Caesar would never have crossed the Rubicon, nor Washington the Delaware, had they not fixed their stern gaze on objects far beyond the perils at their feet.

**A SENSIBLE MAN.**—Bantru presented a poet to M. de Hemery, saying, "Sir, I present to you an individual who will give you immortality; but you must meanwhile, give him something to live upon!"

**PLEASURE.**—All fits of pleasure are balanced by an equal degree of pain or languor, 'tis like spending this year part of the next year's revenue.

**POWDER AND ROUGH.**—It is noticeable that ladies who use much powder are constantly blowing up their domestics, and ladies who rouge are seldom well-read.

**GREAT TALKERS.**—Those men talk most who are in the greatest mental darkness. Frogs cease their croaking when light is brought to the water.

**COURAGE.**—There are some men who will walk up to the cannon's mouth, and some women who walk up to a lover's without shrinking.

## THE SMOKER'S CANCER.

Do our young friends, who use tobacco so freely, know that they run a fearful risk of incurring this terrible disease? The smoking mania, which now prevails to so remarkable an extent, is developing numerous cases of cancer, which puzzles the best medical skill of our hospitals. Several fearful cases, which have proved fatal, have occurred in New York, and some are now under treatment in Boston. In Paris, the press teems with the subject, and descriptions of the most revolting details. Cancer in the mouth M. Bouisson declares to have grown so frequent from the use of tobacco, that it now forms one of the most dreadful diseases in the hospitals; and at Montpellier, where M. Bouisson resides, the operation of its extraction forms the principal practice of the surgeons there. In three years this gentleman himself has performed *sixty eight* operations for cancer of the lips, caused by tobacco! Youth, middle age, and especially the poor, all are the victims, and several cases of women are also mentioned. M. Bouisson is especially eloquent upon the horrors of the disease, and advises the physicians everywhere to make a regular crusade against this poisonous agent, more destructive than many of the more desecrated vices of the day. It is a bad and expensive habit, and we pray our young friends, especially, to avoid it. The money expended for cigars by many of our young men, if placed at interest, would make for them small fortunes in their old age; but above all, health, and even life itself, would be preserved by abstinence from this indulgence.

**AMERICAN LAZZARONI.**—There is in the county infirmary at Columbus, Ohio, a woman of 89 years, called the "last of the Mohicans," because she is the last of a family of twenty-four, equally celebrated for their longevity and laziness, nearly all of whom have lived and died in various poor-houses in Ohio.

**COST OF AN ERROR.**—A clergyman in Erie county, Pa., recently married a young man who was under age, of which the minister was ignorant. The father of the young man compelled his reverence to pay \$35, on pain of prosecution.

**WHAT NEXT?**—They lately gave a ball, in a town in New Hampshire, the proceeds of which was announced to be appropriated to the purchase of a hearse for town use!

**SAN FRANCISCO.**—The valuation of real estate in San Francisco, for the present year, exceeds seventeen millions of dollars!

## THE IRON CROWN.

Our readers are aware that the famous iron crown of Lombardy was removed by the Austrians from Monza, and that its restoration is now claimed by the French government. A few years after the coronation of Conrad, the kings of Italy were crowned at Monza, the arch-priest of the cathedral of that city officiating. The crown is of solid gold, set with jewels, and surrounded by a band of iron; and it is this band, said to be forged from nails of the true cross, which gives its title to the circlet of royalty. The iron crown is therefore not only a treasure, but an historical monument, an emblem of the true royalty of Italy. Emperors who claimed the additional sovereignty of Italy came to Milan expressly to be crowned, and it was the token that their election had been approved by the Milanese, when they received the crown at Monza. The crown was always kept in the treasure-house of the cathedral of Monza, and Ezzelino himself did not venture to touch it. It was reserved for Austria to constrain the guardians of this crown by force to give it up, that it might be removed to Vienna. It remains to be seen whether Austria will succeed in retaining a sacred property of Lombardy, and the symbol of Italian royalty.

**A BAD BILL.**—It is said that a hard customer in Wisconsin, named W. S. Bill, is the husband of twelve living wives! If they should all seize hold of him at once, and tear him into a dozen pieces, he would be a mighty difficult Bill to collect.

**VERY COMFORTABLE.**—Another piece of old household furniture has been bought in New York for a trifle, and when the new owner got it home, he found it to contain a small fortune in bank bills.

**SPECIE.**—If more silver mines be not discovered, the relative value between gold and silver will ere long be entirely changed. Fanny, isn't it?

**DISCOVERY.**—Dr. Livingston, the African explorer, has lately discovered an immense lake in the interior of that uncivilised country.

**BUILDING IN WASHINGTON.**—Five hundred new dwellings have been erected in Washington during the past year.

**A PERPETUAL STRIKE.**—A bass drummer is continually striking for wages.

## GYMNASTICS.

Our people seem at last to be fully aroused to the importance of regular and systematic muscular exercise, so long a part of the educational system of the old world. We allude to the subject now—in the first place, because we are entering upon the season when athletic exercises are most necessary and most agreeable; and, secondly, because there will soon be two gymnasia in full blast in this city. Thirty years ago there was a spasmodic enthusiasm for gymnastics, started by some educated Germans, the lamented Dr. Follen taking the lead, but it turned out to be only a "Boston notion." While it lasted, the fever was universal. All professions and classes were represented in it. Doctors of divinity climbed masts, and doctors of medicine swung dumb-bells. We ourselves, then a school-boy of tender years, had the honor of pulling at the weights by the side of Dr. Beecher. Being an innovation, the system, of course, was severely ridiculed. D. C. Johnston published a caricature of it, which was full of amusing hits. All sorts of accidents were represented as occurring, and a corps of surgeons were hard at work amputating limbs and performing various other operations more improving to science than agreeable to sufferers. Gymnastics were never before, and have never since been, attempted on so grand a scale in Boston; but the enthusiasm died out, though the ice was broken and a way made for the revival of the spirit of the thing at some future time.

The prejudice against gymnastic exercises has long since passed away. Once they were thought fitting only for prize-fighters and circus-riders. Now it is not thought derogatory to the student or professional man to have a bloom on his cheek, and a well-developed muscular system. We are even willing to allow a little strength and health to the fairer and better portion of humanity. We are not shocked to see a young lady skating; we think she is no less an angel because she happens to swim on shore, when upset from a sailing-boat, instead of owing her life to a swindler and being compelled to marry him by the laws of gratitude; and we do not drop her acquaintance because she is able to walk ten miles before dinner, as the English girls do. Once upon a time the literary man who had a fresh color, and used no spectacles, was considered an unmitigated humbug; now we graciously permit him to enjoy a healthy mind in a sound body, and do not necessarily associate diplomas and dyspepsia.

Therefore, we boldly bid "Young America" "go in and win." We tell that young gentle-

man, on whom the hopes of the future rest, that we shall think none the worse of him, if he learns to swing a pair of hundred-pound dumb-bells, like Dr. Windship; that we have no objection to his being a proficient in the broad and small sword and single stick exercises; and that we shall not cross him out of our books even if he learns how to thrash a bully scientifically upon occasion. Provided Young America lives discreetly, and virtuously attends to his books and cultivates the amenities of private life, he has our full permission to develop his muscles by every manly exercise known to our heroic Saxon race.

## LAFFDAY—A LADY.

The word lady is an abbreviation of the Saxon *Lafday*, which signifies *Breadgiver*. The mistress of a manor, at a time when affluent families resided constantly at their country mansions, was accustomed, once a week or oftener, to distribute among the poor a certain quantity of bread. She bestowed the boon with her own hands, and made the hearts of the needy glad by the soft words and gentle amenities which accompanied her benevolence. The widow and the orphan "rose up and called her blessed"—the destitute and the afflicted recounted her praises—all classes of the poor embalmed her in their affections as the *Lafday*—the giver of bread and the dispenser of comfort—a sort of ministering angel in a world of sorrow.

INCOMPREHENSIBLE.—Corny and Patrick the mason were looking at a well-made wall on Washington Street, near the Roxbury line, when the latter, admiring the workmanship, ejaculated, "Faith, an' that wall wasn't laid in this country." "How could that be?" was the inquiry. "I mean," he rejoined, "that the man who built and laid that same wall was never in this country, for such work is only done in the old country."

WHY IS IT?—How is it that, if a number of gentlemen are sitting together, talking sensibly upon some sensible subject, and a lady enters, they mostly commence talking foolishly, and keep it up until she makes her exit?

WORDS OF TRUTH.—Women grown bad are worse than men; because the corruption of the best turns to the worst.

INDIAN BATTLE.—A battle has taken place between a body of Californians and the Pitt Indians. Sixty of the latter were killed.



## Foreign Miscellany.

Hoops and widely extended skirts are going out of fashion in Paris.

In the port of Liverpool alone, more than 1000 officers of customs are employed.

Mr. James Sheridan Knowles, the dramatic author, is preaching in Ireland with great success.

The telegraph cable between Malta and Sicily has been successfully laid, and business commenced upon it.

A new serial publication is soon to be commenced in London, under the name of Everybody's Journal.

Professor Mason computes that about 3000 novels have been produced in Great Britain since the publication of *Waverley*.

The members of the criminal classes at large in Great Britain have been estimated to amount to 135,000, living by the plunder and the vices of the community.

The Prince of Wales is being brought up in the way he should go. He is made to attend all sorts of lectures. His education will not be complete until he visits the United States.

Dr. Kotschy, a distinguished Orientalist, is engaged in making explorations in parts of Asia Minor not hitherto reached, or which has been overlooked by travellers.

As a proof that the Persian government is inclined to introduce the improvements of European civilization, it may be remarked that workmen have begun to pave the streets of Teheran.

The Bishop of Oxford obtained a charter for what is now known as the Amicable Life Assurance Society, founded in 1706, and justly claiming to be the oldest existing institution of the kind.

A young New Yorker "broke the bank" three times at Baden-Baden this season—once for 26,000 francs, a second time for 45,000, and a third time for—not stated what. The bank "breaks" at whatever sum it pleases.

The Austrian expedition, which has been absent a long time in circumnavigating the globe, has returned in safety to Trieste, with a large scientific collection. The government, it is said, will shortly publish the results of this expedition.

The Russian government has just commenced a railroad to connect Kiev to Odessa. It will take fifteen years to build it, and will involve more difficulties and a heavier outlay than would a road from St. Louis to San Francisco.

The photographic process has been lately employed to take copies of the inaccessible inscriptions on the rocks near Mount Sinai, which extend for miles. As these photographs admit of indefinite expansion under the microscope, these inscriptions will now be read.

A worthy offering to the memory of Humboldt is to be made by the German residents at Constantinople. They are to erect a monument, and to establish in connection with it a museum, library and reading room for the benefit of his countrymen who do now, and may hereafter live there.

The British convict-bankers, Sir John Dean Paul and Strahan, will shortly be released.

Lady Franklin has spent all her fortune in Arctic researches. She is in the south of France, in ill health.

An interesting discovery has recently been made in Florence, of several drawings and manuscripts by Michael Angelo.

The friends of the late Professor Nichol propose to erect a memorial window to his memory in the crypt of Glasgow Cathedral.

The following notice may be seen on a blacksmith's shop in Essex: "No Horses Shod on Sunday except Sickness and Death."

Omnibuses, the first seen in Syria, have begun to run at Beyrout. Crowds of natives stood gazing at them for hours with wonder and admiration.

The Prince of Wales, accompanied by the colonial secretary, and other distinguished persons, will visit Canada in the end of May or the beginning of June next.

Steps are being taken to promote the erection of a suitable monument to the memory of the late Sir John Franklin, in Spilsby, that being his native town.

In 1858, London alone received imports to the value of £77,595,090 out of £187,844,441, the aggregate amount of the imports of Great Britain and Ireland.

Oliver Goldsmith's "Vicar of Wakefield" has been translated into Armenian by T. C. Averoom, Esq., a distinguished Armenian scholar and an established merchant in Calcutta.

In Liverpool, England, there is a missionary to the hack drivers, and his work during the past seven years has been very satisfactory. The "cabbies" recently presented him with a watch.

The prices of the necessities of life are now extremely high at Venice, and consequently the lower classes are gloomy and discontented. The middle classes and nobles are more disaffected than ever.

During the last eighteen years, twenty-eight additional bishoprics have been founded in the colonies and dependencies of the British Crown—a number of new Sees exactly equal to the total number of English and Welsh dioceses.

Colonel Wildman, who purchased Byron's Nottingham property and expended \$600,000 on Newstead Abbey, besides the purchase money, recently died. He is as immortal as Childe Harold himself.

The copper coinage of England is to be replaced by coinage in bronze of a more convenient size. The weight of the copper at present in circulation there is 3500 tons, and the profit on calling in and recoining that large quantity would amount to £92,000.

The North China Herald says: "Opium is becoming the winter crop of several of the Chinese provinces, where the country produce is fast superseding the Turkey and the inferior classes of the Malaya drug. It is largely used for intermixture with the dearer Patub and Malaya. The juice has an acrid taste. In cultivation the Chinese look more to quantity than quality."

## Record of the Times.

One of the courts of Ohio has decided that a railroad has no right to mortgage its road franchise.

The Vermont House of Representatives has appropriated \$200 for a statue of Ethan Allen.

A Dashaway Association, similar to those in California, has been formed in New York, with Orville Gardner as president.

The Cherokee Indians are getting civilized. They have a debt—small, to be sure—but so large that they cannot pay the interest of it.

The letters I. O. S. M. (Independent Order Sons of Malta) have been interpreted to mean, "I Owe Some Money."

Six hundred and fifty-seven mules were sold at public sale in Paris, Kentucky, lately, for the aggregate of \$63,495 20.

What is in a name? One of the candidates for county officers in La Salle county, Illinois, is Wait, and another Waitmore.

With four weights, viz., 1 lb., 3 lbs., 9 lbs., and 27 lbs., any number of pounds, from 1 to 40 may be weighed.

The first book published on the subject of genealogy was Kelton's Chronycle, printed in 1547, with a genealogy of Edward VI.

New York can whip the world in dry goods "palaces." One going up on Broadway will have one enormous window of plate glass seventy feet in width.

The Masons of San Francisco have purchased a lot on the corner of Montgomery and Post Streets for \$92,000, and will erect a building worth \$100,000 on it.

In digging a well in Bureau county, Illinois, recently, a vein of gas was struck which burned with a flame fifteen feet above the surface of the ground.

An exchange paper says: "The best safety-valve to a boiler is a sober engineer. Congress may legislate till doomsday, but as long as the officers carry too much steam, the boats will follow their example."

The late George Brown, of Baltimore, left in the hands of his widow \$400,000 for objects of benevolence, of which sum Mrs. Brown has appropriated \$30,000 to the Princeton Theological Seminary.

A San Francisco paper, in noticing the shooting of a boy at the Collegiate School, Oakland, says: "It is stated that the use of fire-arms is not permitted in this school, except at the special request of the parents or guardians of the boys. Young Carter had this liberty."

Dr. Johnson, the great "Leviathan of literature," was, as is well known, an immense tea-drinker; but in Philadelphia there is a gentleman who beats the burly doctor, as he has been known to drink twenty-one good sized cups of tea at one sitting!

In the course of a lecture in London, Mr. Snow, formerly second in command of the discovery ship, Prince Albert, stated that there had been no less than ninety expeditions fitted out to search for Sir John Franklin, at a cost of £830,000.

The Natural Bridge in Virginia has been sold to John Lustré for the sum of \$12,000.

Beavers still exist in the backwoods of Maine.

A married lady in Loudon county, Va., is said to weigh five hundred and fifty-three pounds.

More than two millions and a half of dead letters are collected in Washington every year.

The celebrated picture, "The Duel after the Masquerade," has been sold to a gentleman who resides in Chicago for \$2000.

Mr. Potter, a Hartford school teacher, has been fined \$10 and costs for punishing a pupil in a violent manner. Mr. Potter appealed.

Innocence and beauty, twin sisters by birth, and inseparable through life. If innocence dies, beauty fades away also.

The cheapest pleasures within the reach of all are the most enjoyable; but what is more costly in the end than sin?

Scientific Parisians have discovered how to bottle daylight and uncock it for photographic operations in obscure places.

The vitality of eggs is destroyed by being transported on a railroad, and it is no sort of use to put such under hens, expecting them to produce chickens.

According to the old mythology, Neptune, the sea god, created the horse, and was the patron of horse races. This probably accounts for the fact that people who patronize the race-course so frequently get "half seas over."

A discovery of great importance has just been made by the State geologist in Texas. It is no less than the discovery of vast bodies of iron ore, as well as tertiary coal or lignite, beds of limestone, pipe clay, fire rock and hydraulic limestone in the region of country immediately south of Harrison county.

There is said to exist a confederation of outlaws, whose headquarters are in New York, who came originally from Poland and Germany, and extended their travels to all portions of the United States. By daytime they operate as shoplifters and pickpockets, and by night as burglars.

A reformed opium eater writes to the Rochester Democrat, that he commenced eating at the age of twenty-four, and continued it till four years since. He will be sixty-nine on his next birthday. During part of the time he took eighty grains a day. He thinks there are thirty opium eaters in the village where he resides.

A German paper in New York made a curious arrangement of its advertisements the other day. At the head of a column were the cards of a number of doctors, followed by the announcement of several drug stores, the whole brought up by a lot of undertakers' cards, with a picture of a coffin attached to each.

Some highly interesting discoveries have been made at Port Royal, Jamaica, by a company of divers, in the harbor of that ancient town, of remains of the submerged city, which was overthrown by the great earthquake of 1682. Could any considerable portion of the enormous treasure buried there be discovered, it would be a windfall to the island.

## Merry-Making.

Why is a dandy like a venison steak? Because he's a bit of a buck.

The editor of a New York journal calls another editor "a dilapidated eld Zouave."

Punch says the only way to keep food on a weak stomach is to bolt it down.

A frequenter of public dinners complains of the overwhelming quantity of dry toast.

"Caught in her own net," as the man said when he saw one of the fair sex hitched in her crinoline.

"Got any ice at your end of the table, Bill?"

"No; but I've got the next thing to it."

"What's that?" "A severe cold."

In modern days people are accustomed to earn their living, but in former times it was usual for them to urn their dead.

"I don't think, husband, you are very smart."

"No, indeed, wife, but everybody knows I am awfully shrewed."

A boy was recently arrested for theft. His father pleaded guilty for him, but said, in extenuation, "James is a good boy, but he will steal."

Why is the common chord in music like a portion of the Mediterranean? Because it's the E G and C (Ægean Sea).

A distinguished statesman of Central America, being asked how his country was getting on, replied, "O, very well, very well; a mild anarchy."

Mrs. Partington wants to know, if it were not intended that women should drive their husbands, why are they put through the bridle ceremony?

A sentimental chap intends to petition Congress for one act to improve the "channel of affection," so that henceforth the course of true love may run smooth.

A few years ago the ladies wore a kind of hood called "kiss-me-if-you-dare." The present style of bonnet might be called, with equal propriety, "kiss-me-if-you-want-to."

A person having occasion to notify a doctor to visit his wife, said to him as he was stepping into his chaise, "Now, doctor, you'll drive on to kill, wont you?" "Yes, certainly," replied the doctor.

The very last curiosity spoken of in the papers, is a wheel that came off a dog's tail when it was a waggin'. The man who discovered it has retired from public life to live on what he owes.

There is one advantage in being a blockhead—you are never attacked with low spirits or apoplexy. The moment a man can worry, he ceases to be a fool.

"I say, John, where did you get that loafer's hat?" "Please yer honor," said John, "it's an old one of yours that missis gave me yesterday, when you were to town."

President of a Western bank rushes up to his friend: "Charley, can't you give me change for a dollar? I see the bank superintendent is in town, and I want some specie in the vault to make a show."

If "brevity is the acle of wit," what is the upper leather?

A time for all things. The time to leave is when a young lady asks you how the walking is.

The dress of a frivolous coquette, however abundant, is next to nothing.

A fine woman, says the New York Post, like a locomotive, draws a train after her, scatters the sparks and transports the mails.

Why are poets like children's toys? They are given to a muse (amuse), and indulge in fancy (infancy).

Swinging is said by the doctors to be a good exercise for the health; but we have known many a poor wretch come to his death by it.

Supposing you have got a fish, when is it like a flower? When you have got a mignonette (him in your net).

A gentleman having a musical sister, being asked what branch she excelled in, declared that the piano was her forte.

What is the difference between the bark of a tree and the bark of a dog? One is formed on the bough, and the other of the bow wow.

When may it be conjectured that an army has become sick of a war? When they are obliged to throw up fortifications.

A New York milkman somewhat resembles the whale that swallowed Jonah, for he takes a great prophet (profit) out of the water.

Roast beef, serenity of mind, a pretty wife, and cold-water baths, will make almost any man "healthy, wealthy and wise."

A farmer in Scotland, sowing a field of turnips, appropriated a ridge for the accommodation of the public, with this label, "You are requested to steal out of this spot."

Crinolines appear to have been so generally adopted by ladies with a view of acquiring the title, hitherto engrossed by dandies of the stronger sex, of extensive swells.

"Here's Webster on a bridge," said Mrs. Partington, as she handed to like a new unabridged dictionary. "Study it contentively, and you will gain a great deal of inflammation."

It's very pleasant to meet a suspicious-looking individual in a lonely road on a dark night, who carries a very thick stick, and wishes to know what time it is.

It is a common saying of moralists that the lower order of animals have not the vices of man, yet it is certain that some of the insects are back-biters, and all of the quadrupeds tale-bearers.

An eminent rider has undertaken, for a heavy wager, to ride the well-known horse Chestnut against the celebrated horse Radish. He will use the saddle of mutton and the spurs of necessity for the occasion.

### IT SHOULD BE KNOWN!

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# JOHN GILPIN'S RIDE.



John Gilpin was a citizen  
Of credit and renown;  
A train-band captain eke was he  
Of famous London town.



John Gilpin at his horse's side  
Seized fast the flowing mane;  
And up he got in haste to ride.  
But soon got down again.



Now see him mounted once again  
Upon his nimble steed,  
Full slowly pacing on the stones  
With caution and good heed.



But finding soon a smoother road  
Beneath his well-shod feet,  
The snorting beast began to trot,  
Which galled him in his seat.



"So, fair and softly!" John he cried:  
But John he cried in vain;  
That trot became a gallop soon,  
In spite of curb and rein



So stooping down—as needs he must  
Who cannot sit upright—  
He grasped the reins with both his hands,  
And eke with all his might.

# BALLOU'S DOLLAR MONTHLY MAGAZINE.

THE CHEAPEST MAGAZINE IN THE WORLD.



Away went Gilpin neck or nought.  
Away went hat and wig;  
He little thought when he set out  
Of running such a rig!



And still as fast as he drew near.  
Twas wonderful to view  
How in a trice the turnpike men  
Their gates wide open threw.



And now, as he went bowing down  
His reeking head full low,  
The bottles twain behind his back  
Were shattered at a blow.



He came unto the wash  
Of Edmonton so gay,  
And there he threw the wash about  
On each side of the way.



"Stop, stop, John Gilpin!—here's the house!"  
They all at once did cry;  
"The dinner waits, and we are tired!"  
Quoth Gilpin, "So am I!"



Away went Gilpin out of breath  
And sore against his will,  
Till at his friends, the Callenders,  
His horse at last stood still.

# BALLOU'S DOLLAR MONTHLY MAGAZINE.

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BOSTON, FEBRUARY, 1860.

WHOLE No. 62.

## PUBLIC BUILDINGS IN SALEM, MASS.

We present our readers in the accompanying article, with a series of views drawn expressly for us by Mr. Kilburn, and depicting the neighboring city of Salem, Mass. It is one of the most interesting places in our State. One of the earliest colonial settlements, it has a quaint, old-fashioned air about it, that is quite attractive to those who love to dwell upon the memorials of the past. It is not, to be sure, comparable to Newport in antiquity of appearance, for a large proportion of its structures are modern and elegant, as our engravings show, but there are sufficient vestiges of by-gone generations and departed styles of architecture to give it a peculiar character. The irregularity and narrowness of many of the streets speak of a period when the future greatness of the country had not dawned upon the founders of American cities. The situation of Salem is low, but is remarkably healthy. It is built chiefly on a tongue of land formed by two inlets of the sea, called North and South Rivers, and communicates with Boston by means of the Eastern Railroad.

The Custom House, shown in our first engraving, is a fine specimen of the style of architecture so much in vogue in the early part of the present century. Hawthorne has rendered this building classical in the amusing preface to the "Scarlet Letter," as Lamb immortalized the South Sea House in his essays.

As a memorial of days gone by, we present in our second engraving a sketch of an old building situated at the corner of Washington and Lynde Streets. Its peaked gables and projecting second story are quaintly characteristic. Such an old house, perhaps this identical house, Hawthorne had in his eye when he sketched the locale of his glorious romance, the "House of the Seven Gables."

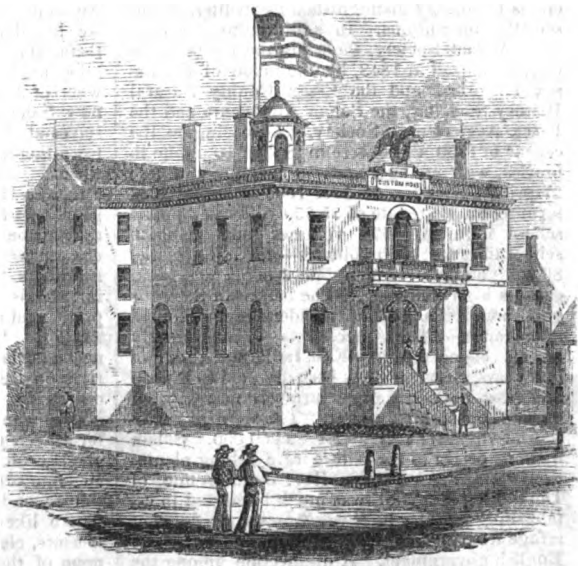
The East India Marine Hall forms the subject of our third view. It is a neat structure, well adapted to the purposes to which it is ap-

plied. The East India Marine Society, which was formed in 1799, by those who, acting as either captains or supercargoes, had doubled Cape Horn or the Cape of Good Hope—"mariners of the long voyage," as they used to be called, have in this building an admirable collection of curiosities from the farthest "Ind," and indeed from almost every quarter of the globe.

The next engraving shows us the front and side of the City Hall, a fine building faced with granite, built in 1837. The shade trees which enhance its effect are characteristic of Salem, many of the streets being lined with beautiful elms.

The State Normal School, shown in our fifth engraving, is a neat brick building, two stories in height, and was built by money jointly raised by the city and the board of education.

The subject of the sixth picture in our series is the Asiatic Building, on Washington Street, a



CUSTOM HOUSE, SALEM, MASS.



OLD BUILDING CORNER OF WASHINGTON AND LYNDEN STS.

fine freestone edifice of recent construction. It is occupied by the Asiatic Bank, the Merchant's Bank, Savings Bank, Oriental Office, Post Office, Loan and Fund Association, etc. From the cupola of this building a fine and extensive panoramic view of the city and its environs is obtained.

The seventh view shows us Mechanic Hall, a fine building situated on Essex Street, and occupied by the Salem Mechanics' Society.

Salem is largely built of wood, but contains many substantial stone and brick buildings. The city is honorably distinguished by its literary and scientific institutions. In addition to the East India Marine Society, there are the Essex Institute, organized in 1848, by the union of the Essex Historical and the Essex County Natural History Societies, the Salem Athenæum and the Essex Agricultural Society. According to the census of 1850, there were in Salem 10 public libraries, with an aggregate of 23,300 volumes; 27 private libraries, of over 1000 volumes each, forming an aggregate of 55,650 volumes; public school libraries, 3995 volumes, and Sabbath school libraries, 4700 volumes—making a total of 86,643 volumes. The public schools of Salem enjoy a high character. The harbor of Salem is good, and is a place of considerable commercial importance. Her merchants were formerly largely engaged in the East India trade, but of late years, that trade has been diverted to Boston and New York. Manufacturing is now carried on to a considerable extent. The aggregate capital of the banks is about \$2,000,000. Salem owes its origin to the failure of a fishing plantation at Cape Ann. The Rev. John White, of Dorchester, England, was much interested in establishing colonies in Massachusetts, as places of refuge from the persecutions of dissenters by the English government. A disaffection among the

Plymouth settlers having forced some of them to reside at Nantasket, the most prominent being Rev. John Lydford and Roger Conant, the latter and their companions were selected by Mr. White and his associates to manage their affairs at Cape Ann. Conant, thinking Naumkeag preferable to Cape Ann for a permanent settlement, gave notice of it to his friends in England, and this information gave birth to a project for procuring a grant for settling a colony in Massachusetts Bay. In 1628, a patent having been obtained, Captain John Endicott was sent over with about one hundred persons, to carry on the plantation at Naumkeag, where he arrived in September. For his dwelling he purchased the materials of a house which had been located at Cape Ann, and belonged to the Dorchester company. Those who remained at Naumkeag passed through severe afflictions. A large proportion died of scurvy and other diseases. In 1629, the Massachusetts company obtained a royal charter, author-

izing them to administer the government of the colony. Their title was the "governor and company of Massachusetts Bay in New England." The device on their seal was an Indian with a bow in one hand and an arrow in the other, with a label in his mouth, with the Scripture expression, "Come over and help us." The spirit of emigration now gained new strength, and additional emigrants came over, bringing with them cattle, tools, provisions, arms, ammunition, etc. On the condition of the plantation, Mr. Higginson wrote: "When we came first to Nehumkek, we found about a score of houses: we found also abundance of corn planted by them, very good and well liking. There are in all of us, both old and new planters, about 300, whereof 200 of them are arrived in Nehumkek, now Salem. All the rest have planted themselves at *Massachusetts* Bay, beginning to build a town there, which they do call Cherto or Charles-town." The Indian name was changed to Salem, a Hebrew word, signifying peace. It appears that the natives had forsaken the spot, and that "none ever claimed it." Salem at first increased very slowly, but it soon surpassed its neighbors. The following description of Salem in 1639, is from Wood's "New England Prospect," and affords a pleasant contrast to Salem as it is. "Salem stands on the middle of a neck of land very pleasantly, having a south river on the one side, and a north river on the other side. Upon this neck where most of the houses stand, is very bad and sandie land, yet for seven years together it hath brought forth good corne, by being *fished* but every third year. In some places is very good ground and good timber, and divers springs close by the seaside. There likewise is store of fish, as basses, eels, lobsters, clammes, etc. Although their land be none of the best, yet beyond their rivers is a



good soyle, where they have taken farms, and get their hay and plant their corne; there they crosse these rivers with small cannowes, which are made of whole pine trees, being about two foot and a halfe over, and twenty foote long. In these likewise they goe a fowling, sometimes two leagues at sea. There be more cannowes in this towne than in the whole patent, every household having a *water horse* or two. This towne wants an alewife river, which is a great convenience. It hath two good harbors, the one being called winter and the other summer harbor, which lieth within Derbin's fort, which place, if it were well fortified, might keep shippes from landing forces in any of those two places." Let us make one more extract from the records of the past, showing the style of dress among our ancestors, and how grave legislators interfered with the fashions of the day. In 1634, "the court taking into consideration the great, superfluous and unnecessary expenses occasioned by reason of some new and immodest fashions, as also the ordinary wearing of silver, gold and silk lace girdles, hat bands, etc., hath therefore ordered that no person, either man or woman, shall hereafter make or buy any apparel, either woollen or silk, or linen, with any lace on it, silver, gold or silk thread, under penalty of forfeiture of such clothes, etc. Also, that no person, either man or woman, shall make or buy any slashed clothes, other than one slash in each sleeve and another in the back. Also, all cut works, embroidered or needle-worked caps, bands and rayles are forbidden hereafter to be made or worn, under the aforesaid penalty. Also, all gold and silver girdles, hat-bands, belts, ruffs, beaver hats are prohibited to be bought and worn hereafter, under the aforesaid penalty. Moreover, it is agreed, if any man shall judge the wearing of any of the forenamed particulars, new fashions, or long hair, or anything of the like nature to be uncomely or prejudicial to the common good, and the party offending reform not the same upon notice given him, that then the next assistant, being informed thereof, shall have power to bind the party so offending to answer to it at the next court, if the case so require. Provided, and it is the meaning of the court, that men and women shall have the liberty to wear out such apparel as they are now provided of (except the immoderate great sleeves, slash apparel, immoderate great rayles, long wings, etc.)" The year 1692 was signalized in Salem by the witchcraft delusion with its afflicting consequences. This excitement commenced in Salem village, since Danvers, in the family of the Rev. Mr. Parris, the clergyman of the place. A fourth part of the inhabitants left the place in consequence. Twenty persons were executed for witchcraft, one of them, who refused to put himself on trial, being pressed to death. The unfortunate victims of popular delusion were executed on a hill in the westerly

part of the town, ever since known as "Gallows Hill." The good and learned Dr. Cotton Mather was a firm believer in the existence of the Salem witchcraft, and wonderful are the stories he relates concerning it in his quaint and curious *Magnalia*. "Some scores of people," he says, "first about Salem, the centre of all the towns in the colony, and afterwards in other places, were arrested with many preternatural vexations in their bodies, and a variety of cruel torments which were evidently from the demons of the invisible world. The people that were infected and infested with such demons, in a few days' time arrived unto such a refining alteration upon their eyes, that they could see their tormentors; they saw a devil of little stature and of a tawny color, attended still with spectres that appeared in more human circumstances." But we learn to look with charity on the delusion of our ancestors, in view of numbers around us who believe in the existence of greater marvels than Mather himself records. During the revolutionary war, Salem exhibited an energy in the good cause which has crowned her with undying fame. No fewer than sixty armed vessels manned by four thousand men, are said to have sailed from Salem harbor. Shoulder to shoulder with Boston, she upheld the honor of old Massachusetts throughout the glorious struggle, and one of the initial acts of the Revolution was performed within her limits. The city charter of Salem dates from 1836. We know of few pleasanter places in New England for a residence than Salem. With the exception of a few localities through which the tide of commercial activity flows during the busier hours of the day, it unites the quiet of the country with the conveniences of city life. The man of leisure and taste may find here the charms of polished society, libraries and scientific collections to aid his mental culture, and the most agreeable scenery in the environs to gladden his



EAST INDIA MARINE HALL, SALEM, MASS.





CITY HALL, SALEM, MASS.

eyes when he goes forth to take the air. Besides a thousand historical associations, brilliant and thrilling, or sad in tone, cluster round the venerable place. It was here the fancy of Hawthorne caught many of those tender and many of those tragic hues whose reflections on his pages have charmed so many thousands of readers. Salem claims her share of distinguished names in art and science; among whom that of Nathaniel Bowditch, author of the "Practical Navigator," is identified with its fame and nautical achievements. This celebrated work, which has been translated into every European language, is co-extensive with maritime adventure.

#### LIFE IN ITALY.

In a late number of Blackwood's Magazine is an interesting article, sketching life as exhibited at "the seaside in the Papal States." While sojourning at Neltuno, a delightful old hamlet on the shores of the Mediterranean, the writer made the acquaintance of a worthy Franciscan monk, who told her the following little tale: "It had happened not long ago, and it is very well known. A steward of Torlonia, one of those vast farms on the Pontine marshes, was sent with a great sum to pay the laborers and herdsmen on the farm. He took every precaution, though they did not turn to account. He was compelled to pass the night in the town of Braccielo. Instead of going to the public tavern and taking the usual risk of travellers, he went to the governatore, and told him of the money he carried, and that he feared to be plundered. The governatore, after commending his prudence, and, thinking it over, sent him to the house of the Padre Roberto—a man much beloved—where the padre received him willingly, and gave him his best chamber. They supped and all was well; and the stranger, with his treasure and his pistols, went to rest. About the middle of the

night, some one came knocking violently to the padre's door; the housekeeper rose to ask who it was—for the house of a priest must be ever open to the demands of his flock. It was some one in the town who would see the priest, and was dying, he the answer; upon which, as necessary, the woman opened the door. The steward, sleeping lightly, as men do who carry treasure, was awake and listening. It was dark—he had no light—and his chamber was on the opposite side of the house; but he could still hear. The next sound that came to him in the darkness, after the unbarring of the door, was the sound of a pistol shot—a sound one does not mistake when one hears it in the depths of the night. This sound roused the steward to draw forth his own pistols and barricade his door with the furniture. Then he heard the good padre come forth to ask why he was wanted, and what the commotion was. Then sounded another pistol shot, and another groan, and the steward knew he now could have no hope but to defend himself. Shortly he heard the steps of the assassins. They knew where he was lodged and assailed his door, which he had locked and barricaded without any loss of time. At a venture he fired, taking all the aim he could from the sounds he heard—for he was bold and in despair. Twice he fired, and twice a groan and a fall showed him that it was not in vain. When he had waited a little, and heard nothing, he withdrew his barricade and rushed out. Two men lay there before his door. He rushed to the house of the governatore to claim protection. When he had roused some one to answer him, the governatore was not to be found—he was absent; then the poor man hastened to the secretario. The secretario was gone also. The steward returned to the house at last, with lights and a body of the townsfolk. There lay Padre Roberto, dead, and his housekeeper; and above stairs, were the two men, one of them still living, with muffled faces. When they uncovered the robbers, there lay the governatore and secretario; that was the explanation of the mystery. The living robber went to the galleys."

#### PROVERBS WORTH PRESERVING.

Hasty people drink the wine of life scalding hot.—Death's the only master who takes his servants without a character.—A sour faced wife fills the tavern.—Content's the mother of good digestion.—When Pride and Poverty marry together, their children are Want and Crime.—Where hard work kills ten, idleness kills a hundred men.—Folly and pride walk side by side.—He that borrows binds himself with his neighbor's rope.—He that's too good for good advice, is too good for his neighbor's company.—Friends and photographs never flatter.—Wisdom's always at home to those who call.—The firmest friends ask the fewest favors.

## RUNNING A SLAVE CARGO.

BY MATURIN M. BALLOU.

It was on one of those deliciously fragrant tropical mornings which render the early day so incomparably beautiful in Cuba, that I found myself awakened from a refreshing night's slumber upon the plantation of Dr. Finley, near Alquizar. My host was abroad before me, early as it was, and I reached the broad shaded piazza just in time to see the slaves file past it, directed by the overseer, towards their field labor. They were a cheerful, thoughtless set of beings, chattering and laughing among themselves, and in their various native dialects, the doctor now and then calling some favorite one by name, who would stop and pleasantly answer him.

At my host's suggestion, we took an early cup of coffee before the ladies were prepared to breakfast, and mounting a couple of his little ambling Cuban horses, we dashed off down the long alley of palm trees which formed the entrance to the plantation, and soon turned our faces towards the south shore of the island over a finely made road, lined for miles with fragrant lime hedges in full bloom. It would be impossible not to grow enthusiastic, surrounded by such delicious fragrance, such richness of foliage, such abundance of fruits, and such tropical grandeur of vegetation. I breathed in of the soft beauty of the scene, and cantered by my friend's side, elated and happy.

I was aware of the purpose of our ride. The doctor had already told me that a cargo of "boys" (all male slaves are called boys) was to be landed during the day on the south coast, and if I was desirous I could witness the scene. A smart ride of a couple of leagues or more brought us to a gentle rise of ground, which opened to our view the ocean and a line of coast extending for miles. The mist of the morning yet hung over the still waters, but a gentle breeze just then began to disperse it and to lift the veil from the face of the waters. For a long time we could discern nothing; but my companion was sure that this was the spot chosen, and that by exercising a little patience we should be witnesses to the scene.

Directly the indistinct outline of a graceful tracery of spars met the eye through the misty gauze, and gradually grew more and more distinct, commencing at the top hamper and descending towards the deck, until at last there lay, with a look of treacherous tranquillity, the beautiful outline of a three-masted brigantine. She was perfect in model, but the rig was new to our eye, and novel in the extreme. Her deck was flush fore and aft, not so much as a rise of an inch was visible for her quarter deck, leaving great capacity below decks, the line of which

came up to within two feet of the bulwark caps. A single glance sufficed to identify the rakish craft as a Baltimore clipper, of a couple of hundred tons, and a slaver.

But see! hereaway to windward there looms up over the mist, which holds to the surface of the sea, three topmasts, the stately set of which, with their firm rig, an experienced eye would at once detect, betrayed the fact that there floated beneath the hull of an English or French man-of-war, such as cruise in these waters to intercept the traders from the coast of Africa. But there are watchful eyes in the brigantine, for ere our gaze was withdrawn from the caps of the three top-gallant masts, a drapery of snow white canvass had fallen like magic from the spars of the slaver, ready to catch the first breath of the northerly breeze which the stranger was bringing down with him, as he crowded a bank of fog before him.

"Why did not the slaver effect a landing under cover of the night?" we asked.

"She has been kept back by the fog," said the doctor, "and after running in as near as she dared to do, has dropped her anchor, and waited for daylight and a breeze to clear away the mist."

"But the slaver is off without raising her anchor," we suggested, as she commenced to move gracefully southward.

"She has slipped her cable, but will be back to pick up the buoy attached before many hours. Nothing on the coast except a steamer can hold speed with those fly-aways. She will leave yonder cruiser a wild goose chase, double on her track and land her cargo before midnight, depend upon it. See, it is a Frenchman, and you can make her out to her flag dangling at her peak. She must scent the game, for she cannot see the slaver."

But the wind now fast cleared the waters of the Caribbean Sea, and both the cruiser and the



STATE NORMAL SCHOOL, SALEM, MASS.



ASIATIC BUILDING AND POST-OFFICE, SALEM, MASS.

brigantine rose in full view of each other. The stranger had come down under an easy press of canvass, simply wearing jib, three main-topsails and spanker; but as a view was gained of the slaver, at a signal which we could not hear, a throng of dark objects peopled the shrouds and spars of the Frenchman, and sheet after sheet of heavy duck was lowered and sheeted home, until the mountain of canvass propelled the dark hull of the vessel at a rapid rate through the water. In the meantime the brigantine had not been idle; in addition to the regular squaresails of a brig, she had a short mizen-mast stepped well aft, not four feet from her taffrail, upon which she now hoisted a spanker and a gaff-topsail, completing a most graceful and effective rig.

The cruiser got her bow chasers to bear upon the slaver, and attempted to cripple her by a few shots, firing first from the larboard and then from the starboard port, but the distance was at least long range, and the shot flew wide. Though it would have seemed that the immense spread of canvass the brigantine carried might have afforded a good mark, yet she was untouched, and evidently, in the steady, but light wind that prevailed, was creeping gradually away from the ship. Everything was packed upon the Frenchman, but he did not gain a ship's length upon the chase with all his effort.

"She steers due south," said the doctor, pointing to the slaver, "and will lead the Frenchman away among the Caymen isles, where he will get aground in spite of fate, with his big hull and heavy draft of water."

In half an hour both were out of sight, the breeze having freshened, and with my companion I was soon after seated at a cheerful repast in the village inn of Lenoir. We ate with huge appetites after our long ride, and never did any home dishes, with which I am familiar, taste more pal-

stable than the fried plantains, fresh eggs and Yankee ham, which, with a bottle of sour wine, formed our meal. We passed the afternoon in strolling through the flower begirt aisles and fragrant paths of a neighboring coffee estate, and at sunset were quietly partaking of goat's milk and cassava bread, when our host rushed in, and with a significant remark to the doctor as quickly disappeared. I understood the pantomime better than the rolling Spanish which the landlord uttered, and hastened to prepare and follow the doctor, who was all impatience to reach the shore as soon as the slaver should anchor; for it was to announce her return that the landlord had so suddenly darted in upon us. As we came out and gained a view, we saw the slaver just rounding a small promontory, and entering a tiny bay with scarce water enough to float her. All was at once bustle on board and on shore. The spot was comparatively a lonely one, and not twoscore of people were in the vicinity, but these were persons who understood

their business, and who were interested parties. The brigantine was now as close in shore as possible, and a broad plank shipped from her gangway to a projecting rock, over which a line of dark naked objects at once poured like a flock of sheep in single file. Mostly they were full grown men, but occasionally a woman or a boy came out and hurried forward like the rest. We approached the spot of disembarkation. Scarcely a word was uttered by any one, the Spaniards worked understandingly, with despatch, not a moment being lost, and ere an hour had passed, the whole cargo, of which I counted two hundred and eleven souls, were marching inland in gangs of twenty or more, by different routes, and guarded only by two or three armed Spaniards to each gang.

As the various parties filed past us, the doctor who was well versed in African nationality, described to us the tribe of each, and the striking characteristics of the people to which they belonged.

"Yonder go a couple of Congos," said he, "they are small, but agile and good laborers. 'T would amuse you to hear the fellows sing, they never whistle, but are humming constantly. That woman and the half-dozen men behind her are Fantee; you see they are a larger race than the rest, but they are revengeful and apt to be uneasy."

"But here comes one larger than the Fantee." "Ah, yes, that fellow is from the Gold Coast, he will bring a heavy sum in doubloons, and will be sold in Havana for a domestic servant, a calisero perhaps; they are a favorite tribe, too, with the planters."

"Here comes a squad that must have white blood in their veins," we suggested.

"No, they belong to the Ebro tribe and are mulatto. They too are very faithful, but slow,

and somewhat stupid. See these three shackled together, with surly looks and gaunt forms, those are Ashantees, and have thrived but poorly on their small allowance of rice water. They are a powerful inland tribe in Africa, and are rarely captured and sold to the factories on the coast. They are sturdy and serviceable fellows, but they must be humored, the lash will not subdue them."

"Of what tribe are those slim and quiet-looking men who are standing behind the palm trees?"

"Those," said the doctor, "are Carobellees, a singular and superstitious tribe; they are highly esteemed by the planters, but not when first landed. They must be first domesticated, for they believe that after death they will return to their native land, and consequently they are prone to commit suicide."

As the doctor spoke, the last of the human freight which had been landed was put in marching trim, and moved inland, while at the same moment there boomed over the sea a report of a gun, which called our attention to the distant sea. A change had taken place since we had last turned that way. The moon at intervals now lighted up the waters, but was often obscured by clouds. Off in the southern board there was seen the French cruiser, which had returned just in time to be too late.

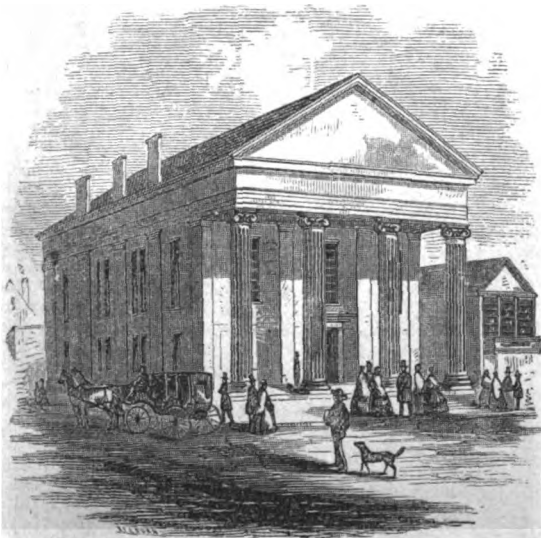
The brigantine was standing seaward with every sail, and we could discern her quarter boat now leaving her side with a couple of hands, and pell for the shore, while at the same time a bright blaze sprang up amidships, and in a moment more crept like a living serpent from shroud to shroud, and from spar to spar, until the graceful brigantine was one brilliant sheet of flame. She had performed her mission, had made a fortune by her ill gotten freight, and, as is the custom now when escape is hardly possible, was thus destroyed. We watched the brilliant bonfire, and saw the cruiser cautiously haul her wind and bear away, for fire was an enemy she could not contend with, and anon there rose a shower of broken and blazing matter heavenward, and a confusing shock and thunder-like report filled the atmosphere, as the beautiful but guilty brigantine was blown to atoms.

**WHICH END OF TROUBLE.**—Not long ago a bridegroom returning home from his wedding, was met by a friend, who thus addressed him: "Well, Jack, I'm glad to see thee in thy happy position, thou'st seen the end of thy trouble now." "Thank thee, lad," was Jack's answer, "I hope I have." About a month afterwards the two friends again met, when Jack, speaking rather warmly, exclaimed: "Bill, thou telled me a lie that morning I got wed! Didn't thou say I'd seen th'end of my trouble?" "I did," said Bill, "but I didn't tell thee which end."—*Fraser's Magazine.*

#### SCHILLER IN BOYHOOD.

The earliest years of his boyhood already show Schiller as endowed with an indomitable spirit of independence, a soaring imagination, a genial affection for all humanizing ideas. His education, it is true, was little calculated to develop these tendencies, except that the very restraint it imposed upon him drove his ardent soul into rebellion. Placed in the military academy of the Duke of Wurtemberg, in whose service his father then was, he had much to suffer from the narrow martinet method prevailing in the institution of that despotic princelet,—so much so that he often formed plans with his companions for escaping from the yoke which daily became more galling. This mind of fire, this Promethean spirit, was strapped down by a hundred petty bonds, in the name of "subordination."

With an imagination constantly communing with the gods on Olympus; with a heart thirsting for great deeds, and a consuming desire to be up and doing that which would rouse his country from lethargy and startle the world, young Schiller found himself, as it were, pinioned in the strait-waistcoat of the most unbearable military discipline. Even the mental food for which he craved was denied him. He had to read by stealth, with fear and difficulty—behind lock and key, some friendly companion keeping watch the while—the standard works of the then classic authors of his country! But the severer the trammels imposed, the bolder flew his fancy into the boundless realms of free thought. In the midst of petty miseries, he built up an ideal world of his own. With the pains and penalties of the barrack constantly before him, he strove to mould himself to the classic pattern of Plutarch's antique worthies. Together with his fellow sufferers, he in secret adopted as a device expressive of their aspirations, a lion rampant, with the motto—"In tyrannos."—*Karl Blind.*

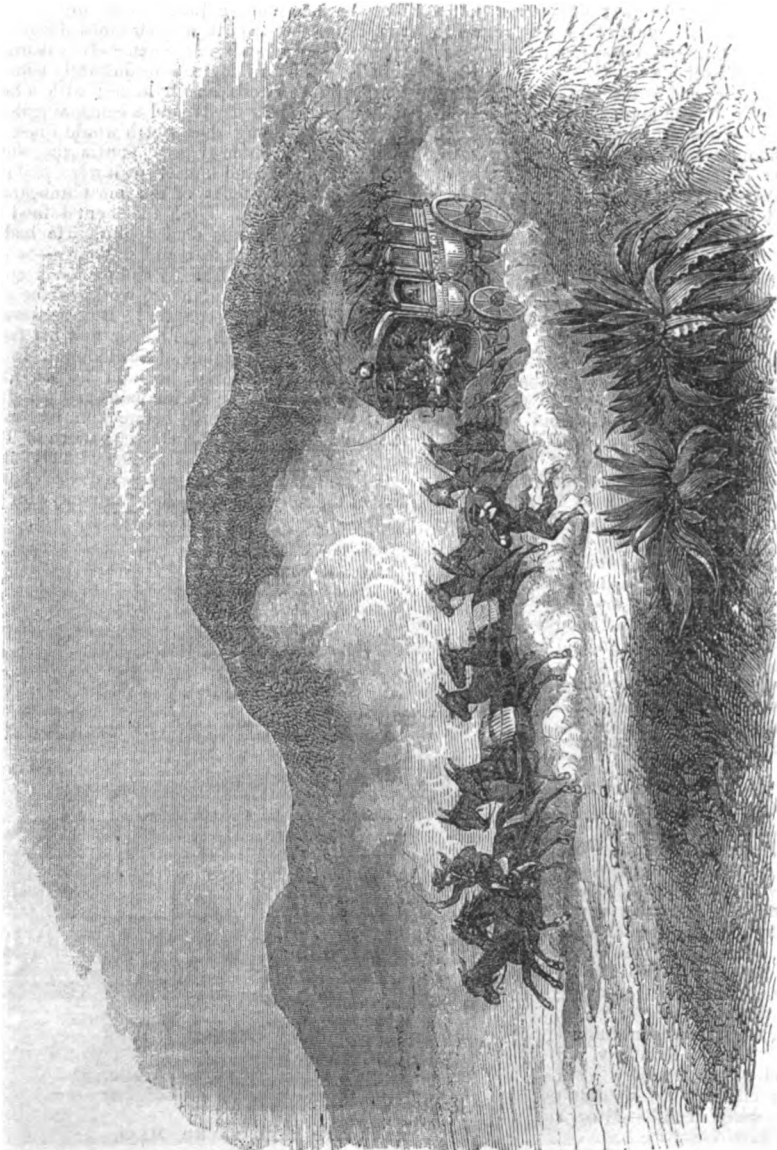


MECHANIC HALL, SALEM, MASS.

## MODES OF TRAVEL.

In the three engravings which follow, we present some spirited pictures of some of the modes of locomotion in use in Europe and the East. The first is a Spanish diligence, a cumbrous affair, in many respects resembling the old French diligence, now nearly fallen into disuse, and quite as clumsy, drawn by nine or ten mules and one horse, pushed to the top of their speed by the shouts and whips of the drivers and postilions. The rider of the only horse in the team is plying his lash lustily, and another postilion has dismounted so that he can distribute his favors all along the line of mules. He will throw

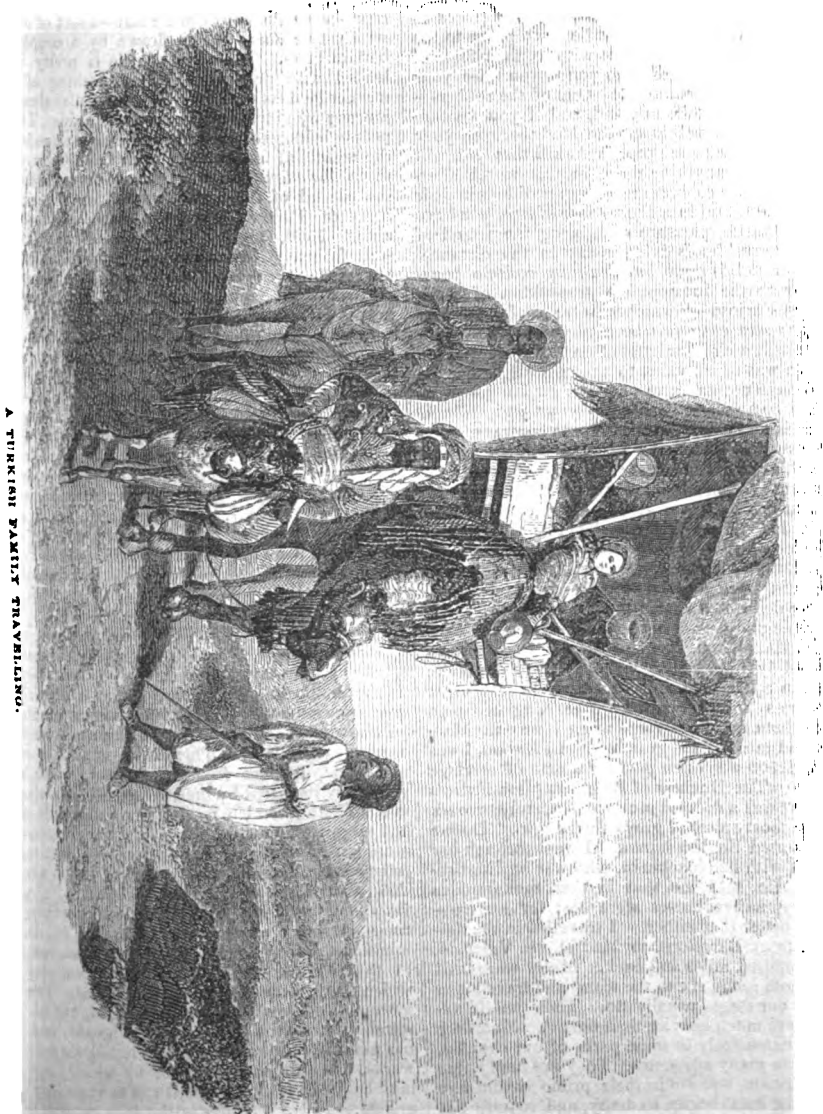
himself into the saddle again when his arm is weary. When a long team of mules is used, the driver generally carries a bag of stones with him, which he hurls from time to time at his animals with unerring precision, and these stones are sometimes used with terrible effect upon each other when two muleteers chance to come into collision. The diligence is divided, it will be seen, into three compartments, the seats of which vary in eligibility and price. The vehicle is a quaint and curious old world affair, a huge ark, a mass of timber, iron, leather and glass. It would be top-heavy but for its breadth of beam.



A SPANISH DILIGENCE.

Still the royal *diligencia* sometimes makes good speed, thanks to frequent relays of mules. But "slow and sure" is the motto of these conveyances for the accommodation of the public. The drivers have a very great respect for the fable of the hare and tortoise. Still, it must not be supposed that a journey in a Spanish diligence is void of all romance. By no means. To say nothing of the interesting character of the country, with its broad vegas, and stern sierras—the rivers with names as musical as the waves—the storied cities through which you pass—the picturesque but uncomfortable *posadas* at which you halt—the manners and costumes of peas-

ants, innkeepers and priests, which have changed little since the immortal Cervantes wrote his history of "that ingenious gentleman, Don Quixote de la Mancha," there are "inklings of adventure," which occur to almost every one who travels much in Spain, worthy to figure on the pages of romance. What say you to a highway robbery, *Senor Traveller*? The jaded mules are drawing your diligence through a rocky defile skirted with wood on either hand. We will throw in an escort of half a dozen cavalry soldiers by way of picturesque effect. Suddenly a group of fanciful villains, such as you see on the operatic stage, well mounted and armed with carbines,



pistols and sabres, appear in the road, and the leader, in a loud voice, commands the driver to halt, on the penalty of a brace of bullets in his cranium. But you have soldiers—they will beat back the ruffians and clear the way. Not a bit of it. *Tout au contraire*. The escort haven't the slightest idea of showing fight. They know that pure Castilian blood is too precious to be wasted in a highway brawl. They discharge their carbines at random, and then turn bridle, set spurs to their nags and gallop off at a furious rate, saving their necks if not their credit. Robber No. 1 now makes the driver and passengers alight, appropriating their watches, rings and purses by way of remuneration for his polite attention. The order is now given—*boca a tierra* (faces to the ground), and you must lie down prone to the earth, so that you may not witness the rifling of the diligence. Woe be to you if you raise your head after the command! One of the robbers is on the watch, knife in hand, and if you venture to disobey, he will insert the blade between your shoulders with such practised skill that you will never know anything more in this world afterwards. The robbers are very expeditious in their operations, and in a short space of time you have the exquisite pleasure of hearing the sound of their horses' hoofs dying away in the distance. Your watch is gone, but you may console yourself with the indisputable proposition of *Bombastes Furioso*—"watches were made to go." Your spare cash has been abstracted—but you have still a circular letter of credit in your pocket which was of no value to the robbers, and then you have not an extra ounce of lead in your cranium, or a stiletto sticking in your pericardium. This is no fancy sketch. On the contrary, such an event used to be very common in Spain, and is still not such a rare thing as to cause any great amount of concern. Lieutenant Slidell was robbed in this way, and gives a graphic account of it in his "Year in Spain." The *salteadores* of Mexico, in this country, are the legitimate descendants of those of Spain, and their manner of operating is identical. The Spanish mules, such as are delineated in our engraving, are very serviceable and frequently very handsome animals. J. N. Hambleton, Esq., of the U. S. Navy, as quoted by J. S. Skinner, says: "Mules are more used in Spain and Portugal than in any other countries I have visited. The King of Spain used them for his carriage when I was in Madrid, and most of the *grandees*. In Lisbon, I was told, \$1500 was often paid for a pair of carriage mules. The Duchess of Braganza (Don Pedro's widow) was a decided mulewoman, and drove six of the most splendid grays I ever saw. Donna Maria used English horses. I went through her stables with her coachman, who was an Englishman. He told me that in that mountainous country, native horses were best for service—mules better than either. I travelled in the diligence from Barcelona to Madrid, via Valencia, four hundred miles and back. Mules were used the whole route, six to the team, and travelled as fast as our stages usually do. Their public vehicles are much heavier than ours." Mules are raised extensively in some parts of our country, and have many advocates. They are hardy, free from disease, and are in their prime at the age when the horse begins to decay, and require but

two-thirds the feed of a horse. Their proverbial obstinacy is rather the effect of bad breaking than a natural characteristic.

Another of our engravings shows us a Turkish family on their travels. The patient camel, the "desert ship," so admirably adapted by Providence for travelling the arid wastes of sand that abound in the East, bears the burden of a huge frame covered with cloth, which contains the veiled women and children of the Turkish family. This contrivance must be well balanced and ballasted to keep it trim. A grave Turk paces beside it on his barb, preceded by a Nubian on a diminutive donkey. The young camel driver is also a Nubian. Another engraving of the series represents a Persian farmer's cart—a sort of truck with very clumsy wheels, drawn by a couple of buffalo bulls. The rude vehicle is pretty well loaded with passengers, to say nothing of the market baskets. A young man is enlivening the journey by playing an air on a rustic pipe. These people belong to Khosrovah, a village situated in the middle of a fine plain near Lake Ourmyah, three or four days' journey from Tabriz, the capital of Azbaidjan, one of the ten provinces of Persia. Its inhabitants, numbering about 1200, are of Chaldaic origin. They were formerly Nestorians, but are now Catholics, having been converted to Catholicism about a century ago. Industrious and intelligent, these people have succeeded, notwithstanding the taxes which burthen them, in acquiring a degree of ease in their circumstances not common with the subjects of the Shah. Persia is poor—the people generally occupy, in common with their cattle, miserably cold and smoky huts. At Khosrovah the houses are clean, large and well built. There are many gardens, and the cultivation of the surrounding lands attests more agricultural knowledge and care than is generally found among the farmers and *rayahs*. Artificial irrigation is almost everywhere employed in the raising of crops, and is an art perfectly familiar to the Persian agriculturist, having been practised from the remotest antiquity.

#### POPULAR INTELLIGENCE.

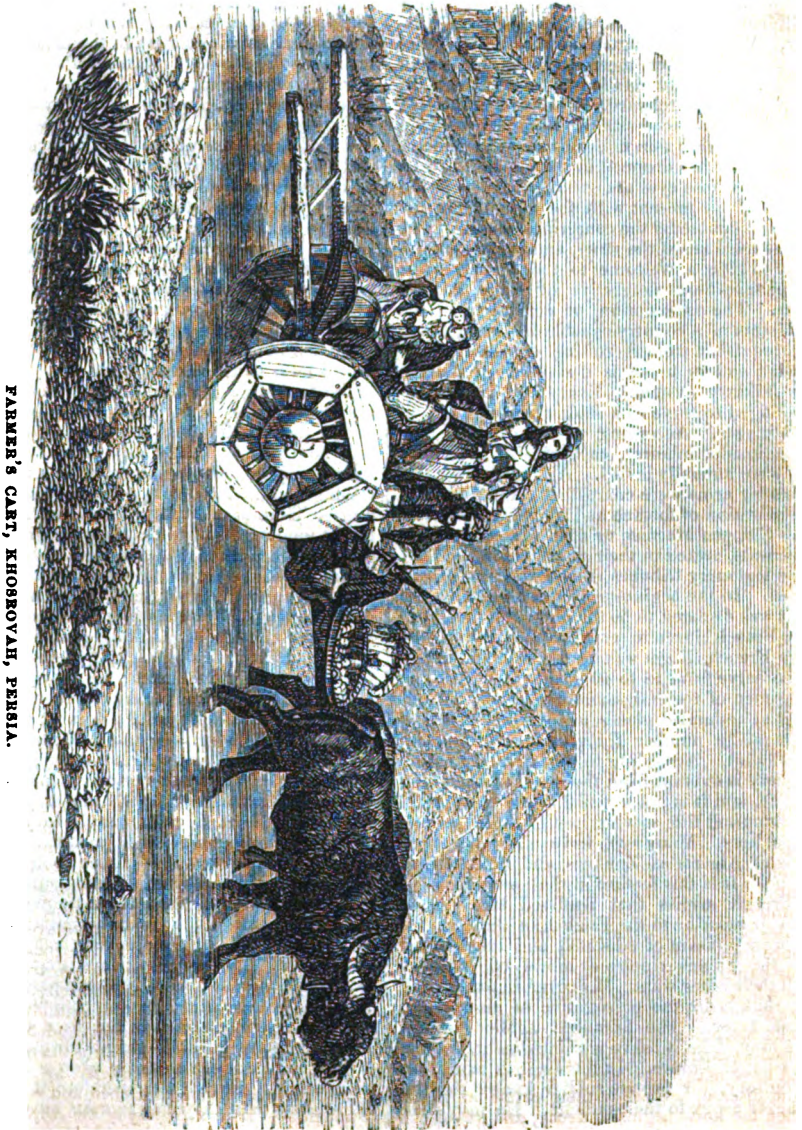
It is a common error to overrate the intelligence of the present day, and underrate our forefathers in the intellectual scale; for, although our nomadic ancestors were long without the cultivation of knowledge and literature, they were not, therefore, mentally inert. There is an education of the mind, distinct from the literary, which is gradually imparted by the contingences of active life. In this, which is always the education of the largest portion of mankind, our ancestors were never deficient. The operation of practical but powerful intellect may be traced in the wisdom and energy of their great political mechanisms and municipal institutions. It pervades their ancient laws; and is displayed in full dimensions, as to our Saxon and Norman ancestors, in that collection of our native jurisprudence which one Braston has transmitted to us. The system of common law there exhibited, was admirably adapted to their wants and benefit; and has mainly contributed to form the national bulwarks, that individual character by which England has been so long enriched and so vigorously upheld.—*Turner's History of the Anglo Saxons.*



## THE FRENCH CONSCRIPT.

The two pretty pictures which accompany this sketch are particularly distinguished by grace and truth to nature. The first depicts the "Departure of the Conscript." The scene of this little drama lies, as we perceive from the costumes, in Bretagne. War has brought its evils home to the heart of a peaceful, rural village, whose inhabitants have no aspirations for glory, and are probably ignorant of the national dispute which has rendered a levy of men inevitable. The fatal lot of conscription has fallen upon the best-loved, the Benjamin of a little rural family. In the distance the drum is beating the *rappel*,

and the young conscripts are falling into ranks, at the summons of the non-commissioned officer who is reading the roll-call. The conscript hears it and must obey. His youthful countenance expresses the deepest anguish. His afflicted mother, almost overpowered by her emotions, droops her head upon his shoulder, and clinging fondly to her darling, sighs out her sad farewell. On the other side of the youth stands his father, a toil-worn man, whose hard features, as he gazes on his son and clasps his hand, are relaxed by grief and tenderness. The young brother, who holds the conscript's wallet, and who is to accom-



FARMER'S CART, KHOSROYAH, PERSIA.



pany him to the rendezvous, also stands the picture of grief. An older sister, with a babe in her arms, is hiding her tear-filled eyes with her hand. Even the dog gazes wistfully on the little group, as if conscious of the distress of the family to which he is attached. It is a bitter moment for all. Turn we to the second picture. Years have passed. We are standing on the same spot—before the same doorway. A pent roof has been added to it—and even the decay of that addition attests the march of time. The conscript, bronzed by the suns of Italy and Egypt, ripened from a soft youth into a stern, bearded man, rushes to meet his old mother, whose prayers for his preservation on the field of battle, nightly and daily poured forth, have prevailed. In the shadow of the doorway the youthful brother, now a full grown man, is advancing to greet the wanderer. We miss the figure of the father. Sire and son will never meet again on this side of eternity. The old man is laid to rest with his fathers in the churchyard. In one of the boys in the foreground we can scarcely recognize the baby brother; but that thin figure by the cottage door, whose basket has dropped in the moment of surprise, and whose eyes are seeking to reconcile the features of the present with the memory of the past, is undoubtedly the conscript's sister. The villages have heard the news, and are rushing together to give a welcome to the soldier. The two pictures are suggestive of quite a little drama. The conscription, or enlistment of the inhabitants of a country capable of bearing arms, is distinguished from recruiting, or voluntary enlistment, and its name is derived from the ancient military system. Every Roman citizen was obliged to serve as a soldier from his 17th to his 45th year. According to the Roman law, four legions of infantry, each consisting of 6666 men, were annually levied. All citizens capable of bearing arms were compelled, under penalty of deprivation of fortune and liberty, to assemble in the Campus Martius, or near the capitol, and the consuls, seated in their curule chairs, assisted by the legionary tribunes, made their selections of men. In the beginning of the French revolution it was declared to be the duty and honor of every French citizen to serve in the French army. Every French citizen was born a soldier, and liable to serve from 12 to 40 years of age. The young men of the designated age assembled annually at appointed places, and the selections of the requisite number from each locality was made by lot. According to this system, no rank in society is exempt from the duty of defending the state, and it is not unusual to see young men of fortune and title serving in the ranks as private soldiers. Many such have made the campaigns of Algeria as *Zouaves* and *Chasseurs d'Afrique*. It is this feature in the composition of the French armies that rendered the French troops so superior to the English in the Crimea. The large infusion of educated and refined men gives the French troops a moral effectiveness which their allies want. Moreover, in the French army rank is not the prerogative of money and official favor. The humblest soldier in the ranks may, if he is brave and intelligent, become a marshal of France. In the English army, on the contrary, the private soldier knows that he can never aspire to the epaulette. He may shed

his blood for the honor of his country and the glory of his chief, but his sword can never carve out advancement for himself. The French have from time immemorial been distinguished for their feats of arms and for their love of military glory. It was the boast of the ancestors of the present race of Frenchmen, that, even if the arch of heaven were to sink, they would sustain it on their lance points. In theory, every man in France is born a soldier—and in fact, there is scarcely a man among the many millions of France, who has not, in the course of his life, experienced the thrill of military ardor. Even the women have been infected with this passion. In the wars of the old republic, General Dumourier had for his aides-de-camp two of the most beautiful women in all France. They were seen under the heaviest fire, rallying the faint-hearted and heading the heroic soldiers in the most desperate charges. In the civil wars of Paris, grisettes have fought and fallen beside their lovers; and an epaulette and spur go a great way in winning the smiles of the French fair. Louis Napoleon has made good use of the Gallic love of arms, and his throne may be said to rest on bayonets. It is an alarming fact that in France, in every twenty years, at least a million and a half of men are restored from the army to agricultural pursuits, a large proportion of whom are unfit to resume their stations in civil life, from the idleness and vicious habits engendered by campaigning. M. Alletz says: "Look at the soldier just freed from service. He spends before his departure, in some coarse pleasure, the money that he has received from home to enable him to return. Reduced to pawn a portion of his garments to supply the deficiency thus created, he reaches his native place half-naked, drooping with fatigue and hunger. In a few days is exhausted the natural joy he feels at finding himself among his friends again. Accustomed to the excitement of danger, if he has been in the field, or to the vagabond indolence which he leads in great cities during a long peace, he soon feels a heavy and brutal *ennui*. Everything is strange and monotonous to him; the uniformity of life which he is compelled to lead wearies him, used as he is to perpetual change; the solitude of the village gives no scope to his loquacity; the necessity of work alarms his indolence; his newly-acquired liberty embarrasses a character broken by discipline; he misses the public places of the cities; *ennui* makes him irritable and hard; he seeks out old companions of arms and idleness, gets drunk with them, quarrels, ruins or drives his family to despair; shortens, perhaps, the days of his mother; becomes an evil example to youth, excites the indignation of all respectable people, is a cause of affliction and dishonor to his family, and disturbs the repose of the magistrate. It is a sad thing to say, but it is too frequent to find old soldiers among the greatest criminals. Louvel, Fieschi, Alibaud, moreover, had been soldiers." M. Randot, also, says that the fifty thousand men who generally return per annum to civil life, find it difficult to compete with workmen whose education has not been disturbed. They generally go and inhabit towns, and, according to him, form an army always ready for insurrection. In civil war, therefore, it is against old soldiers that the young recruits have to fight.

## THE FATAL HELMETS.\*

### A GALLIC LEGEND.

BY FRANCIS A. DURIVAGE.

It was on a dark evening in the month of February, 814, that two horsemen, clad in complete armor, and mounted on fleet and powerful charges, rode rapidly towards one of the gates of the city of Paris. They were young and gallant knights, favorites of Charlemagne, and now bound for the ancient palace of Thermes, with

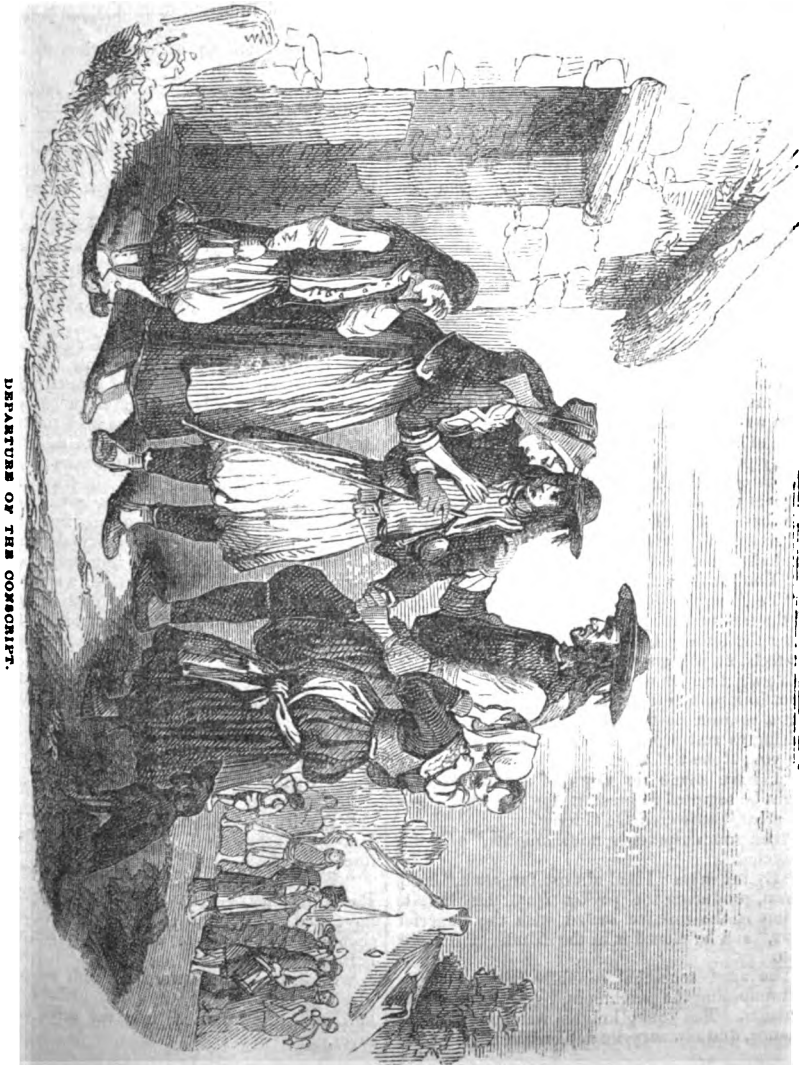
\* The basis of this sketch may be found in that very agreeable and valuable illustrated work, "Les Rues de Paris."

sealed despatches for its seneschal, from the new monarch, Louis, the brother and successor of the great emperor.

"Look, Raoul!" said one of the riders, Robert de Guercy, addressing his companion, Raoul de Lys, "the clouds have lifted a little, and through a rent in the murky canopy of heaven, one star beams out, a prestige of good fortune."

"Ay, Robert," replied his brother-in-arms, and methinks I behold, rising in the distance, the hoary battlements and time-worn towers of the old palace. Dearer to me, that old Roman pile, in all its rude severity, than the fairest citadel of other lands—for is it not the bower of my ladye love, Rotrude the peerless?"

"Not peerless!" answered de Guercy, "you forget her sister Gisla."



DEPARTURE OF THE CONSORT.

"They are twin-stars of beauty," said Raoul. "Worthy of the blood that courses in their veins—worthy sisters of the imperial Charlemagne."

"What think you the new monarch will say to our attachment?"

"I know not. I have not learned to read his character. But I fear his austerity and pride. Yet a little while, Robert, must our loves be hidden. We have wooed and won our mistresses in secret—let us still shroud our passions in the veil of mystery. The hour will come, believe me, when we can avouch it in the face of day. When we have carved our fortunes with our swords, and earned with our blood the highest honors of chivalry, each can claim the hand of an emperor's sister as his guerdon. But here we are at the gate."

Raising his bugle to his lips, Raoul blew a vigorous and martial blast. The gate was opened, and the knights, setting spurs to their horses, dashed under the archway, the flambeaux of the guard throwing a ruddy light upon their gleaming armor and white plumes. Recognizing the companions as royal messengers, a few cavaliers mounted in haste, and offered their escort as far as the palace of Thermes.

The party galloped on at full speed, the iron-shod feet of the horses dashing fire from the stones that lay scattered in the narrow, unpaved, and ill-kept streets. At length they reached the old palace, where the knights dismissed their escort. The seneschal, an old man, whose white beard descended half-way to his girdle, received them with the honors due to couriers from the emperor, and gave orders that their chargers should be cared for, while he himself marshalled the way into a long, vaulted hall, wainscotted with oak, upon the walls of which hung panoplies of arms and banners of all nations, many of them wrested from their original possessors by the gallantry of Charlemagne. Yet it was a dreary place, and the night-wind, that found its way through the loop-holes, swayed the rustling banners to and fro with a dismal, moaning sound, like that of the voice of the prophet of evil. The old seneschal, having conducted the knights thus far, halted and said:

"You are from Aix-la-Chapelle?"

"Yes," replied Raoul. "And we have ridden all the way on the spur—securing fresh horses all along the route. I know not how my companion feels, he will answer for himself; but for my own part, I am as weary in limb as after a day spent in lopping off heads upon a field of battle. But a venison pasty and a flagon of wine before retiring to rest would not come amiss. What say you, Robert?"

"I have made no vows of abstinence, or I might be tempted to break it, for my necessities are great," answered De Guercy.

"But your despatches, noble knights," said the seneschal.

"By the mass! I had almost forgotten," said Raoul, producing the packet from his breast. "Here is the missive sealed with the imperial arms," and he placed it in the hands of the old man.

The aged seneschal carefully broke the seal, and unfolding the parchment, began to read the contents. The young knights watched his countenance, and saw surprise depicted in his features.

When he had read every word, the seneschal raised his head, and addressing the bearer of the despatch, said:

"You are named Raoul de Lys?"

Raoul inclined his head.

"And you?" the seneschal continued, turning to the second knight.

"My name is Robert de Guercy."

"Then, Robert de Guercy and Raoul de Lys," said the seneschal, "I arrest you both."

"By whose authority?" demanded Raoul, fiercely.

"By the emperor's," replied the seneschal, striking the parchment with his withered hand.

The two knights looked at each other with astonishment.

"You will surrender your swords," said the seneschal.

Raoul and Robert disdainfully gave up their weapons.

"At least tell us of what crime we are accused," said Raoul.

"It is not specified in the letter," replied the seneschal, "only that you are to be imprisoned, and my orders command your separation."

"Our separation!" cried Raoul, throwing himself into the arms of his friend. "Robert is my brother-in-arms—my companion in peril and pleasure. Part us not."

"Compel me not to use violence," said the seneschal, gravely. "Obey—and trust to fortune."

"Good-night, then, Robert," said Raoul, sadly. "What may be the issue of this affair Heaven only can decide."

The seneschal departed with his other prisoner, and Raoul de Lys heard the door barred and locked behind him. Throwing himself upon an oaken bench, he reflected painfully upon the sudden change which had fallen on his fortunes. A few days since, he was a favorite of the greatest monarch of the earth—now, he was a prisoner by the command of his successor. A few moments before, he looked forward to a rapturous meeting with Rotrude, now he was separated from her and perhaps forever. As these painful thoughts passed through his mind, the iron tongue of the belfry of St. James struck twelve; a secret door swung open on its hinges, and Robert de Guercy, holding a lamp in his hand, and followed by a female figure, entered the hall. Raoul started to his feet.

"Raoul! brother! friend!" cried the knight. "We must up and act. The emperor has doomed us to perpetual imprisonment."

"How know you this?"

Robert de Guercy pointed to the shrinking figure of Gisla.

"Is this true, lady?"

"Too true," replied Gisla. "And ere many hours, my brother will be himself in Paris to enforce his orders."

"Why did we give up our swords?" said Raoul, furiously—"it would have been better to have died fighting like knights and gentlemen, than perish like rats in a dungeon. But where is Rotrude?"

"Here, Raoul," answered the soft voice of a glorious, dark-eyed creature, who glided into the hall and threw herself into the arms of her lover.



RETURN FROM THE WAR.

Gisla wrung her hands and wept.

"Fie, sister!" said Rotrude, turning from the embrace of Raoul. "These tears are unworthy of a sister of Charlemagne—the mistress of a gallant knight. All is not desperate. The seneschal is sound asleep. I have corrupted the guards. Four fleet horses are saddled in the court-yard. Let us fly while yet we have the time."

"And wherefore fly?" asked a deep voice.

Rotrude turned in terror, and Louis himself, issuing from the secret passage, stood before them.

"Thou here?" cried Rotrude.

"Ay—sister mine," cried the monarch. "Why, you fly before me, maidens, like startled doves.

I found your nest warm; I knew you could not be far off."

"But how could you win your way hither?"

Louis smiled.

"Dear girl," said he, "the secret passages of the old palace are as well known to me as to the architect himself. I could find my way through their labyrinthine windings blindfolded. So," he added, turning to the two knights, "you are here?"

"Yes, my liege," answered Raoul, "and unarmed and prisoners by your order."

"Valor may well be a prisoner, when beauty is his jailer," said the monarch, smiling. "Am I to understand you, noble knights, that you love these damsels fair?"

"More than life!" replied Robert and Raoul, simultaneously.

"And you are not disposed to be cruel?" asked Louis, turning to the two sisters.

Their blushes answered in the affirmative.

"Ah!" cried Louis, reproachfully. "Why did you not make a confidant of me, and treat me as a friend and brother? You should have been wedded royally. Now, since it seems to me that the ceremony must immediately take place, there is no room for splendor. I have a priest in waiting. Go, dearest sisters, and put on your bravest attire, and return to me at once."

The sisters obeyed.

Raoul was astounded.

"Can I have heard aright!" he exclaimed.

"Does your majesty really intend to bestow on poor knights the sisters of your majesty?"

"If you live," replied the monarch, ye shall wed them ere the morning dawn. Poor knights! say you? Those who enjoy a sovereign's favor can never be called poor. And as a token of my countenance, I hereby present two costly helmets with the accompanying armor, which I pray you to put on immediately. A warrior should wed in mail."

At a signal from the monarch, four attendants appeared from the secret passage, bringing two complete suits of armor.

"These are curious," said the monarch. "You will value them as having once belonged to my illustrious brother—may his soul rest in peace! They were made in Italy, and sent him from Ravenna, in return for a huge goblet filled with precious stones."

As he spoke thus, the attendants disarmed the knights, and clad them in their new armor. This change accomplished, Louis bade them be seated, and await in the hall the return of himself and their brides.

When, after the lapse of some time, the two sisters, appressed from head to foot in virgin white, and holding each other by the hand, re-entered the hall, they found the two knights sitting motionless in the huge oaken chairs where Louis had left them. Each lady, distinguishing her lover by his stature, repaired to his side. The warriors did not rise to welcome their brides.

"Raoul!" said Rotrude, placing her white hand on the shoulder of her lover.

Raoul replied not—and the cold steel sent a strange shudder through the frame of the beautiful girl.

"Speak to me, Robert!" cried the other sister. "It is I—it is Gisla, beloved one."

Robert de Guercy neither spoke nor moved.

Rotrude raised the hand of Raoul; when she relinquished it, it fell like lead. A wild shriek burst from the lips of the heart-broken sisters. At the same moment both had made the discovery that their lovers were dead.

A mechanical apparatus, the contrivance of some malevolent genius, was contained in each helmet, the operation of which excluded the air, while the throat of the wearer was gripped as in an iron vice, and life was speedily extinguished. Louis had probably decided that the mere fact of two humble knights aspiring to wed the sisters of their sovereign, was sufficient to merit death; but whatever his motive, his vengeance was speedy and effective. Of the two sisters, Gisla died on

the spot in discovering her lover's death. Rotrude, removed to a convent by order of the emperor, soon lost her reason, and died also, in the course of a few weeks, a raving maniac.

Many—many years afterwards, when the old palace was crumbling away, two suits of armor were brought to light, enclosed in a secret chamber. On examination a skeleton was found in each. But the visor of each helmet, on being raised by mechanical agency, discovered a ghastly head in a state of extraordinary preservation. These were the fatal helmets, and the heads those of the ill-starred lovers of Gisla and Rotrude.

#### ABUSE OF OUR STOMACHS.

No other civilized people, probably, are accustomed to abuse their stomachs so badly as we Americans of the United States. Our food is often badly chosen, and still more frequently spoiled in cooking, and always eaten in utter disregard of dietetic rules. We eat far too much flesh meat (and especially pork, in its most objectionable form), and too little bread, vegetables and fruits. Our hot, soda-raised biscuits, hot griddle-cakes, saturated with butter, and the hot, black, intolerable coffee, which form the staples of our breakfasts, are, in the way in which they are taken, among the most deleterious articles ever put upon a table.

Pies are another American abomination, and have no small share of our ill-health to answer for. The mince pie, as it is generally made, is the abomination of abominations. Some describe it as "very white and indigestible at top, very moist and indigestible at the bottom, and untold horrors in the middle." Even our bread is unwholesome. It is made of the finest of fine flour, and fermented till its natural sweetness and a large portion of its nutritive elements are destroyed, or raised with those poisonous chemicals, soda and cream of tartar. In either case, it is unfit to be eaten. The rich cake which our good housekeepers deem so indispensable, are still worse, and so on.—*Jacques's Hints towards Physical Perfection.*

#### EPISCOPAL CHURCH STATISTICS.

The Church Almanac, for 1860, contains the usual yearly summary of facts and information relating to the Episcopal Church, from which we gather as follows: The Episcopal Church in the United States contains 33 diocesses. The present number of bishops, provisional bishops and assistant bishops is 43; priests and deacons, 2030; parishes, 2110. There were ordained during the year 78 deacons and 93 priests. Number of candidates for holy orders, 281. Churches consecrated, 69. The baptisms were as follows: Infants, 24,415; adults, 5121; not stated, 487; total—30,023. Number of confirmations, 14,596; communicants added, 14,794; present number, 135,767; marriages, 7059; burials, 12,442; Sunday school teachers, 14,091; scholars, 118,069. The amount of contributions for missionary and charitable purposes was \$1,627,183 12.

#### CLOUDS.

He'd lie in fields,  
And through his fingers watch the changing clouds,  
Those playful fancies of the mighty sky.—SWINBURNE.

(ORIGINAL.)

## A LOVER'S LAMENT.

BY JAMES FRANKLIN FITZ.

The mirage of Egyptian sands,  
 Illusive, fading like a dream:  
 The shadowy touch of moonlight hands  
 Upon the cheek in sinful gleam—  
 These are the types of transient bliss,  
 More futile than the moonbeam's kiss!  
 Of brief delights, full-mixed with shade;  
 Of flowers that bloom, alas! to fade,  
 And leave us, when their time is o'er,  
 More sad, more wretched than before!

Is it a dream?—or have these eyes  
 Beheld, in truth, thy living form?  
 Do phantoms of my brain arise,  
 Like boreal lights in winter skies,  
 To vex me with enchantment warm?  
 Nay! I have listened to thy words,  
 More pleasant than the song of birds;  
 With rapture have these senses known  
 Thy presence in those moments flown;  
 The witchery of thy soulful eyes  
 Has filled my breast with love-lorn sighs!  
 Each dear enchantment of thy mien,  
 Thy face, thy form; thyself once seen,  
 Are graven on my heart's blank lead,  
 Imperishable types of grief!

'Tis over now—the dream has fled,  
 Like mirage vain, or moonbeam wan!  
 The hopes, the joys which thou hast led  
 In happy train, with thee are gone!  
 An hour, a day—the little time  
 To linger o'er in mournful rhyme;  
 Yet hours like these are few and brief,  
 Fit to be wept with silent grief!  
 And thou art gone—and other skies  
 Enfold thee in their varied dyes.  
 O, may they softly, gently shed  
 Their dewy blessings on thy head!  
 Others by thee to-day are blessed,  
 And, woe is me! perhaps caressed.  
 Yet, lady, thou wilt not forget  
 The lonely stranger haply met;  
 Thy parting hand-clasp, warm and true,  
 Thy sweetly-spoken, sad adieu,  
 Are memories which may not depart  
 From out this weary, sorrowing heart,  
 Although—O heart of mine, be calm!—  
 That voice may be no more thy balm;  
 Although—O weeping soul, give o'er!—  
 That hand be pressed in mine no more!

(ORIGINAL.)

## DANGERS OF COUSINSHIP.

BY EDWARD O. TUCKERMAN.

WHEN you were still in jacket and trousers;  
 dear reader, if you are of the masculine gender;  
 or in frocks and pinafore, if you belong to that  
 gentler sex whose name is a synonyme for love-  
 liness, did you not feel distressed at always find-

ing a moral trailing at the end of your favorite  
 fairy tales, like a piece of dirty paper catching  
 at the skirts of a magnificent silk dress, and  
 dragged along over the pavement by its charming  
 wearer, wholly unconscious of the grinning chim-  
 ney-sweep and shop-boys? We recollect very  
 well the vexation of spirit that filled our own  
 youthful bosom, when gorgeous palaces and fair  
 princesses vanished at the approach of some  
 axiom of commonplace morality, such as "Be  
 virtuous and you will be happy," "Vice always  
 produces misery," and the like. If your moral  
 is a necessary accompaniment of your story, why  
 not give it to your little victims at the beginning,  
 rather than at the end, on the same principle that  
 physicians give the nauseous dose of cod liver  
 oil first, and then afterwards the nice little bit of  
 preserved ginger, to "take the taste out?" We,  
 however, hold that a moral is a disagreeable ex-  
 crescence, a wen on a beautiful nose, the fifth  
 foot of the five-footed calf, the one great and tire-  
 some superfluity. We preface the following ver-  
 acious history, therefore, with the frank avowal  
 that there is no moral to it that cannot be  
 summed up in this short maxim—"Pretty cou-  
 sins are dangerous things." But if you, sage  
 reader, still believe that the moral is the soul, and  
 the story only the body, why, just bury this soul-  
 less body in the grate, and turn your attention to  
 that useful and instructive little work, entitled—  
 "Plums for Good Boys: or, How to buy a  
 Pound of Happiness with an Ounce of Self-  
 Denial."

Who does not know the pleasures and conve-  
 niences of cousinship? If you are a lively  
 young bachelor, how pleasant it is, when you  
 make your annual visit up country, to be greeted  
 by half a dozen rosy faces with a—"Fie, Cousin  
 Tom! you ought to be ashamed of yourself for  
 your impudence!" Then, your male cousins  
 are capital fellows to go partridge shooting with!  
 What royal times you have with them trout-  
 fishing! Moreover, cousins pre-suppose uncles  
 and aunts; and who ever made mince pies so  
 well as Aunt Mervable, or told a story so well  
 as Uncle Josh? The delights of cousinship are  
 manifold; and so are the conveniences, too. If  
 your cousins are nice girls and hearty, pleasant  
 fellows, it makes them tenfold nicer and pleas-  
 anter to know they are your own kith and kin;  
 and if otherwise, they are only cousins, after all,  
 not brothers and sisters—and, good gracious!  
 who cares for his cousins? But these consid-  
 erations are palpable and self-evident; did you ever  
 reflect on the dangers of the relationship? If  
 not; read this warning exposition of them, and  
 ponder its awful lessons with due solemnity..



## PART I.

IN WHICH THE HERO MAKES A RASH VOW.

IN the retired little village of Hanaford (don't consult your map—or if you must, look at Cochin-China; yem will find it there as soon as anywhere) no man was better known or more highly respected than Squire Ketchup. A selectman, a justice of the peace, the owner of some three hundred good acres and some ten or fifteen thousand dollars safely invested, he found life a "toler'bly pleasant kind of institooshun," as he phrased it; and he seemed disposed to make it "toler'bly pleasant" to those around him. He was very benevolent and open-handed, but shrewd withal; he had as keen a scent for an impostor as a dog has for a woodchuck, and about as much mercy, too. If one of his fellow-townsmen had a few hundreds to invest, he would "happen in" upon the squire some afternoon, and in the course of an hour or so, carelessly remark:

"Wall, squire, I dunno much about them 'ere sort of things, 'cause I aint so much in the way of hearin' on 'em as you men of prop'ty air, but I hearn 'em telling down at the store, t'other day, that the Hodge Podge Railroad is a doin' a purty smashing business, now-a-days, and makes consid'able dividends to the stockholders."

"Wall, yes," the squire would dryly say, "p'r'aps it doos do a purty smashing business; I calc'late it'll go to smash one of these days, directors and all. Tell ye what, neighbor, it don't pay to make dividends of ten per cent, and borrrer the money to do it with."

"Wall, I kinder thought as much," the other would say, closing his fingers tightly over something he had in his coat-pocket. "I sez to my old 'oman last week, 'Polly,' sez I, 'I don't b'lieve the Hodge Podge Railroad is worth half so much as the Cat's-Wool Factory; and Polly,' sez I, 'if I had a thousand dollars, it shouldn't go to the railroad, Polly. Eh, squire?'"

"Folkses has diffrent opinions," the squire would rejoin, with a sly twinkle in his eye. "I never sot much by the factory myself, but it's a free country, neighbor. I don't mind telling ye I consider them 'ere two critters mighty reaky kind of cattle. If I had a peck of dimes I didn't want to lay out on manure, and if there wasn't no claims upon me, sech as wife longing for a decent gown to go to meetin' with, or suthin' of the sort, wall, I dunno, I guess I might p'r'aps buy a few shares in the Farmers' Bank, or invest 'em in a safe mortgage. It doosn't do no good to 'make haste to be rich,' 'cause Scriptor's agin it, and Scriptor is gen'ally about

right, I expect. If I was you, I'd put your money in somewhere that you know it will be safe and pay you six per cent. There's more losses than wins when they play at speculatin'."

"Wall, I didn't exactly say, squire, that I'd any thought of layin' up money myself, jest now, but p'r'aps I may bimeby, if the Lord prospers me. Poor men like me, squire, hev other things to think of. Fine day, squire—good for the hayin'."

Now the worthy squire lived in a substantial, two-story house, with barns and outhouses around it, situated on the edge of a hill sloping gradually to the waters of the Assaquot River. Everything in the neighborhood, the orchards, the cornfields, the kitchen-garden, the little flower-plot in front of the house, the honeysuckle over the little porch, all betokened the careful farmer of easy circumstances. A matron of the true New England stamp, busy, good-humored and "smart," together with an only daughter, constituted the family of the squire; and it was commonly increased by the addition of a hired man or two. The daughter (we will be communicative and frank with you, gentle reader—she is our heroine) was a blithe, merry damsel of seventeen, of a generous and affectionate disposition, but withal, self-willed and (it must be confessed) a little coquettish. All the gay bloods of the quiet country village paid their homage at the feet of the triumphant little beauty, who was fully aware of her own charms and conquests. There was great strife and contention as to who should drive her to the temperance lecture, which was occasionally delivered in the "middle of the town," or drive her back from the huskings or other merry-makings, which were the especial scenes of her victories; a strife which not unfrequently resulted in the total discomfiture of all the contending parties, while she saucily declared that Pete Brown drove too slow and Jehu Crane drove too fast, and Ichabed Frey did not mind his driving at all, but kept looking at her; for her part, she couldn't conceive why he looked at her all the time. Was she a black slave from Kamschatka (her geography was rather vague), that she was to be stared at forever? And by this time, having worked herself into quite a little miff, she would jump into her father's sleigh, and vow she admired to ride three on a seat; while the rival aspirants to the honor of being her protector, were left to settle the quarrel among themselves as best they might. Her father used to watch her proceedings with a dry smile on his face, and simply say:

"Take care, Bess—it'll be their turn by-and-by!"

Things had been in this state for a year or two, and Bess had been growing more and more imperious, until the little tyrant was hardly to be endured, even by her most devoted admirers. In vain her father satirized, and her mother more seriously reproved her; she could no more help flirting than a bee could help buzzing. Her heart was kind, almost to excess; and the tears would come, at the mere thought of another's grief or suffering.

But the giddy-brained girl had never loved in her life, and how could she know that love is at once the root of half of the happiness and half of the misery in the world? She could not conceive that Jerry Williams could be touched, except in his vanity, when she smiled on his rival, Ike Jones; she did not care a snap of her pretty little finger for any of them—why should they care for her? So she coquetted and flirted to her heart's content, and felt lonely enough, when she sat down by herself to think; and she did think, once in a while.

For a long time past, the inhabitants of the little community of Hanaford had been ambitious to have an academy of their own, that they might "teach the young idea how to shoot" with guns of Hanaford manufacture. No one had been more energetic in promoting this scheme, than the squire; and at the last town-meeting he, with two others, had been appointed a committee to carry it into execution. An appropriation, deemed sufficient to start this school, was passed without one dissentient voice, except old Asa Stickleback, a crabbed, hard favored elder, who said that the town shouldn't put its fingers into his pockets, "jest to give Aaron Washburn's boy his schoolin' for nothin'." Of this committee, the squire was chairman; and on him devolved the duty of providing a teacher. Now there was some trouble in procuring just such a man as was wanted; and the squire was in some perplexity of mind about the matter, when one pleasant day in the latter part of July, the Dingtowntown and Gresham coach, which passes semi-weekly through Hanaford, rolled up to the squire's door, and dropped a young man with a carpet-bag and umbrella in his hand.

As he approached the door, he cried out in a cheery, manly voice:

"How d'ye do, all? Why, uncle, how hale you look! Never looked so well in your life—never!"

"Wall, lad, I aint in a consumption," responded the individual addressed, complacently regarding his burly proportions, and shaking his nephew heartily by the hand.

"And aunt, too! I declare, you must have lived in clover since I saw you last. And Bess! why, how you've grown! Must have one, the Great Mogul to the contrary notwithstanding."

And bending down to take a cousinly salute, he was somewhat startled at receiving such a boom on the ear from the insulted beauty as made his head ring on his shoulders.

"Take that, Mr. Impertinent, and learn to ask in a different style next time," she cried, laughing at the young man's look of bewilderment.

"Bess, Bess!" exclaimed the scandalized mother, "aint you ashamed of yourself to treat your cousin Roger in such a hoydenish manner? I'm sure I don't know what that girl will come to," she added, parenthetically, with a sigh and shake of the head, as she folded up her glasses and put them in her pocket.

"Now, Cousin Bessie," said Roger, good-humoredly, "they used to call me in college the Grand Unsempathetic Ethereal Rearing Bumping Invincible Tiger, because I never gave up what I once undertook, you see; so you must excuse me (seizing her in his arms) since you decline to help me voluntarily to Venus's Patent Panacea for the ear-ache, if (smack, smack) I ev (smack) er (smack) help—ev (smack) myself (smack, smack, smack)."

"Let me go, sir—let me go," screamed the surprised and mortified girl, "or I'll never speak to you again as long as I live—never!" And she ran off up stairs to hide her tears of anger and vexation.

"Served her right, boy—served her right!" said the squire, as soon as he could recover from his astonishment at his nephew's unexpected coup d'état, and the long peals of laughter to which he gave vent on its signal success; "but I reckon you're down in her black books now. Haw, haw, haw! I calc'late you're the first man ever did that to her—eh, Roger? I guess it'll be long enough 'fore you git another."

"Perhaps not," said Roger, demurely.

"Perhaps not!" echoed the squire, incredulously; "you don't expect to catch her agin, do ye? Mebbe you air a purty smart hunter, but you wont trap that 'ere rabbit agin, I can tell ye."

"O, I shan't trouble myself at all! she will come into the trap of her own accord," said Roger, following his uncle and aunt into the house, and depositing his carpet-bag and umbrella in the entry.

"What in the old gallus does the boy mean?" said the squire, turning short round and facing his nephew so abruptly as nearly to throw him sprawling backwards.



"Why he means, uncle," said Roger, laughing, "that the next time he gets a kiss from Jennie Bessie, she will give it to him of her own accord, without his asking."

"Walk, yes," replied the squire, dryly, "I reckon that will be the next time."

Roger felt a little piqued at the skeptical tone of his uncle's voice, and deliberately planting a chair by the open window and seating himself in it, he said:

"If you will give me leave to try, uncle, I'll engage that before three weeks are over, she will kiss me of her own free will before your face and eyes."

"Well, you'd better leave her alone," answered the squire; "you'll only burn your fingers if you handle hot coals, and she isn't exactly a cold 'un. It does well enough once, for a joke; but you'd better make up with her, and not mind her tantrums. You'd come off kinder second-best, I reckon! But I'll give you my best mare Dolly the day you can coax her to kiss ye."

Roger said no more, but mentally resolved to make a little experiment with his pretty cousin, and prove his own ingenuity by obtaining from her, *against* his uncle's predictions, one of those delicious little bonbons of the arch-confectioner, Cupid, which our expressive Anglo-Saxon tongue christens a *kiss*. He had considerable confidence in his powers of fascination, and still more in his strategical abilities; the combination of the two, he reasoned, could not but bring his plans to a successful issue. Meantime the steam of the dinner which was in process of preparation, scented his nostrils, and sharpened his appetite, never very dull, to such a degree that he welcomed the call to the table with the greatest alacrity.

## PART II.

### SHOWING HOW THE VOW WAS KEPT.

It was not long after the arrival of Roger Wheaton at his uncle's house, that the squire rode over to Deacon Covenant's, to have a consultation with him and his brother-committeeman, Colonel Bearskin. This visit was speedily followed by the news, which ran like wildfire through the little town, that Mr. Wheaton, the squire's nephew, who had just graduated at Dartover College, would open an academy in the middle of the town, and would receive applications until the twentieth of September.

There were enough gossiping tongues in the neighborhood to make every man, woman and child in Hanford acquainted with the fact that

Mr. Wheaton's salary, as offered by the committee, in accordance with the vote of the town, would be two hundred dollars per annum, with the privilege of making as much more as he could get. Everybody declared what a fine chance it was for a young man! As it happened, applications began at once to pour in, and Roger soon saw that he should have a full school, at least for the first term; and as the tuition fees of the scholars were his own perquisite, in addition to the two hundred dollars, he made his mind quite at ease on the subject of his next year's operation. Moreover, as he was to board at his uncle's, he saw the way clear for carrying into execution a scheme his fertile brain had already concocted for securing the now coveted kiss from the rosy lips of his fair cousin. To be sure, he sometimes regretted his braggadochio boasting, when he looked at her spirited little head, and he felt secret misgivings that he should never bestride the handsome mare Dolly, as his own property. He saw plainly enough that notwithstanding her coquetties and saucy, self-reliant manner, she was at heart coy and shy as a wild deer of the woods, and was far more of a mature woman than he had given her credit for being. He felt half inclined to give up this mock chase, and then perhaps—pshaw! what a foul he was! So he watched his opportunity.

Two weeks elapsed, and Roger had long ago made peace with Bess, and they were often together. The bilberries furnished an excuse for many a ramble in the pastures and fields; but Roger was not altogether pleased to see that for some unaccountable reason Bess was almost sure to be accompanied by her friend Jennie Singleton, who lived in a little house on the banks of the Assanquet. Why he should object to the society of a very pretty and intelligent girl, who evidently liked him much, was leave to better magicians than ourself to divine; but as to the fact itself, there can be no doubt. He concealed all chagrin, however, and devoted his energies to making himself as attractive as possible to his cousin, who found him of a very different character from her other admirers; for the first time she had met her equal.

They were in the squire's garden together, one forenoon, only two days before the expiration of the three weeks, and, strange to say, Jennie Singleton was not present. A peach tree, well loaded with luscious fruit, hung its gifts near where they were standing, and one large downy, mellow peach caught the fancy of the young girl, who pointed it out to Roger.

"What! that one?" said he. "Perhaps I might reach it, if my arm were as long as the

Boston Liberty Pole. "Is there any particular star in the milky way you would like me to fish for you, Bessie?"

"No, thank you," she replied, with a mock curtsy, "my cousin Roger is more brilliant than any star, and he is always visible in my horizon."

"He will be most happy to set, if his radiance is too refulgent," said Roger, taking off his hat and making a low bow.

"I should prefer to see him rise, at least as far as that peach," was her answer; "but perhaps such a star would be put out, if it had to climb a tree."

"Well, then, here I go, Bess, regardless of expense!" exclaimed he, with a face of feigned terror, as he nimbly swung himself among the branches. "Adam fell because of an apple, and if Roger Wheaton falls because of a peach; remember it was a woman tempted them both!"

So saying, he climbed up as high as he thought the branches would bear him, but found the peach still beyond his reach. Unwilling, however, to give up, perhaps through fear of losing his soubriquet of the Invincible Tiger, he strained forward as far as he could, keeping hold of a small bough with one hand, while he reached forth with the other. But his last words were ominous; just as he was on the point of securing the prize, the bough which supported his weight gave way, and after an ineffectual effort to save himself by clutching at another branch, he fell heavily to the ground and lay motionless. Bessie stood aghast for a moment, and then, without losing her presence of mind, ran to her cousin and raised his head—at the same time calling loudly for her father. Before many seconds had elapsed, her father and two hired men were carrying the senseless form of the young man into the house, where they laid him on a bed, and tore off his cravat.

"No bones are broken, thank God!" ejaculated the squire, feeling his legs and arms; "but no thanks to the pesky tree. Rub his wrists, wife, and wet 'em in cold water; and here, Bess," he added, turning to the poor girl, who, now that she could do no more, stood "like Niobe, all tears," "chafe his temples, and pour cold water on 'em, too!"

By some chance, the two women exchanged offices; good Mrs. Ketchup took his head, and Bess his wrists, laving them plentifully with nature's ever-ready restorative (prythee, kind reader, do not take us for hydropathists), and using their best efforts to resuscitate the lifeless figure before them. As Bess looked at the pale, handsome face of her prostrate cousin, a new

feeling sprang up in her bosom, different from any previous tenant of that lovely mansion, which she called to herself by the harmless name of pity. (And here, O fair reader! let a friend speak a word to you in confidence—all for your own good, of course—when you begin to "pity" a handsome young fellow, no matter for what reasons recover, beware! beware! for the little god masks himself in no disguise oftener than in the garb of Pity.) The truth was, Roger was by no means an ill-flavored twig of the tree of humanity; and Bess was never so fully aware of this interesting fact as at the present moment, when he lay helpless and insensible through his desire to gratify an idle whim of hers. Her mother, too, was so struck with a likeness to her own honored spouse, whom the good lady dearly loved—a likeness all the more prominent from the perfect immobility of the features—that she stooped down and gently kissed the pale white forehead of her nephew. The young man opened his eyes.

"Uncle!" said he, faintly, while a feeble smile played over his face.

"Well, lad, how be you now?" was the answer, as the squire bent down to catch the words his nephew was essaying to speak.

"Is Dolly safe?"

The squire looked with a puzzled expression now at his wife and now at his daughter.

"Is Dolly safe, I say!" repeated Roger. "I'll trot her out to-morrow, and see how it feels to own a lively mare."

"Not so fast, I reckon," said the squire, fully understanding the young fellow's drift by this time, and with the faintest ghost of a smile flickering round his mouth. "I calculate she won't change hands in a hurry, boy, though you're welcome to ride whenever you're able."

Roger turned his head so as to see Bess, and at once comprehending his mistake, said, with a decided blush and a much more energetic expression of voice than before:

"Hang the luck! I needn't have played possum quite so long." At the same time, he got up slowly and limped to a rocking-chair, with a strange mixture of amusement, mortification and physical pain in his face.

Bessie looked in astonishment at her cousin, evidently thinking him out of his mind, and then at her father, for some clue to the riddle. But Roger laid his finger on his lip, when her head was turned, and glanced meaningly at the squire. The two women, however, were so rejoiced at his recovery, that they asked no questions as to what they merely considered the incoherencies of returning consciousness. But the look of per-

plexity that occasionally clouded Bessie's brow, showed that this explanation was not fully satisfactory to her, at least.

The next day, Roger exhibited few signs of having been seriously injured by his fall; on the contrary, he found himself able to walk as far as Miss Singleton's dwelling, and to request to see the young lady. She was somewhat surprised at this unexpected honor, but did not refuse an audience to her young and handsome visitor.

The interview was not very long, but Roger, as he left the door, wore a look of satisfaction and complacency on his countenance, and there was a quizzical expression on the features of the young lady as she watched his retreating figure. All that day he was more than usually attentive to his cousin, and, as she felt some compunctions of conscience at having caused the accident of the preceding day, she received his attentions with more than her usual urbanity and kindness. The squire watched his motions with a curious eye; but in the imperturbable gravity of his strongly-marked physiognomy, you could read little of what was passing within.

After tea, which took place at the old-fashioned country hour of half past five, the squire and his nephew were sitting together in the growing twilight, while Bess and her mother were engaged in their household duties, in another part of the house, when a light rap was heard at the door, and a soft voice inquired:

"Is Bess at home to-night, squire?"

"Wall, yes, I guess so," was the reply; "nless she's harnesssed the horse and cleared out in less than no time. She was here half a minute ago. Come in, Jennie! Sit ye down, and I'll call the gal right away."

With these words, he left the room and presently returned, followed by Bess. The room was nearly dark by this time, as candles were only so many baits for mosquitoes; and the squire's only weakness was a terror of those winged pests of summer. In the uncertain light Bess advanced hesitatingly towards her friend; and, just as she took her hand and leaned forward to kiss her mouth (how provoking to see women waste their honey on one another!) the treacherous Jennie slipped her head aside, and the ready mouth of Roger received the proffered salute. A suppressed giggle at her side first warned poor Bess of the mistake she had made; but when she heard her cousin say to her father, "Well, uncle, perseverance is a 'rum 'un,' and I'll try Dolly to-morrow. if you please," the whole truth flashed across her mind, and with a low sob, covering her face, she noiselessly stole out of the parlor.

The squire made no response to Roger's remark. Deliberately lighting a candle, he looked around for Bess, but found her gone. Having carefully snuffed the candle and closed the window, he left the room, and his heavy boots were presently heard ascending the stairs that led to Bessie's chamber. Roger and Miss Singleton looked in one another's faces without speaking a word, alarm unmistakably painted on her every feature, and uneasiness as plainly written on his. At last she likewise left the room, and inercly saying—"I am afraid, Mr. Wheaton, I have hurt my friend and done you no good," she took her homeward path down the hill.

### PART III.

#### SHOWING THE RESULTS OF THE VOW.

At breakfast, the next morning, Bess appeared silent and wholly changed in her demeanor; her sprightliness was gone, and her eyes showed signs of a restless, perhaps tearful, night. The squire likewise was rather taciturn, and made no allusion to the events of the preceding evening. Although Roger endeavored to dispel the gloomy atmosphere of the breakfast-table with his accustomed raillery and jocoseness, his shots rather hung fire, and provoked but little merriment. No sooner was the ceremony of the morning repast concluded (and it was not much more than a ceremony), than Roger seized his gun and started for the woods, hoping that by noon the effects of his unlucky pertinacity in keeping his resolve might have worn away.

For an hour or two he strolled through the woods in search of game, but at last, wearied with ill success and his own uneasy thoughts, he turned his steps toward the banks of the Assa-quot; and finding himself not far from an old haunt of his boyhood, he resolved to visit it again, and rest awhile in the shade. The woods descended from the top of a hill of considerable elevation to the water's edge, and half a dozen large trees formed a little clump together nearly in the form of a semi-circle; while in front the river had hollowed out the broad pool much deeper than the rest of the stream, in which the water slowly eddied round and round. Here Roger and his cousin had been accustomed to float paper boats in former years; and his boyish ingenuity had formed a delightful little arbor by weaving evergreen branches together, from trunk to trunk, and carefully clearing away all dead boughs and underbrush. This romantic little retreat he had christened with the name of Bessie's Bower, and many a happy half-day had they spent in its calm seclusion, before they had

been separated by his departure for college. By some impulse which he did not care to analyze too closely, Roger was drawn to visit the spot once more; and, pre-occupied with his own thoughts, he found himself there before he was aware of it. The little arbor was partly concealed from view by intervening bushes and trees; but as he was turning aside to find the old entrance, he was startled by seeing his cousin, with her hands clasped before her, leaning carelessly against a veteran pine. For several moments he stood petrified at the sight. Her bonnet lay beside her, and her hair, escaping from its confinement, lay drooping upon her shoulders, its wavy brown tresses mingling and twining in exquisite confusion. The perfect colorlessness of her face, enhanced by the dark background of the tree's trunk, gave her beauty a more delicate loveliness than usually belonged to her fresh, rosy face. Her eyes were fixed upon the river, and her whole attitude was expressive of entire self-forgetfulness. Roger was unable for some minutes to do aught but contemplate the beautiful statue before him; and it was only with an effort that he at last broke the spell and said in a low tone of voice:

"Bessie!"

The girl startled, and, meeting his glance with a frightened air, for a moment stood irresolute what course to pursue. The only exit from the arbor was by the opening where Roger now stood, and she seemed at first to shrink from approaching him; but soon recovering her self-possession, she moved forward with a quiet dignity which Roger had never beheld before, and said, calmly:

"Let me pass, if you please, sir."

"No, Bessie," exclaimed the young man, passionately "stay just a moment, if only to hear me ask forgiveness for my shameful conduct, and to tell me that you will pardon it."

The pale face before him, which as yet had not changed color, became suddenly suffused with a blush so deep that the rebellious blood mounted even to the roots of her hair, and tinged her neck with its rosy hue.

"I cannot stay," she replied, hurriedly. "I have nothing to pardon; or if I have, it is all forgotten. You must let me pass, indeed you must."

"Bessie, dear Bessie," pleaded Roger, retiring a step, but holding out his arms to prevent her egress, "I have been a wretch, a cruel, heartless wretch, and wounded the feelings of her I love best in all the wide world. Yes, I love you, I love you," he cried, with increased vehemence, "and I would die for you, if that would make

you happier. O, believe me, Bessie dear, and tell me you will forgive the past."

"I have told you so already," said she, turning again pale as ashes, and trembling from head to foot; "but how can you speak to a woman of love, when you prove by your conduct that you do not respect her? Yes, you make her the subject of a disgraceful bet, and that, too, with her own father, and then insult her still more by speaking of love! O, Roger, Roger!"

The poor girl covered her face with her hands, and sobbed aloud.

"It is too true, Bessie, dear," said the young man, sadly, "and the second crime is worse than the first. I have no right to speak of love where I have sinned so deeply, and I will go where I can love alone, without paining by my presence the heart of her I love better than my own life. May God bless you, dearest, and send you a worthier, nobler heart than mine to lean upon."

The poor fellow dashed his hand across his eyes, and stooped down to pick up the gun he had dropped. As he rose again, he cast one look back at Bessie, before leaving her to go or stay, as she chose. She had dropped her hands from before her face, and was looking at him with all her soul in her blue, moist eyes. In their clear depths shone what a world of earnest, strong, unspoken love! It was but a pause—a step—a cry—and the two were locked in one another's arms.

Reader, will you believe it?—Bessie's soft lips, of their free will, imprinted a kiss on the mouth of her Cousin Roger; and what is worse it was not the last time they did it!

#### VERY CONCLUSIVE.

"John," inquired a dominie of a hopeful pupil, "what is a nailer?" "A man who makes nails," replied Hopeful, quite readily. "Very good. Now what is a tailor?" "One who makes tails," was the equally quick reply. "O, you blockhead," said the dominie, biting his lips; "a man who makes tails, did you ever?" "To be sure," quoth Hopeful; "if the tailor didn't put tails to the coats he made they would all be jackets!" "Eh?—ah!—well!—to be sure. I didn't think of that. Beats Watts's logic! Go to the top of the class, John; you'll be member of parliament some day."—*English Paper.*

#### MEN'S SINS.

There are two great sins of men—drunkenness in the lower classes; a still worse form of vice in the higher, which I believe women might help to stop, if they tried. Would to God I could cry to every young working woman, "Never encourage a drunken sweetheart!" and to every young lady thinking of marriage, "Beware! better die than live to give children to a loose principled, unchaste father."—*A Life for a Life.*

## THE UMBRELLA BITE-BIT.

It rained hopelessly. The clouds came down in sheets and sluices. Mons. de H—, an elegant "of the first water," found this second water too wet for him. He was islanded under another man's portico, and not a hackney-coach or an umbrella within screaming at. Suddenly around the corner comes a plain citizen, housed under a protecting canopy of blue cotton and whalebone; but under this enviable umbrella, walking alone. A thought seizes Mons. de H—. He rushes to the citizen's side, and seizing him affectionately by the arm, commences an eager narration of a touching event. Not giving his astonished listener time to respond, he hurries him along—sharing his umbrella, of course, as he goes—and clinging closely to his side, and vociferating the confidential communications till they arrive at the Boulevard, he stops at a café, and then, for the first time, apparently, takes a surprised look at the face of his umbrella-lender. Overwhelming apologies—had wholly mistaken the person—thought it was his most intimate friend—begs ten thousand pardons—and dodges into the safe inside of a coffee-house. But the fun was to be in telling the story. To a convulsed circle of delighted fellow-dandies, Mons. de H— was telling his adventures, when, by chance placing his hand upon his heart, he missed the usual protuberance in his vest pocket. The valuable gold watch was gone! In his close clinging to the apparently plain citizen, the gay joker had hugged a pickpocket, and—"consequence was!" But he was subsequently fonder of "a dry joke" than a wet one.—*Paris Letter.*

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 TRACES OF DREAMS.

Persons are frequently at a loss to account for the reception of certain impressions, which are commonly a source of erroneous judgment. Sir H. Holland observes: "There are few who have not occasionally felt certain vague and fleeting impressions of a past state of mind, of which the recollection cannot by any effort take a firm hold, or attach them to any distinct points of time or place; something that does not link itself to any part of life, yet is felt to belong to the identity of the being. These are not improbably the shades of former dreams; the consciousness, from some casual association, wandering back into that strange world of thoughts and feelings in which it has existed during some antecedent time of sleep, without memory of it at the moment, or in the interval since."—*Medical Notes.*

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 PLAIN FEATURES.

Plainness of features is not at all incompatible with beauty. There is a great deal of difference between a person's being plain and being ugly. A person may be very plain, and yet attractive and interesting in both countenance and manner, and surely no one could call such a person ugly. An ugly face is repulsive. There are no rules that can be depended on for the settlement of beauty; and still less can ugliness be defined, otherwise than by itself. If we were asked to say what constitutes an ugly woman, we could not reply. We know there are such, for we have seen them.—*Home Journal.*

## THE MYSTERIOUS PIANO.

Not long since I was invited to pay a visit to some friends out of town. In the family were three young ladies, besides young children. Being musical, we spent the greater part of the first evening of my visit in singing and playing, and at the proper hour retired for the night, as we supposed. As I was a great favorite with all the girls, each one wanted to sleep with me, and to effect this, it was decided that instead of going to my room, I should remain in their double-bedded room. Accordingly, instead of going to sleep, we lay and talked (as girls often do) some hours. Milly touched me on the arm in the middle of a most interesting account of the opera and certain regular attendants there, and said:

"C., do you hear that?"

"Hear what? I do not listen to people when they are not talking to me," naturally supposing she referred to Margaret and Fanny, who were in the other bed.

"There! now, girls, don't you hear it? Some one is playing on the piano."

"Who can it be?" said Milly. Why did you not look it, Fanny—it is your place to do it?"

"Well," said Fanny, "I did, and the key is in the pocket of my dress."

This, of course, we would not believe. So, trembling from head to foot, she got up, dark as it was, found the dress with the key in its pocket. All this while we heard the piano, sounding in simple scales from top to bottom, and *vice versa*, but producing the most wonderful quality of tone, resembling those of a musical box more than anything else.

We had all heard of spirits, and were quite sure there were some in the house, for it was not probable that any of the children would be up at that hour of the night. So it was decided that we should hold each other by the hand, and go across the hall to father's room. All this time the scales were being played on the piano, as if some one had been ordered to practice for an hour. We succeeded in awakening Mr. W., and in a few minutes he came out with a light in his hand, when we formed a procession after him, with chattering teeth, but withal eager faces, for our curiosity was stronger than our fear. We enter the parlor; sure enough the piano is shut and locked, while the gamut is being played regularly and distinctly. The father asks for the key—all the girls scream out at once:

"Don't open it; it must be spirits."

But Mr. W. does not believe in piano-playing spirits, and opens the instrument, while we are all huddled together, and he exclaims:

"Gracious me, it's a mouse!"

How we laughed and screamed, and looked for the little animal; but 'twas no use, mousey had practised his lesson and gone.

It was easy to account for the evenness of his playing, as he was too small to skip a note, and therefore touched every one.—*Musical World.*

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 PRAISE.

O, who would ever care to do brave deed,  
Or strive in virtue others to excel,  
If none should yield him his deserved meed,  
Due praise, that is the spur of doing well?  
For if good were not praised more than ill,  
None would choose goodness of his own free will.  
SPANAN.

[ORIGINAL.]

EMBARKED.

BY EDWIN S. LISBONER.

Embarked at last! For many years  
The vessel lay a desolating wreck,  
Blown where no warning light appears  
The clouded sky with hope to flock;  
From year to year, in creaking pain,  
To drift and dash the rocks again.

That bay, wherein it idly cast  
The faintest winds of time away;  
These stagnant waters of the past,  
Those heavy clouds that held their sway;  
All were of passion's stormy home,  
But nevermore the ship to gain.  
For one fond day a beauteous star  
Pierced strugglingly the lowering sky;  
With loving beams it bathed each spar,  
And hushed each sail's unceasing sigh;  
The vessel opening with hope upright,  
Arrived again by that pure light.

There rose a fairer, gentler breeze,  
And cleared away the angry sky;  
In sparkling beauty rolled those seas  
Before concealed from weary eye;  
Bright isles of verdure reared afar  
Their winning arms beneath the star.

The boulder came, whose loving hand  
Renewed with grace each sinking part  
So long degraded, yet to stand  
Accepted by his yearning heart:  
Now, fairly trimmed, with swelling sail,  
The vessel voices the prosperous gale.

[ORIGINAL.]

THE CONFESSION OF AN UNHAPPY AUTHOR.

BY MARY W. JANVRAIN.

I AM in deep affliction. The poisonous breath of authorship has envenomed my being—its miseries have pierced my soul. I know now, by the test of sad experience, the strength and bitterness of that mysterious curse invoked by "the man of Uz" upon his unnamed foe, "O, that mine enemy would write a book!" for, possessed by the mania *scribendi*, I feel that my better angel has departed, and I am fast becoming demoralized, weakened, unmanned.

Will you, good Mr. Editor, listen to the confession of my miseries? Will you give them to the public, that so, perchance, some fellow-traveller, warned by my example, may shun the wild Charybdis against which my bark of happiness has been shattered? Contrary to the irregular Horatian maxim of plunging "*in medias res*," I will "begin with the beginning" and end with the end.

My antecedents will perhaps account in part for my tastes and predilections, for I came of a bookish family. My grandfather destroyed his eyesight by the common error of reading at twilight, in his old, well-thumbed volume of Josephus; my paternal relative was a great reader from his youth up, and I have a distinct memory of his always poring over some volume during the noonning in haying time, and the long winter evenings of my boyhood; and my mother was a learned woman, though gentle and unpedantic in the greatest degree. Then I had scores of uncles, and grown-up cousins who were either lawyers, doctors, or teachers—thus you see it ran in the family to take to books.

In my early boyhood it was a matter of astonishment how great a number of books I had devoured. All was fish that came to my net. I borrowed, when my own stock and the limits of the little library in the old farm-house was exhausted; I devoured Homer, Milton, and Shakespeare, Cervantes, Bunyan and Defoe, Robertson, Rollin, and the old dog-eared edition of Josephus, besides sea stories, magazines, and all the newspapers and light romances I could manage to procure. Later, I raced through the Waverley novels, and Cooper's; and in my teens was an intense admirer of Professor Ingraham's style. I lost a night's sleep over *Consuelo*, and fasted two days over the *Wandering Jew*. And small need to recall here the exciting mysteries of the Count of Monte Cristo, and other kindred tales. During my days of history reading I was conscientiously opposed to the habit of skipping—I wanted to say truthfully that I had read a work through—but latterly, when quality was exchanged for quantity, I fear I grew superficial. Like the gourmand who performs huge gastronomic feats, I gorged myself with the solids of the intellectual world of food, then finished off with such a repletion of the lighter trifles of the dessert, that the only wonder now is that I did not drop down some day in a sort of mental apoplexy produced by a surfeit of good things.

But, passing all this dreamy, bookish, blissful period of boyhood, I will speak of that time when, after a course of academic preparation, my good sire informed me one day that the profits of the farm would allow him to put into execution the favorite plan of himself and my mother, to wit, that I should be sent to college. Very fresh was the foster-chicken who sheltered himself under the wide-spread, protecting wings of our venerated Dartmouth. It was the parting wish of my mother, before I followed the trunk packed with my new shirts and warm

knitted socks to the stage-coach in waiting at the farmhouse gate, that I should distinguish myself in college, and obtain the valedictory. In this, however, my kind mother was destined to disappointment, for so quiet and musing had my life been among my books, that I failed to catch the spur of emulation; and I may as well say here, that, while buried in college studies I was distanced in the race for college honors.

But it was there that I acknowledge to have first imbibed the ambition of authorship. It was in one of the debating societies so common to all institutions that I first actually uttered my own thoughts, next, I became a contributor to the "Lit. and Sci.," a magazine edited by the students, and labelled incipient genius from one brown cover to the other.

I produced two poems and an essay over the modest signature of Tryphiodorus, and though the seniors were high, careless and cold, the juniors jealous, and the sophomores too busy in hard study or harder frolicking to praise my bantling efforts (for, somehow, the secret of their paternity soon leaked out), I found my comfort in the freshmen. They—I well remember them—a set of honest, unhackneyed fellows, who gave me a warm panegyric without a limiting clause! Unsophisticated, fresh-hearted, unselfish boys! They entered bears, I made them lions. I treated them to the sweetest wines, the best principles, the fattest oysters. I even introduced them to my sweetheart (for there was a blue-eyed girl in Hanover whom I found infinitely more agreeable than my alma mater)—Heaven forgive the most daring of 'em who cut me out, for I never did! But, personal piques aside, I will eulogize those freshmen.

From the day when my articles were published and praised, I date my ruin. The itch for writing and the lust for fame shot like fire through all my being. The abundant leisure left from the performance of college exercises was employed in writing. I sent a romance to the editor of a popular magazine. It was accepted. I was in ecstasies. My *nom de plume* should ring from the pine woods of Maine to the bayous of Texas. About that time it was, too, that the aforementioned freshman supplanted me in my dulcinea's affections; thus I had ample leisure to court the muses instead. I would show her yet, when the country should resound with my fame, whom she had slighted and scorned for a beardless freshman!

As I said, the lust for writing was in my veins. I had written and been praised again. Some of these articles were published, some rejected, and some remained suspended like souls in "limbo

patrum," uncursed and unbeatified, for I never learned their fate. Perhaps, from this, I should have taken warning, but the spell of authorship was on me, more powerful than the Circe's of old, and I could not resist. I was another being than the quiet bookworm student who had entered those venerated walls. Ever since the birth of my first born, and its arrayal in types and paper, I had become another man. I no longer lived in myself, but in my children—the bantlings of my brain. No more did I worship literature and imagination for their own sweet selves; but, like a priest at the altar, professionally. I began to look jealously upon other authors, too, lest they appropriated laurels which might be mine; I regarded the whole fraternity as odious rivals, whose triumphs were builded on the ashes of my defects. So I wrote on—much, and sometimes not wholly ill—robbing myself often of needful rest and sleep in pursuit of the shadow—fame.

There was one thing which troubled me in those days. Did I take pride in any particularly fine sentiment, or new thought, I was sure sometime to stumble on the same thing, under cover, perhaps of a slightly different garb, away back in some old volume I took up when weary. It vexed me. I began to believe there was no such thing as originality, because they chanced to write first. What right had they to appropriate the privilege of "squatting" over the whole realm of imagination, leaving no wild spot for future pioneer to clear? "The old poets be hanged," I said, "they have left us nothing but miserable, refuse ideas, or common-place imitation." I hated them in a body, and banished all but Shakspeare, consoling myself with the thought of his splendid originality and completeness. It is often thus that a little mind takes shelter under the shadow of a great one, as a little boat sends its passengers aboard, and swings by the davits at the lee side of a noble ship when vexed and storm-tossed.

But not to be prolix, I pass on. I left college. Though I did not win salutatory honors, I passed for a fair student, and came off with good repute. My mother came up to see me graduate. My father sat in the hall, too, and between commencement exercises read through a copy of the New England Farmer, with an eye to the crops at home, I suppose; but for all that, I felt he was proud of his boy, and thought him almost as erudite as any big wig of the college faculty on the rostrum.

I went home to the farmhouse; but it was too dull there, besides, it had been decreed that I was to become a lawyer; so, after a month

among the granite hills, I was duly entered as student in the office of Judge Roscoe, at Portsmouth.

It is true that at this era my preferences for an author's life and vocation were asserted, but these my father stoutly contested.

"Nonsense—write books—the world is full of 'em now. It's a starving trade. Go take the law, and make the fame you're talking about with a comfortable fortune tacked on the end of it. A writer?—I won't listen to't."

And so, to appease paternal predilections, I forsook for a season the more flowery walks of literature. The old judge gave me the credit of saying he never had a harder student. But it grew dry food soon—the law—drier than the fare at the college commons. Acts and sections would transform themselves into cantos and verses—lengthy dogmas would disappear in sonnets and imaginative weavings. I scribbled quotations from the bard of Stratford-upon-Avon all over the title page and blank leaves of my law books, and tied up manuscripts for the magazines with the red tape on the lawyer's table.

About this time, too, as almanac makers say, a new star dawned on my life. I still wrote, but mostly snatches of sentiment and sonnets now, and my existence became at once halved and two-fold. For I had given, and had received.

"What was the matter? Was I in love? Should he serve a subpoena for the court of Hymen?" jokingly queried the old judge one day in a bantering mood.

I did not answer him, for the time had not yet come when I could avow that a mightier than the love of authorship was upon me. But, Mr. Editor, truthfulness to you demands that I should here speak of the greatest joy and the greatest misery of my life—that I should speak of her whose love I had the happiness to appropriate while the dew of youth was on her. Her beauty, grace and purity I shall not attempt to describe, for they were indescribable. Her picture is best drawn in that golden line of Allan Ramsay:

"Wild, witty, winsome, beautiful, and young."

I will call her Jennie, for that is a sweet name, though there is never a Jennie in the world so sweet and lovely as she—Jennie Roscoe, the judge's only daughter.

There wasn't a particle of pride in her, or I am sure the courted beauty never would have looked encouragingly on her father's law student; but she did, and she told me she loved me in her soft, endearing way, and though I mustn't

let papa know it yet awhile, she'd coax him over by-and-by—she could do anything with papa—and she was very sure she loved me.

So said little blue-eyed Jennie Roscoe. And so the thrilling hope of one day calling her mine, was like nectar of the gods to my thirsty lips. But I must hasten to the unhappy circumstance which I cannot fail to attribute to the miserable fact of my being an author.

One evening in June, a soft, rose-scented evening, I remember it well, I found myself in the elegant parlor where Jennie looked bewitchingly like a blush rose in her young beauty. We talked long at the open window; then Jennie ordered lights, for she had a new song she wanted to sing for me. I listened to her sweet, bird-voice, and I suppose she read my admiration in my eyes; then, just before leaving, I took up the June number of the — magazine, which lay on the parlor table.

*En passant*, Mr. Editor, let me tell you that Jennie liked this magazine, and I wrote for it, though she did not know that, and that this very number contained one of my effusions. With a lover's natural desire to obtain his mistress's approbation, I read aloud the poem, and then asked how she liked the "Lines to a Dove, in blank verse?"

"Well, then, if you want my opinion," she replied, gayly, "I think they were written by a great goose, and had better be named 'Lines to a Goslin'! Blank verse—that is rightly called—blank enough, destitute of either melody or sense. I could grind better poetry than that myself out of our Bridget's coffee mill!"

I forgot to mention, Mr. Editor, that Jennie was always inclined a little to innocent satire; but you will have perceived that. I was horrified, shocked, petrified. An author's nature could not endure it. I quite forgot prudence, and also that Jennie was innocent of intentional unkindness. I remarked testily:

"Then if you think so very meanly of these verses, Miss Jennie, it is evident I never can suit you."

"George, you must be the author, and I did not know it. Why didn't you tell me? Forgive me," and she laid her little hand in mine, "I have unconsciously wounded you."

"I suppose you judge me to be its author because it is devoid of either harmony or sense. Those were your words, Miss Roscoe," I replied, angrily, flinging her hand away.

"Don't, dear George," she said, sweetly and soothingly, in a pained voice. "You distress me. I only judged this because of your sudden anger. Besides, I hardly heard you read the



poem—I was thinking of something else—and I dare say I should find it excellent if I listened aright. You will surely forgive me?"

But anger was in complete possession of me. "I dare say you were thinking of something else—somebody else perhaps, Miss Roscoe," I answered, satirically. "A thousand thanks for your kind offer to find something excellent in the poem; but I will relieve you of that trouble. I do not covet of your kindness what your taste cannot appreciate."

"Very well, sir," she retorted with flashing eyes, and cheeks red as the scarlet roses gone to sleep on the bushes in the frontyard of her father's mansion, "if this is a fair specimen of your temper, I believe you told the truth when you said you would not suit me."

"And I am very certain, miss, that you would never suit me, for your sarcastic tongue would fire a statue. Good evening, miss," and straightening myself *a la* poker, I prepared to bow myself from her presence.

"Good evening, sir," she returned, indignantly, and her little form got taller, and her cheeks redder, "I wish you joy of your amiability. But hadn't you better take along with you your 'Lines to a Goslin?'" And she lifted the magazine from the table with a polite gesture. "For if the little musician should ever grow to healthy goosehood, it might furnish additional feathers for your cap."

As I stalked away from Judge Roscoe's front door in about the tallest kind of rage I ever boiled in, how I wished his daughter was a man, that I might kill her!

That night I read over with savage gusto that old classic, Juvenal's Sixth Satire—the most merciless invective ever hurled by man against gentle woman.

But with the morning came cool repentance and reflection. I sent her a note of apology. It was brought back by her father's office boy, unopened. In the evening I called. But the maid who answered the bell brought me a card on which was pencilled that the cause of my hasty fever the evening before had given her a chronic chill, and consequently she should continue indisposed—to see me.

It was enough. I could not humiliate myself further, and I left that house. I have never called on her since; but I have met her several times in the street, pale, self-possessed, and lovelier than ever, and I have turned away with a sharp, quick pang at my heart, followed by days of blue-devil companionship and haunting regret.

Thus, good Mr. Editor, have I confided to

you this greatest woe which came upon me because of my unhappy authoring propensities. I could enlarge to infinitude on other particulars, but I forbear. I will only say, that, from that period I abandoned Judge Roscoe's law office and his books, and sought solace for my miseries in their cause, as the Orientals apply one poison as the antidote for another.

I have projected a work to be issued in serial form, entitled "The Life and Miseries of an Unfortunate Author." The Harpers, to whom I have written, asking their opinion if such a work would meet the sale of Uncle Tom's Cabin, have not yet replied to me. But I shall doubtless hear from them soon, for I am confident that this work will bring fame to both publisher and author.

I am collecting material for five novels, a grand epic, and three dramas. I work furiously, rapidly. I have in course of preparation a "Treatise on Metamphycosis," which must be completed before the expiration of the month, and an article for the "Great Cochituate Falminator," as well as a poem in twelve cantos for the new "Parnassian Dipper."

There is this originality about all my writings—I get up taking, popular works—novels, poems, dramas and others, without a single romantic sentiment. I have sworn to eschew such henceforth from everything my pen gives to the public. Indeed, I intend devoting a long treatise to a new theory, called "Anti Love-Life," in which I design to prove that the world would be infinitely better off without women.

My friends tell me that I am toiling too hard, that I look neither healthy nor happy. And I will be frank with you, kind Mr. Editor, though I am not with them. I am neither well nor happy. I only write steadily, day after day, to kill time and drown memory. This *typeoid* fever which is upon me is consuming my life.

My friends advise sanatory measures—a new regimen—and I have taken enormous doses of medicine, lived on cold water and cucumbers, and whatever else was depletive; but all to no purpose. Reduction of the physical system only renders the mind more feverishly active.

They recommend to me now the water cure, and I may be induced to give it a trial, for I feel that unless the overcharged mind be relieved, I must surrender to inevitable death.

Can you advise me to any new sanatory measures, good Mr. Editor? Mayhap, during the course of your long acquaintance with the literary world, you have encountered a case similar to mine. If so, can such be cured? For truth compels the confession that mine cannot long be endured.

## THE CARDINAL FLOWER.

BY ALBERT LEIGHTON.

I love each flower beneath the sun,  
Where'er it buds and blows;  
From the pale arbutus that hides like a nun,  
To the flushed and queenly rose.

But the cardinal flower to me is best,  
As, close by the rivulet's brink,  
It regally wears its flaming crest,  
In the woodlands old and dim.

When I walk from the dusty town at morn,  
To rest where the waters flow,  
And pluck from its long and stately stem  
The flower that is mirrored below;

Though I turn again to the ways of trade,  
I care not for gain or loss,  
But seem to lie in the pine-tree's shade,  
Or tread on the tufted moss.

And I peacefully fall asleep at night,  
To the sound of singing streams,  
While the gleam of a thousand leaves of light  
Illumines the realm of dreams.

[ORIGINAL.]

## THE SISTERS.

BY MARGARET VERNER.

## PART FIRST.

Miss HELEN LORIMER dropped her handkerchief. Richard Warner picked up the dainty lace trifle and gave it back into the little pink-gloved hand from which it had slipped. In return for the service, he received a smile, a bow, and a musical "thank you."

If Mr. Warner had been a young man of wealth and position, the bow might have been the thousandth part of an inch lower, and the smile sweeter by as much as six grains of honey, and the "thank you" might have had a trifle less of the iceberg formality, and a trifle more of the sunshine of cordiality in its silver melody. But he was only a poor clerk of her father's with a salary of seven hundred a year, and no personal possessions beyond a handsome face, fine figure, and widowed mother—the latter item to be supported out of the seven hundred. Miss Lorimer conducted herself accordingly.

Mr. Richard Warner walked on very coolly after the little act of courtesy above-mentioned. Miss Lorimer let her great black eyes follow him admiringly for a moment (if his salary hadn't been but five hundred, she couldn't have helped admiring such a fine face and figure), and then she turned them back, half languishingly, half disdainfully to the expressionless countenance of

Augustus Stickney, who had just taken up a standing position beside her.

Mr. Stickney was a young man who had a habit of saying and doing all manner of indescribably soft things, in all manner of indescribably soft ways. He was the owner of a very weak pair of milky blue eyes, a pale yellow moustache, the reputation of a *roué*, and an expectation of a cool fifty thousand in his own right, when the paternal Stickney should see fit to "shuffle off his mortal coil." Miss Lorimer conducted herself accordingly again.

"A very fine-looking fellow—that young Warner—don't you think so, Mr. Stickney?" she asked, arching her pretty brows in a very patronizing manner.

"Passable," replied the young man addressed, lifting with exquisite tact and grace, an eye-glass to the weakest of his weak eyes, and scrutinizing Warner through it with one of those long, aristocratic stares peculiar to well-bred people. "But who is he?"

Now Mr. Stickney didn't ask the question for information. He knew, as well as he knew that the habit of wearing No. 4, ladies' size gaiters was giving him some most excruciating corns, that the gentleman about whom they were conversing, was only a salaried clerk in the employ of his pretty companion's wealthy father. The query, taken in connection with the inquiring lift of the eyelids, and the slightly severe tone in which it was put, was intended to indicate in a delicate way, the great difference between seven hundred dollars annually, with a widowed mother to be supported out of it, and an inheritance of fifty thousand, with only a six foot mahogany coffin between him and its possession. Miss Lorimer understood and appreciated the hint.

"O, he's nobody to be sure! But father has some very eccentric notions, and insists upon our asking him to all our parties, as much as though he were a young lord."

Mr. Warner had made the circuit of the rooms again during this conversation, and was approaching the place where they stood—this time with Miss Adelaide Lorimer on his arm. There couldn't have been a greater contrast, had some little roseate morning cloud taken it into its head to run away with its grandfather, the midnight, than there was between the above named couple—Warner, with his tall, proud figure, in its suit of well-worn, but glossy black broadcloth, his dark, handsome, manly face, and magnificent black eyes—and Adelaide—slight, sylph-like, sunshiny, in her robes of some white, gossamer fabric, with her violet eyes, rose-tinted cheeks,

and soft curls floating to her waist like a golden mist.

They looked well together, nevertheless, and Miss Helen angrily bit a line of milky little teeth into the rose of her under lip on seeing them in each other's company. She had been thinking for the past few minutes what a nice person Mr. Warner would be to flirt with. She was tired of the yellow moustache, weak eyes and insipid gallantries of her devoted Augustus, and though she intended in due course of time to become Mrs. Stickney, unless some suitor with an extra thousand happened along, she couldn't see why for that reason she might not entertain herself by breaking the heart of her father's handsome clerk in the meantime. He was just the one to coquette with. It would be so delightful to entangle him heart and soul in the silken snare of her witcheries and arts, and then slay him, not as Lady Clara Vere de Vere was supposed to slay her humble suitor, "with her noble birth" (for Miss Helen's grandfather had been a butcher, and her father himself commenced life at the very foot of the social ladder), but to knock him down dead (forgive me, dear Tennyson) with her father's stone front mansion, velvet carpets, and her own frigid air of Fifth Avenue contempt.

What right had Miss Adelaide to step in thus unceremoniously between her and her intended victim? It was downright mean, and she wouldn't submit to it. Somehow, by some careless motion of the lady's wrist, her jewelled fan was jostled from its place, and sliding down her long skirt of rose-colored satin, fell directly at Mr. Warner's feet, as that gentleman was passing. Of course he could do no less than disengage his arm from his companion's and restore the misplaced article (Mr. Stickney had turned his head for fear of an introduction), and of course he saw no attempt at fascination in the beaming glance with which Miss Helen's superb eyes acknowledged the politeness. Of course, too, he failed to be aware of any art, in the way that charming young lady managed to engage him in a sentimental conversation, or any coquettish manœuvre in the skilful manner in which it came about that almost before he knew it, Miss Adelaide was promenading the room with Mr. Stickney, and her haughty sister was clinging, a bewildering and affable substitute, to the sleeve of his plebeian coat.

Perhaps, however, he noticed the little shadow of disappointment which flitted over Adelaide's pretty face, as the evening drew to a close, and he found no chance to speak with her again. How could she know that it was not his inclina-

tion, but Miss Helen that held him captive? At any rate, he muttered to himself in the solitude of his chamber that night:

"How provoking it was!—Helen's face may have the most artistic beauty, but Adelaide's is sweet as an angel's.—I wonder when Lorimer intends to raise my salary?"

At the same moment, Miss Helen, languidly disrobing herself, was remarking, with a wearisome yawn which stretched her little rose of a mouth to a width that might have surprised her delicate and fastidious Augustus, that "that Warner was a presuming fellow, and came near making love to her. She would take him down a little, if she died for it. She *did* wish Stickney would dye his moustache;" while Adelaide, listening with burning cheeks, snuggled her golden head down deeper into the great downy pillows, and let the embroidered sleeve of her night-robe fall across her face in such a way as to conceal the suspicious glitter of something very like to tears on her silken lashes, and which made her blue eyes look like May violets after a dash of summer rain has sprinkled the meadows.

#### PART SECOND.

FORTUNE is a very woman for fickleness. (I ask the pardon of all my fair sisters, and beg leave, if the comparison is offensive, to limit it to myself.) She likes to make men woo her ardently and long, and then when they think her won, and begin to bask in the glory of her smiles, to slip like a sunbeam from their embrace, and, coquette-like, fling herself into the arms of some disheartened suitor, for whom she has had only rebuffs and scorn before.

Many a rich man goes to bed at night mumbling over with his lips golden vagaries of speculation, when he should be saying his prayers, and wakes up in the morning a beggar. Many a beggar crawls to his pallet of straw to live over in dreams the bitterness of want, and awakens to find the coffers of some dead millionaire emptied at his feet, and the same hands that denied him alms but yesterday, stretched out in the fawning clasp of good fellowship to-day.

Mr. Richard Warner went to the post-office one morning and got a letter. A very important looking document it was—thick, awkward, and with a foreign post-mark. He had only two correspondents in the world—his mother and his cousin Lizzie. And he turned the strange epistle over two or three times in his hand, before opening it, knowing that it came from neither of them, and wondering where and who it could be from.

He broke the seal in the street; read a few lines and turned white; a few more and turned red; a few more and started on a dead run down the street, making be-crinolined ladies stare and bundle-laden errand boys dodge one side; knocking the breath out of two or three corpulent gentlemen's bodies, and giving a broad leap over the back of one old apple-woman who was stooping down by her fruit-stand to pick up a stray bit of change, and who looked up just in season to see the gentleman's undignified coat-tails fly like a pair of black wings around the corner.

The next thing known of him, he was standing in the counting-room of his employer, Mr. John Lorimer, panting, flushed, trembling—trying to stammer out something, between laughter and tears, about giving up his situation—hundred thousand dollars—old aunt—East Indies—died—left him heir—etc., etc.

The amount of it was the poor clerk had suddenly become a rich man. But when he repeated his intention of giving up his clerkship and entering into business for himself—Mr. Lorimer demurred—hesitated a moment—slapped him on the shoulder—called him a capital fellow (a facetious allusion to his unexpected acquisition of capital, probably), and offered him a partnership in the firm of Lorimer & Co.

Mr. Warner looked out of the window and whistled. Looked up at the ceiling and sighed. Down to the carpet and smiled. Into Mr. Lorimer's face and blushed.

"On one condition he would accede to Mr. Lorimer's proposal."

"What was it?"

"That he should allow him to enter into two partnerships at the same time—one mercantile, the other matrimonial—one with himself, i. e., Mr. Lorimer, the other with Mr. L.'s daughter."

"'Twas agreed—if the daughter had no objections. He meant Helen, of course?"

"No, Adelaide."

"But he couldn't spare Adelaide. She was nothing but a child. Helen was just the right age to marry, and beside—beside—"

Mr. Lorimer stammered there. He didn't like to say that Helen was twenty-four years old—going on twenty-five, and that he was anxious to get her married off. No, indeed—that wouldn't do. He scratched his head, and looked puzzled for a moment. His face brightened all at once.

"He believed Adelaide was engaged to a young lawyer—couldn't say certain. Mr. Warner needn't look so crest-fallen. Helen wasn't engaged. Was certainly the handsomer of the two. Would make the best wife, he thought."

Mr. Warner *didn't* think so, but was too polite to contradict. Hinted that Helen wouldn't marry him.

"Yes she would."

"No she wouldn't."

"Try her and see."

Mr. Warner didn't like to—knew he should fail. A bright idea struck him all at once. "Might he have Adelaide if Helen wouldn't marry him?"

"Yes."

"And Mr. Lorimer wouldn't say anything to Helen about his sudden inheritance?"

"No—no."

"He might go right up to the house and ask her then?"

"Hadn't he better wait until after dinner?"

Mr. L. thought so.

"No—he must go then. He shouldn't take any comfort till his mind was settled."

"Well, run along then."

And he *did* run along. And Mr. Lorimer looking after him, rubbed his chin with the back of his hand in a disconcerted kind of a way, and muttered to himself:

"What a deuce of a hurry the boy is in. The jade will refuse him as sure as the world—and I shouldn't wonder if they both of them did. If he only hadn't made me promise not to say anything about his good fortune!"

He stood with a little vexed shadow on his face for a moment. Then another bright idea was born into his brain.

"But I didn't promise not to *write* anything about it, did I! Ha, ha! John Lorimer, you're an old one. You'll fix it yet."

He went to his desk and dashed off a few lines on paper. Called his errand boy and put it in his hand.

"Run up to the house and give that to Miss Lorimer. You see that man—Mr. Warner—going up the street?"

"Yes, sir."

"Well, if you don't get there before he does, I'll break every bone in your little lazy body when you get back, and turn you off without your last week's wages. Do you hear?"

"Y-y-yes—sir!"

(Exit errand boy, making up faces.)

#### PART THIRD.

MISS HELEN LORIMER's hour of triumph had arrived. Mr. Warner had come to the house, and asked for a private interview with her. Of course she knew what he had to say. She wouldn't be afraid to wager anything from her

new gold bracelets to her camel's hair shawl—(cost five hundred dollars)—that he had come to offer himself.

Wouldn't she wither him with her disdain—the presuming beggar! Wouldn't it be rare sport to see him cringe and turn white and apologise! She drew her head up and blazed her eyes experimentally before her mirror, to see how she would look refusing him. She wished he had Stickney's expectations, or Stickney had his handsome face and form. She would act a different part then.

A servant came to the door and handed her a note, just as she was getting ready to descend to the parlor. She glanced at it and threw it on the toilet-table.

"Father's hand-writing. Shall have time enough to read it by-and-by, but *this* fun is too good to be delayed."

She swept down the stairs, and into the richly-furnished drawing-room, like a princess.

It was just as she expected. Mr. Richard Warner made her a plump offer of his heart, hand and fortune, couching his proposal in words rather too cold to give her much of a triumph, and dwelling at much length on his poverty. It wasn't exactly what she had expected from such a man—not half ardent enough. She swallowed her chagrin, however, and gave her haughty head two or three extra tosses, out of sheer spite and revenge.

Richard fidgetted uneasily in his chair, during the moment of silence which followed his offer. Poor fellow! He began to be afraid she *would* accept him in spite of everything. He caught a glance at his handsome face in the mirror opposite, thought of Stickney's sallow, yellow-fringed countenance, and feared it the more. What if she *should*? Horror of horrors! He wouldn't marry her, if she *did*. He vowed he wouldn't. He'd tell her 'twas all a mistake—and he meant her sister. If he couldn't have Adelaide, he wouldn't have anybody.

The lady's first word set him at rest on that score.

"Sir, is it *pos*-sible that you have misunderstood my condescension in this way? You are very *p-r-e*-sumptuous! My father shall hear of this, and I fear you will lose your situation. Shall I call a servant to show you the door, or can you find it alone?"

"Don't trouble yourself, Miss Lorimer. I beg leave to inform you that it was your father's wishes and not my own that brought me here," replied Warner, with a smile so strange and self-possessed as to bewilder his companion. "Any information which you can give him will there-

fore be unnecessary. If I had not been sure what your answer would have been to my offer, I should never have made it, as nothing could be farther from my real desires than to call you my wife. If you please, I will speak with Miss Adelaide a moment."

With a blasing face, the baffled coquette left her unscathed victim, and ran up to her room, to drown in a flood of angry tears, the shame, mortification and wonder which her interview with Warner had occasioned. She didn't know what to make of the man; but one thing she felt pretty confident of—that she had burned her own fingers instead of his.

An hour later, Adelaide, stealing in, blushing, and happy, to tell her of her betrothal to Richard Warner (for she, like the dear, true-hearted little girl she was, had accepted him in spite of his supposed poverty), found her just tearing open her father's note, and going up beside her, leaned over her shoulder, and the two sisters read together.

"HELEN:—If Warner offers himself, accept him. He's just come in possession of a splendid fortune. I've no time to explain. I shall take him in partnership next week. Be sure and accept him. 'Tis the best match in the city."

"J. LORIMER."

"P. S. Old Stickney has failed."

Helen fainted!

#### TIME RECKONED BY ONIONS.

The progress of an age depends not so much upon natural growths as artificial appliances. Sixty years ago there were no daily papers. Friction matches had not even enlightened the world. The sun-dial and hour-glass alone took their notes of time. Darkness, it would seem, must have brooded over the earth. "At such a time as this," says a now aged friend, "I was teaching school in a Massachusetts village. One Monday forenoon, I had lost my reckoning, and time wore heavily away. I lounged to dismiss school, but feared to excite the surprise of the parents by sending the children home too early. In this dilemma, an idea struck me. I would send the dullest boy I had with an empty dinner-basket, to the house of a spinster near by, whose hour-glass had a more methodical reputation than mine, with instructions to bring back the time of day in the empty basket. It was not long ere he returned, bearing eleven and a half onions as the result of his expedition. I was satisfied, set my hour-glass in motion, and in half an hour dismissed the school."

#### OLD TREES.

Old trees by night are like men in thought;  
By poetry to silence wrought;  
They stand so still, and they look so wise,  
With folded arms and half-shut eyes,  
More shadowy than the shade they cast,  
When the wan moonlight on the river passed.  
H. W. FABER.

[ORIGINAL.]

## THE SAILOR'S BRIDE.

BY ELIZA FRANCES MORIARTY.

She is an only daughter;  
 With loving, artless ways—  
 The sunshine of the fisher's cot  
 For sixteen fleeting Mays;  
 Her face is fair and modest,  
 Her eyes like any dove:  
 O, such a little maiden  
 Has won the sailor's love!

Her songs are heard at morning,  
 Her songs are heard at eve,  
 The rosy hours around her brow  
 Bright thornless chaplets weave;  
 The lark may soar to heaven,  
 And trill celestial praise:  
 The happy gay young sailor  
 But hears his love's sweet lays.

She smiles upon him fondly,  
 And floods his soul with light;  
 Her mimic frowns of anger  
 Enshadow it like night.  
 Sweet Avis loves her sailor  
 With all the warmth of youth;  
 But maims the world all over  
 Will test their lovers' truth.

The chapel-bell is ringing,  
 The young and old are there;  
 Each breathes a tender blessing  
 Upon the wedded pair.  
 His arms of love unfold her,  
 He says, "My own sweet bride,  
 Thou seest that good ship anchored  
 Upon the swelling tide?

"The wind blows cool and steady—  
 One kiss—I must away!  
 The captain bids me hasten  
 To steer her from the bay."  
 Sharp thorns profane the bridal wreath,  
 Each heart beats close to heart;  
 They hear the distant seamen's cheer,  
 In silent tears they part.

She watches for her sailor  
 From amber dawn till dark;  
 She hears the wild winds rising  
 Around the home-bound bark.  
 O, woe of woes! night closes  
 On hill, on vale and town:  
 No eye but that of Heaven  
 Beholds the bark go down!

The chapel-bell is tolling—  
 The chapel by the shore;  
 Alas, her darling sailor,  
 She ne'er will see him more!  
 Slow wandering on the sea-beach,  
 She wrings her hands and weeps:  
 "O, cruel sea, give back my love,  
 That on your bosom sleeps!"

Politeness is the shadow of civilization; Christianity is the substance.

[ORIGINAL.]

## WOONG AND WINNING.

BY JAMES FRANKLIN FITTS.

You remind me, my dear friend (it was thus Harry Hylton's letter commenced), of a certain promise, made to you, as you write, full six months ago, when I shook your hand and bade you good-by; to the effect that I would keep you informed, by mail, of my impressions of matters and things in this beautiful little country nook, where I now find myself so happily domesticated. And I use this last adverb, understandingly, you will please observe; since (let me whisper it in your ear), I am enjoying any amount of antenuptial pleasure, in the society and under the roof of the person, who, in precisely six weeks from date, is to take the name of Mrs. Harry Hylton.

You stare, but this is the fact; as fate and love would have it, I am at last entrapped. I have, too, a sufficient excuse for not fulfilling my engagement with you, until now, in the fact that the exciting and interesting events which have led to my present enviable prospects, have hardly given me time or opportunity to eat or sleep—much less, to hold pen-conversations, even with an old friend like yourself. But now, without further excuse, I propose to begin at the beginning, and give you an exact account of all my adventures and misadventures since I last saw you. Therefore, "lend your serious hearing to what I shall unfold."

My destination, you will remember, when I parted from you, was Clairville, a little village several hundred miles west from you; and here, upon the evening of the third day, I arrived. I immediately repaired to the house of Colonel St. Claire, the man, *par excellence*, of the village, and from whom its name was derived. I found him at home in a beautiful and stately mansion, embowered among the trees, and surrounded by everything which should be sufficient to render a life of leisure delightful. The colonel, as you may need be informed, was the bosom friend and boon companion of my father, before the death of the latter; they had grown up together from boyhood, served together in the most stirring campaigns of the last war, and, in short, cemented between themselves a friendship which death alone had been able to dissolve. And as I am the only surviving member of my father's family, and had never before met Colonel St. Claire, you can imagine that my reception was of the most hearty and cordial kind. This was certainly the fact; my venerable friend is a gentle-

man of the old school, hospitable, warm-hearted and sociable; and from the first, I believe, transferred to me all the interest and affection which he had ever felt towards my father.

The household of this beautiful home consists of the colonel, its head, a housekeeper (Mrs. St. Claire being several years deceased), two mischievous juvenile grandsons, with whom my narrative has little to do—and last, and best of all, Isabel, familiarly known as Belle St. Claire, the “sole daughter of the house and heart” of my host, and with whom my narrative is entirely connected. I don’t mean to go into raptures over her, or even to describe her, further than to intimate very decidedly, that of all lovely, lovable representatives of the sex feminine that these eyes of mine have ever beheld, the one of whom I am speaking is the most so. She is a woman, my dear friend, as lovely in mind as in person, and possessing in a wonderful degree all those charms and graces which, as you know, my fastidious conceptions of the good and beautiful require. Have I said enough?

The evening of my arrival was passed in the drawing-room, in company with Isabel and her father; its first hours being enlivened by the pranks of the young urchins of whom I have spoken, spoiled children, both. Certainly, a more delightful evening, I do not remember having spent in the course of my life. My arrival had been somewhat unexpected, and on that account, the more welcome; and I had been in the company of my new friends hardly an hour before I really felt as though I had known them for a century. The colonel was jovial and hugely good-humored; Isabel pleasant, sociable, and entertaining. If I ever exerted myself, upon any one occasion more than another, to make a favorable impression, I think it was upon this one. These efforts were, as you may imagine, directed chiefly towards my fair companion; and you will pardon the vanity which leads me to say that my success was marked. At my request, she sang, and in a clear, sweet voice as ever delighted my ear; and, in accompanying her, I am sure that my earnestness and expression fully compensated for all musical defects of mine.

I was in a truly happy frame of mind, that night, when I bade Isabel good evening, and retired to my chamber. I was always, as you know, remarkably sanguine, buoyant, and, withal, a most immoderate dreamer; but even you will be disposed to smile when I tell you of my reflections, that evening, when I found myself alone. They were after this fashion:

“Fortunate mortal that I am,” I thought,

“my future is now plainly marked out. Here I am, in a position at once gratifying and enviable—in the very bosom of the family of an old friend, and there to remain, *ad infinitum*. The father is pleased with me, most assuredly; the daughter, as certainly, doesn’t dislike me; and these, too, are mere first impressions. Now, for once in the course of human events, the course of true love *shall* run smooth; I will woo and win my lady in a most successful manner; a little time will fully suffice to secure my happiness; and thereafter, I will settle down in the glorious old mansion, and enjoy life as only the husband of Belle St. Claire can do.”

“Well—” I hear you exclaim—“so much for the prophecy; now for the fulfilment! In this latter there has been evidently a lamentable falling off.”

Patience, patience, my dear fellow; we will immediately inquire of that; for thereby hangs this most truthful tale, which I have commenced to tell you. And I think you will agree with me, before reaching its conclusion, that, for the nonce, love has proved a reliable soothsayer.

Morning came, after innumerable dreams of Belle St. Claire, and I again joined my friends. This second day of my visit was Sunday, and we rode in the family carriage to the village church. All that day, I was constantly near Belle, silently and momentarily receiving new impressions. And although the colonel’s family pew was in a position well adapted for hearing, I fear that the other facts, of my sitting by the side of my divinity, and reading the church-service from the same book with her, sadly interfered with my appreciation of the services of the sanctuary.

“A clear case,” you will say, “of love at first sight.” Even so; I freely admit it. Not an hour of that happy Sabbath passed without bringing to my knowledge something farther admirable in the character of Isabel St. Claire. I quickly discovered that my first estimate of her, ample as it was, really did injustice to the remarkable loveliness which dwelt within her; and I at once indefinitely deferred all further judgments upon the subject.

The two succeeding weeks passed away like a dream, and in a constant round of pleasures. My friends seemed to have taken my happiness in charge; and especially did Isabel devote her time and attention to me. We were together constantly, and, generally alone; we read from the same books, conversed together, walked, sang, rode, and beguiled the time in a hundred other delightful ways. Our intercourse was of the most familiar and friendly character; and I

was immeasurably gratified to discover that upon all occasions and in all places, my fair companion trusted herself implicitly to me and my protection. I am free to confess that this discovery gave me an honest pride which I have never before felt.

And yet, notwithstanding all this, which, you may think, should have encouraged me to press my advances upon the citadel which I had besieged—spite of all these favorable circumstances, I was far from satisfied with my progress during these two weeks. Although always kind and pleasant, and apparently, always gratified with my companionship, yet, at times, I fancied that I could discover in her manner a certain constraint, a species of embarrassment, for which I was at a loss to account. There were times when I longed to breathe into her ear the words of love which were constantly upon my tongue; but the strange and painful conviction that they would be unwelcome, restrained me. I became moody and thoughtful; there was, I conjectured, some secret cause operating to produce the results I have named. I was not long in deciding that I would not proceed one step blindly; and with my usual promptness, I quickly decided to lay the matter before Colonel St. Claire, and if there was, as I more than suspected, a reason which would operate to prevent my becoming a suitor for the hand of his daughter, to become acquainted with it.

I acted upon the impulse without delay. I found the colonel in the library, alone; and with an abruptness which I knew would please him, I opened the subject. First, I spoke of the relations which had subsisted between my father and himself, so pleasant and friendly in their character; then I reminded him, and with a sincere expression of thanks, of the interest which he had manifested in me; and lastly, prefacing the avowal with a hint of my circumstances in life, the position which my professional brethren had accorded me, and the sincerity of my present appeal to him, I boldly declared my love for his daughter, and demanded his permission to prosecute my addresses to her. And finally, I stood expectantly before his chair, anxiously awaiting his answer.

Colonel St. Claire listened attentively, and for a moment after I had finished he was silent. When he replied, it was with an expression of absolute pain upon his benevolent face.

"My dear Henry," he said, "I must say that this revelation of yours gives me real distress, notwithstanding the favor with which, under other circumstances, I should regard it. You have reminded me of my intimacy with your

father—he was the best and noblest friend I have ever known. You, Harry Hylton, are his son, and short as has been the time I have known you, I have come to love you like a second father. You recall to me in a thousand ways recollections of my old friend, your parent; and, in short, my dear boy, I should be proud to call you my own boy, the husband of my darling Bella, if—"

I anticipated his next words, and as he pronounced them, I sank down into a chair beside him, weak, faint, and utterly heart-sick and miserable.

"If it were not," he said, "that Bella is soon to be married to a person whom I in every respect approve."

"*L'homme propose*"—you know the rest. How perfectly wretched I was at that moment, you, my dear fellow, who know me well, can conjecture. Here, for the last two weeks, vain dreamer that I was, I had been building beautiful hopes and plans for my future, fancying myself about to be made perfectly happy, and deluding myself with all the vanity and delirium which a person in my situation could well conceive. And this was the end. A few words from Colonel St. Claire had swept away the whole fabric, and consigned me to the utmost depths of despair! It was a bitter disappointment—I could have shed tears of real distress over it. My old friend seemed to sympathize deeply with me. He rose from his chair and walked nervously about the room, while I sat gazing dejectedly at the figures in the carpet at my feet.

"Who, may I ask," I at last said, "is to be her husband?"

"Ah—I'll tell you. You've heard your father speak of General Morgan, I know. He served with us in our campaigns upon the frontier."

I had heard the name spoken of, as he supposed, very frequently, and so I intimated to him.

"Well—Isabel's future husband is his son, Victor Morgan, and an elegant fellow as you ever saw. The general, it seems, died shortly after the war, leaving but one son, as I learn from Victor himself. The young man has been much with us for the past few months, and in a few days we expect him again. The wedding will take place very shortly, and you must brighten up that sober face of yours for the occasion. I will frankly say, my dear Harry, that between you and Victor I could have nothing to choose. You both stand in exactly the same position in regard to me, as you see—both the sons of beloved and departed friends, and both entitled to an equal and large degree of my esteem



and affection. You are only unfortunate, Harry, in being a little too late in the day!"

Poor, miserable consolation! With hardly an idea of what I was saying, I hinted to the colonel that of course his daughter loved, and loved well this fortunate person—and immediately the face of the old gentleman assumed a puzzled, troubled expression, that instantly aroused me. When he hesitated upon a question like this, I reflected it was possible some hope might still remain for me!

"Ah—that is a question, Harry, which I hardly know how to answer. Yes, I may safely say that she *does* love him; but as you know, women have sometimes a strange way of showing their real feelings. This, you must understand, is a match of my making. I resolved from the first, that Victor should be my son-in-law, and have given Belle plainly to understand it."

"And how," I tremblingly asked, "how, may I ask, does she receive your commands?"

"Hum—ha—don't say *commands*, boy. The word is too harsh. Belle is a most dutiful child, and will, I make no doubt, cheerfully acquiesce in my choice. To be sure, she seems inclined, just at the present time, to look with some disfavor upon Morgan; but this, I take it, is merely a womanish fancy which will not last. If the truth were known, I'll warrant you, she loves Victor Morgan more than she does her old father. Why, there is every reason why she should. Morgan is handsome, talented and rich, although for the latter I do not particularly care. In short, he is just the man for Belle's husband, and I swear the world shall know it."

With a variety of conflicting emotions, I took my leave of the colonel for the present, and retired from the library. The matter now seemed to wear a different aspect, although still dubious enough. But I could not breathe freely while a doubt existed, and accordingly my first movement was to find Belle St. Claire, and receive my sentence from her own lips. I did find her, and alone. She received me with her usual pleasant smile and words of welcome, and I could restrain myself no longer. Without preface or introduction, I rehearsed to her the conversation which I had just held with her father. I told her of the hopes and fears which had for weeks made me miserable. I avowed my affection for her—the absorbing passion of my life—and I implored her, if she did indeed cherish a like sentiment towards me, to bless me with the confession, and leave the consequences to myself. I spoke earnestly and with all my soul—yes, I have cause to believe that I spoke eloquently; for I can tell you, as you will yourself some day dis-

cover (your bachelor vows to the contrary, notwithstanding), that if a man is possessed of any eloquence, it is exceedingly apt to make itself known upon an occasion like this.

Well, she listened, never once raising her eyes, or offering to remove her hand from mine; and when I had finished, she simply laid her head upon my shoulder, her dark eyes filling with tears. Do not, if you please, be too inquisitive about what immediately followed. Take my assurance instead, that I commenced to live again from that moment, and once more to consider myself in an enviable situation. In fact, I was perfectly happy. The prospect of the fulfilment of Colonel St. Claire's plans seemed remote and improbable, especially since I had now the certainty that the heart of his child was mine, whole and undivided.

These, however, were the transports of the lover, and sober reason soon assumed its rule. I learned from Belle, that much as she had always disliked Victor Morgan, her filial affection had hitherto prevented her from making any determined opposition to the contemplated union; hence, the reply which her father returned to my question upon the subject. As I thought longer, I perceived the magnitude of the struggle I had entered into. Opposed to me were the serious obstacles of a lover considering himself secure in the prospect of the proposed marriage, and a father determined to make the said lover the husband of his daughter. *Per contra*—there was the love of my beautiful Belle, enough in itself to send me unhesitatingly through fire and water, if necessary, and the dogged, stubborn resolution which sprung up in my breast coeval with my first knowledge of Isabel St. Claire's real sentiments—the determination, I repeat, to carry my point at all hazards, by fair means or foul! Perhaps you may think that the odds were not heavy against me, after all. But the struggle was destined to be formidable enough for all that, and it shortly assumed a more serious appearance still. This was caused by the arrival at Clairville of none other than Victor Morgan, my rival, as I was now well aware. And to tell the truth, I had no sooner placed my eyes upon him, than I inwardly pronounced him a despicable one. He was a tall, elegant person, with all that finish of address and coolness of manner which bespeaks the experienced man of the world, and had I not fully assured myself that the affections of Belle St. Claire were surely placed upon my humble self, I might not have been easy in my position. As it was, I must confess to a proper degree of indignation, upon observing the demeanor and bearing of the

dashing favorite of the old colonel. His air was that of a man who feels perfectly confident of success already acquired, and his intercourse with the household was such, upon his own part, as to show that he esteemed himself unquestionably the future husband of its fair mistress.

By the colonel he was received and welcomed with a warmth which showed the latter to be fully determined in his purpose of making him his son-in-law. By Belle he was treated with a significant coolness, and from myself he received a welcome of the most freezing description. In fact, we were avowed enemies from the first moment of meeting. Each comprehended the position and designs of the other, and we at once measured swords for an earnest encounter. Which should win? It was a question of deep import to me. Never have my slumbers been so haunted, as during those few weeks of mental agitation and torment, by the proud, sneering face of Victor Morgan.

At last the crisis came. For several days, at regular intervals, Colonel St. Claire had been doctored with his favorite; and upon the evening of the one to which I refer, both Belle and myself were summoned to the library, where St. Claire and Morgan were sitting. The former proceeded very abruptly to say, that as all present were well aware, his daughter had been for some time betrothed to Victor Morgan, the esteemed son of his old friend, and that he now wished us distinctly to understand that the marriage would take place in that very room, and in precisely one week from that evening.

The words fell harshly upon my ear. I looked towards Morgan—he was carelessly curling his moustache, glancing with a look of cold triumph at myself; next, I turned my eyes to Belle, and saw her pale, agitated and distressed. The sight stirred up my indignant anger. I remonstrated, and in no measured tones, with the colonel, upon the cruelty and injustice of the course he was pursuing. Setting forth the matter in its strongest light, I finally pointed to Belle, and appealed to him to say if he could deliberately condemn his only child to a union with a person whom she did not and could not love?"

In the firmest voice imaginable, St. Claire replied:

"Harry—Hylton, my poor boy, you are wasting your breath. You cannot move me one hair from my resolution. You will soon discover, I think, that I have quite enough of the old military spirit left to hold me to my purposes with a force that nothing can break. As I have told you before, I pity you, but as it is, you have no resource left but submission. This match is

one that I have set my heart upon—it is, I am sure, as gratifying to Belle, as it can be to me. Why should you speak for her in that manner, Harry? I have yet to hear the first syllable of dissatisfaction from her lips on this subject!"

Here, our interview ended. I would not prolong it further, for I was already intolerably pained by it, satisfied as I was that this last assertion of Colonel St. Claire was perfectly true. His sterner will, it seemed, was destined to override and crush the yielding, pliant one of his child. She had, as I knew, been accustomed, even in her later years, to yield the most exact and implicit obedience to the wishes of her father, loving him as she did—and I doubted not, that even in a matter which so nearly concerned her happiness as this, I could never hope to teach her to rebel against the paternal decree. Nor do I wish to do injustice to that parent, apparently tyrannical as his course may seem. Doubtless he was actuated by a desire for the happiness and welfare of his daughter—his manner of taking the matter entirely into his own hands, leaving nothing to the decision of her who was certainly to be most affected by it, showed to me that his error was one of education rather than of principle.

Upon that same evening, after Isabel and myself had retired from the library, I sought a private interview with her, and a most interesting one it was, as you may imagine. I talked earnestly with her, dwelling long and bitterly upon the conduct and designs of her father, and with all the eloquence I could command, I urged her to avert the contemplated union with Morgan, by one bold and decisive act of her own. In short, I proposed an elopement. The struggle was a severe one for her. She hesitated, wavered, and finally—refused. I well knew her motives. I could not doubt her love, for even when she wrung her whispered "no" from her lips, she clung to me in tears. And I left her, repairing to my own chamber immediately, in such a state of agitation and perplexity as I hope never to be afflicted by again.

My table was strewn by unopened letters and papers, and these I commenced hurriedly to open. In the course of these operations, my fingers fastened upon the New York daily, and tearing off the wrapper, I unfolded it, and suffered my eyes to wander carelessly, almost unobservantly down its columns. And it was while thus engaged, that I bounded from my chair with such an exclamation of unqualified astonishment and emphatic satisfaction, as I'll be bound, never before came from human lips!

Merely snatching up the paper again, to assure

myself that I had really made no error in the astounding discovery which I had thus blundered upon, I crowded a few articles of wardrobe into a satchel, caught my cap, and descended at once to the library. The colonel was still there, and alone; and as he looked up in surprise at my unexpected appearance, I abruptly exclaimed:

"Colonel St. Claire, will you promise me upon your honor, as a man and a friend, that Victor Morgan shall not wed your daughter before the lapse of one week from to-night?"

"Why, Harry," he answered, "what in the deuce possesses you? What—"

"Answer—answer!" I frantically interrupted. "Give me your word that this time of grace shall not be shortened one hour!"

"Well—I give it. The marriage shall be celebrated upon the seventh evening from this, and not before. But in the name of all the gods, what—"

I heard no more, however. No sooner had I obtained his assurance, than I bolted from the room like a shot, and again repaired to the side of Belle. I had no explanation, even for her. I could only assure her, as I kissed her a hurried adieu, that I had discovered the means to save her, and that saved she should certainly be—that Victor Morgan should never be forced upon her, even if I should be compelled to call him out and shoot him (which, by the way, after the discovery I had made, I had no intention whatever of doing), and finally, that I should certainly return before the expiration of the week, bringing with me the means of her salvation.

In a tumult of excitement I hastened from the mansion, and from Clairville, and all that night the iron horse was whirling me swiftly towards New York; and there, upon the following day I arrived. Here I remained two days, searching for the object of my journey, and finding him, we were closeted together for several hours—a proceeding no doubt mysterious enough at present, but which shall be satisfactorily explained very shortly. And soon I was again speeding over the country, careering in a perfect delirium of excitement from city to city; so that when, upon the sixth day after my departure from Clairville, I found myself successful at all points, I actually swung my cap, and huzzaed in triumph!

My time of limitation had now nearly expired, and accompanied by two persons whose presence at Clairville would be necessary to the complete denouement of all this mystery, I retraced my steps as fast as steam and iron would permit. Again, then, I reached the village, and upon the very evening of the seventh day of my absence, and still accompanied by my friends, I walked

nervously towards the St. Claire mansion. It was brilliantly lighted—the fatal hour had evidently arrived! Leaving my companions in the hall, I entered the parlor. Here, already, the wedding guests were assembled—here was the minister, here the colonel, looking supremely happy, here the bridegroom-elect, appearing elegant, careless and assured as ever—and here was Belle, pale, agitated, and evidently despairing. But, as I pressed her hand, I whispered in her ear one little sentence which instantly restored her to hope and happiness.

You will admire, I am certain, the very effective manner in which I continued the scene that followed. It was better than a play. I permitted the ceremony to commence without interruption, and to proceed to the point at which the clergyman demands to know of any just cause or impediment why these persons should not be joined in lawful wedlock, and then in a firm, emphatic voice, I forbade the marriage. Almost every person present was instantly agape with astonishment; the colonel, in particular, seemed immeasurably indignant, and the bridegroom expectant stroked his moustache with a fierce and defiant twirl. But all doubts as to the nature of my objections were speedily put to rest. Going to the door, I admitted my companions, and taking the arm of one of them, I led him forward and confronted the person whom I last mentioned.

"Gentlemen," I said, "allow me to make you acquainted. This," and I pointed to my companion, "is the deputy-sheriff of A— County; and this, Mr. Sheriff, is a certain Peter Smith, *alias* several other names, with which you are better acquainted than I."

"Then, sir, you are my prisoner. I arrest you by the authority of the people of the State of New York, and by virtue of a warrant, charging you with the crime of larceny. Follow me, if you please."

By a dexterous movement, the officer snapped a pair of handcuffs upon the wrists of his prisoner while he was speaking. But this precaution seemed not at all necessary. Victor Morgan, otherwise Peter Smith, seemed perfectly confounded by this sudden turn of affairs—his supercilious demeanor vanished, his countenance bleached to a sickly hue of whiteness, and without so much as a word or look to any one, he turned and followed the officer from the room.

But I despair of conveying to you any perfect idea of the appearance of Colonel St. Claire at that memorable moment. His eyes followed the retreating forms of the sheriff and his prisoner; from them he turned and looked in undisguised wonderment, alternately upon his daughter, my-

self, and my companion who still remained—a handsome, noble-looking young man, standing now beside me. Finally, in a burst of astonished grief, St. Claire exclaimed :

"Harry—Henry Hylton, is this possible? Do I really see Victor Morgan, the son of my old and esteemed friend and fellow-soldier, arrested for the commission of a felony?"

"No, my dear colonel," I responded; "allow me to say that you don't see any such thing. Victor Morgan, whom I am proud and happy to call my friend, since he has so proved himself, is exactly in front of you, and at this instant. Allow me to present him to you."

With a pleasant smile, the young man extended his hand. The colonel mechanically took it—and then turning to me, he exclaimed with sudden energy :

"And now, you young villain, explain all this, before I go crazy! What does it mean—what have you been doing—what do you mean to do?"

"I will tell you, colonel, with great pleasure. And I shall be able to open the matter so that you can understand it, very briefly. Just one week ago to-night, when I was deliberating whether I should shoot the man whom you have just seen arrested, or myself, a paper fell into my hands, from which I learned of the arrival of one *Victor Morgan*, among others, in New York, by the European steamer. As I reasoned the matter rapidly in my mind, I concluded that it was unlikely, nay, almost impossible, that there should be two of this name, one in Clairville and one in New York; and I was not long in convincing myself that the person whom you have known by that name was an impostor and an artful simulator. A journey to New York was the consequence of these conclusions—and I was fortunate in discovering, after some search, the real Victor Morgan. From him I learned that the person whom I described to him, as the one whom I had known by that name, had formerly travelled with him as his secretary, and had finished a series of peculations by a successful forging of his draft for several thousand dollars, after which he absconded, to reappear several months afterward under the name of his employer, in Clairville. He was doubtless emboldened to attempt the enormous fraud, in which you, Colonel St. Claire, unwittingly assisted him, by a desire to increase his ill-gotten gains by the addition thereto of a share of your wealth, as well as by a sense of security meanwhile, arising from his knowledge of the fact that Victor Morgan was in England.

"I might have been satisfied by the simple

production of the latter here this evening; but my anger was so aroused by the discovery of the base villany of this hypocritical impostor, well-nigh fatal as it had been to my own happiness, as well as that of your child, that I resolved to make an example of him. To this end, I occupied myself for some time in investigating the matter of his crime, and soon advanced far enough to obtain a warrant for his arrest. Furthermore, I have to inform you that he will be tried in the county for which I am district-attorney, and that I have not the slightest doubt of my ability to convict him upon the evidence I have collected."

As I proceeded with this explanation, the cloud gradually cleared itself from the colonel's face, and as I concluded, he actually threw his arms around me, exclaiming in a transport of mingled joy and vexation :

"God bless you, Harry Hylton! You're a noble fellow—and I—well, I confess myself to be an old fool! Forgive me, Harry, for everything that has happened. Forgive me, Belle, my darling—and you too, Victor, my boy—you will pardon a foolish old man, who acknowledges and repents of all his folly! You've won her wholly, Harry. Take her, and may she live a thousand years to be your wife!"

And then, in his demonstrative emotion, the old man mixed us all up together in one grand embrace—Belle, Victor, and myself. The tears rolled one after another down the colonel's cheeks—Belle's black eyes were flashing with great drops, which told of anything else than grief—and if the contagion of weeping seized me too, it was solely because I found it impossible to express my happiness by laughing.

And here let me bring my too lengthy account of this important chapter of my life to a close, merely suggesting that your presence in Clairville in precisely six weeks from date, is hereby sincerely requested; at which time you will behold the last scene of "this strange, eventful history," as well as to witness with how much dignity and resignation this evil of bachelorhood can be shuffled off.

Happy Harry Hylton! Commend me to a fate as auspicious as his! And may you, my dear reader of a like gender, be as happy, as romantic, and as successful in your WOOLING AND WINNING.

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#### CONSTANCY.

It is a noble constancy you show  
To this afflicted house—that, not like others,  
The friends of season, you do not follow fortune,  
And in the winter of their fate forsake  
The place whose glories warmed you.—JONSON.

[ORIGINAL.]

## LOOK UP.

BY GEORGE W. CROWELL.

Look up! the future's all before!  
There—let the past deep buried lie;  
While life still nerves the arm to do,  
Let hope yet fire the soul to try.

O, bow not down before the blast,  
But stand erectly, firm and strong;  
And bravely meet opposing fate,  
What though the struggle's fierce and long!

Yes, bare your arm, and raise your head,  
And let your gaze be upward still;  
The palm of victory lays before,  
And you shall grasp it, if you will!

The world may seek to put you down;  
But that the world can never do,  
If strong in conscious truth and right,  
Your purpose firm, you firm pursue.

The men who've made a living mark,  
And won a name which ne'er can die,  
Have toiled through years of doubt and gloom  
Up to their immortality.

How bright the generative scroll,  
Which marks the long descended line,  
That bore the sacred ark of truth  
Adown the dusky slopes of time!

They've often on the scaffold's deck,  
And often in the lonely cell,  
Maintained the dignity of right,  
And triumphed over earth and hell.

O, fainting soul, fresh courage take,  
While deeds like these immortal shine;  
If thou wilt struggle to the end,  
The victory must and will be thine.

And in that toll each drop of sweat  
Shall flash a jewel in thy crown;  
The world may strew your path with thorns,  
But it can never put you down!

[ORIGINAL.]

## THE CAVALIER CLARENS.

BY FRANCES P. PEPPERELL.

WHETHER my readers march under the conquering banner of curls and crinoline, or the no less potent moustache and patent leather, I am sure they would have pronounced the gentleman whose name is given above, the very ideal of masculine beauty, more especially if they could have met those dazzling eyes, fringed with lashes like a woman's, and pouring all their seductive fire upon the open heart of whose listener to his honeyed words. Those eyes, now dead and

buried these two hundred years and odd, belonged to the Cavalier Earl Clarence Clarens. Everybody who knew the young lord, liked him; yet always because they could not help themselves. His manner was the most charming in the world, his society the most entertaining, his apparent frankness the most winning. His motto was—*God and King Charles!* and that was about all God and King Charles got of him. He was a cavalier by profession merely, and page to the queen whenever he chose to fill that station. He nevertheless believed there was nobody in the world but Earl Clarence Clarens, and was determined that he should be considered before all, first of any one, and in spite of everybody; after him, the king. He owned the finest stud—the swiftest hounds in the county. He had the best voice in a madrigal, the best touch on a harpsichord, the best step in a galliard, the best seat in a saddle, of any man in England. His face was superlatively beautiful, his accomplishments not to be rivalled, his allegiance undoubted—he was, all in all, the bravest, handsomest, sweetest, most good-natured and fascinating—(I regret to use the word)—villain that the seventeenth century ever owned.

Owner of large estates that permitted him to squander sovereigns by the double handful, very little he cared into whose hands they fell, whether duchesses or charwomen, for he believed all creatures to be at his disposition, and that there was no virtue without its price; this might be pardoned to the courtier of such a court—and indeed the young earl had plenty of reason—that which was not so excusable was, that he never suffered himself to be enlightened till he had had far too much experience to warrant such youthful ideas.

It was the knowledge of Amy Herford's character that first taught him the word loveliness. A perfect little blossom was Amy Herford. Eyes like English violets, cheeks like English roses, lips that even her enemies—if the child had such—might have liked to kiss, and hair that, parting over a round, smooth brow, fell in many a wave, but no curl, till it reached a snowy, dimpled shoulder, where, as if to show that it could have curled all the way down had it chosen, it turned into wayward clusters and tendril-like ringlets at its own will.

The English are a famous people for visiting, so that one cannot guess what time they have to spend at home—and, indeed, in those troublous round-head times many had no homes to stay in—and thus a goodly knot of gentlemen and ladies were temporarily at Herford Hall, without regard to politics, for Colonel Herford had not

yet been heard to declare himself on either side, king or commons.

Never had lovely Amy Herford been arrayed to more advantage than on this evening, when Earl Clarens first saw her; for it was the fall of the year, and she wore some dark-blue stuff that, cut square in the neck and bosom, à la Anne Boleyn, and edged with a narrow frill of Holland, finely contrasted her brilliant complexion and snowy breast. She sat at the harpsichord, and had unconsciously been playing a solemn psalm-tune during the reception of the dashing earl. As she lifted her left hand from the instrument, the earl crossed toward her, and bending over her, so that his long dark ringlets brushed her skin, took and lifted it gallantly to his lips.

"My fair cousin," said he—"for you know the Clarens and Herfords quartered arms a hundred years ago, so we are cousins, if ever so little—you have given me a right friendly welcome, in so charming a tune! Such a slow movement, full of grace, it could hardly be a canonet; now if I ask was it a madrigal, or yet a minuet, will you pardon a poor ignoramus and enlighten him?"

"It was a psalm-tune," said Amy, simply.

"Ah! ah! By my troth, I am not too familiar with such. And so thou playest psalm-tunes, Cousin Amy?"

"It is the Sabbath night," she answered.

"As if that made any difference! You do not play them, then, any other night? Fie, for a little Puritan! Ah, you wear your colors in your cheeks, Cousin Amy!"

This, the second time he had so familiarly used her Christian name, brought fresher colors to her cheeks, and caused one sitting on the other side of the harpsichord to turn uneasily.

"And what psalm-tune may this especial one be, Mistress Herford?" asked the cavalier, perceiving that he encroached. "Did any responsible being write it?"

"Martin Luther."

"Bless his heart! Now, little iceberg, are you so provoked with me for my ignorance of old Noll's favorites, that you will refuse to repeat it? And should you sing it," added he, laughing, "could you not infuse a little of that rich nasal twang that I heard your friends the round-heads give when singing it—I, a prisoner in their camp—yestreen, at Tilbury?"

"Nay," answered Amy, laughing at last in her turn, "once will answer, I think, until your lordship's taste be corrected."

"So you have just escaped from camp, Clarens, they tell me," said the old colonel, approaching. "What did you see there?"

"Plenty of shaven hypocrites, sir," answered Clarens, carelessly, glancing at the gentleman on Amy's right, rather than at her father.

"Then you think they're not in earnest?" asked the colonel.

"If earnest is hypocrisy."

"A fault you accuse them of?"

"A fault," answered the gentleman for whom Clarens's speech was intended, "of which you cannot accuse their enemies. The Tories do not even affect concealment of their—"

"Peccadilloes?" suggested the earl.

"Rather a light name for murder, arson, rapine, and the leash that hunt with them."

"Well, well, if Sir Harry Aytoun has seen such traces in our track, he had better send us a missionary, or come himself to join us with—'*God for King Charles!*' before we reach Aytoun Crag Castle on our devastating route."

Sir Harry Aytoun, with no appearance of irritation, lightly turned the leaves of the music-book in his hand.

"I wish King Charles no more harm," he said, "than being compelled to chant this hymn and keep its word:

"What I have sworn, that will I keep,  
Justice and Mercy shall not sleep.  
The flock which Thou hast given me,  
Behold! I lead them righteously."

He pronounced the words with a slow but full intonation; a blind man could have told the superiority of his character over the other, by the mere sound of his voice.

"Wilt thou sing it?" he said, placing the book before Amy, and with a certain air of respect and loyalty towards her.

Amy obeyed, and Clarens was forced to listen. At its conclusion, he bent again over the singer.

"So sweet a voice to be ruined on long metres!" he said. "We must practise rondeaux together. Now, my beautiful Cousin Amy, if you had looked aside at me, and sang these words to the same air, what a difference might there be!" And he hummed just loud enough for herself and Sir Harry alone to hear:

"The thought of thee by day or night  
Fills me, my love, with such delight,  
That—"

Here Sir Harry Aytoun rose abruptly, but with a graceful dignity that the cavalier never could have equalled, offered his hand to Amy, saying—"Colonel Herford beckons his daughter," and led her away ere the amorous distich had time to couple itself.

Whether Earl Clarens was discomfited or not, by this extremely cool treatment, deponent saith not; the only outward sign was a sudden sparkle of his dark eye, and a curl of the lip, that

said, with the swiftness and legibility of lightning: "Your work, Sir Harry Aytoun—is it? Treading on your toes? What do I care about the pretty minx? But since you are so determined she sha'n't care about me, we'll see, my man—we'll see! What is there a handsome gentleman, and Earl Clarens to boot, can't do? You are squeamish and delicate of her virtue? Very well, I'll give you reason to be!"

The next instant he was bending, as elegantly as his lithe form knew how, before fair Mistress Herford, Amy's mother, and ingratiating himself, with all his wily eloquence, into the invalid lady's favor. Shortly after that, the whole company, gay since the earl's arrival as if they had forgotten the day, sought the dining-hall and sat down to the substantial supper of those days—Amy relieving her mother of the weight of hospitality by herself taking the table's head. The young earl, though he sat at her right, soon saw that there was mingled with her manner a certain reserve different from that which had adorned it before, and which was as serviceable as a coat of mail. He did not know how to pierce this armor, and felt as if he had to thank for it Sir Harry, who sat opposite him and not far away. He resolved, setting his teeth as if cracking a nut, that he *would* succeed, and he cast up his scheme with his usual rapidity.

"So it seems," said he, in the lowest audible tone, "that I have offended Mistress Amy. My manners are very free and familiar, I know—greatly too much so; camps breed that error in us. But I would not, for the world, have failed in respect to her whose esteem I must henceforth value next to that of my sovereign lady the queen herself."

Amy just bowed, and spoke to a passing servant, while her lips showed the least incredulity possible.

"Ah, I see," he continued, with a touch of sadness in his tone, "that you do not trust me! What can I do, sweet lady, to convince you of my sincerity? Your doubt pains me."

And here he turned upon her those eyes that had done so much execution, just raising the drooping lids with their long veil and suffering them to fall again, when they had rained upon her a speaking glance of fire and tenderness and melancholy.

Poor little Amy would have had a stout heart indeed, had she been proof against it; many a stronger woman had utterly fallen. If she had received any previous warning, the next instant it was all forgotten, when, without raising his eyes again, his head slightly bent, a sigh, almost too faint to be heard, escaped him; then appar-

ently making an effort to shake off the mood, he looked up lightly, with half a boyish laugh, as if seeking her approval, and said:

"When a man who has followed our wild soldier life meets beautiful women, he seems to have a glimpse of regions to which he does not belong, Cousin Amy; and life does not seem to be worth living in the old way. More's the pity!"

When a profligate wishes to win a woman, his first and best cue is always repentance. Amy's heart was almost melted.

"Earl Clarens has opportunities and powers that will make his life well worth living," she replied, a little severely.

"Yes," he said. "But a man too frequently falls from high aims, when he is alone. If a companion scoffs, he has no sympathy of an ardent friend at home to console himself with. Enthusiasm for righteous things dies in the lack of loving counsellors and helpers. I think the man who has no sisters is very much to be pitied, don't you, Miss Amy?" And here he looked with the most frank and winning smile.

"O, very much!" said Amy.

"He has nothing at home; perhaps no place fit to be called a home, though he own palaces. He possesses no sweet sample of virtue. You never had a brother, Cousin Amy? And I never had a sister."

Here the former sadness usurped the smile. Amy gazed at him in open pity. I wonder the innocence of those wide blue eyes did not make the feigned conversion of this fine actor real; but it only confirmed him in his purpose. She was new to him; and, after the tawdry graces of the court ladies, deliciously piquant. She was more beautiful than any of them; and he promised himself success, even if it ruined her, a much for his own satisfaction as out of a mean and bitter hate that had arisen in his heart towards Sir Harry Aytoun—for, although so very little indication of anything of the kind had been given, he instinctively felt that Sir Harry's happiness was somehow inextricably connected with that of Amy Herford.

But Amy was not a fool; and as she looked at him, she detected something in that silent gaze that repelled her—something totally discordant with his words. She blamed herself for suspecting it; but, saying nothing more, rose with the ladies and retired. The Earl Clarens was not to be thus vanquished; he accompanied her to the door, and raising her hand again to his lips with the gentlest respect and significance, while his silken, scented curls swept her arm, relinquished it only on the threshold, flattering him-

self that he had made some way in his purposes. For once, he was not so wide of the mark.

When he re-seated himself at table, the flagons and glasses were in full circulation. Sir Harry Aytoun had not once seemed to notice him during his conversation with Amy, but not being a valiant trencher-man, sat toying with his dishes, one arm on the great oak chair, and now with a glass before him still full of sparkling Rhenish, and bidding fair to remain so.

Clarens had now new tactics to assume. He drank the colonel's health with the company—that of the ladies—that of his neighbors; finally, lifting a full cup, he nodded to Sir Harry Aytoun. Sir Harry nodded in return, just touched his lips with the crimson draught, and set it down again.

"You're churlish with your liquor, sir!" said the earl. "You do not toss it off with a relish!"

"I am not so good at my cups as—"

"At your sword?"

Sir Harry bowed. "Your lordship has anticipated me," he said.

"Come, come, Clarens!" cried Colonel Herford, from the foot of the table. "You have not told us about your late escapade. Been with the rebels? Ha! What did you learn there, may I ask?"

"A trick or two, sir."

"And what may they be?"

"One, sir, allow me; the other is at your service. I learned who was the knave that rode into the royal camp and threw the defiant papers of conditions at his majesty's feet!"

"Who was it?" said Herford, with a twinkling eye.

"That, sir, I beg leave—"

"Beg nothing, my lord," said Sir Harry.

"There are few at the table who do not know his name."

"A traitor at all odds?"

"A title he boasts."

"If the second trick that Earl Clarens learned among his enemies serves him no more truthfully than this, he has spent his time there to little profit. It was not I. But I applaud the magnificent courage of the man who did."

"The other trick? You shall judge," said the earl, flushed with wine and anger. "I learned that the three hundred who ride to-morrow midnight through Eyretol downs, and round by the meadows, will attack the king at Oxford, and are led by—shall I say?"

"Sir Harry Aytoun!" shouted the guests as with one voice, delighted to disappoint him. And each one filled his glass, stood up and emptied it with a cheer.

Perhaps mortification deepened the flush of the sherry in Clarens's handsome cheek, his eyes flashed wide open, the scornful curve of his delicate lip lengthened into an indignant sneer. As they re-seated themselves, he rose, held his long glass, crimson and bubbling, above his head.

"A health!" he cried. "And the man who refuses it, I brand traitor and coward!" And he called, in a voice clear and sonorous as a clarion—"Here's a health to King Charles!" Not a soul rose, not a glass reversed, not a voice responded. "All of you?" said Clarens, looking slowly round the table. "You think yourself safe, Aytoun, knowing I am not a spy?"

"I do not know any such fact."

Clarens had previously put on his gloves. Now he paused, ostentatiously unbuttoned one, drew it off, flung it, and it fell directly before Aytoun.

A contemptuous smile passed over the latter's face. He beckoned a servant, bade him take up the glove, and restore it to the owner.

"I shall be very glad to meet your lordship in battle," said he, calmly, "but from private bloodshed you must excuse me."

"Traitor and coward once, now doubly branded!"

"Earl Clarens's word is not sufficiently good current coin to prove me the latter."

Clarens was almost beside himself with wrath.

"Herford! Hsley! Everton!" he shouted.

"Are you all in a league? Is it a nest of rebels I have fallen into? Here's my gage to all of ye for a pack—"

The red blood that had dyed his face, burst in a torrent from his mouth—the cheek and brow became pale as death—he reeled, and fell to the floor. A dozen arms were spread to receive him—for though they were all of an opposite persuasion, the most of them admired his spirit. But Sir Harry Aytoun, springing across the table, caught him and bore the senseless form from the room. In the long west library he met Amy, who hearing the tumult, divined its occasion; and resting his charge on the lounge, he surrendered him to her keeping. This, the noblest proof of his uninterrupted confidence in her, she received silently—a guilty blush dying her face. In an instant she felt the true nobleness, the manly honor and trustfulness and courage of Aytoun. A flashing glance, raised for a second to his, told him all there was to know, and directly, with the needful assistance, Clarens was revived. Sir Harry again lifted him more gently than an infant, and carried him to the great state bed-chamber of Herford Hall, once honored by Queen Elizabeth's slumbers.



That night, Amy and Aytoun watched beside him. A bright hectic in his cheek, lips brilliant as the blood that lately stained them, long shadowy hair streaming backward over the snowy pillows, the profusion of costly lace in his apparel, and the small white, restless hands—all together made such a picture as would have touched any woman. The lids were fallen over the eyes—the black lashes swept the cheek—the low, long brow was smooth as a girl's—a look of pain now and then distorted the beautiful repose of that countenance. Once or twice the eyes opened, and dusky and feverishly bright, looked bewildered around the room with its heavy tapestries, its velvet matings—the bed, with its thick drapery festooned away that the air might reach him, and the great cheval glasses opposite, that caught the gleam of the alabaster lamp and showed him himself, with Amy's pitying face above and Sir Aytoun's on the other side. Then he closed them again, unable to speak, and, in the intervals of cordials and lotions, dreamed away the night with delirious fancies. After that, he saw no more of the little lady; other attendants filled her place. Aytoun, also, had vanished. Every morning, Mistress Herford came in person to inquire for his health, and chat awhile; half the day the burly colonel sat beside him and did his best, which was not much, to keep him from *enai*—a very unsuccessful effort, by the way, for the courtier of King Charles had nobody to conquer, nobody to be conquered by, nothing under the sun to exhibit his graces to, but the cheval glasses.

At length the ruptured vessel, not an important one, seemed to be healing. He had regained his voice, his appearance was interesting, like that of all convalescents, and he descended to the library—having been absent a few days more than a week. He wondered if Aytoun had gone on his expedition, but no one mentioned it, and he had had no opportunity himself; had he gone?—had he succeeded?—had he returned?—was he alive?—these questions were all unanswered in his mind.

Colonel Herford, having led him down to a small room usually filled with flowers, and arranged him comfortably, as he thought, with cushions and footstools, went out and left him to his ease. Men were now constantly riding to and fro between the house and various stations of rebels, Clarens surmised, and he expected the colonel would be greeted by a chorus of newly-arrived voices so soon as he opened the door. But no such sound rose now. He waited, then, till he heard him whistling to his dogs in the avenue; then Clarens rose and crept to the

library door, opened it noiselessly, and slowly entered.

The room was full of rich shadows; he himself, so pale and silent, seemed a ghost. He closed the door, and stole forward to the only place where sunbeams fell—fell in a broad sheet on Amy, curled, like a scarlet blossom, among heaps of cushions, and sound asleep. He sat down in the great arm-chair beside her, and watched these smiling slumbers—too wise to break them with a kiss that would destroy all chance of future ones.

Suddenly she started, wide awake, surveyed him with an angry air, then relenting at sight of his pallor and mournfulness, came towards him with a smile of sweetest sympathy.

"O, I have been in your place," she said, "and kept you out of the sun! Please take it now."

"I thought you would forgive me," he answered. "How could I help your being asleep? No, that position has been mine too long—let me sit while I may. The dead always lie, you know."

Amy started. "The dead!" she said. "You are recovering."

"Can I ever recover?" he asked, as if he were speaking of an impossibility.

"Papa and the doctor both said you were nicely, and would be entirely restored in a day or two."

"They do not know," he said. "I do. I shall not, cannot live a month. I must go to Clarens House. It will not do to impose a dying man on you."

"No, no. You must not be low-spirited. You shall stay here and be nursed. Mama will make you all manner of refreshing *tisanes*. Don't have such fancies; you will live to fight papa in a great many battles yet—for do you know he is a declared rebel now? You are not so glad for that as I. Nonsense! You will live to die yet of love for Princess Henrietta, who is nothing but a little girl now!"

"Die of love for her? When all my heart is— What can it matter now? Too late! Too late!"

"What is too late, Lord Clarens?"

"Do not ask me, child!" he replied with so wearied an air, that Amy thoroughly believed him.

"Do you really mean," she said, "that you are in danger?"

"Precisely."

"And you fear you will die?"

"I did not mention fear. I said I should die."

"If you cling to life strongly enough, you will not. Is there nothing to attract you to it?"

"Nothing? There is everything! Your kindness, your pity, fill me with all hope. O, Cousin Amy! if that pity were a dearer feeling, I might indeed live, if you loved me, if—"

"Cousin Clarens," interrupted Amy, for since she must refuse him the greatest boon he could ask, she was willing to allow him the courtesy of cousin, "do not speak to me so. You must not. Even if I loved you, I could not be your wife—and I do not love you."

"But you might, you could."

"No, there—"

"Why? Am I hateful to you?"

"No, again; I like you very much."

"Then there must be some obstacle!"

"Yes. Do not say any more; let us not provoke each other."

"An obstacle to your loving me? I will know it! I could make you love me. It must be Aytoun! Yes, he! that—Curse!"

But here Amy rose again. Her face grew pale as his own.

"If you have nothing more to say to me than that, my lord," she exclaimed, "excuse my not listening!" And she was about to sweep past.

He caught her hand. "Amy! Amy!" he cried in such a stifled tone of utter anguish, that it could not but move her. "Can you be angry with me?"

She paused a moment, then again moved forward. But the bracelet that always clasped her arm, was gone—was in Clarens's hand.

"At least let me keep this!" he murmured, kissing it.

"No, give it me!" she cried, in alarm.

"Never—unless the arm and hand are given to me."

"Give it me, Lord Clarens! You took it unfairly. I value it too highly to part with. Take anything else. Give it me!"

The earl put it in his bosom.

"Amy! Amy!" shouted her father from the porch.

She was too proud to repeat the demand. She knew she could tell Aytoun the simple truth—for well indeed did she remember the day he shut it and bade her never unloose it till the love for him was unloosed from her heart.

She heard her father's step, and hurriedly left the room. Clarens took the bracelet from its hiding-place; it was simply a triple circlet of rubies, with the crest A. in black-letter.

"Aha!" said he; "as good luck as if the little lady herself were won, or nearly!" And he rang for his valet.

On that functionary's appearance—"Ambrose," said Earl Clarens, "take this gewgaw, this bracelet, and ride with it till you find the whereabouts of Sir Harry Aytoun. That should be behind Oxford. Once found, suffer yourself to be arrested by the rebels. You are only my body-servant, and will be instantly freed, of course, on demanding to see Aytoun, more especially since he owes me a grudge—and isn't the fellow to take it out on you? You run no sort of risk. Soon after you are in the tent—be very sure that Aytoun is there too—order some rebel to buy you a glass of ale, and toss him this bracelet for his pains, saying your master got it as a love-gift from a pretty girl lately; there are plenty more lasses for the earl, and will be plenty more bracelets for the servant. Mark that Aytoun hears you, and then trust luck for the rest."

Ambrose, body and soul the creature of Clarens, took the thing and vanished.

Meanwhile, Sir Harry Aytoun, on the midnight following Monday, had led his bold three hundred secretly forth on their victorious march. Down lane and alley, from cottage and hall, they flocked to their leader—self-devoted men, who gave all for conscience. Silently by night in one band, by day in scattered clusters, they rode or marched on. Rivers were forded, hills crossed, fields and highways left behind, and at last they stole up the meadows and rested near the king's camp by Oxford.

If some daring painter should give us the scene of that wild midnight melee ensuing, the moonlight, the torch-light, the gay cavalier costume, and flowing locks, the flash of armor, and the dashing brook, waist high, in which the fight was fought—if any painter gave us this scene, we should scarcely dare believe the splendid color the thing would wear. And I am sure that of all the brilliant countenances there, none would rival that of Sir Harry Aytoun when fighting hand to hand with the king, disarming him, and then, as he recognized the royalty before him, restoring the weapon, and galloping to other portions of the strife. Of course it was a victory, and, being obtained by such a handful of men, worn with travel, one of the most memorable of that season. It is enough to say that Sir Harry Aytoun gained his object—the king and his party were forced to fly, and thus a greater battle was prevented between him and the rebel forces, who, few and insufficient, to the northward, had not yet dared break across the royal line, and join the body of their friends further south.

It was four nights after the surprise and conquest. The northern roundheads had ventured

down, and to the number of two thousand had joined Aytoun. They were soon to march for Tilsbury, where the greater army lay. The fame that Sir Harry had gained by this bold exploit was of no value to him, a soldier's life pained him with its crimes and vices, his sole satisfaction was that he had so thoroughly performed his duty. He was willing to suffer death for his country's cause. All his self-renunciation wrote its own history on his face; he would have resigned everything, even Amy, for the sake of right, and Amy he loved better than himself, than all in the world beside. Perhaps he thought of her to-night, and fancied her now in her ministrations of mercy and kindness to his enemy, for not only was Clarens that politically, but he had insulted Aytoun too pitilessly to be forgotten, if forgiven. As he stood on a little knoll above his camp, his face with its clear-cut features pallid in the moonlight, the serene brow, the masses of waving brown hair blowing lightly in the wind, the mouth curving in a smile of passionate thought, and the large gray eyes shining with a softened lustre, he seemed the worthy compeer of Hampden and Vane, and any artist would have chosen him as an ideal of true nobility, valor and manliness. He had that ruggedness of stature which when joined to tenderness of manner no woman resists. Moreover, a certain beauty, the precise opposite to Clarens, beamed in his every look and gesture, and nothing so frank and sunny existed elsewhere. It was not to be wondered at, that knowing his own worth as he must have done, he dared confide his fate and happiness to such fragile hands as Amy's. A slight fracas at the outposts caught his ear while he stood, the sentinels seemed to have arrested a vagrant or spy whom they were bringing to the tent occupied by his own aids. He stepped down to see what it was.

"Nobody but a tramp, your honor," said one. "The godless rascal vows he's servant to an earl, but nobody believes him."

Sir Harry entered the tent. A little dark valet sat coolly before him, lolling at his ease, and ordering the men about like a satrap.

"Yes, I tell you I am Earl Clarens's man. Earl Clarence Clarens, page to the queen. Come, get me a stoup of wine, one of you, there's a good fellow, I'm so thirsty. I was just about a little pleasure of my own, since my master's taking his. Where's Sir Harry Aytoun? He'll know me. Confound you for a set of knaves! There he is now, I'll speak with him while one of you runs for my wine. You won't go without pay? Well, then, take that; it's a bauble my master got for a love-gift from a girl,

lately. There's plenty more lassies for him, and so plenty more bracelets for me. Take it and welcome, only bring me the wine, and hark ye, let it be Burgundy; and I say, a bone of meat along with it."

So speaking, Ambrose tossed the bracelet where it fell fall in sight of Sir Harry's eyes. Sir Harry extended his hand, and received it; he would not be guilty, as Clarens had surmised, of the meanness of wreaking his hatred for the master on the man, so he simply ordered him to be turned from the camp.

"You have done your master's errand well," said he, with a significant look. "Tell him that at Sansford Shore I shall meet him."

Therewith, Sir Harry returned to his former station. The soldiers were breaking up their camp now, and finishing their arrangements for departure. They were to make a forced march to the main army, afterwards, proceeding in company, were to join battle, as it was hoped, with the royal forces at Sansford Shore, where a decisive victory or defeat must inevitably result.

Now as Sir Harry stood again on the knoll, little he thought of the conflict and its approaching chances of life or death, his whole soul was bound in fear for Amy. He did not even suspect her of treachery to himself, he was too innately noble for that; he dreaded lest this villain should be trying to ensnare her; he knew Clarens well enough to be aware that he would leave no stone unturned to effect his object, and his generous heart bled that he had been forced to leave her in the very time of trial, and when she most needed him. That this was a trick of Clarens's—this affair of Ambrose and the bracelet—he at once perceived, but by what means Clarens had obtained this thing that Amy had always cherished so, that she had vowed should never leave her arm till death, and then should clasp it mouldering, was not easy to tell. She could not have given it to him, had she? Had he stolen it? Was she yet safe at her father's? On all these points he yet hung in torturing doubt. While he combated his fears and fancies, the main body had got upon their way, and at length, the last tent struck, the last man in marching order, the long column wound away across the meadows and round the hill. The last were out of sight when Sir Harry descended to his own horse picketed near, mounted and followed alone, and at a distance. The way to Sansford Shore admitted a brief gallop to the Herfords by-and-by he knew, and there, provided he arrived safely so far on his way, he resolved to halt a moment.

But at Herford Hall from the hour when

Clarens obtained Amy's bracelet, his manner to her was changed, he conducted himself as if she were in his power, and though she saw him as little as she could, yet he constantly pestered her with his attentions, his pursuit, his protestations. News had come of the king's complete rout in the meadow melee. Clarens gnashed his teeth, cursed Aytoun aloud, declared that if he were yet well enough to leave, another sun should not rise upon him under a rebel's roof, except that his love for Amy must bind him there forever. He had quite forgotten his intention of dying in a month; he was unutterably nettled to find himself baffled by any woman, and that so slight and fair a thing as Mistress Amy, and daily and hourly he besought that he might know the obstacle that prevented her loving him. He made her every promise, every concession, every supplication; a rock might have melted, but Amy was obdurate. Finally Ambrose returned with Sir Harry's message. The exasperation of Clarens was redoubled, he knew that the rebels were now within a dozen miles, on their march; he buttoned on his mail, his plumed casque, and swore secretly that he would dye himself crimson in Aytoun's heart's blood. In this guise, just after sunset, he presented himself before Amy. She stood in the library at the long window which was wide open, and which descended by two steps, ornamented with great stone vases of vines and flowers, to the garden. The chilly autumn air came in, and round her scarlet gown she had thrown a little cloak of eider down. He crossed the sill, and stood on the step without, a few inches below her.

"Bid me good-by," said he, "I am going."

"Your lordship is—"

"Going to kill Aytoun." Amy started. "That is not so pleasant news to you. Maybe he will kill me, Cousin Amy, who knows? You would rather I said, 'I am going to join the king's standard, I have been too long away?' Very well, I say it, 'I am going to join the king's standard, I have been too long away.'"

"I wish you honor and happiness, my lord, I cannot wish you success."

"If I do not have it with you, what do I care for it elsewhere?"

"You will fight the king's battles, you will be famous. I shall at some time see a sweet Lady Clarens, and love her dearly."

"What right have you to speak to me so? Never! You, Amy Herford, shall be that, or no one shall!"

"No one, then."

"Cousin Amy, I have troubled you a great deal?"

"A great deal."

"But I love you. You think, I dare say, that I am a villain. I may be. But I love you; that excuses much."

"Much."

"Cousin Amy, tell me that obstacle. You should never have mentioned it, if you meant to say no more. I have given you so much love, you owe me at least a little confidence, Amy Herford. Why can you not love me?" he asked passionately.

"I am not Amy Herford," said she, drawing back from his extended arms, his burning glances; drawing away with such an air of maiden dignity that Comus with all his imps could not have touched her. She looked the ideal of sanctity, something pure and holy beamed in her eye, a smile of unspeakable satisfaction at the words she was about to say played round her mouth. Aytoun himself would have been brimmed with happiness could he have seen her. It was already twilight in the library, but brighter in the garden, and she stood in the last ray of sunset an impersonation of beauty and trust.

"What?" cried Clarens, with astonishment. "What do you say? Bethink yourself, not that? Speak again, Amy Herford."

"I am not Amy Herford. I am Amy Aytoun. I cannot love you, Earl Clarens, because I love my husband. I am the wife of Sir Harry Aytoun."

Amazed and terrified, Clarens turned. A figure taller than he, glorious in the sinking sunlight that he intercepted on its way to Amy, stood beside him. It was Sir Harry Aytoun. Clarens shut his casque, bowed with the comeliness of Prince Charles, stepped down, plunged into a path, and disappeared. But Amy had flown to the arms of her husband, and with her sunny head nestled in his bosom, only returned his silent kisses, and laughed at herself in the midst of tears of joy.

"Where is Clarens, Amy?" said Colonel Herford, entering the library just then. "Gone? Ah, Aytoun, my fine fellow, is it you? Home again? A rare flogging you gave the varlets, a rich one. They're smarting yet. So you've got our mcuse again?" continued the cheerful colonel, rubbing his hands. "Clarens has been bothering the pet out of her wits, while you have been gone, sir. I bade her tell him to-day that you and she were one flesh, since it was only kept private, I said, because Harry was a rebel, and I was not decided; now, of course, it's no matter. You're on the road to Sansford Shore? I've the mind to try my luck with you. Kiss your wife for good and all to-day, man, and

we'll see what good another drubbing will do them."

Clarens had plunged into the garden, while going to the stables for his steeds, chewing bitterest curses, and swearing that he would have his revenge on both, promising Amy every horrid fate, and Aytoun a test of endurance in knowing what his wife was suffering before his eyes. All this he swore should be at some future day when he had them both in his power, and victory turned the scales in his favor. Pale and desperate with rage, he saddled his horse for himself, called Ambrose, and leading a second beast by the bridle, galloped away. He had strength and fire enough to have kept his word; one trembles to think how completely he would have done so, and of the sweet Lady Aytoun's dreadful lot, had it been possible. The brow bent with savage determination did not once unbend as he dashed along.

It was the next day but one that world-remembered battle of Sansford Shore was fought. Foremost in the charge, reckless and brilliant, and devilish as Satan himself, rode Clarens. Let us not pause on the details of murder, they interest none, appall all. Defeat and bloodshed, and total ruin never fell more completely on any party than on the wretched king's that day.

As Sir Harry Aytoun, victorious, magnanimous, and crowned with fresh fame, strode with Herford over the red field at nightfall, they reached a pile of slain, gashed and hewn by the now broken sword of one fallen beside them. A wide wound had ripped the armor and severed the chest, and, leaving him beautiful as formerly he was, life and revenge had gushed out together from the dead heart of Earl Clarence Clarens.

#### WHITENING OF THE HAIR.

Mr. D. Parry, staff surgeon at Aldershot, gives a very interesting account of a case of sudden whitening of the hair. On the 19th of February, 1858, after an engagement with the rebel force, in the south of Oude, a captured Sepoy of the Bengal army was brought before the authorities for examination. Apparently aware from the first of the danger of his position, he trembled violently, intense horror and despair were depicted on his countenance, and he seemed almost stupefied by fear. While under observation, within the space of half an hour, his hair, from the glossy jet black of the Bengalee, became gray on every portion of his head.—*Medical Times*.

Amid the scenery of the Alps, surrounded by the sublimest demonstrations of God's power, Shelley, the poet, had the hardihood to avow and record his atheism, by writing against his name, in an album kept for travellers, "An atheist." Another traveller who followed, shocked and indignant at the inscription, wrote beneath it, "If an atheist, a fool; if not, a liar."

#### LAMPS.

Lamps are of great antiquity. The invention of them is ascribed to the Egyptians, who, at any rate, were the first to use the place-burning lamps in the tombs with the dead, as emblematic of immortal life. We read of them as far back as the time of Moses and Job. The Greeks used them after the Egyptians, consecrating them, like the latter, to the worship of Minerva. Then we find them among the Romans; and the ruins of Pompeii and Herculaneum furnish us with hundreds of specimens of the lamps and candelabra of ancient times. Many different substances have been employed in the manufacture of lamps; as iron, bronze, terra cotta, etc. The practice of burning oil is also of very ancient date, as we find it mentioned by Herodotus. Thus we have old and respectable usage in favor of lamps, which we may still use notwithstanding the almost universal extension of gas. There are different kinds of lamps and of lamp oil, adapted to different tastes and circumstances; and there is one, at least, most abominable invention under the name of camphene oil, or burning fluid, which were better denominated a swift and ready means of destruction for private families; for this designation would convey a true idea of its nature and effects.—*New England Farmer*.

#### CONNEMARA PEASANTRY.

The Englishman who desires a new sensation should pay a visit to the Claddah. When we arrived, the men were at sea; but the women, in their bright red petticoats, descending half-way down the uncovered leg, their cloaks worn like the Spanish mantilla, and of divers colors, their headkerchiefs and hoods, were grouped among the old gray ruins where the fish market is held, and formed a tableau not to be forgotten. Though their garments are torn, and patched, and discolored, there is a graceful, simple dignity about them, which might teach a lesson to Parisian milliners; and to my fancy the most becoming dress in all the world is that of a peasant girl of Connemara. No, whatever may be the wrongs of Ireland, no lover of the picturesque and beautiful would wish to see her redressed (so far as the ladies are concerned—the gentlemen might be improved); no one would desire to see her peasant girls in the tawdry bonnets and brass-eyed boots, which stultify the faces and cripple the feet of the daughters of our English laborers.—*A Little Tour in Ireland*.

#### FRESH AIR.

Give your children plenty of fresh air. Let them snuff it until it sends the rosy current of life dancing joyfully to their temples. Air is so cheap, and so good, and so necessary with all, that every child should have free access to it. Horace Mann beautifully says: "To put children on a short allowance of fresh air, is as foolish as it would have been for Noah, during the deluge, to have put his family on a short allowance of water. Since God has poured out an atmosphere of fifty miles deep, it is enough to make a miser weep to see our children stinted in breath."

#### PAST TIME.

The spirit walks of every day deceased,  
And smiles an angel, or a fury frowns.—*Young*.

[ORIGINAL.]

## FAREWELL TO THE FLOWERS.

BY MELINDA LEWIS.

Sweet flowers of the garden, the chill winds of autumn,  
 Relentless, are bowing your beautiful heads,  
 And where late were your charms in magnificence glowing,  
 Are now the bare leaves on your bright sunny beds;  
 And your half-opened buds tell a tale of night's coldness,  
 That soon will be strengthened, o'erpowering the ray  
 Of the mild autumn sun—and the winter with boldness  
 Will sweep every vestige of summer away.

Sweet flowers, I have loved, in the stillness of morning,  
 To visit your bright-blooming borders, and learn  
 Of your progress and beauty, so sweetly adorning  
 Your places, and yielding a generous return  
 For the care I bestowed on your springtime—your graces  
 Have gladdened my heart, and a lesson impressed  
 Of the worth of well-doing, which leaves its bright traces  
 When flowers and their lovers have gone to their rest.

Sweet flowers, I must bid you farewell, but the brightness  
 And pleasure ye've yielded will not soon depart:  
 And from memory's treasures may yet furnish lightness  
 From care, and bring joy to the weary in heart.  
 And still may I live with your spirit around me,  
 Though your beauties are swept by the cold wintry  
 blast;  
 And like you, may the gifts and the graces adorn me,  
 That affection shall cherish and beauty outlast!

[ORIGINAL.]

## THE CHIEFTAIN'S PAGE.

BY GEO. DUDLEY HUDSON.

It must have been a stirring scene; Englishmen of all ranks, all ages, gathering round a consecrated standard with its saintly banners; and on the other hand, the mixed, half-savage troops of David of Scotland, revelling in every luxury, and indulging in every excess their own vitiated tastes could suggest! Stephen of England was not at the head of his army, being called to defend the more southern part, and consequently leaving his northern friends to depend on their own bravery for success.

Among those who joined the standard, was young Roger de Mowbray, a brave and noble boy, who heard the call to head his vassals with a beating heart; and with a high-souled resolution bent before the venerable Thurston, Archbishop of York, to receive his blessing. Ay, it must truly have been a contrast worth noting—the aged and brave l'Espee generalling the army in which the youthful Roger held command. They were encamped on Cuton Moor, but, as yet, the Scots rested at Northallerton.

"Robert de Bruce," said l'Espee, "we are but

ill-prepared, at present, for battle; you are a friend of this Scottish David; do you go then and win him over to give us time. Moreover, you hold lands in both countries—"

"Nay, my lord," exclaimed the impetuous de Mowbray—"why should we beg time? We are ready—at least one is. You know the havoc they have made from time to time in our lands and in our houses. I have a fair sister, my lord, and I would not wish that she should be borne away as the wife of these savages. Let us on, then—"

"Cease, cease, boy," interrupted the aged Bruce. "By the time your years are more in number, your words will be fewer—you will ponder long before you give a thought utterance. But you are an inexperienced boy, though a brave one; your passions are in their first flow, and war seems to your spirit but a step, a long one, towards manhood—a pastime, in which your companions will be, for the first time, men. But, boy, at my age the passions are on the ebb, and I think peace, so long as it may be maintained with honor, the greater glory. You are not a husband, neither a father, and cannot be expected to think of those whom glory might leave fatherless and widows."

A tear glistened in the youth's eyes, for he was an orphan, and war itself had made him so; he remembered with a sinking spirit, the agony of his lady mother when the news came that her lord was among the slain, in one of the many marches called out against David—the David he was now so anxious to assist in defeating. Meanwhile the elder leaders were conversing apart, when they were interrupted by a cry of "The Scotch!" And a soldier entered to say that they were within sight, as they came down an eminence.

De Bruce tarried no longer, but mounted his steed, and calling a beautiful boy who acted in the capacity of page, but was considered more of a protege, mounted him behind him, and galloped away for the Scotch king. They had halted not more than a good mile from Cuton Moor; the camp was formed, and they were even debating on the best mode of attack, when David was informed that a messenger waited his permission to enter—and Bruce was immediately admitted.

Long and friendly was the greeting between the king and Bruce, for, as has been said before, the latter held lands in the sister countries, and had long been the friend of the Scottish monarch, who now sat surrounded by the nobler part of his uncouth army. On one side, stood Malise, Earl of Strathorne, a brave though savage chief—then there were the ancient Britons, the men

of Moray, and many others, as may be learned from Scottish history.

"You have some one with you, my lord," at length said the king, after listening in silence to the brave Bruce, whom he had hoped to win to his own interests. "Is it meet that he should hear our conference? He hath a marvellously fair countenance, to be sure, but mayhap his heart does not partake its purity."

"The boy is deaf and dumb at my pleasure, sire," replied Bruce, "and I prefer that he should not leave me."

"Well, be it so then. But, Bruce it hath often given us pleasure to think of you as a friend—one who would not forsake us. Is it not a pity that we should meet otherwise?"

"Nay, sire, I think not. I hold broad lands in merry England—some, too, I own in fair Scotland, and I have, moreover, ever felt a leal-hearted desire toward you, sire. But this is little to the purpose. I come from England's l'Espee, in our good King Stephen's name, to ask the Scot's king his intentions in coming hither. Consider, sire, how often England's arms have been tried in Scotland's cause, and think, too, of the desolation 'the accursed army' you have brought hither are committing. Our homes, our children are in danger, from the license they enjoy. Withdraw it, then, and treat for an honorable treaty with Stephen."

"No, no, Sir Bruce—do you think I would become perjured? I have sworn to maintain the rights of my kinswoman Matilda, and I will. For the army I lead, I would fain counsel them to better order—but they are brave. Go then, and tell l'Espee that we will have none of his false truces. But,"—and the large tears rested on the dropped lashes of the kindly David—"if our old friend Bruce will accept a generalship in our army, perchance his words might have greater weight with our wild Scots, and we would strive to advance our old friendship."

"Sire, I cannot," said Bruce, turning his eyes from the benevolent ones he gazed on. "I have chosen England's cause, and besides, I have a fair young daughter, as you may remember, in her midst, to defend from the incursions of your immoral soldiers. Believe me, then, I will fight to the death. My lands in Scotland, sire, I surrender—do with them as you will."

Then bowing low to David, and the amiable Prince Henry, as did also the blushing, half-tearful page, Bruce was about to withdraw.

"Perhaps you are right, Bruce," said the monarch. "But as a sign that we part in amity, reach out your hand, my pretty sir," to the page. And as the boy held forth a trembling and beau-

tifully delicate hand, the king slipped on his finger a ring drawn from his own. Then, with a more friendly salutation, Bruce withdrew.

"It is strange," muttered David, as the tent closed on him, "so very fair, and so timid!"

And, indeed the page just then was the cause of much jesting among the attendants of the king, at the expense of the aged Bruce. But Bruce took his way in silence towards the English camp, while the page hung familiarly on his arm, occasionally looking anxiously into his face which wore an unusually stern expression. The furrowed brow was bent till the flashing eyes were almost imperceptible in its shadow, while the lips were firmly compressed. Then the boy would look on the jewelled gift of the king with a smile, which might perhaps partake of vanity in no small degree. At length, as the brow grew less dark, and the lips parted in their usual bland smile, the page spoke:

"It is a beautiful ring, my lord."

"A king's bauble!" muttered Bruce. "Look not on the gift of the hand or the tongue."

"Did you notice the young Prince of Scotland—is he not very handsome?" again spoke the page, not heeding, or, probably not hearing Bruce's admonition, who now faced quickly round on him, and fixed his deep eyes on his.

"Ay, I noted him," he replied, "but mayhap my sight is dimmer than yours—I did not see that he was very handsome."

The boy's head drooped. For a few minutes there was an utter silence, and when Bruce spoke again, his tone and manner of address were completely changed.

"Child," said he, "it was sorely against my will that I allowed your coming here, even as my page; and though I should have forfeited the many happy hours and little comforts your presence has given me, to-night I would that another had been found to bear this commission instead of me. For I could not leave you in the camp, lest some rebel soldiers should have treated you roughly, and I feared to take you with me, lest the—the king should recognize your likeness to your mother, whom he often saw during our sojourn at his court; and should it be known in the infidel camp that you are here—O, I hope David's broad stare of surprise was only at your unusual beauty; else should he but whisper his suspicion, it would have been better had I left you unprotected in our own castle, or sent you into the tainted atmosphere of the court. And since David persists in fighting us, if I should fall—"

But here the page interrupted him, by bursting into tears on his bosom.

"Cease, child," he continued, "I did not mean to trouble you. We have both been guilty of forgetting under whose banner we rest—it is the arm of l'Espee and Bruce that bends the bow, but it is the Lord that directs the arrow to the bosom of the infidels. He will protect you alike when I am with you and when you shall be alone."

"My lord, my dear lord, my heart will break if I must think that I shall ever be without you."

Bruce smiled as he kissed the tears from the flushed cheeks; probably he thought the void was one but too easily filled. But now they approached the camp, and Bruce desiring him to compose himself, walked quickly onward and attended the council, while he entered the tent.

With the next morning's dawn, Bruce arose and put on his coat of mail. Then, softly approaching the couch whereon the page slept, he bent over him till he felt the breath on his cheek.

"O, I would not rouse you now for the world's wealth," he whispered. "I could not look on your tearful eyes and blanched cheek, but with an unnerved hand. Ah, do you smile?"

The sleeper unconsciously raised the hand where King David's present rested.

"Alas, alas!" continued Bruce, "I fear me I am going to fight against those toward whom your heart inclines. Would it not have been better to accept David's offer? Your rank would only have found an equal, at least, not much your superior in Henry— But no, no. I could not raise my consecrated sword with those accursed infidels. Ay, poor child, your pure breath mingles with mine, and 'tis as well as if our lips met—better, better far, for now your being becomes incorporate with mine. Farewell! O, may God watch over you—the spirit of your mother be around you. Farewell, my child, farewell!"

At this moment he heard the call "To horse!" and the page's eyes unclosed. Bruce stopped not a moment, but rushed from the tent, or he would indeed have looked upon a scene of agony. The youth, too, rushed forth, but when he saw Bruce's horse fall into rank, he fainted. Too soon consciousness returned, and he listened with uplifted finger, to impress silence on the motionless tent, lest it should prevent every sound of battle cry and groan reaching his strained ear. Suddenly horsemen came galloping wildly toward the camp, who, as they drew nearer, were recognized as some of the half-savage Scots that had been seen on the preceding evening with Bruce. Some of them entered the tent of l'Espee, while others were now close to the boy.

"What ho! my pretty page!" exclaimed the

foremost, "your master has been making havoc yonder, and meanwhile we are come to revenge ourselves on his valuables. You are the first we claim."

"Tell me," was the breathless response, "is my lord safe?"

"Ay, ay! But quick, or we shall be interrupted by David—for the day is ours. Didst see, Allan, how our young Henry fought? Up with the lad. By our country, 'twill be a fair present to our lord of Stratherne. He has not one so fair as this."

And despite the boy's struggles, he was soon bound before one of the men, while the others mounted, and he was borne away to some distance from the battle, the decision of which, from their conversation, the men seemed to await.

"Ride on, Percy," said one, "and get tidings how our army stands." And immediately de Percy was on his way to the moor. But the time that elapsed ere he was seen returning, could scarcely be termed a space.

"Drop the page and fly—fly!" he exclaimed.

"The English have the day—David is slain, and Henry is prisoner! See! they come!"

And as the rest looked towards the place he was pointing to, they beheld foot and horse in one wild chase for their lives and the English were close in their rear. The man who bore the page's almost lifeless form immediately loosed his grasp, and he fell to the ground. When he again opened his eyes, not one of those who had so roughly compelled submission was to be seen, but his head rested on the arm of one, whom he recognized to be King David.

"Bruce's page!" exclaimed the latter. "How is this? Tell me, have my troops dared to—I know not what to ask you—are you what you seem?"

"Sire, they said you were slain. But, O, can you tell me, is my father safe?"

"Yes, Ada Bruce, for such must be your name, —your father lives, and I doubt not is half-maddened by your loss. But rouse yourself, my child, and I will return you, at any risk, to him again."

"Sire, if it be possible, my father will be bound to you more in love than heretofore. He is rich in lands, but this calling his vassals has made his coffers marvellously low. It would take much, perhaps, to ransom me, an' it were not for your generous—"

"Hush, hush, maiden! It would be but a poor malice, for the sake of a few marks, to see you weeping your soul sick for your father's presence and cheering words. Our beloved son —Scotland's prized Henry—is a prisoner with



your English troops, so you see that there may be, perhaps, a little of selfishness in my visit to de Bruce—for I shall stipulate for princely treatment of him."

David then placed her before him on his steed, and continued :

"But I had nearly forgotten that my dress would betray me. You must steel your heart, Ada, for I must visit the field of the slain, and take off your soldiers' cloaks and caps. I wish it were in my power to avoid paining you with such a sight."

Ada groaned with a sickening sensation as she closed her eyes ; for their horse was snorting and drawing back instinctively, as it was pacing over and among so many hideous forms, gasped and hewn, which were all that remained of the proud, erect, soul fraught frames of the morning. All that man boasted as distinguishing him from the brute, was gone—he could no longer draw his body to its haughty bearing, as he vaunted his energy—and the soul was departed ! Yet there was something in the human face, though so fallen, on which brute animals might not tread unheedingly. God made all things—but in the form of man he stamped his own image. But to proceed, David stripped off the battle-cloak of one of the men, and throwing it around him, mounted one of the riderless horses which were grazing quietly around, and rode forward, leaving Ada to follow him as his page. Thus they proceeded towards Bruce's tent, where he sat cursing in the bitterness of his heart, the strength which had borne him safely through the day, when so many had found their rest in the battle-field.

"My child—my Ada !" he murmured, "where are you now—in the lawless camp of David ? O, madness—madness !"

A soldier entered to say that their prisoner, Prince Henry, begged he would allow him to speak with him.

"Begone !" exclaimed Bruce, in the irritated despair of the moment—"begone ! and tell him I will hold no converse with him till he appears with the rest before our king."

As soon as the soldier left, he threw himself madly on the couch where he had last bent over her, and uttered passionately the bitterest curses against all who had Scottish blood in their veins. But a soft voice interrupted him, "as, with her arms around his neck, Ada said :

"Stop, stop, dear father ! Recall those dreadful words—you do not know what you are saying."

"Ada !" he exclaimed, "Ada, is it indeed you, or some imagination cheating me ? But

was it a fearful dream ? Tell me—quick—where have you been ? Why did I not find you here, when I returned triumphant, and expected your greeting ? Ah," as his glance rested on the cloaked figure of David, "how is this ?"

"Your old friend David," replied the Scottish king, "has not forgotten that he parted with Bruce in amity. In token of which, and to repair the temporary trouble given you by my soldiers bearing away your fair daughter, I have come hither to restore her. I can judge your surprise at seeing me here, after entertaining the certainty of my death. How the report was first raised I cannot say—it is enough to know that it has been the cause of our defeat."

Bruce bent over the hand of David, and his voice faltered for very shame, as he recalled to mind the petulant, unmanly message sent to Prince Henry.

"Sire," he said, "I wish your son were at my—"

"I know—I know, Bruce, what you would say—that my son should be even now in my arms, if at your disposal. But I am not inconsiderate. I know well that he is a prisoner of your king—not yours. But it was far different with Lady Ada. All I ask of you, Bruce, is to treat him with all the consideration you can, and to use your influence, when Stephen is settling his ransom, for its total being as small as possible, for the royal coffers have been sorely drained of late." And with a smile at his own poverty, David rose to depart, saying : "For myself, I know that I have risked much in coming hither ; and I know, also, that I need not ask you if I am free to return. I am well aware that I am needed to bind the loose, daring natures of those I command. I have them now in my power, and I will curb them well. Farewell, young lady—farewell, Bruce !"

Ada knelt and bathed his hand in tears and kisses, and David, with a strange emotion at his heart, blessed her, and resuming the English cloak departed.

For several minutes Ada continued sobbing on her father's bosom in silence. At length Bruce seated her beside him, and said :

"My child, if you do not love a stranger better than you do your own parent, leave this grief. Do you not think it must pain me ?"

Ada turned and kissed his cheek. "Father," she said, softly, "would it not be well to issue orders for the well-tending of Scotland's prince ?"

He bent kindly over her, and gently said :

"At present he must be treated as *l'Espee* shall order, but I will see to what and where he destines him, and arrange accordingly. But,

Ada, why that question? Was not my gratitude—my honor to be trusted by my child? Ada, the love of a mere stranger has entered your bosom, and henceforth you will be, in heart, almost a stranger to your father. I shall no longer be able to read your soul in your looks; you will learn to smother the feelings that would betray you. I shall never know when your smile is indeed a smile, or whether it may not be but to hide the heart's sigh. And I fear, too, Ada, that your affection is misplaced—nay, do not droop your head. I would rather tear my heart out than wound your feelings, and it were not a duty I owe you." Then, taking her by the hand, he continued: "Think—were Scotland's king victor, most likely he would seek a king's daughter for the future queen of his country; but as Stephen has conquered, do you think he would be pleased to hear that the daughter of one of his noblest barons had wedded his avowed enemy? But enough of this—I am glad that none here know of your disguise. Still your heart, for we must again be baron and page."

Then smiling, with a cheering voice he added: "And now, my young sir, you must go to the tent of our brave old general, and ask him what his intentions are with regard to his prisoners."

"Where are the prisoners?" thought Ada, as she walked quickly towards the tent of l'Espee. But when she entered it, she did not need to ask of all those she cared for—there sat, conversing with a friendly air, Henry of Scotland and l'Espee.

"Ah," exclaimed the latter, as his gaze fell upon the slight form of the page, who stood blushing and trembling before him, and utterly forgetting for what purpose he came.

Had Bruce imagined that l'Espee was likely to be won by the smooth tongue of Henry, to the forgetting of his usual stern and distant manner, it would have been very long before he would have sent Ada thither.

"Ah, Bruce's young favorite!" said l'Espee. "Will you taste of our tankard, boy? But, no, now I remember, you never drink these strong draughts—perhaps it is as well. But you will never make a soldier with those downcast lids and soft lashes. Look, sirrah,"—this was the general's most good-tempered mode of expression, for the page was no small favorite with him, probably from the very contrast between them—"look, sirrah, this is the Prince of Scotland, do you not pay him your courtesy? So, that is well," as she bent very low. "But may we crave your message, fair sir, for the sun is a-out to show us his last ray, and it will make our Bruce tremble that you should be walking our camp so late."

"He bade me ask you, my lord, to communicate to him your intentions with respect to the prisoners."

"O, we will wait on your master. I have a few necessary orders to issue, but will be with you again in a few moments." And he left the tent.

Ada's heart beat violently beneath the slight vest she wore, and she leaned on a table for support, as she felt a sinking faintness come over her.

"How fares your master? But you are weary—will you not sit down?"

And the kind-hearted Henry rose and took the hand of—as he imagined—the shy boy. It was cold as those of the brave ones lying on the battle-field, though her cheeks burnt like fire. As the hand was half-withdrawn, the motion and the touch struck him as extraordinary, and he turned his eyes full on the half-averted face, and read the secret hidden beneath the disguise.

"A woman!" he exclaimed—"Bruce's page!"

"O my father! my father!" she uttered passionately, "I have betrayed that which you so earnestly enjoined me not."

"Your father!" said he—"are you indeed a female and a Bruce?"

Ada raised her form proudly as her name fell upon her ear, and he read in every feature that she was so.

But a few minutes passed before the return of l'Espee, but all that occurred in that interval may be best known from after events. In one week from that time, Stephen had ceded to Prince Henry the earldom of Northumberland, and Bruce attended his daughter to the Scottish court as its future queen, and one of its brightest ornaments. Thus a permanent peace was established, where lately all had been strife and bloodshed, and Ada Bruce never had occasion to regret her capture at the Battle of Coton Moor.

#### USES OF FELT IN RUSSIA.

The Russians make a much more extensive application of the article of *felt*, in the arts and in manufactures, than we of America. Vases, jugs, toilet sets, waiters, baskets, candlesticks, fire-screens, baths, boots, etc., are each and all constructed of this material. A composition is laid on the felt, which hardens like clay, and receives painted designs; after which it is polished. The ware is said to be very elegant in appearance, durable and light; and to be in great demand by foreigners and others, in St. Petersburg. When there is great liability to breakage, it will prove useful; though gutta serena and India rubber furnish considerable elasticity.—*City Item*.

#### ETERNITY.

Eternity, thou holdest in thy hand  
Theasket of all secrets!—Death the key!—BARNES.

[ORIGINAL.]

## FAREWELL.

BY EDWIN L. MERRON.

The little dream is past—is past!  
 I should have better known,  
 And better thought of skies o'ercast,  
 And storms around me thrown  
 Throughout the weary, darkened years,  
 Which tell of nought but care and tears.

My heart-strings yet must bear—must bear  
 The tension of earth's constant strain;  
 I should have known that skies so fair  
 Could never from the past again  
 Beam sweetly on my wandering ways,  
 As in the earlier, happier days.

And yet 'twere even best—yes, best  
 For me to fling fond hope away:  
 For to thy bosom's presence blest  
 It brings no gladdening ray;  
 It thrills no chord with pleasure there,  
 But fills with sadness, tears and care.

And now, farewell!—last hope, farewell!  
 In pain untold the word bursts forth;  
 The years to come a tale may tell  
 To some few hearts of priceless worth  
 Contained in one poor bosom's love,  
 That failed below, but lives above.

[ORIGINAL.]

## THE LOCKED ARCH.

BY LYDIA DE HONE.

"AND this, love, is your future home," said James Gray, tenderly, to his young bride as the carriage which had brought them from the station turned into a shady avenue which after more than one bowery turn ended at the foot of a long flight of granite steps. Upon the uppermost of these, now stood a tall and stately lady somewhat past the meridian of life, but bearing in her pale and somewhat melancholy face, evidence of great former beauty. "And that is my mother, now yours also, my Rose," added the fond husband, as the driver, dismounting, opened the door and threw down the steps.

"What a darling! I know I shall love her," murmured Rose as, barely touching her husband's proffered hand, she alighted, and ran lightly up the stone steps.

"This is my wife, mother—your daughter."

"She is welcome for your sake and her own, my son," responded the elder lady, imprinting a benignant kiss upon the sweet young face upraised to hers. "I fear, my love," added she, conducting the pretty bride into the quiet old-fashioned parlor as she spoke, "I fear you may

find your new home rather dull after the dissipation of the city, to which you have been accustomed. We live a very monotonous sort of life, with few visitors, and fewer amusements, except such as we can find within ourselves."

"O, I shall not suffer for amusement with this delightful old house to explore, nor shall I want for company while I have you—and James always with me."

"Thank you, my dear, for the compliment, and I trust we shall spend many happy hours together, but I should warn you that delicate health, and long-established habit have made the loneliness of my own chamber during a large portion of the day essential to my happiness. Were you a visitor, I should make an effort to break through this habit during your stay, but as Oakwood is now as much your home as mine, I know you will consider it no lack of courtesy or love, if I go on in my accustomed way."

"No, indeed, ma'am, I would not for the world have you do anything disagreeable to yourself, through politeness to me," said Rose, quickly, for the volatile and warm-hearted child could not help a little chill and repulsion at Mrs. Gray's somewhat formal manner and speech.

"And James, you know, must go every day to his office in town," pursued the mother. "I am very sure, my daughter, you would not let his love, and delight in your company, interfere with his serious pursuits in life."

"No, ma'am," faltered Rose, almost crying, but in a moment her light and elastic heart rose with a bound, throwing off the sad chill which was creeping into it, and she added gaily, "No, I shall devote myself to exploring Oakwood, and then to writing my travels. I don't believe either James or you have ever thoroughly investigated either house or grounds."

Mrs. Gray smiled wanly, and looked with a sort of wondering admiration at this bright, joyous young girl, who already began to flit restlessly about the room, taking up every little thing she saw, and always laying it down again in a more picturesque and graceful position than she found it. The mother hesitated for a moment, and then gliding to the side of the beautiful girl, kissed her again, far more warmly than at first, saying softly as she did so:

"Pretty Rose, your beauty and your fragrance will drive out all the mouldering sights and smells from our old house, and make it a fit garden for roses and rosebuds."

A cordial embrace and kiss was exchanged, and the moral atmosphere rose at once from temperate to summer heat.

"Now let me show you your own room, my

daughter," resumed Mrs. Gray, "and then I will leave you till tea time, which is six o'clock."

"Yes, mother." And the two ladies passed together through the long hall, and up the quaint oaken staircase, to the large, sunny, yet tree-shaded front chamber, which with its snowy draperies and vases of flowers, seemed a fitting nest for so fair a bird.

A few weeks of receiving and returning calls ensued, during which Mr. Gray devoted himself more to his wife and society than to his law-business, and Rose led a busier and more exciting life than she had done in her city home, but gradually this state of things subsided, and matters resumed their old routine, and the young wife began to find herself a good deal alone.

Still she would not allow herself to subside into low spirits, but sought amusement and occupation in her books, her music, her needle and her flowers. When all these failed, she wandered about the grounds, which, though only a few acres in extent, were pretty and secluded. At last, one rainy day, when no other occupation looked attractive, Rose remembered her determination to explore the forgotten nooks and corners of the old house. She accordingly mounted to the rambling old garret, and was soon very busy in overhauling old trunks filled with long obsolete garments, once rich and fashionable, in turning once more to the light old pictures which had been for years unseen except by the spiders who wove their webs across their faces, in reading old letters, records of love, of enmity, of friendship, of polite indifference, or of careless friendship.

All this was delightful to the eager, inquisitive little wife, and many a tear she dropped over the letters, many a sigh she heaved as she dreamed over a broken cradle, which she chose to fancy had been the last resting place of its little tenant, many a girlish laugh shook the air of the musty old garret as this new Rosamond the Fair tried on before one or other of the broken looking glasses, some antique head gear, or cumbersome ornament. The attic lasted for several days, during which our little bride was full of occupation, but at last even this rich mine was exhausted, and she was obliged to remove the scene of her investigations to the inhabited rooms below, which were of course far less remarkable and attractive, and Rose flitted through them without much interest, until upon the ground floor in an unfinished room used for drying clothes she found a door, not only locked, but so sealed with spider's webs and dust, with mildew and fungi, that it was obvious that many years had passed since it was opened.

Rose, full of eagerness and curiosity, ran to find Hannah, the old cook, who from long and faithful service, had risen from the position of a common servant to that of housekeeper, and general superintendent. Of her, the young mistress requested both the key of the locked door, and information as to what lay within.

"Here is the key, ma'am," replied the old woman, selecting one from a bunch of iron keys which hung upon a high nail in the closet of her little sitting-room. "But there's nothing inside, ma'am, but dust and desolation," pursued she. "The colonel, that's your husband's father, ma'am, he was fond of company and good livin', though there wa'n't no humor in him, bless you, not a bit, only kind o' gay by spells, and then all down, way down, you'd a thought he hadn't a friend in the world. Well, one time when he'd been round considerable to hotels, he came home and said he was agoing to build on some more rooms, and have a heap o' company to come an' stay jest as long as they would stay. My mistress—that's my old mistress, ma'am—she took on a sight, I used to hear 'em talk when I was in and about you know; but 'twa'n't no use, he got his carpenters and his masons, and all, and they set to work. That room where we dry the clothes was to be a great dining-room, and the door you asked about led into a smoking-room, and over both was to be a billiard-room, or a nine-pin alley, I forgot which—some kind of an evil place, at any rate. Well, they'd only got up the outside walls, when the colonel, he was took with one of his down fits, and the fust any one knew, he sent off all the workmen, every mother's son of 'em, except one carpenter that he kept a day to board up all the windows of the new part, and sent away all the lumber and the ornamentalions and the furniture, and everything that he'd been a getting together so long, and had sot such store by ony a day before. Well, when all was gone, he locked the door of the dining saloon, which was the only way to get into the sweet—that's what he used to call it, though I'm sure I don't know why—and from then to the day of his death, no one ever saw the inside o' them rooms except himself. He used to go, every day, and every night too, pooty much, and stay hours to a time; then he'd come out sometimes a-groanin', and sometimes a-cryin' and go up to my mistress's room, that was when she began to keep her chamber so much, and then sometimes he'd lie all kind o' weak and helpless till he got ready to go to his sweet again. I tell you miss, we didn't get much flesh on our bones that time, neither my mistress nor me, more especially 'cause I sent off the gal I had to help

me, and did all myself. I couldn't bear to have a stranger a-pryin' and a-peakin' round at such a time. Well, all that lasted most a year, till one day, master he came out of the rooms with two or three keys in his hand, and took the key of the dining-room with 'em, and carried 'em all up stairs. After he was dead, we found 'em hid away on the top shelf of his dressin'-room closet, with that ere writin' slung to 'em that's there now."

Rose, who had listened with breathless interest to this recital, glanced at the bunch of keys which Hannah extended to her, and observed a slip of parchment tied to the ring which held them, on which was written in tremulous characters, "Keys of the new rooms."

"But did he never go there again?" asked she.

"No, ma'am. That very night he took his bed, and the next day he was—well, he was very sick, and never got no better. My mistress and me, we nussed him, and I aint afraid to say he didn't want for nothing; but two weeks after he took sick, my mistress was a widder."

"Dear me, no wonder she is so sad," murmured Rose. "Well," added she, aloud, "I will take a peep into the locked rooms at any rate. How long since that door was opened, Hannah?"

"Goin' on three an'-twenty, ma'am. After we got to what you may call livin', again, I thought that dinin' room would be a fust-rate place to dry clothes in, so I asked Mrs. Gray for the keys, and opened it, but I didn't care to look into the other places, for I didn't know but I might see more'n I wanted to."

"What were you afraid of seeing?" asked Rose, quickly.

"Well, miss, they do say that folks walks sometimes. Any way, the door haint been opened since the old colonel shet it, and I aint noways anxious to go inside on't now."

"Well, Hannah, I'm not afraid, and I am going," laughed the young lady, as, grasping the keys she danced away.

The old woman looked after, muttering, "Pooty dear, I hope you mayn't see more'n you'll like to. I should hate to have you get skeered and sobered down like the rest of us."

Rosamond soon reached the door, and applying the key, succeeded after several efforts in turning it, and pushing open the door, which was held almost as closely by the thousand little chains with which time had secured it, as by the lock itself. The door once open, the inquisitive little body would have entered, but all within lay in midnight darkness. She had forgotten that the windows had been built up. Rose, however,

was not a person to be easily discouraged, and hastening to the kitchen, she soon returned with a lighted lamp in one hand, and a bunch of matches in the other. With these she at once entered, and closing the door behind her, began to make the circuit of the apartment.

"Nothing but bare walls, carpenter's shavings, and chips of mortar," murmured she. "Hardly worth the trouble I have taken. Here are some stairs—to the smoking-room above, I suppose—*allons*, let us take a peep at it."

Ascending the stairs, Rose opened another door, and found herself in a long, narrow apartment of considerable size, but presenting nothing more attractive than the one below. After a brief examination, she turned away, and descending the stairs, looked again about her, hoping to find at least one little point of interest to reward her for the curiosity which she had experienced. She, however, saw nothing except another door which, opening under the stairs, appeared to lead to a cellar beneath.

"Come, I will see the whole," murmured the vivacious Rose, as she found and fitted the key which opened this door, and then descended a flight of stone steps.

She now found herself in a small arched cellar, and containing some dozens of dusty bottles laid side by side upon the floor. At the further end was a small closet extending across the arch from which it was separated by a stout partition. The door was secured with a padlock which could not be fitted by any of the keys upon the ring.

"It is too bad," pouted Rose, "perhaps the secret of all lies in here."

But the lock was stout, the door fast, and besides, the air, so long unrenewed, except as it filtered through the chinks of the partition separating this from the other cellars, was so bad that Rosa reluctantly turned away and was ascending the stone steps, when her little slippered foot trod upon something hard and uneven. Holding the light down, she soon discovered a small brass key, so corroded by damp and time as to be scarcely distinguishable from the green and slimy step on which it lay.

"The key of the locked arch," whispered Rose, as, daintily taking it up with the tips of her fingers, she hastened to try it in the obdurate padlock.

It fitted, the lock turned, and the door swung reluctantly open. The pretty head bent eagerly forward, and the bright eyes looked searchingly around. Upon the floor were more bottles, piled one upon the other; but what attracted Rose far more, was a folded paper, pinned against the

wall by means of a gentleman's penknife. Quickly detaching and opening it, the young woman perceived that it was a letter, commencing with the words, "My dear son;" but without pausing to see more, she hastened up the stairs, locking the door behind her, and in a few moments found herself in her own pretty chamber, with its soft sunshiny light and its cheerful elegance of air.

"What a contrast," murmured Rose, as after glancing around, she threw herself into the luxurious little arm-chair before her mirror.

But great as the contrast between that bridal chamber and the gloomy cellar-arch may have been, it was trifling to the contrast between the Rose of early morning, and the Rose who reluctantly answered old Hannah's repeated summons late in the afternoon.

"I hope you'll excuse me, ma'am, but here's a letter from Mr. Gray, and the boy's awaitin' for an— Goodness gracious, me, ma'am, what's the matter?" pursued the old woman, breaking in upon her own speech as she caught sight of her mistress's ghastly countenance. "O, dear, it's all along of mouseling round in them old haunted rooms. 'O, deary me, child, why would you go, arter you knew that the old colonel walked!'"

"A letter—did you say my husband had a letter—where did he get it—another one?" asked Rose, in a hoarse, low voice, entirely changed from her usual soft, childish tones.

"Bless you, darling, it's a letter he's sent to you—not got for himself—and the boy's waitin' for an answer. Sha'n't I call old mistress?" added Hannah, peering anxiously into the poor, scared young face before her.

"No, Hannah, no, thank you. I—I have got a headache. Give me the letter."

The old woman obeyed, but it was not till she had read it more than once, that the young wife could sufficiently command her own mind to take in the meaning of the few lines in which her husband informed her that owing to an important consultation to take place that evening, he could not be at home till late, and begged for some little note or message to assure him that his message was received, and that his beloved Rose was well and happy.

"I cannot write, my head is so dizzy," murmured the poor child, as she finished, and looking up met the pitying eyes of the old servant-friend fixed upon her. "But here, Hannah," added she, taking from her breast a knot of pink ribbon which she often wore, "put this in paper and give it to the lad, with the message that Mrs. Gray is very well."

"Yes, dear, and then let me come and set in the room 'long with you. I sha'n't worrit you with talking, but you don't look fit to be alone."

"Thank you, Hannah, but I had rather be alone," faltered Rose, and no sooner was the kindhearted attendant out of the room, than the door was bolted behind her, nor was it again opened until late at night, James Gray reached his home, and bounded three stairs at a time up to his wife's chamber.

"Dearest Rosy, darling little pet—" menced he, but was checked by the little icy fingers which grasped his hand, while his wife whispered softly:

"Hush, James, if I let you talk so, I never shall have courage—"

"Courage, dearest love, what can you mean?" asked the wondering young man, turning the face which had hidden in his breast toward the light, and starting to see its ghastly pallor. "What has happened, my darling?" asked he again.

Rose, without other reply, placed the yellow moulded paper which hitherto she had concealed in the folds of her skirt, within her husband's hand, and as he seated himself to read it, she sank upon the floor beside him, and laid her little weary head upon his knees.

Fondly the young husband patted and smoothed the glossy, golden hair which glittered in the lamp light, but as he began to read, the hand first paused in astonishment, then grew heavy, and finally grasped the soft curls with an unconscious, nervous violence that at any other time would have made Rose wince with pain, but now she did not even feel it. She was mentally re-perusing the lines over which her husband was now pondering. They were these:

"MY DEAR SON,—It is now several weeks since I received a warning that my days on earth are numbered, and every day brings me a more torturing sense of my own guilt, and the necessity of such reparation as lies in my power. And yet I cannot bear to disclose my own and another's sin without absolute necessity. It may be that you, now a little child, will never reach to years of manhood; it may be that your mother, tortured like myself by a sense of guilt, may succumb as I have done. In either of these cases my confession is unnecessary, but I will write it down and hide it in a place so secret, that should it be found before time and damp have rendered it illegible, it must be by some one led on by fate, resistless fate. Know, then, my son, that you are not only a beggar, but the child of shame! My father, on account of early misconduct on my part, wrote on his deathbed a will, disinheriting me, and leaving all his property to my sister, his only other child. I received the will from his dying grasp, folded and sealed it, and saw it deposited in the strong box where all our valuables were kept. But in the

dead of night I arose, opened the chest with a key which I had long possessed, and by means of which I had repeatedly robbed my father, took out the will, and replaced it with a forged one by which I inherited the entire property. Your aunt, my only sister, died a beggar in a distant almshouse. You will say, can there be any disgrace worse than this—surely I now have reached the end? Not so, O, unfortunate boy! Your mother, a professed nun in a southern convent, was never married to me—it was impossible. Thus you see that you are doubly cut off from the inheritance to which at my death you will succeed—you have no right even to your name. My last commands are these. Conduct your mother again to her convent, and to appease the wrath of the church to which she belongs, endow the convent with all the property which I may leave, except sufficient to erect a splendid marble monument over the humble grave where sleeps my poor, defrauded sister. Do this and receive your father's blessing—neglect it, and his curse shall follow you. I pity you, my son, but better is it that we should suffer all things than to enjoy the fruits of iniquity. MORTIMER GRAY."

The paper fell from the nerveless hand of the unhappy man who held it, and with a deep groan he hid his face upon the table before him, but soft arms wound about his neck, warm, sweet breath played upon his cheek, and a tender voice whispered close in his ear:

"Dearest James, if you have lost all else, you still have me."

"O, Rose, O, injured, blighted Rose, there lies the keenest pang of all. Alone, I might suffer uncomplainingly; but you—my delicate, pure flower—you wedded to a beggar and the child of shame—"

"Hush, dearest, hush! Did we take each other for better and not for worse, for sunshine and not for storm, for summer and not for winter? Could there be a greater misery for me than to be denied my share in what afflicts you? Let us go and find your mother, and consult with her what we must do; I cannot be easy another night in this house after that solemn warning. O, your poor father, how he must have suffered!"

"But, Rosamond, stop; let us think before we decide. It is a long time ago—everything has been settled for years—my mother's health is feeble, and she will not live many years at any rate. Why should we beggar ourselves, and the children which may be sent us, to enrich a Catholic convent? We can erect the monument without any such sacrifice. What need of all the scandal and misery that would ensue—and the world's talk—"

"Dear husband," interposed the young wife, her childish face assuming an expression of earnest meaning, and lofty resolve, such as it

had never worn before. "Dearest James, this terrible calamity has for the moment confused your senses. You do not think what you are saying. Shall we question of expediency, and allow ourselves to think of the world's scorn, when the clear path of right lays before us, when our duty is so manifest? This property which we are enjoying is not ours—it never was, or your father's either—it was fraudulently gained, and all we have to do is to honestly restore it; or since that is impossible, to dispose of it according to your father's injunction. At any rate, we must consult your mother."

"Come, then, Rose, it is daylight, we will go and ask her to rise. Poor mother, it is cruel to disturb the last peaceful sleep she is likely to enjoy—it will kill her!"

"Right is right, if it kills us all," murmured Rose, in a choking voice.

"You are stronger than I, sweet wife."

"Not stronger than you will be when the first shock is over, darling. I have had many more hours than you in which to accustom myself to it. Shall I go and ask mother to admit us?"

"If you will, poor child."

A few moments after, Mrs. Gray, having risen and thrown a wrapper about her, admitted her son and daughter to the little dressing-room adjoining her chamber.

"What is it?" asked she, startled at the pale, worn faces, made more ghastly by the dim morning twilight.

"It is, dear mother," said James, tenderly, "some very bad news which we have brought you. Do you feel strong enough to hear it now, or would you rather wait a while?"

"We have no moment but the present. God will strengthen me. Tell me quickly."

"Rose visited yesterday the new rooms which my father commenced just before his death," began James, watching narrowly his mother's face, which now grew pale and frightened. "In the little wine-cellar, she found a paper—a paper written by my father, and dated just a month before his death—it is a confession, mother—"

"A confession of what?" gasped the mother.

"Of all—the wrong done to you and others. God forgive me if I speak harshly of my father. Here it is, will you read it?"

Mrs. Gray took the paper, and held it with trembling fingers to the light, but before she had read half through it fell from her grasp, and she sank fainting back in her chair, murmuring:

"Do nothing, James, till I am able to talk—"

Rose ran to summon Hannah, and the young couple leaving their mother in her charge retired to their own room to talk in low, melancholy

tones of the future which lay so blankly before them.

Several hours passed, and then Hannah came to announce that her mistress felt better, and wished to see them both. They found her in her chamber, looking pale but calm, and even serene. Upon the table before her, lay an open desk, on which were arranged a number of old-looking papers. She motioned them to seat themselves in two chairs placed opposite hers, and then said in a calm, though feeble voice:

"You no doubt have concluded, my dear children, that the agitation which you saw me experience this morning was occasioned by remorse and shame at being discovered. Such, however, was not the case; it was simply the shock of such a monstrous charge, and the memory of the cruel sufferings which both your father and myself experienced during the last year of his life. It is a secret upon which I thought the grave had closed, but secrecy is now impossible. Your father, my son, was for years subject to fits of gloomy depression, alternating with seasons of wild gayety, and I often trembled with anxiety for his mental health. At the time he so suddenly discontinued building the rooms in which this terrible paper was found, his malady declared itself, and he rapidly became, first a gloomy hypochondriac, and finally a raving maniac. This frightful secret has hitherto been confined to three people, Hannah, myself, and our good old Doctor Woodworth. The sufferings, mental and bodily, which I experienced during that period have shattered my health and my spirits; but I do not fear that I shall be doubted, my children, when I add that no guilt of my own, or another's, has weighed upon my heart. Nevertheless, here are proofs. This is my marriage certificate. This is a copy of your grandfather's will, bequeathing his property as you will see, in equal shares to his beloved son and daughter, Mortimer and Lucy. Your aunt inherited her share, but owing to an early disappointment, never married, but died in our house soon after your birth. She left her property by will to your father, with many expressions of love and gratitude. Here are letters from her, in which you will see the feelings she entertained for us, and also that she speaks of making large investments. You, James, as a lawyer, can easily determine the authenticity of these papers—"

"Dear mother, what proof do we need, other than your word? The reality is shocking, but compared with what we feared, fades to nothing. You have relieved our minds of a terrible load of apprehension and uncertainty."

"I must, however, add," resumed Mrs. Gray,

"that I never was a Catholic, or had the least intention of becoming a nun."

"Say no more, dear mother," interposed James, who perceived that his mother was feeling a little wounded at the suspicions which had been unavoidably cast upon her by her beloved son and his young wife.

"All is now explained, and happily so; nothing remains but for you to kiss us both, and forgive us for causing you so much uneasiness, although we have had our full share too, I do assure you."

"No forgiveness is necessary, my son, and of my love and blessing you have a right to feel confident; you have been a good son, and have consoled me for much suffering. Kiss me, both of you, and then leave me for a while."

The young people obeyed, and left the room with hearts lighter and happier than they had supposed they should ever possess again.

This night of terrible suffering and mental struggle had, however, developed in little Rose a strength and depth of character which never again deserted her—the child had become a woman—as young, as pretty, as gay and charming as ever. She no longer suffered for amusement and occupation, she felt a purpose in life which she had never known before, and looked about her to see what good thing she could do.

The first of her undertakings was to win the heart of her mother-in-law, whose early sufferings had been so unexpectedly revealed to her. She succeeded, and before long Mrs. Gray preferred for the greater part of the day the sunshiny atmosphere which surrounded Rose, to the sad reveries in which she had spent so large a portion of her widowhood.

In proper time, too, came other claimants for Rose's loving care, and both mother and grandmother found new life and strength in fondling and caring for the little Jameses and Rosamonds, who made the old house more young and joyous.

#### CALIFORNIA CONTRIBUTION BOX.

Those who go around with the contribution boxes in California churches plead and argue the case to the pews as they go along. In one instance the following dialogue occurred. Parson L—— extended the basket to Bill, and he slowly shook his head. "Come, William, give us something," said the parson. "Can't do it," replied Bill. "Why not? Is not the cause a good one?" "Yes, but I am not able to give anything." "Pooh, pooh, I know better; you must give a better reason than that." "Well, I owe too much money—I must be just before I am generous, you know." "But, William, you owe God a larger debt than you owe any one else." "That's true, parson, but then he aint pushing me like the balance of my creditors!"—*N. Y. Sun.*



[ORIGINAL.]

## THE BELLS.

BY MARY FERCIVAL.

How varied thy language, thou many-toned bell!  
Thy melody floats as a magical spell,  
In sweet soothing measure, at morn's early dawn,  
Ere Sol's golden radiance illumines the lawn.

At eve, too, when darkness has mantled the earth,  
When all care is forgotten, and friends meet in mirth,  
When bird, bee and floweret are seeking repose,  
And the honey-dewed goddess is bathing the rose.

Still dearer thy tones on a calm Sabbath morn,  
When from soft flowing symphony echoes are borne;  
A signal to call from false pleasures away:  
Obey the great mandate, keep holy the day.

Thy deep, thrilling tones send a pang to the heart,  
When the sad summons comes from a loved friend to part;  
And the slow tolling bell, and its faint echoes say,  
All that is earthly is passing away!

And the wind-rocked bell on the mountain wave,  
Chants a solemn dirge o'er a watery grave,  
Where a stately ship was tempest-tossed,  
And father, brother and friend were lost.

O, I love that bell!—it speaks to my heart,  
And causes the tear of sorrow to start;  
It awakens the bliss of other days,  
And a tribute to past affection pays.

Dearer than all are the Christmas chimes!  
They're welcomed and hallowed in other climes;  
They proclaim the dawn of a Saviour's birth,  
Auspicious day to this darksome earth.

[ORIGINAL.]

## THE ROBBERY OF PLATE. A DETECTIVE'S STORY.

BY HARRY HAREWOOD LEECH.

SOME years ago I was travelling from Amboy to New York—it was a cold, blustering November day. I had gone into the ladies' cabin on board the John Potter, and was settled near the stove among the pile of soft velvet cushions, before I discovered a figure directly opposite to me on the other side. His great coat was buttoned up to the neck, around which a heavy muffler was wound. Upon his head a heavy fur cap rested, from beneath the rim of which a pair of sharp, ferret-like eyes glowed on me, appearing to take in my whole character, history and business at a single glance. The man's features seemed familiar to me, and I soon recognized him as a noted detective officer, who lived in Philadelphia. He had succeeded some two years before in bringing some famous counter-

feiters to justice, one of whom selected me as his counsel. They were tried at Trenton, New Jersey, and I recollected this man's puzzling, sharp answers to me as I cross-examined him, and through his instrumentality he was convicted. I addressed him by name, and after we had talked over this trial, some desultory conversation ensued, when I remarked to him:

"Benson, I suppose you have had many strange adventures in your life, which must be one of excitement, and where success is only obtained through the possession of such rare qualities as prudence, foresight, calmness and courage."

"Yes, yes, many strange scenes do I pass through, but about the queerest case happened about a year ago in Philadelphia, and the principal actor is now serving out a term in the State's Prison."

"Do narrate it, Mr. Benson." And the little, strongly knit man undid the muffler from about his throat and said:

"I was sitting in the office of our chief about nine o'clock in the morning—let me see, it was much such a day as this—raw, and damp, and blustering. I was tucked up near the stove, thinking over an arrest I had made the night before, way out towards Doylestown. And an ugly ride I had of it too, over the hard roads with my man, in a wagon without springs, clear into town—but I thought no matter, there he is in the corner; I will get a snug reward, and perhaps be promoted to the 'bank' business—for in our corps that pays the best (I mean tracing bank robbers, defaulters, and such like big villains.) Well, I was thinking of all this medley, and I believe I was almost half asleep, too, for I hadn't got in till two o'clock that morning—when in comes to the office a fussy, bustling old gent, in a great flutter.

"'I want to see the Chief of Police,' said he, as soon as he could get his breath. I pointed to a back room, and he had a long conference with Captain B—, our chief. At last, the captain came to the door, and said he:

"'Jerry, go along with this gentleman. He will tell you what is the matter as you accompany him—'

"'But there ought to be a reward,' blustered the old man.

"'Not at all,' said Captain B—, calmly. 'You would only give them a better chance, and you will never recover your silver, for they would melt it up at once. Trust to Mr. Benson, he will do all that is necessary.'

"So I went along with the old gentleman, whose name I learned was James B. Castor.

He lived in a fine house in Vine Street, and from what I learned afterwards was quite rich. The night before he had been robbed of nearly a thousand dollars worth of jewelry and silver plate.

"We soon arrived at his house, and we proceeded immediately to the room where the robbery had been committed. It was a large and sumptuously furnished chamber in the back building of the third story. It appears that Mr. Castor had retired to bed with his wife upon the previous night, after his usual custom of looking at all the fastenings, and examining if the silver plate—of which he possessed many massive old family pieces—was in its usual place in the strong mahogany, buckskin-lined box, beneath his bed. And when he arose in the morning, the doors and windows were all fastened as he had left them the night before, except the door which led out upon the 'flats' upon the roof behind, which was principally used for drying clothes, and no possible communication could have been had with that from the street. But the mahogany box was completely emptied of its contents. While I was conducting this examination, Mr. Castor's wife came into the room, and I was surprised to see her a young, handsome-looking woman—yes, sir, I suppose thirty years younger than her husband—and she added to her husband's information, 'that within this box, and among the stolen valuables, were two splendid bracelets of hers.'

"'But, dear,' said she, speaking to her husband, 'was it not fortunate I did not put my diamond armlets, necklace and ear rings into the box? I carelessly had them locked in the bureau.'

"'Do you usually keep them in the box?' I asked her.

"'Yes; but I had been to a wedding reception in the afternoon, and had returned home fatigued, placed them carelessly in the drawer, and had forgotten them,' was the reply.

"I was busy noting everything—the exit and entrances; the windows, doors, etc., while the old gentleman was speculating how the robbery might have been accomplished. But the strangest thing of all, he had slept with the key of the box under his pillow, and it was found there in the morning. Every possible way for the escape of the robber or robbers was suggested. At last, I said:

"'They may have got on this roof in some way,'—and I pointed to the 'flats,'—'this is the only unfastened door—and made their escape in the same manner.'

"'O no, that is not possible,' said Mrs. Castor, coming forward to where we stood.

"'Why not, madam?' I asked, abruptly. I thought she was frightened at my manner, but she replied:

"'O I don't know, but I should think so.'

"I soon after left the house, to make out my plan of operations, and you will see, sir, that the reason why detectives are often wonderfully successful in the detection of crime is, *that they take notice of the smallest things*, which in many cases give a faint clue, which judiciously followed up leads to success. My clue in this instance was the wife of Mr. Castor changing color so quickly, and her embarrassment when I spoke of the roof as a means of escape. And that instant I made up my mind that she was somehow connected with the robbery, and I determined to develop it further.

"I commenced by making quiet inquiries in regard to the antecedents of Mrs. Castor. I found she had been a seamstress in the family, in the employ of Mr. Castor's late wife, who had died some five years before, and that she became Mr. Castor's wife about two years after that event. Her character was unimpeached previously, and although many rude people said she 'married old Castor for his money,' none ever traduced her character, and she moved in a very good circle of society, and although the knowledge of these facts would satisfy the world, a detective policeman is a good deal more inquiring and incredulous. However, I proceeded as usual, allowing no hints to be dropped of my plans or suspicions, and I pretty soon after made up my mind that the two old servants were perfectly innocent in the whole matter. So I was perplexed, I assure you, to know how to go to work, but I and my 'shadows' soon commenced earnestly working up the case, the game began to move, and we awaited the moment the birds should rise from cover, with our fingers already placed upon the triggers of our weapons.

"On the evening of the third day after the robbery, I was about relieving my partner from his watch, which had been kept from a restaurant a few doors below their house, on the opposite side of the way, when we saw a female figure emerge from Castor's house, shut the door softly, look up and down the street quickly, then start out on a brisk walk toward Thirteenth Street. She was wrapped up very warmly, and had a double veil over her face. It did not need me to look twice at the figure to recognize it as Mrs. Castor, and soon saw that she was afraid of being followed, for she looked around nervously right and left several times. She passed down Thirteenth to Chestnut, down Chestnut to Eighth, always selecting the crowded thoroughfares, go-

ing into stores every once in a while, and then dodging out again. When I saw these actions, I was certain I was on the right scent, for it is an old dodge with females when they fear they are followed, to practise going into a great many stores, merely pricing an article, then coming quickly out again and mingling with the moving crowd.

"Well, after a while she retraced her steps again, going into Chestnut, up Thirteenth to Race, then out into Broad, then we followed her past Vine Street, till she came to a little street above the latter, and running parallel with it, which was noted for its dens of wretchedness, and of being the abode of many pickpockets and thieves. She continued down this street—I believe they call it Wood Street now—and proceeding a short distance, knocked at the door of a house. We now bustled by her, as it was getting quite dark, and heard the knocking reverberate through the house as though it was empty of furniture, and we had not proceeded many paces before the figure vanished from the doorway, and entered the house.

"George Corson (the partner of mine) and I retraced our steps to the building and looked for some way of entrance. There was a narrow alley-way which we entered, and found the gate unfastened, and a back window looking into the patch of yard was open. We crept quietly up to this and listened. All was still, and we saw the room was empty. We leaped quietly into the house and groped our way up stairs. We had reached the second story, when we heard for the first time voices up stairs, and softly as cats we still pushed on. The quiet was so profound we could hear each other's breathing, and almost the beating of our hearts. We grasped our revolvers, for we did not know how soon we would burst upon perhaps a gang of desperate scoundrels.

"Now the voices were plainly heard, they were only those of a man and woman, and every word they uttered was distinctly audible. We were now in rather a wide entry, and we crouched down near what appeared to be a pile of rubbish. We could listen to what was said, and if necessary to our plans, would allow the twain to pass us in going down stairs, but if discovered, we would spring up and arrest them both. The woman was talking in a troubled voice:

"'Indeed, I cannot do so,' she said. 'You promised if I got the silver to you, that you would leave the country, and never come near me again.'

"'Yes, confound you!' a gruff, thick voice answered—and I supposed from the utterance

the fellow had been drinking—'and now that such a cursed fuss has been kicked up about it, the beaks are almost about my heels, I can't use the stuff, and I tell you once for all, that I must have the money-box that you say is hidden in the stone shelf.'

"'O spare me, Jack—spare me!' was returned in the other's sobbing voice. 'I will give you all my diamonds, but we shall surely be discovered if I attempt to take the box—'

"'Stop your snivelling! I say I *must* have the box, or I will blow you so that you will have to acknowledge your real husband, anyhow—but aid me in this, and I will leave you and this infernal country forever,' said the man, in a blustering, threatening voice.

"There was a great deal more bullying and coaxing, interrupted by sobs and prayers, and then the woman yielded, and we heard the plan formed for a more extensive robbery than before. At last the conference ended, and they both came out of the room—the woman sobbing and trembling, and her companion telling her in rude terms to make less noise. We heard the front door close, and then the man came up stairs again, seemed to fumble around in the dark in the next room—afraid, we supposed, to strike a light, because the house was supposed to be vacant. He then went down again, and we heard him go out, relieving us thus from our unpleasant positions.

"We went into the next room, struck a match and lit the small bull's-eye which Corson always carries with him, and hunted around for some of the evidences of the late robbery. But all of no avail till I thought of the chimney. Upon removing the board and examining, we found a sack suspended some four feet up the chimney, and after we had pulled it down, it was found to contain almost entire the stolen property—thrown in carelessly with a 'jimmy,' a bunch of false keys, and other burglarious implements. We replaced it where we found it, afterwards setting a watch on the premises. But we had made a discovery which was valuable, and when we looked out from the window of the room where we were, we found that this back part of the house was directly opposite to the rear of Cas-tor's house on Vine Street, and as we peered out in the darkness, the 'flats' of the latter house could be distinctly seen, and was not more than twelve or fourteen feet distant, and it was more than likely that the burglar had climbed the intervening fence, and propping up the old boards which were lying in the yard against the house, had thus got to the porch at the second story, then, by the aid of the columns had reached the

roof above, upon which the door of the Castors' chamber, already described, opened—and by the expressions of the ruffian, which we had heard, we judged that the woman who was now Mrs. Castor, had been the wife of that villain who was now playing upon her fears, and threatening exposure, thus exacting 'black mail,' the payment of which the unhappy victim could not deny. We were now enabled to form our plans, so as to fix the traps for the detection of this rogue.

"The next day I had an interview with Mr. Castor, and although not betraying to him in the least our plans and suspicions, lest he should thwart them by his precipitancy, we gave him to understand that there was a traitor in his house, and received from him a *carte blanche* to act as we pleased.

"About a week after the meeting of Mrs. Castor with the man, at the house in Wood Street, at nine o'clock in the evening, George Corson and I were admitted into the house in Vine Street, quietly, at the front door, by James B. Castor himself. We immediately slipped up stairs and took our positions in a sort of lumber room situated behind the old gentleman's chamber, and looking out upon the flats. This position was one of double value to us, for, by leaving a chink in the door open, we could glance sideways in Castor's sleeping-room, and see all that was going on there.

"After the clock on the old State House struck eleven, Mr. Castor and his wife came up to their chamber to retire. We could see the old gentleman was nervous and excited, and his wife was fearfully pale, seeming to start at every sound, and I thought to myself what cowards guilt makes of people. The old man was continually looking around, as if to hear a noise at any moment, and as though he had not full confidence in the vigilance of those who should be watching. And when he put his watch away, instead of putting it beneath his pillow, he thrust it quickly and slyly between the mattress and sacking. A few moments afterwards the twain were in bed, after Mrs. Castor had lit the little night-lamp and laid it upon the floor. In a short time longer we heard the heavy snore of the old man—we knew it was affected, but his companion by his side did not. It was hard work for us, keeping in one position for over two hours, and in the silence we were almost afraid of our breathing being heard. Twelve o'clock was pealed forth by the iron tongue of the State House bell, and rang sharply upon the still night, but old Castor slept on undisturbed, and the moment its tones had ceased, Mrs. Castor slipped quietly out of bed, making no noise, and ap-

proaching the door which led out upon the flats, waved the little night lamp once, twice, three times—the last time a gust of wind nearly extinguishing its flame. She closed the door softly, glancing quickly around where her husband lay. His breathing had become hard and labored. She took it as an index of sounder sleep, but we, the excited watchers, knew it was his fearful state of mind, as the truth gradually came to him that his wife was about to be proved a shameful deceiver.

"We knew the moment had nearly arrived for action; we felt to see if our arms were all right, and that the iron wristbands were convenient, and then watched on. You may well say, sir, ours is an exciting life, full of peril and adventure. And you can well imagine this—if you had been placed in our positions, watching that woman steal slyly up to the bedside of old Castor, and take a small bunch of keys from beneath his head, and then softly approach a closet with a heavy door, which seemed set in the wall, opening this carefully, then unlocking an inner door of thin sheet iron, which creaked slightly on its rusty hinges. Then to see her start back and gaze towards the bed, and observing the old man still motionless, resume her task by unlocking what appeared to be a sort of fire and thief safe, and taking therefrom a heavy box which she set down upon the floor—yes, sir, if you had been watching all this, as we were from our concealment, you would have been no less excited.

"Then we observed a slight noise in the direction of the roof, and we could just observe by staring into the darkness, a head appear above the edge. Then higher and higher it came, seeming to be forcing itself up by sheer strength—then a pair of arms, then the body, and at last all these stood upon the legs belonging to them, and the said legs upon old Castor's roof. One watched the tiptoeing roof-walker, advancing softly as a panther to the chamber door, and the other, the woman within the chamber, trembling, tottering towards the door with the stolen box; and a glance at the bed convinced us that it was only by a superhuman effort of the will, that Castor remained quiet, as he saw the full guilt of her he had called wife.

"In another moment the door was pushed partly open by the robber outside, so that he could meet the woman and receive the box—when Corson and I rushed forth upon the man. Corson caught him by the throat with an iron grip, but the fellow with a curse threw him off, as a startled bull dog would a snarling puppy. And no sooner was the act performed, than quick as lightning he pulled from his waist a heavy pistol,

and crying, 'You fiend, you have betrayed me!' he pointed it at the woman and fired, and would certainly have murdered her, but she had, the instant before he pulled the trigger, fallen to the floor in a deadly swoon, and the ball went crashing into the headboard of the bed, cracking it through and through, and in another instant we had thrown ourselves upon him, and bore him to the floor, while I quickly fastened the 'darbies' upon his wrists, and while he lay floundering and cursing, we stepped to the side of the woman. She was lying apparently dead, her flowing black hair falling around her shoulders and lying in a heavy mass down her pure white night-dress. Old Castor immediately upon the opening of the door, had jumped out of bed, seized a strong cudgel by his bedside, and after we had the villain handcuffed, and before we could prevent him, dealt the scoundrel a stunning blow over the head. He capered around in a perfect fury, and prayed that 'God would not let that woman live.'

"Well, we soon had the robber, who was recognized as the notorious villain, Jack Masters, conveyed him to the station-house, and his whole history came out. He had been the husband of Mrs. Castor, and had left her many years before in poverty, when he wandered off to California. She had obtained the situation in Castor's family, finally marrying him, when her former worthless husband returned, and commenced his persecutions and threats of exposure, which led her to become his accomplice to save herself from his wrath. But, poor thing, she died before her husband was tried, awaking from that swoon, only to be attacked with brain fever, from which she never recovered. Masters is now, sir, in the Eastern Penitentiary, in Philadelphia, serving out a sentence of nine years and—"

Jerk—bump goes the boat. Bump—creak again—then she labors hard—creak—and she's fast. A thousand voices are heard, myriad faces are upturned—nothing is noticeable but whole lines of arms, with waving whips, and no sounds salute our ears except—"Astor?" "American?" "Ride up?" "Ride up?" "Here's for the Howard, right off!" "St. Nicholas?" "Have a cab, sir?"

"Why, we are at the Battery already. I am much obliged to you, Mr. Benson, for your very entertaining adventure."

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#### NO MORE.

O, sad no more! O, sweet no more!  
O, strange no more!  
By a mossed brook bank, on a stone,  
I smelt a wild-weed flower alone;  
There was a ringing in my ears,  
And both my eyes gushed out with tears.  
Surely, all pleasant things had gone before,  
Low buried fathom deep beneath with thee.  
No more!—TENNYSON.

#### IS THE WORLD A MISTAKE?

One of the saddest mistakes which good people have made, is in supposing the world to be a mistake. To these people—and their number is not small—the earth is but a theatre of pain and sickness, sorrow and death. Joy is illusive, pleasure a cheat, laughter a mockery, and happiness a thing impossible, and not even to be looked for on this side the grave. The performance of all duty is the "taking up" of what they call "a cross." They are actually afraid to be happy, under an overshadowing impression that they have no right to be happy in this life. They believe there is something intrinsically bad in the world we inhabit, and all the joy that proceeds from it. They have an idea that the moral evil which afflicts the human race has struck in. All the sufferings of the brute creation—the throes of labor, and sickness of body and pain of death—are so many voices proclaiming the fatal failure of Adam. Human nature itself is an awful thing. God is a great lawgiver, an inexorable avenger, an awful judge, a being to be feared more than loved. Life is a trial—severe, unrelenting, perpetual. All that seems good and graceful and glorious in the world is a hollow sham, for the deception of the unwary and the ruin of the unwise.—*Timothy Titcomb.*

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#### A MOTHER'S FEELINGS.

Mrs. Neill, of Barnwell, mother of the late General Neill, in acknowledging the receipt of a letter conveying to her, from the meeting at the inauguration of the statue at Ayr of her son, General Neill, their deep sympathy in her grief for the loss of her son, Colonel John Martin Bladen Neill, Deputy Adjutant-General of Victoria, killed by a fall from his horse, says: "God knows, I require something to alleviate the bitterness of my grief; and if universal sympathy could bring comfort, I indeed have received a large share from far and wide, and it does help to support me. Still I am now without a son! Three now lie in different far-off lands, beyond the reach of kindred ties—all remarkable for talents of no ordinary type, and following up with energy the duties of their profession—and all gone down to the grave in the very midst of their usefulness, in their well-earned positions; but it was God's will, and who shall dare to arraign it?"

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#### THE WORKING MEN.

"The mechanics," says Lord Byron, "and working classes who can maintain their families, are, in my opinion, the happiest body of men. Poverty is wretchedness; but it is, perhaps, to be preferred to the heartless, unmeaning dissipation of the higher orders." A popular author says: "I have no propensity to envy any one, least of all the rich and the great; but if I were disposed to this weakness, the subject of my envy would be a healthy young man, in full possession of his strength and faculties, going forth in the morning to work for his wife and children, or bringing them home his wages at night."

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Beware of an itching tongue and itching ears; that is, do not detract from others, nor hearken to them that do so.

[ORIGINAL.]

## IN THE SPRINGTIME.

BY STIRIL PARK.

When the days were full of sunshine—  
Golden sunshine warm and bright;  
When the apple-trees were laden  
With their blossoms pink and white,  
And the buttercups and daisies  
Fringed our meadow paths with light;

When the hills were bloom-empurpled  
By the sunny skies of May,  
And the air was blithe with music  
Of the songbirds on each spray  
From the crimson glow of morning  
Till the evening's dusky gray;

Then there came the sweetest vision  
Of a maiden wondrous fair,  
With a crown of starry blossoms  
Woven mid her golden hair;  
And I loved her—loved her dearly—  
Darling white-browed Mabel Clare.

Oh beneath the trailing willows,  
Where the sunbeams crept like gold,  
I have sung for her sweet ballads—  
Loving ballads quaint and old;  
Wove for her the strangest legends  
Poet-lips had ever told.

Now the winds of chill November  
Wall across the lonely plain,  
But she never comes, nor answers,  
When I fondly call her name;  
For the yellow leaves are dropping  
On her grave like autumn rain.

Yet sometimes amid the gloaming  
Of these dreamy purple eves,  
I have caught the passing echo  
Of light footsteps 'neath the trees,  
When I knew 'twas not the water,  
Or the rustle of the leaves.

[ORIGINAL.]

## LUDOVICO THE MOOR.

BY ANNA M. CARTER.

EVERYBODY in the city seemed rushing towards one spot, one centre of attraction, the cathedral of Milan. Everybody seemed happy, expectant. In the magnificent cathedral was to be solemnized that day the marriage between Giovanni Galeazzo, Duke of Milan, and Isabella, granddaughter of the King of Naples. Very little had been heard concerning the bride; her beauty had not been extolled and commented upon as is often the case, and besides the interest always felt upon such an occasion, was the desire to see if Isabella of Naples was beautiful. The young

Duke of Milan was brave, handsome and manly, a model of virtue, totally unlike his father, who was sensual, tyrannical and weak-minded. Giovanni was loved by all his friends, and adored by the people—he was the pet of the Milanese. Always ready to listen to the troubles of the people, he did not remain a mere passive listener, but set about to redress the wrongs as far as lay in his power. Whoever applied to him was sure to obtain justice, and speedily, too, for the duke held to the opinion that tardy justice was oftener worse than a sudden wrong. Thus, on the day in question, Giovanni Galeazzo's wedding day, the people rejoiced with one accord. All the streets through which the marriage procession was to pass were decorated with flags, ribbons and garlands, while the pavements were strewn with flowers and fragrant herbs.

The hour arrived, and with it the marriage procession. At the vast portal of the church it was met by a number of young girls, the fairest in Milan, bearing beautiful flowers and wreaths, which they threw in the pathway of the bridal pair; over the steps, up the broad nave, even to the foot of the holy altar, the maidens spread the choicest, fragrant flowers, then stood on each side eager to watch the bride. Almost an audible exclamation of delight ran through the crowd, as, robed in white satin, shrouded in the richest lace, and resplendent with diamonds, leaning on the arm of Giovanna Galeazzo, Duke of Milan, came Isabella of Naples. The people rejoiced, and almost worshipped the bride, for she was as beautiful as an angel—few people had more than dreamed of such exquisite beauty. All the court, all the relations were there, save one, the uncle of the duke, Ludovico the Moor (*il Moro*). The marriage ceremony being completed, the bridal train turned, and proceeded to the palace of the duke, where was prepared a sumptuous feast. At the gate of the palace they were met by Ludovico.

"I regret, my dear nephew, that I was unavoidably prevented from being present at your marriage. I now welcome you with a blessing, and pray that upon entering this palace, she may lay aside her veil, that I may behold the beauty which the people are raving about."

At these words Isabella shrunk a little, but she in courtesy drew aside the veil which she had drawn over her features upon leaving the cathedral, and displayed to the bold gaze of Ludovico her exquisite loveliness.

"Blessed mother!" exclaimed Ludovico, "I have been in many lands, beheld the choicest beauties of many climes, but all charms fade be-

fore the resplendent loveliness of the Duchess of Milan. The feast is prepared, and the guests wait—a double feast they will have.” So saying, Ludovico led the way to the banquet hall.

Weeks passed, even months, and, ever following the beautiful bride, was the tall form and dark face of Ludovico the Moor. If she rode, Isabella was sure to meet her husband’s uncle, ever felt his dark, treacherous eyes bent on her face, looking the unholy admiration which he dared not express in words. Isabella began to feel afraid of this man, who followed her so like a shadow; a shudder always passed over her as she heard his rich, insinuating voice. Giovanni noted nothing beyond the admiration Ludovico seemed to have for the beautiful duchess, and thought nothing of it.

Up a dark, winding staircase, up and up, to the very top of a tall house, carefully crept a muffled figure. Carefully creeping upward, and ever and anon looking behind him suspiciously, went this dark man. Arrived at the top of the stairs, he knocked at a small door in front of him. A long time, spent in impatient, fruitless waiting, and he repeated the summons, and this time more boldly. Upon the instant of the second signal the door opened, and a little, withered, ill-favored old man made his appearance, and asked fiercely:

“Who disturbs me at this hour?”

“One who wishes to consult your science.”

“Too late. Go home. Come when the sun shines fair and bright upon all the gay earth, and not come like a nighthawk. Go home.”

“No time like the present,” calmly answered the stranger, standing firmly in the doorway.

“Dark deeds needs must be done in darkness. No sun can lighten your black heart. Walk in.”

This the old man muttered, as he ushered the stranger into the room, then closed and locked the door behind them.

“Your words are ungracious, old man,” said the stranger, hoping by his ease of manner to gain ease of mind.

“Cavil not at my words if you wish my aid. Be seated.”

The new comer looked about him, and seeing only one chair, he hesitated to occupy it, but a sign from the owner made him take it. It was a strange room into which he was ushered. High dark walls covered with all sorts of fiendish pictures, bones, talismans, trophies, everything fearful and revolting; in each corner, standing upright in a dark coffin, each coffin surmounted by a large stuffed raven, grinning hideously, were skeletons. Bones, skulls, stuffed

birds and reptiles of every variety now hung round this fearful room. In the centre of the apartment stood a large table, covered with black velvet, upon which were embroidered in silver and carmine, cabalistic signs. Upon this table lay a huge volume, bound in deep red velvet, and fastened by silver clasps, bearing strange devices. This den was dimly lighted in the day time by two narrow, slit-like windows, and now by a single lamp suspended above the table. This room was the abode of Calistro the famous Moorish sorcerer, who had of late come to work his wondrous spells in Milan, and had already gained a most wonderful influence over the superstitious Milanese, from the poorest peasant to the highest noble. People of all ranks consulted him, and bought charms and spells of him, and had their fortunes told.

Calistro seated himself upon the huge carcass of a stuffed crocodile, and from some secret hiding place, grinning and chattering, came an impish little black monkey, who perched himself beside his master on the head of the reptile. The master, small, ill-favored, and malicious, looked hardly unlike his pet monkey. When both stranger and magician were seated, the latter turned to the former, and spoke, while he fixed upon him his searching, restless eyes.

“What brings you here, my friend?”

“I wish your aid.”

“In what way? Shall I tell your fortune, or that of a friend?”

“Neither.”

“Neither? You are wrong. You may not care to know each event of life, but you would know the end of that life. Is not death, Sir Stranger, the consummation of everybody’s fortune? I cannot pass beyond the grave.”

“I spoke not of death.”

“You might have done so just as well. If I can read in the stars the destiny of each human being who comes to me, can I be blind when reading the faces of men, when each passion engraves a line deep in the face, when the eyes—you need not lower yours, for I have read the tale they tell—speak to me? You come here to gain the wherewithal with which to rid you of a troublesome relation, Ludovico Sforza.”

At the mention of his name, the stranger turned pale, and sprang to his feet.

“Be seated,” coldly said Calistro, with a malignant smile. “You should not be startled at hearing your own name. I will do your bidding, but before I give you all you require, you must give me that seal ring you wear; that I request, so that should I need you I can send a messenger who will be accredited. The second thing

is also simple. You must sign this paper. Read it."

"I promise to give to Calistro, Moorish sorcerer, half of that which he aids me to gain. I give him the casket."

"That is simple enough, surely, Signor Calistro," said Ludovico, smiling scornfully.

"I am glad you think so, and hope when the time of payment comes you will find it still as easy. This paper you must sign with your blood."

"Cheerfully, willingly will I sign," said the wicked Ludovico, as he thought of the prize he was to gain. "When the time comes," thought he, "we'll see who loses in this game."

"Roll up your sleeve—there, that's enough—a small incision—your blood flows readily—now for the pen—quick, ere it dries!"

So spoke the little, dark, impish physician and sorcerer, and the bold, reckless Ludovico Sforza wrote his name in deep red characters on the paper. The magician took the paper, and unclasping the book of magic upon the table, placed it between the leaves, and again closed the volume. That done, from a quaint little cupboard he took several minute bottles, from each of which he poured a few drops into an empty bottle in a rich flagree case which stood upon the table. When he had completed the mixture, he handed the silver-cased bottle to Sforza, saying:

"Go, now. This liquid, which is perfectly tasteless when mingled with wine, and perfectly colorless, will produce death. Five drops each day, and in three months your victim will pass away to another world, and none to say, nothing to prove who sent him there. Increase the dose—give ten drops instead of five, and in half the time he who swallows the dose will die. Increase the dose still more, and in less time Giovanni Galeazzo, Duke of Milan, and husband of the loveliest woman in all Italy will be beyond your power to work him good or ill. Know now that I know you and your victim. Beware how you seek to deceive me, or play me false, your life will be the forfeit. Go!"

Without a word, Ludovico Sforza took the fatal bottle, and fled down stairs, without daring to look behind him, trembling at what he had done, but never swerving from his purpose. Could he have heard the low chuckle which followed him, Ludovico would have been less sure of getting the best of the bargain.

"Fool, fool! The compact is made, and well he will rue it. Ha, ha, ha! Isabella of Naples will feel what it is to scorn an Italian. Because I was homely, withered and old before my time,

she scorned my suit. I, an Italian nobleman, wealthy beyond count, she refused. She let her beautiful eyes express surprise, then pity, and then, O heavens, as I urged my suit, she scorned me! She didn't say so, but I saw it in her eyes, those glorious eyes. I saw her beautiful lips curl, and those bewildering eyes grow dark with scorn as she refused me, the Marquis of Spasi. What fools the world contains! By the aid of a little native wit and shrewdness, these hideous skulls, pictures, stuffed birds and reptiles, I pass for a magician, and fool even the intelligent. Do I not know Ludovico Sforza the Moor? Tyrannical, selfish, envious and unprincipled, I read his vile thoughts, as disguised like a beggar I lingered near the portal of the duke's palace. I could have killed Ludovico for gazing so boldly upon the beauty I never can possess. I saw his surprise as he gazed on Isabella's blushing face. I read his desire in his eyes, and the look of hate he cast upon the lucky duke. Not in vain have I watched him day by day, and seen the hatred deepen, and the desire of passion grow each day more powerful. The poison I gave him is sure if science can tell anything. Ludovico Sforza will give the ten drops, and in three weeks the Duchess of Milan will be a widow. Sforza, you are a fool! Half of what you gain is mine. Ha, ha, I will take the body, the beautiful casket, and if Ludovico can gain possession of the soul without injuring the body, let him do so. He has pledged the casket."

A few weeks and the Milanese mourned like one great family—Giovanni Galeazzo, the loved Duke of Milan, was dead. He had rapidly faded away before their eyes. Each day on the balcony he grew paler and weaker; at last he came there no more to receive the welcome of his people. Pale and tearful came the adored, the lovely Isabella, and the people learned each day from her wan face how the duke was. At last she came not at all, the balcony was draped with black, a great grief fell upon the people, for their loved master was dead, the brave, generous duke. A great lamentation filled the city. A dark, sad day it was for the devoted Milanese when the vault closed over all that remained of Giovanni Galeazzo. Isabella was tearless.

With tears and kind offers, Ludovico Sforza came to her, and rage filled his heart when he saw that she scorned him. Isabella distrusted and feared him, and in her own mind resolved to rid herself of him. One day he came to her, and being inflamed by her beauty, he gave vent to his admiration in the following words:

"Isabella, beautiful creature, my heart burns



within me. The world will come. Have you been blind to the love which nearly consumed me while Giovanni lived?"

The words struck terror to her woman's heart. She was fully convinced now of the truth of her suspicions that Giovanni had died an unnatural death. Rising in her wrath and indignation, Isabella quivering with passion exclaimed:

"Go, vile assassin, murderer, and pollute this place no more! Go, before I kill you, for I would dare do anything, now." And so speaking, she drew a glittering dagger from her bosom.

Foiled, beaten back for a time, Ludovico retreated. Open war was between them now, and she would feel his power. The next morning, Isabella, Duchess of Milan, had disappeared. Furious, Ludovico Sforza rushed to the magician's den. No clue could he gain there. Calistro thought that this frenzying was mere acting on the part of Sforza, done to blind him to his acts, and Sforza thought the same of Calistro. Insulting words passed between them. Swords were drawn, and Calistro fell. Ludovico sought night and day for the lost beauty, but could gain no trace of her. One night as he returned from one of his vain searches, he heard a step behind him, and the next instant he was stabbed from behind, and fell dead upon the pavements. Few were sorrowful when the news of the assassination spread abroad. Out from her sanctuary, which was a convent near Milan, came the beautiful, sad duchess, fearing nothing now, since the death of the bold LUDOVICO THE MOOR.

#### A HINT TO LOVERS OF FLOWERS.

A most beautiful and easily attained show of evergreens may be had by a very simple plan which has been found to answer remarkably well on a small scale. If geranium branches taken from luxuriant and healthy trees, just before the winter sets in, be cut as for slips, and immersed in soap-water, they will, after drooping for a few days, shed their leaves, put forth fresh ones, and continue in the finest vigor all the winter. By placing a number of bottles thus filled in a flower-basket, with moss to conceal the bottles, a show of evergreens is easily insured for the whole winter. All the different varieties of the plant being used, the various shapes and colors of the leaves blend into a beautiful effect. They require no fresh water.—*Telegraph*.

#### RETIREMENT.

What, what is virtue but repose of mind—  
A pure ethereal calm, that knows no storm;  
Above the reach of wild ambition's wind,  
Above the passions that this world deform,  
And torture man, a proud, malignant worm;  
But here, instead, soft gales of passion play,  
And gently stir the heart, thereby to form  
A quicker sense of joy—as breezes stray  
Across the enlivened skies, and make them still more gay.

THOMSON.

#### STATISTICS OF HEADACHE.

The Medical Times and Gazette contains some interesting medical data, obtained by inquiries made in the usual course of professional experience, concerning the causes of headache. Of ninety cases cited, seventy-six were females—a number which establishes pretty strongly the fact testified to by most of the old writers, that females are more frequent sufferers. Of the seventy-six females, forty were single. The predisposition in the case of females is believed to originate in the nervous system—susceptibility of nervous disorder being much oftener found in the female than in the male subject. It is likely to exist in organisms which evidence a capability of so much fineness and delicacy of perception, united with so much proneness to emotional excitement, and in which the functions of organic life are observed to be so readily wrought by passing states of sensation and emotion.

Of the exciting causes, emotional disturbance has the highest number. Out of ninety cases, fifty-three declared this to be one of the causes of their attacks, forty-eight also considered that atmospheric states were to be blamed, and twenty-five specified thunder. In regard to inheritance of the liability, in nineteen cases the mother is mentioned, in nine the father, and in twelve both parents; in all, forty gave explicit evidence of hereditary predisposition, and a few others mentioned cases in collateral branches. Out of the ninety cases, only nineteen blamed their diet. As to the influence of climate, twenty-nine seem very clear that they are least liable to attacks of headache in places where the air is dry and bracing; six commend cold atmosphere and six condemn it; eight praise warm atmosphere and three dislike it; six are in favor of sea air and four are averse to it. Fatigue is mentioned as an inciting cause by thirty-two.

#### A MODEL WOMAN.

"Did you not say, Ellen, that Mr. B.—is poor?"

"Yes, he has only his profession."

"Will your uncle favor his suit?"

"No; and I can expect nothing from him."

"Then, Ellen, you will have to resign fashionable society."

"No matter—I shall see more of Fred."

"You must give up expensive dress."

"O, Fred admires simplicity."

"You cannot keep a carriage."

"But we can have delightful walks."

"You must take a small house, and furnish it plainly."

"Yes; for elegant furniture would be out of place in a cottage."

"You will have to cover your floors with thin, cheap carpets."

"Then I shall hear his steps the sooner."—*Bee*.

A DECISIVE ANSWER.—It is narrated of Queen Caroline, consort of George II., that she once inquired of Mr. Pitt, who subsequently became Earl Chatham, what it would cost to close the parks of London to the populace and make private grounds of them. "Three Crowns, your majesty!" was Mr. Pitt's sententious reply. And Queen Caroline never felt in a disposition afterwards to recur to the subject.

[ORIGINAL.]  
SONNET.

BY E. G. JOHNSON.

What boots the graces of thy form and face?  
In estimation of the truly wise,  
All human beauty is in poor disgrace  
That lacks the crown of love's sweet sanctities.  
Think not to move our lips with words of praise  
With such an empty challenge for applause;  
Give us the theme of consecrated days  
Spent in the service of some worthy cause!  
I ask thee not to fill the public eye  
With deeds to win the sounding voice of fame;  
But in thy proper sphere do thou comply  
With all that thy peculiar duties claim.  
Then shall thy goodly honor be confessed  
In heaven and earth, and thou be truly blessed.

[ORIGINAL.]

THIRTY-FIVE.

BY MISS M. A. DANA.

"THIRTY-FIVE to-day! My life is just half through—that is, if I am to live the threescore and ten which the Bible says is the life of man. I sometimes wish that I had already reached the end."

Such was the remark that I addressed to myself upon the morning of my thirty-fifth birthday. I was not in the best of humors, as may be inferred from a portion of my remark. But when I had pushed aside the curtain and opened the window, and had revelled for a while in the glories of an October morning (for the reader must know what I am proud of telling, that my birthday comes in the glorious month of October, "which makes the woods so gay"), then did my spirit acquire its usual tone of serenity, and I became half-ashamed of my first exclamation. But the day had begun badly, and I was destined to encounter and overcome many more vexations before it ended.

As I looked in the glass that morning, never, so it seemed to me, had the ravages of time been so perceptible. My brow locks, which had been the pride and admiration of my friends, and which only yesterday had seemed to me as glossy, abundant and beautiful as ever, now looked faded and thinned—and, yes—actually there was a gray hair! I am ashamed to confess, that for one instant I was almost disposed to sit down and cry, but happily, I did not yield to the temptation. My eyes, too, which in my younger days had been dark and lustrous, and which, as my cousin John had once said, "shone like an angel's when I was animated," now, upon the morning of my thirty-fifth birthday, looked dull

and green. There were wrinkles, too, upon my face, which could only have been placed there by the hand of time. In fact, I looked like a wrinkled, faded, grim old maid, and with this impression strong upon my mind, I put on the most Quaker-like dress I possessed, combed my hair back as plainly as possible, and went down to breakfast. As I opened the door, I was unfortunate enough to interrupt a family conference. For there were seated at the table, uncle and aunt, John, Harry, Frank and little Annie, all seemingly engaged in very earnest conversation. Upon my sudden entrance there was an abrupt pause, and some embarrassment expressed by the younger members of the family.

"Another advantage in being an old maid," thought I to myself, "she's sure to stumble into places where she isn't wanted."

As I seated myself in my accustomed place at the table, there was an exclamation from John: "Good gracious, Emily, have you turned Quaker? What in the world is the meaning of that drab dress?"

"It means that I am thirty-five to-day, so be reverent, if you please," said I, shaking my finger at him.

"In half mourning for her hopes," I suppose, muttered Harry, with a most malicious expression of face. At this point I jotted down a memorandum in my mind—to give Harry a lecture upon respect before the day was through.

"I do believe cousin Emily has made a mistake," shouted my pet Frank, at this moment, shaking his curls all over his head. "I know she is forty instead of thirty-five to-day, and I'll prove it by the family Bible after breakfast. O, Cousin Emily, to think that you, of all others, should cheat in your age! I shall never believe in you after this."

"Hold your tongues, boys," interrupted my uncle. "If you don't behave yourselves, you shall take no part in you know what." And here my uncle nodded mysteriously.

As I left the table that morning, I felt sure that I hated boys most decidedly, and I came to the conclusion that they were the most ungrateful set that ever lived. Even Frank, by whose side had I had spent some years of my life, who had often declared that he loved me better than anything else on earth; even he had wounded me by a foolish jest.

"Please, Emily, don't come down to dinner in drab," said John, as he handed me to the door in an unusually gallant style.

"And, Cousin Emily, mother says you are not to enter the kitchen to-day," whispered little Annie, with a most bewitching smile.

"So they want to get rid of me," thought I, bitterly. "And what can have come over those boys this morning? I never knew them to behave so. I really believe they wish I were out of the house, and so I begin to think do uncle and aunt, too. Last year I was loaded with presents, and to-day there is not even the mention of one. Not, of course, that I care anything about the presents themselves, but then it is pleasant to know that there is some one in the world who cares about you. Well, I see I shall have to go away from here and find a home by myself, for who cares for an old maid?"

Thus grumbling, I entered my room and cast my eyes around to see what it was best to employ my time about—for upon this, my birthday, I was extremely fastidious as regarded my occupations. It pleased me just then to remember that there was a quantity of old letters to be looked over and sorted, a task that I had put off from day to day as a painful one, for it would necessarily recall the one bitter sorrow of my life.

Twelve years before, upon that very day, my marriage was to have taken place. But before the time came we had quarrelled, and when the sun rose upon our wedding-day, Philip Allen was across the sea, a sad and solitary wanderer. As I re-read those letters, relics of my love-dream, how vividly did every circumstance connected with it come up before me! How well I recollected our quarrel, which my own wilfulness had caused, and Philip's sad, reproachful face when I turned from him with the angry exclamation:

"Go, if you wish it—it is best—for we shall never agree—we had better never meet again."

And we had never met again. My words, bitterly repented of as soon as spoken, and repented of every day and hour since that time, had been literally adhered to. Philip was in a distant land, and I was an old maid of thirty-five. My musings were here interrupted by the most outrageous noise down stairs. I began seriously to think that my uncle was knocking away a portion of his house by the hammering that I heard. The most uproarious shouts of laughter likewise floated up from the regions below.

"I really believe everybody here is crazy to-day," thought I, as I commenced my toilet for dinner.

To please John, I put on the very gayest dress I possessed—for however much I might grumble about the boys, I knew and they knew that I would do most anything to please them.

"Very well, very well indeed—you'll do, Emily," said John, as he took a critical survey of my dress through his eye-glass.

At dinner time there were the same mysterious nods and glances that I had noticed at breakfast, and everybody seemed unusually excited. In the afternoon John prepared to drive me out in his new buggy, to see the country in its October dress.

"More likely to make acquaintance with Mother Earth," retorted I, "for, really, John, you are so excited, you will not be able to manage that spirited horse of yours."

But John protested that he was never calmer in his life, and as a proof of his placidity, performed some of the most ridiculous manoeuvres, without, however, convincing me at all.

"Better go, Cousin Emily," said Harry—"it may be your last chance. I don't expect you'll as much as look at me after to-day."

In my heart of hearts, I determined both to look at the gentleman and to talk to him in a way that he should not soon forget. But this matter was put off till another day, for there stood John waiting impatiently for me. Now, as I really had no fear, whatever of John's driving, I decided to go, little guessing the vexations I should undergo before I reached home.

"Now," thought I, as I seated myself in the buggy, "now I will find out the meaning of all this mystery. It will be impossible for John to keep the secret from me."

"Has anything unusual happened to-day, John?" I commenced.

"Anything unusual happened to-day?" repeated John—"why yes, I think there has."

"What?" demanded I, impatiently.

"Why, you are thirty-five to-day, are you not, Emily?" returned John, with a very demure face—"and quite young and handsome, too, for 'thirty-five.'"

Now I was both amused and provoked at the absurdity of this speech. To tell the truth, I had by this time become a little tired of hearing 'thirty-five.'

"No matter," thought I, "he will at least be moved when he hears that I am to go away. I know that he will say cousin Emily can't be dispensed with."

"John," I began, "sometimes—to-day especially, I have thought that it would be best if I should go away from here—that I should be happier in another dwelling-place, because—"

I was here interrupted by John, who was attacked by the most outrageous fit of coughing, which lasted several minutes, and which by its violence threatened to rupture a blood vessel. Indeed I was really alarmed by the evident distress in which he was, and which exhibited itself by the purple hue of his face and by the oddest

grimaces. No allusion was made to my remark during the remainder of the ride, and I must say I was not a little wounded by the perfect indifference manifested by John upon the subject of my departure.

"There's Amy Anthem," shouted John, as we passed a cottage, at the gate of which stood a blooming young girl. And as John spoke, he drew up with a sudden jerk, threw the reins to me, and was soon in earnest conversation with Amy. Now Amy was a great favorite of mine, and it was no secret that she was a great favorite of John's also, but I should have preferred that he should have taken another time to have shown his partiality, especially, as by their motions I knew they were talking about me. So I leaned further back in the carriage, feeling very uncomfortable, and imagining their whole conversation.

"I suppose he is telling her that I am thirty-five to-day, and of course she will answer with her prettiest smile, 'poor old maid, I pity her!'"

"Good by, Amy—now don't forget to be ready at the exact minute," was John's final speech, as we drove away.

John had several other calls to make, the object of which I could not discover. There were several mysterious conferences held with elderly spectacled ladies, and middle-aged ladies, and young ladies—all of whom nodded kindly to me, but all of whom I suspected of saying to each other, "she's thirty-five to-day, poor thing!" How I wished we were at home, and home we reached at length, only to be met at the door by Harry, who had spent the time profitably by composing an epitaph upon our probable fate, which, standing at the foot of the stairs, he shouted out to me word by word.

How long I sat in the solitude of my own room I know not. Weary of the present, I had gone back into the days of the past—days that could never return. When I awoke to actual life it was dark, and the room felt dark and chilling. There was an unusual clatter of voices and sound of feet below, and hurrying from one room to another. I passed down the dark staircase and opened the parlor door, and then started back at the flood of light and the sight that burst upon me. The parlors were most brilliantly lighted, and full of company—my particular friends, many of whom I had thought far distant—the friends of the family were all there. What a complete change from the dark, chilly room above, and the society of my own somewhat sombre thoughts, to these cosy, comfortable parlors and this pleasant company, every one of whom had something agreeable or complimentary to say to me, as with John beside me to

keep me in countenance, I received the friends who crowded about me. What a change, too, had come over the family. All the restraint which had so vexed me during the day, was gone. My uncle and aunt were ten times kinder to me than usual, if such a thing could be possible. My cousins, too, were completely transformed into polite and agreeable people. And as Harry presented me with a magnificent bouquet, he whispered:

"Let that atone in part for my saucy speeches to-day, Cousin Emily."

I thought at that moment, I could have forgiven him much greater offences.

"Now," said John, "we are to have a series of tableaux, all in your honor, Emily. You are not expected to take part in them, otherwise than by staring at them most intently, for I assure you they will be something remarkable."

I laughed, promised to stare at them most intently, and seated myself with such of the company as were not actors. In our rather old-fashioned mansion, the library connected with the parlors by means of folding doors, and these being now pushed aside, disclosed the theatre of performances. The changes which the library had undergone, accounted also for the hammering sounds I had heard in the morning.

The first tableau was rather a failure. It represented John in a very picturesque dress, and with drawn weapon standing over Frank, who crouched upon the ground in terror. The bright weapon so near his curly head, must have frightened my little favorite, for he made a very perceptible movement, which greatly amused the spectators, but destroyed the effect of the picture. Then followed a representation of Evangeline, with sweet, sad face, sitting by the "nameless grave;" Ruth among her sheaves of wheat, besides various groups which looked remarkably well. Little Red Riding-hood, which character was represented by blooming Amy Anthem, in a charming red cloak, was another attractive feature.

But the tableau which most engaged my attention was the last of all, where David was represented as mourning over the dead Absalom. Harry, as Absalom, lay in the very semblance of death, every feature in perfect repose. There was a hush among the spectators, for perfect stillness was such a novelty in connection with our wild, roguish Harry, that this seemed real, too real. Over the bier bowed David in all the majesty of woe. The face of the actor was hidden from my sight, but the bowed form, the attitude alone, proclaimed the depth of human suffering. Never before to my knowledge had I seen the person who represented David, nor did

he seem known to the company, for when the curtain fell, every one asked of his neighbor the question, "who acted David?" But none knew.

A little later in the evening I managed to find Harry, who looked now as little like the dead Absalom as it was possible to look, and endeavored to extract from him some information in regard to the stranger—for strange to say, that was the subject upon which my thoughts oftenest dwell. But Harry pretended perfect ignorance.

"How should I know who it was, when my eyes were closed the whole time? I tell you what, it isn't an easy thing to act Absalom."

"But you certainly know who was leaning over you, Harry."

"I know—I think not. I had as much as I could do to keep perfectly still."

I saw that there was nothing to be extracted from Harry, so I attacked John upon the subject. But my question remained unanswered, for John was again seized by one of those fearful fits of coughing that had engaged my sympathy in the morning.

"Now that I have recovered, Emily," said John, when it pleased him to stop coughing, "just come with me into the dining-room, from this crowd. I've something there to show you."

And something indeed there was—for there stood my good old uncle with a beautiful gold watch in his hand, which he presented to me with a few simple but affecting words. Then followed my aunt with a gift, at once elegant and appropriate. And then, in their turn, each of the boys. Before the presentation of his gift, which was an elegant rosewood writing-desk, John attempted to make a little speech, but broke down in the midst of it, to the great amusement of all, for John was very seldom embarrassed. Ah! how little justice I had done them all that morning. I had accused them of not caring for me, of wishing me out of the house; and here had the whole family united in honoring my birthday and remembering my tastes. How much had I, old maid as I was, and thirty-five years old, to be thankful for! How like a stab did every one of these kindnesses seem, when I thought of my morning soliloquy. As these ideas passed through my mind, I raised my eyes and encountered those of Annie, who, child-like, had been fluttering about from one room to another, and was now watching me intently.

"Now, Cousin Emily, if you will come into the library, I will show you my present."

The library had been entirely deserted by our guests, and as Annie and I approached it from the dining-room, I saw only one solitary figure, that of the stranger, sitting with his face turned

from the light. I was about to withdraw, but Annie urged me gently forward, and just then the stranger turned with an eager look, and for the first time for twelve years, I stood face to face with Philip Allen! There was no mistaking those features, which once seen could never be forgotten, and there was no mistaking the eager, impetuous haste with which Philip rushed forward to greet me. He was not changed; and that thought brought such exceeding joy, that I forgot that I was thirty-five, and no longer young and handsome.

Strange to say, this idea never occurred to me during the remainder of the evening, which seemed unaccountably short—neither the next day, nor the next day after. But, as Harry remarked next morning at breakfast, travellers have such wonderful stories to relate, that one cannot even think of anything else. Philip, indeed, had been a wanderer many years, and those years had been so full of marvellous adventures, and it was so necessary that he should tell them to somebody, that it happened, I hardly know how, that I was obliged to give him a great many conferences in the library. And these adventures had from one thing led to another, and finally, in the most unromantic manner possible (for what romance could be expected of such elderly people), it was proposed that we should give out another invitation to our friends some evening, and that we should become actors in that very imposing tableau, called marriage. We did as we proposed, and so I became Mrs. Philip Allen.

John congratulated me in a curious fashion:

"You are not half good enough for Philip, Emily—for haven't you deserted me most cruelly, when I took the trouble to take you to ride upon your thirty-fifth birthday, and nearly killed myself in keeping good news from you. The whole family took the greatest trouble to deceive you that day, for of course we all knew Philip had come. By the way, I must tell Philip how much happier you would be if you went away from here, because—"

And here John was seized with his old fit of coughing, which was speedily cured, however, by the sight of Amy Anthon.

As for myself, I need only to say, that I look back with the most pleasant recollections, to the day when I was thirty-five, and I assure you that that wasn't a great while ago.

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#### MEMORIES.

Memories dwell like doves among the trees,  
Like nymphs in glooms, like naiads in the wells;  
And some are sweet, and sadder some than death.

ALEXANDER SMITH.

(ORIGINAL.)

## "COME HOME."

*Suggested by a sermon to young men preached Sunday evening, October 16, by the Rev. Alfred Cookman, Philadelphia. Subject—"The Prodigal Son."*

BY EDWIN S. LISCOMB.

Come, weary wanderer, come again  
Unto thy Father's house and heart!  
Though guilty have thy wanderings been,  
And stained thy soul with much of sin.  
Yet do not longer stricken roam—  
Return again!—come home, come home!

Thy Father's willing ear inclines  
Unto thy footsteps drawing nigh;  
Though want before hath marked thy lines,  
And sin made up thy strange designs,  
Still, weary one, no longer roam—  
Return again!—come home, come home!

A yearning heart with pulses warm,  
Waits anxiously thy faltering step:  
To clasp with arms of love thy form,  
To draw thee back from life's rough storm.  
O, sad one, do not longer roam—  
Return again!—come home, come home!

No longer eat the husks of swine;  
Thy Father's board is more than filled;  
The fattened calf is wholly thine:  
Let then with joy thy heart incline.  
O, wanderer, do not longer roam—  
Return again!—come home, come home!

(ORIGINAL.)

## HERBERT GRANGER'S SIN.

BY CLARISSA W. STORY.

HERBERT GRANGER stood leaning over his dressing-table with a scowl on his forehead and a curling-iron in his hand. One of his glossy, purple-black ringlets, fresh from the artistic hands of his hair dresser, had taken a notion to straighten itself out in an audacious, unbecoming way, and this was what the scowl and the curling-iron were for. The table was littered up like any woman's—there were brushes and combs—bottles of hair-oil and cologne—scissors, pin-cushions—and a thousand little knick-knacks essential to the making up of a fashionable toilet, but, as the advertisements have it, "too numerous to mention." A couple of dainty boxes, with French labels, stood side by side under the elegant little mirror. The oval covers were unscrewed and half removed, and if one had been near enough to catch a glimpse of their contents, they might have taken a second suspicious glance at the brilliant white and red complexion of the young gentleman who stood there winding that refrac-

tory lock of hair about the curling-iron. Not that I would insinuate anything against the genuineness of the roses and lilies which blossomed so freshly between the enclosing hedge of whisks and curls in the garden of the aforesaid young gentleman's face. Not I. I hold that truthfulness to nature is one of an author's first duties, and who ever heard of such a thing as any person, not strictly feminine, resorting to the beautifying influence of pearl-powder and rouge?

There the little oval boxes stood, however, with their covers unscrewed and half removed, and their Parisian inscriptions staring up sanctily at the brilliant complexion above them, as though they could have told queer stories had they wished to, and preached queer sermons, and given queer advice. As if they could have said, and *would* have said it, too, only that their auditor understood nothing but English, and they talked nothing but French:

"Herbert Granger, you are a weak, vain fellow of a fellow. You are effeminate—you are silly—you are insincere—your heart is as false as your complexion—as hollow, and unreliable, and easily twisted about, as that lock of hair you are scowling at."

Perhaps they did manage to make themselves understood a little, for the young man suddenly gave an uneasy, downward glance—frowned, and pushed the little oval boxes impatiently out of sight under a crumpled newspaper.

"Heigh-ho! Now for an hour or two at cousin Harry's, and then an evening with Julia—charming Julia!"

These were his thoughts, not his words (for only children and people innocent as children are apt to talk aloud to themselves), as he laid down the curling-iron and gave a finishing touch to his hair, by smoothing it over with his jewelled hand.

"Beautiful Julia!" his thought ran on, "how the men envy me, and what wouldn't some of the dear creatures give to stand in my shoes—the affianced lover of the handsomest girl in the city!"

A gleam of the rich October sunset shone just then at a window of the luxuriously furnished room, and fluttered against the satin-papered wall. It looked like a little golden bird alighting there, ruffling its pretty plumage, and perching its rosy head on one side, as if it had a faculty of hearing the young man's unspoken thoughts, and had come in on purpose to listen.

"Jupiter! what would Miss Julia say to see me now? (He was softening down the rather hectic brilliancy of one cheek with the corner of a dampened handkerchief.) Confound it, what a daub! But it's a poor rule that won't work

both ways, and if she doesn't come out once in a while with more color than the Lord gave her, then I'm mistaken. She don't think I know it though, any more than I think *she* knows that I am by nature as sallow as an East Indian, and as straight-haired as a cat. By the way, what fools the women are, to take so much pains to please us men, and what fools we men are to take equal pains to please *them*. I vow I wouldn't do it—I would be as indifferent as a stone—I would let paint and hair-oil, and curling-tongs go to the deuce, if it wasn't that my purse was so mighty lean, and I must fatten it by marrying an heiress. O dear, why couldn't I have been born rich instead of handsome?"

At this period of his thoughts, he smiled a faint, sarcastic smile to himself, and the little golden bird, listening as it flitted softly along the satin papered wall, grew pale with disgust or fright, and as he went on thinking his vain, selfish thoughts, it grew dimmer and dimmer, fluttering and shrinking away across the clusters of roses on the paper, still fluttering, and shrinking, and fading away, till at last its little pale, gold wings shut together languidly, the listening head drooped, and creeping into a dim corner of the chamber, it vanished altogether.

Perhaps if Herbert Granger had watched his little timid visitor, instead of studying his mirror so attentively, and if his spiritual ear had been delicate enough to hear the divine song it sung, he would have washed the roses from his face, and straightened out his curling hair, for very shame—shame born of the dim perception that he was a most unmanly man. As it was, however, he only drew on his faultlessly fitting kid gloves, holding up his small hand before the glass as he did so, to admire its feminine whiteness and size, set his hat stylishly over his curls, took up his fashionable walking stick, and giving it a nonchalant twirl, sauntered down stairs into the street.

A little, thinly-clad figure, holding to its bosom a bundle that had a human look, as if it might be a baby, fluttered timidly out from one of the dark, narrow by-streets, as he went along, and laid its hand on his arm—a thin, white, trembling hand, that one might have taken for a snow flake, and almost looked to see it melt in the warmth of the glossy broadcloth sleeve, to which it clung so shyly, yet so pleadingly.

"A few pennies, sir—my baby is starving."

There was a pitiful sadness in the sweet, faint voice, but nothing that should have made the hot, red blood dash up into Herbert Granger's face, as it did, showing its crimson stain, even through pearl-powder and rouge.

"How dare you dog my steps in that way, you beggar?" he said, angrily shaking off the little hand as remorselessly as though it had been the snow-flake it looked. "This is the third time I have seen you to-day."

The girl's head, which had been drooped, as if for shame, during her appeal for charity, was lifted with a sudden start.

"Indeed—indeed I did not know who it was, Herbert! God knows I would rather starve than beg of you!"

And then the little slight, thinly-clad figure, holding its human-looking bundle to its bosom, fluttered and shrank away, as the sunshine had shrank away on the wall—fluttered and shrank away in the darkness and noise of the great crowded street—fluttered and shrank away, God only knows with what utter despair and weariness of heart and limbs!

Time hung heavily on Miss Julia Knowlton's hands. Time is apt to hang heavily, I believe, when young women are expecting their lovers, as Miss Julia was expecting hers.

The tiny hands of her jewelled watch (dear, busy, industrious hands—did they ever teach their wealthy, petted mistress, I wonder, the lesson of patience and faithful duty which those little golden pulses throbbed out day after day, and month after month!) indicated the hour of six, and Herbert was not coming till eight. Dear, dear, what a weary time it was to wait, Miss Julia thought. She had yawned over her embroidery, bored herself almost to death at the piano (though she played only Herbert's favorite songs), got sleepy over the last fashion plates, and crows over the last novel. She had paced the long parlors up and down, not because she was impatient for his arrival (she was too well-bred to love him heartily enough and healthily enough for that), but because she was alone in the house, with only the stupid servants to keep her company, and could think of nothing better to busy herself about—walked till her dainty feet fairly ached with their restless pacing back and forth. Then she had stopped before one of the long mirrors and arranged and re-arranged to suit her own capricious taste, the stylish braids of her abundant hair, petulantly wondering how much a fright her dressing-maid would make her, if left to herself.

"There's a beggar at the door, what wont be sent away all I can do, ma'am," said a servant, thrusting her head into the room, while the white, jewelled fingers were still busy at their task of unlooping and looping up again the silk-en, scented waves of braided hair.

"Nonsense, Nancy," was the peevish answer. "You presume on my good nature, because I happen to be alone this evening. Where's the earthly use of your coming to me with such stuff as that. Of course she'll go away if you tell her to."

"But she's such a pretty, scared, tender-looking little thing, ma'am, and so young, and has such a white, sad face, and such a tired way of speaking, that I hadn't the heart to send her away no better than she came, unless you are unwilling for me to take her into the kitchen—the back kitchen, of course, ma'am—and cheer her up a bit with something to eat and drink."

If Miss Julia had heard her described as old and infirm and haggard, ten to one she would have ordered Nancy to banish her from the premises instantly, though she was not naturally unkind at heart; but the servant girl's adjectives struck her fancy, as a pretty paragraph in a fashionable sensation sermon on charity might have done. A strange impulse came over her.

"You say she is young and pretty, Nancy," she said, glancing at her watch again, and yawning languidly. "If that is the case, she must be interesting, and you may show her in here. Don't roll your eyes out so, girl," she added, laughing at Nancy's stare of amazement, "but do as I tell you. I am dying of ennui, and perhaps she will serve to amuse me for awhile."

Amuse you, Lady Julia! God forbid!

What a sweet, white, mournful face it was that dawned upon her vision the next moment—with the roses blanched entirely out of the waxen cheeks—with the light of all womanly faith and joy and hope faded from the melancholy eyes, as though drenched away by constant weeping—with the delicate lips quivering, as in a pallid supplication for rest and peace—and the soft hair astray about the temples, as beautifully and sadly golden as sunshine on new-made graves. O yes, what a very sweet, white, mournful face it was—so wan, so pleading, so wistful, and so weary—with such a forlorn, dejected, pent expression lying about the young mouth, and over the low, smooth brow like a shadow! And what an old, old look it gave to the girlish countenance to have that little human bundle hugged to the youthful bosom beneath!

"Nancy told the truth—you are pretty," said Julia, speaking with impulsive frankness, and roused into something quite like interest, by her strange guest's youth and loveliness. "I never should have mistrusted you were a beggar though, you don't look like one. You are not at all like those horrid old things who beg in the street. If you had been, I shouldn't have let you come in

here," she added, puffing the trembling little figure forward into the full blaze of light, and then pushing her good-naturedly down into the delicious depths of a luxurious rocking-chair, against the crimson cushions of which, her face looked more thin and melancholy than ever.

"And indeed I am not a beggar, ma'am—that is, I have not been one long." The words were articulated wearily and slowly, as though all the frail young creature's strength was concentrated in the effort to speak them. "I never before to-day asked charity, ma'am—never indeed. But I could not see my baby starve—O, I could not, *could not* see my blessed darling starve."

Down underneath all the vanity and pride and selfishness of Julia Knowlton's surface character, there was a sealed fountain of tender, womanly feeling and gentle womanly charity, which the pathos of those few plaintive words stirred into sudden life.

"Poor thing!" she said, leaning over the chair, and smoothing back with her jewelled hand the loose gold of the straying hair—"poor thing! tell me your story—you have a story, I am sure."

"Not much—of—a—one—ma'am." Still more wearily and wanderingly came the faintly spoken words, and still more thin and pallid for their utterance, looked the attenuated face leaning back against the glowing velvet cushions. "It is a—very—very—old—story, ma'am. I was so young—so silly—so vain—so credulous—"

She stopped there, raised her head a little, and withdrew the ragged covering from the tiny bundle nestling at her breast, revealing a baby face still more wan, and sharp, and pitiful than her own, and holding it forward a little more into the light (drooping her head as she did so), as though that would finish her story for her better than words.

"You were seduced then?"

Julia said it, snatching her caressing hand away from among the golden coils of hair, as though they had been so many serpents, and stepping suddenly back, with the quick, cold instinct of self-righteousness freezing over for an instant the sweet waters of pity, so lately troubled to their depths. Seduced! What a hard, cold word it seemed, coming from those haughty lips, and what a wide gulf it fixed between those two young and beautiful women—so near together, because they were young and beautiful, and yet so infinitely far apart in the world's dimly seeing eyes.

It was a sad, sad picture, and any artist who could have wrought it out on canvass, might have brought the very angels down from heaven to weep above the production of his genius. A



sad, sad picture—the little, trembling, penitent outcast—a child in years and in strength—a woman only in her sin and its punishment of shame—shrinking and drooping over her starving babe, in the glare and gorgeousness of that luxurious room, and her more favored sister holding herself scornfully aloof, with the light gleaming over her silken raiment, revealing the flush and the angry darkness of pride on her beautiful face, flashing and throbbing over the jewels in her braided hair—over the delicate laces on her bosom, and the golden bracelets banding her round white arms!—a sad, sad picture!

But the angel came down and troubled the waters of Julia Knowlton's heart once again. There came before her, while she stood there, the memory of a sweet story that has been handed down to us through the centuries—the story of the Magdalen of old—the penitent Magdalen, who found strength and pardon and peace, because of the holy, pitying love and tenderness of her Divine Brother and Saviour! Somehow, though Julia was a frivolous, giddy woman of the world, that memory touched and softened her heart.

"Poor child!" she said, again leaning over the chair as she had done at first, and gathering away once more the soft, stray tresses from the drooping face. "Poor child! poor child! I pity you from my heart. You have been sadly wronged. What is your baby's name, dear?"

The bent face lifted itself at the question, flamed all over for an instant with the sudden stain of shame, like snow turning blood-red under the sunset, then grew white with a whiteness as of death, and fell back faintly among the ruby cushions.

"Herbert!"

"Herbert?—Herbert *what*, poor dear?"

"Herbert Fray, now. (What a feeble, forced, wandering whisper it was!) I have called him Herbert Granger—until—to-day—but I saw him—saw him—its father—and he was—cruel—O so cruel!"

With a face so changed that it seemed suddenly petrified into marble, Julia Knowlton turned away, and walked unsteadily to and fro, stretching out her clasped hands between herself and her guest, seeming to shrink away from the harmless, quiet little figure, as though the very sight of it hurt some tender place in her heart—seeming to shrink away, as that had shrunk away not long before, in the darkness and noise of the great crowded street.

Ah, even fashionable women have hearts sometimes, capable of loving and of suffering—and here, wrestling sternly with its pain, under

her jewelled boddice, was one of them. One of the barriers which she had so proudly built up between herself and the little outcast had been thrown down with such force, that her whole womanly soul recoiled from the shock. She went forward at last, still holding her clasped hands between herself and her guest, as though to ward off some apprehended hurt. But, O, how harmlessly still the fragile figure was lying! How pitifully white the thin face showed against the brilliant background of rosy velvet! How strangely close the long, fair lashes clung to the sunken cheeks! Was she asleep?

"Wake up, dear!"—the clasped hands were still between them—"wake up, and come with me to the kitchen. I ought to have thought of it long ago, you look so famished and exhausted. Are you not hungry?"

The baby stirring in its ragged blanket, woke up and smiled in her face. That was all the answer that she received.

"Come, wake up! It is strange you could go to sleep with *that* name on your lips." (The hands were shudderingly unclasped then, and one of them was laid gently on the sleeper's shoulder to rouse her.)

Ay, you may unlock your hands without fear, Lady Julia. The poor thing will never hurt your heart any more with her sad history! You may clasp the slender shoulders, and bend down closely over the pallid, mournful face, and call her by name, and try to waken her by the mention of food (you could have wakened her so yesterday, or the day before, or even a week since, for she was hungry as long ago as that—but you cannot waken her now.) God's saddest angel has been in your presence when you knew it not, and a ransomed spirit went out with him into the mystery of the unknown hereafter, never to know hunger, or cold, or sin, or shame, any more forever.

People wondered why the match was broken off between the handsome Herbert Granger and the beautiful heiress, Julia Knowlton—they had seemed so devoted to each other! And they wondered still more, as the years went by, why she remained single, and what strange whim had got into her head that she should adopt and educate as her own that pale-faced little pauper boy, whose antecedents no one knew or could even guess at. Perhaps if they could have looked into her heart, knowing whose child it was, and seen that she loved it less for its own sake than for its erring father's, yet loved it greatly for its own, they would have wondered still the more. But so it was.

[ORIGINAL.]

## NIGHT THOUGHTS.

BY MELINDA LEWIS.

The moonbeams are lighting the hills and the vales,  
While night's deepest silence o'er all things prevails;  
The stars shining brightly their watches still keep,  
And Nature reposes to quiet and sleep;  
But the mind is still active, and sends forth the ray  
That illumines our life like the first beams of day.

We listen with rapture to Nature's sweet hymn,  
At morn, or at eve when the daylight grows dim;  
In the hour when we turn to the past, and reflect  
On the hearts that we love and the minds we respect;  
And 'tis well thus to cheer the sad spirit and lone  
With music and memory, the lovely and gone.

And each hour has its lesson to kindly impart,  
If we yield to its teachings a true willing heart;  
Some breathings of heaven to throw o'er the gloom  
And the cares of the world, like a wreath on the tomb:  
Where the forms of the loved and the lovely repose,  
Where bloom in sad beauty the violet and rose.

But at this seeming pause when deep silence bears sway,  
When thoughts are more free, and glad spirits obey  
Their heavenly missions, we wake to the power  
Of truth, that seems born of the loneliest hour:  
And the world stands unveiled to our vision, and light  
Shines forth like the stars in the deep shades of night.

O, heed its grave teachings, for wisdom and worth  
Are more to be sought than the riches of earth;  
And the inward revelations are given to guide  
To freedom and happiness—all things beside  
May be doubted, if ever conflicting they prove  
With their judgment of truth and the spirit of love.

[ORIGINAL.]

## THE UNWELCOME MONITOR.

BY EDWARD D. PRABODY.

SOME years ago I was appointed agent for an extensive firm in the city of New York, and was obliged by the duties of my office to travel frequently in the Western States. In those days the means of communication between different parts of the country were much less extended than at present, and in consequence I very often performed long journeys on horseback, concealing commonly large sums of money about my person. For the better security of life and property, which were not seldom endangered in the less populous districts, I invariably made it my practice to go armed; and being naturally of a fearless turn, rather enjoyed than otherwise the sense of danger from which I was never wholly free. One of my adventures—and I met many well worth narrating—involved circumstances which at the time seemed to border on the su-

pernatural, and which, although subsequently explained in part, have always been in a great measure mysteriously inexplicable. No system of psychology has ever yet succeeded in analysing these occult operations of the mind, by which the imagination is determined to represent on its canvass scenes which are yet enveloped in the impenetrable darkness of futurity. But to my story.

The occasions of my business in the year 183—, rendered it necessary for me to traverse alone the western part of the State of Ohio, and I made the journey, as usual, on horseback. This State, now one of the most lustrous stars in the federal constellation, was at that time eclipsed in glory by many a sister luminary which has since grown dim beside it. The greater part of my route lay through a thinly peopled region, in which the houses were "like angel's visits, few and far between," and in which I was frequently obliged to put up with accommodations of the very plainest description. One wet, raw, windy day in October I had ridden further than common on a wretched road, which had greatly tasked the powers of my willing horse; and as the afternoon wore away, and still no signs of a house appeared, I began to feel anxious no less on his account than on my own. Just before evening closed in, however, I was overjoyed by the distant prospect of a house, rudely built, indeed, but as welcome to my eyes as the low-lying shores of Guanahani to the strained vision of Columbus and his comrades. Patting the neck of my jaded steed, and speaking encouraging words to him, I pushed on to the haven which promised us rest after the toil and weariness of the day's exertions. Through the uncurtained windows of the lower story streamed out into the increasing darkness a cheerful light, whose waver- ing brightness indicated an open fire-place. As I drew near the house, I could partially discern through the gloom the shapes of irregular sheds and outbuildings attached to the main structure; but I only cursorily glanced at these, being more intent on reaching the inside than scrutinizing the outside of the edifice. The sound of my horse's hoofs attracted the attention of the inmates, and a man issued from one of the outbuildings, bearing a dark lantern which entirely concealed his own figure, while it plainly revealed mine.

"Can you take care of my horse, and give me food and lodging for the night?" I inquired. "We are both exhausted, and can hardly go further before to-morrow."

"Yes," was the laconic answer.

I dismounted and followed the man as he led

my horse into the barn; and having seen him well provided for, we went without an additional syllable into the house. My companion all the while, whether accidentally or designedly, kept the bright side of the lantern constantly turned toward me; and it was not until we entered the apartment containing the fire, that I could fairly obtain a sight of him. I involuntarily turned my gaze upon him before even glancing at the room into which I now entered, impelled by an irresistible curiosity for which I was at a loss to account. He was a man of rather more than the average stature, with a breadth across the shoulders I have never but once seen equalled; indeed, so athletic was his appearance that I saw instantly I was but a babe in comparison of physical strength, although at least two inches his superior in stature. His features were not ill-shaped; if it had not been for a low forehead, he might have been called almost good looking; his complexion, however, was dark, and a profusion of bushy beard rendered the expression of his mouth hardly visible. I was just turning my eyes from his face to observe the aspect of my new quarters, when for a second his glance met mine; it was instantaneously averted, but a thrill of horror, loathing and dismay shot through my frame like an agonizing electrical shock. It was a rather small, black eye the other being sightless and nearly shut, which had thus powerfully affected me; in its horrible glitter seemed to lurk the concentrated quintessence of devilish malignity. No words can describe the convulsive recoil with which I shrank from that glimpse into the depths of his soul; it was as if the earth had yawned beneath my feet, and in the blackness of the gloomy abyss I had half desecrated the deeper blackness, vast and ill-defined, of the prince of evil. With an immense effort of will, however, I shook off the influence of the man, and directed my attention to the objects that surrounded me. The room was not large, and was roughly plastered, although dingy and dirty. At one end was a rude attempt at a bar, formed out of unplanned boards; and behind this sat a woman of about thirty, with a wild expression of despair on her face; not impulsive and ungovernable, but graven in sharp lines on every feature, as if it were the sculptured countenance of a condemned criminal. On one side of the fireplace sat a man with his legs up against the side of the room, looking moodily into the fire, and smoking a clay pipe, black as the chimney-back; he did not raise his eyes once towards me. On the other side sat a dog on his hind legs, a rough, nondescript-looking animal, with a sullen yet honest stare in his

eye, as he surveyed me, growling low all the while. The furniture of the room was of the rudest kind, consisting of a few chairs and a table, on which lay a large jack-knife, and a piece of plug tobacco; one tallow candle stood near by, with a long smoky wick.

I took a chair and sat down by the fire, and asked if they could give me any supper. The woman arose, and without saying a word, set on the table from behind the bar, a half eaten leg of ham, a loaf of bread, and a jug of milk, and then resumed her seat in silence. My conductor sat down near the fire, with his face half turned away from me, and lighting a pipe, puffed away, likewise in silence. My nerves are none of the most susceptible, but by this time the gloom of the party had thoroughly infected me, and my feelings were not to be envied, as I heartily wished the morrow were come. The one-eyed man rose at last, and went to the bar.

"Well?" said the woman, coldly.

"Brandy," was the reply.

"You've had enough, already," she retorted, bitterly.

"You lie," he answered, with a fierce oath, "I've got to stick the hog early in the morning, and I want some more."

"You'd rather stick the hog than kill a chicken, any day," exclaimed the woman, passionately, "I hate you, you brute."

"You do, do you?" sneered he. "Give me the bottle, or I'll break it over your head."

"Take it yourself," groaned she, leaving the bar, "I wish you were dead, and me too."

The man took the bottle and drank a long draught from it, casting at the same time a menacing look towards the woman, and shaking his head at her threateningly. The woman shuddered, and covered her face with her hands. I could not stand it any longer, and abruptly asked to be shown to my chamber.

The man, taking up a candle, motioned me to follow him, when the dog, which had been quiet before, evinced signs of great uneasiness, and, after trying to arrest my notice by a series of hybrid noises, halfway between a bark and a whine, seized hold of my pantaloons, and held me fast.

"Curse the dog," muttered the man, with an awful oath, under his breath, and adding, "Don't mind the cur," he dealt the poor animal such a kick with his heavy boot as sent him flying across the room with a yelp of pain.

Without further delay he conducted me up a narrow flight of stairs into a room containing a tolerably decent bed, a washstand, table, and a couple of chairs. Setting the candle down, he

left the room and went down stairs. No sooner had the door closed behind him, than I noiselessly bolted it, and placed all the available furniture in the room against it, which operations considerably alleviated the uneasiness of my mind. As I turned towards the table to examine my pistols, I was startled at seeing in a cheap looking-glass which rested against the wall, the reflection of the end of my money belt, just visible between my waistcoat and my pantaloons. I commonly wore this next my body, but on this morning I had accidentally forgotten it till nearly dressed, and had therefore strapped it around me hastily, as I had little time to spare. I recollected with no slight disquietude the opportunity of observing this which had been afforded by the dark lantern; and the enigmatical remark of the woman, the diabolical look of my host, and the suspicious behaviour of the dog, simultaneously recurred to my mind, and contributed greatly to increase this disquietude. My first impulse was not to go to bed at all; but my second was to apostrophize myself under the title of "infernal fool," and, following the line of conduct implied, although hardly expressed, in this remark, I took off my clothes, and plunged into bed.

The wild moanings of the wind kept me listening for a while to their gusty music, and enhanced the feeling of awe which I strove in vain to banish from my breast. After an hour or two, however, as every thing seemed perfectly still, the fatigue of my journey gained the mastery of all anxiety, and I fell into a state akin to sleep, but distinguished from it by my retaining a consciousness of where I was and how I was circumstanced. I was powerless to move or act, but I seemed gifted with an almost supernatural acuteness of mental activity, by which I took cognizance of the least noise or disturbance. In this abnormal condition I appeared to remain tranquil for a long time, seeing and hearing altogether independently of physical organs of sense, when I became aware in my dream—for it was only an unusual kind of dream—of a scratching noise just outside my chamber window, which was near the head of the bed. This grew louder and louder, until, bursting the spell of inaction which had hitherto bound me hand and foot, I appeared to leap up and rush to the window. All without was hidden in inky blackness, and the candle I had left burning on the table was flickering in its socket, evidently about to expire. With a great effort I flung up the casement, and peered eagerly into the gloom, but I could discern nothing; and as I was on the point of closing the window again, for the wind was high, and sent a

shiver all over my frame, a large object brushed against my hands, and leaped into the room. I started back, and giving a hurried glance round the chamber, saw by the latest flicker of the dying candle, the form of the strange-looking dog. I had seen down stairs, sitting on the bed bolt upright, and staring at me. The next instant I was in utter darkness.

For some moments, I hardly knew how long, I stood motionless, while a crowd of conflicting emotions swept across my mind; but soon recovering myself, I luckily remembered there was plenty of matches in my cigar case; toward my coat pocket therefore I groped my way, and securing them, struck one of them. What was my joy to see standing on the wooden mantel-piece a second candle, half burned, but still able to give light for a couple of hours, at least? This was speedily kindled, and then, turning towards the dog, I approached the bed. The animal seemed to have no ill-natured designs, but as I drew nearer, turned his nose upward, and gave a low growl, and finding I did not heed his pantomime, but stretched out my hands to seize him, he repeated the action, and took every possible means to direct my attention to the ceiling. Without understanding his desire at the time, I involuntarily glanced upward, and conceive my horror at seeing directly over the head of my bed, the faint but distinct outlines of a large trap-door.

My frozen blood had hardly begun to tingle along my veins once more, when my eyes, firmly rivetted on this mysterious object, plainly perceived it tremble, and commence slowly to open. The dog observed this likewise, and uttering a loud howl, sprang from the bed and out of the still open window. The door, nevertheless, ascended gradually, and just as a furious gust of wind swept by, and with one of its eddies extinguished the candle, a large, heavy something fell with a crash upon the bed. With a gasp and a cry of suffocation, I started, and opening my eyes, discovered I had been dreaming; and the sense of bewilderment accompanying my waking did not prevent a feeling of intense relief.

At first I could not recollect where I was, and fancied I must be at home; but a few seconds sufficed to dispel the illusion. Casting my eyes round in an effort to identify myself and ascertain my position, I saw the candle on the table flaring up every now and then in a desperate struggle for existence. Hastily glancing at the mantel, I saw another candle, half burned, which I had not noticed when I went to bed. I was now thoroughly aroused, and with a foreboding apprehension, looked up at the ceiling, and, O

heaven, in the dimness of the light I saw the regular figure of a rectangle traced upon the plastering directly above me. Every muscle of my whole body was paralysed by this discovery, and a weight seemed to lie with crushing force upon my chest; and with a spirit now completely overcome by superstitious terror, I lay attempting to summon sufficient resolution to arise, and examine the chamber more closely, when—hark, could it be?—yes—no—yes, there was, unmistakably, a faint sound outside my window, resembling the noise of a dog's claws against the wall. It grew more and more distinct, accompanied at intervals with a low whining, and an occasional short, sharp yelp. No sooner had I become convinced that this was really the case, than my self-possession returned; I got up, put on my clothes, took one pistol in my hand, leaving the other under my pillow, and walked resolutely towards the window.

My candle had become extinguished by this time, and as I looked out into the black abyss of night, I saw that the clouds, dashed here and there with spots of silver, were breaking up, and that before long the moon would appear. I threw open the window, and at once, as if borne by the gust of wind which rushed into the apartment, in leaped the black dog which seemed so mysteriously connected with this singular adventure of mine. I was now completely my own master; by a vigorous effort of the will I quelled the shadowy fears which besieged my heart, and looked out with straining eyes to discern, if possible, the means by which the dog could thus make his appearance outside a second story window. A transient moonbeam showed me one of the numerous outbuildings before mentioned, at right angles with the wall of the house, and from the eaves of this all along the side of the house extended a narrow plank, about five inches wide. A thick black cloud obscuring the moon again, precluded further observation, and I turned from the window.

I felt confident that my cigar case was empty of matches, but, to test the accuracy of my dream, I felt for it, opened it, and discovered at least twenty. I struck a light, and, as I expected, there was the dog upon the bed, in the very attitude of the vision. All doubt now vanished from my mind that I had been mysteriously warned of intended foul play of some nature, and I stood a moment revolving in my mind the best course of action. This I speedily decided on. Going up to the dog, I caressed him, and was on the point of carrying him to the window, when—to make my dream more exact a prophecy—he turned his nose towards the ceiling, and

commenced whining very low. I instantly seized him, and hurled him out of the window, with some little compunctions at thus treating my only friend in the accursed house, but I could make no delay.

Laying some clothes on the bed in the form of a man, as nearly as possible, and extinguishing the candle, I retired to the farthest corner of the room, and, sitting down in one of the chairs I had placed against the door, with my revolver in my hand, determined to await the issue of events. For half an hour I sat perfectly still, listening to every whistle and sigh of the wind, which blew intermittently through the window I had left open, and straining my eyes, whenever there was a gleam of light, to discern whether there was any movement in the trap-door. At last, when a momentary ray shone in, I saw it partly open, and now I anxiously waited in silence and darkness for the next development of this awful mystery. Presently I heard a low creaking, as of ropes, then a tremendous crash, the report of a pistol, the sound of heavy feet overhead, and the fall of some dull, yielding body outside the window. The pause which followed these almost simultaneous noises, was broken by low groans of pain from the ground beneath my window, and the general murmur of a great disturbance in the lower part of the house. I hastily re-lit the candle, and going to the bed, found a vast stone had been dropped upon the pillow where my head had previously lain. Suddenly remembering the pistol I had left beneath the pillow, with the exertion of my utmost strength I rolled off the massive stone, and found the pistol discharged.

Instantly the truth flashed across my mind. I rushed to the window, and looking down, saw the woman, and the man I had noticed in the bar-room the night before, bending with torches in their hands over the prostrate body of my host, who was evidently in the agonies of death. The ruffian had been waiting on the outside of the window until the accomplice had performed his hellish work, in order to rob my mangled corpse of the money he knew I had in my possession; and the pistol being accidentally discharged by the fall of the stone, the ball had pierced his brain, entering through the evil eye which had given me such a thrill of horror.

At the discovery of this hideous plot, and the awful retribution with which Divine Justice had punished its author, my senses threatened to desert me; but, reflecting that in such a house I could hardly be safe, no sooner had they carried the dying man within, than I clambered down outside, took my horse from the stable, and

mounted him unobserved. As I passed the house, however, and looked back at the room I had so recently occupied, and which had so nearly been the scene of a far different tragedy, I saw lights in the window. The sound of my horse's hoofs drew the attention of the man within, who had ascended to see what had become of me, and to ascertain the cause of his comrade's death; and instantly levelling a rifle at me, he fired. As I was looking at him at the very moment, I anticipated his action by clapping spurs to my horse, thereby somewhat disconcerting his aim, and in all probability saving my own life, for the ball grazed my shoulder, causing a scar which remains to this day. Ten long miles had my good horse to gallop before I reached the nearest justice of the peace, and returning as speedily as possible, we found our birds flown, and the house half burned to the ground.

No information in regard to them could be obtained, except that they had lived in this habitation about two years, and had been shunned and feared by the settlers of the neighborhood. The conflagration of the house was arrested, but nothing was discovered, throwing any light on the matter. The body of the foiled murderer was taken, charred, and scarcely recognizable, from the ashes of his dwelling, where he had apparently been flung by his associates as the quickest mode of burying him. Having ascertained the futility of further investigation, at least for the present, we rode away; and passing through an adjacent wood, the dog which had played so strange a part in this most strange drama, made his appearance suddenly on our left, and followed our horses to the village of R—. In gratitude for his efforts to preserve me from destruction, I henceforward shared my own home with my unwelcome monitor.

#### FLAXEN RINGLETS.

Poets have often sung in raptures of blue-eyed, laughing, flax-haired girls, but George Speight, of London, a thoroughly practical man, understands things better than those dreaming rhymesters who make sonnets to their sweethearts. He has just taken out a patent for making plaits and curls for head-dresses and other head ornaments, and employs Russian or American hemp, dyed to the exact shade desired, and glossed up with aromatic grease, and curled to adorn the head of some happy fair one, either with flowing auburn or raven locks, as may be desired. When it is taken into consideration that long brown hair, for making ladies' artificial curls, costs from \$10 to \$12 per pound, Mr. Speight may be considered a sort of benefactor to all those individuals deficient in natural cranial ornamentation, although we think his invention will spite the girls in Normandy, who cultivate their hair expressly for our wig-makers.—*Scientific American*.

#### A CEYLON JUGGLER.

As this was one of the idle seasons of the year, during which labor is suspended while waiting for the rains of the monsoon, ere re-commencing the sowing of rice, the Kandyaans were lounging about their villages, or gathered in groups by the roadside, engaged in listless and sedentary amusements. In one place, a crowd was collected to watch the feats of a juggler, who, to our surprise, commenced his performance by jumping up on to a pole, and placing his feet upon a cross bar six feet from the ground. On this he coursed along by prodigious leaps, and returning to the audience, steadied himself on his perch, and then opened his exhibition. This consisted of endless efforts of legerdemain: catching pebbles from his confederate below, which, upon opening his closed hand, flew away as birds; breaking an egg shell, and allowing a small serpent to escape from it; and keeping a series of brass balls in motion by striking them with his elbows, as well as his hands. Balancing on his nose a small stick with an inverted cup at top, from which twelve perforated balls were suspended by silken cords, he placed twelve ivory rods in his mouth, and so guided them by his lips and tongue as to insert the end of each in a corresponding aperture in the ball, till the whole twelve were sustained by the rods, and the central support taken away. This and endless other tricks he performed, balancing himself all the while on the single pole on which he stood. He took a ball of granite, six or seven inches in diameter, and probably fourteen pounds weight, and, standing with his arms extended in line, he rolled it from the wrist of one hand across his shoulders to the wrist of the other, backward and forward repeatedly, apparently less by raising his arms than by a vigorous effort of the muscles of his back; then seizing it in both hands, he flung it repeatedly twenty feet high, and, watching it in its descent till within a few inches of his skull, he bent forward his head, and caught the ball each time between his shoulders; then, bounding along the road, still mounted on his pole, he closed his performance amid the smiles of the audience—*From Sir J. Emerson Tennent's Ceylon*.

#### HABITS OF THE MARMOSET.

When properly tamed, the marmoset will come and sit on its owner's hand, its little paws clinging tightly to his fingers, and its tail coiled over his hand, or wrist. Or it will clamber up his arm and sit on his shoulders, or if chilly, hide itself beneath his coat, or even creep into a convenient pocket. The marmoset has a strange liking for hair, and is fond of playing with the locks of its owner. One of these little creatures, which was the property of a gentleman adorned with a large bushy beard, was wont to creep to its master's face, and to nestle among the masses of beard which decorated his chin. Another marmoset, which belonged to a lady, and which was liable to the little petulances of its race, used to vent its anger by nibbling the end of her ringlets. If the hair were bound round her head, the curious little animal would draw a tress down, and bite its extremity, as if it were trying to eat the hair by degrees. The same individual was possessed of an accomplishment which is almost unknown among these little monkeys—namely, standing on his head.—*Wood's Illustrated Natural History*.

## The Florist.

There's a tree that blossoms in winter time,  
In spite of tempests, and wind, and snow;  
And fruit as bright as in tropic clime  
On its fresh green branches wave and glow;  
No matter how gloomy the winter be,  
There's sure to be fruit on the Christmas-tree.

MARY M. CHASE.

### General Care of Flowers.

Numerous plants, which it would require too much space to enumerate, will need attention at this time. Pelargoniums require some special attention; re-pot all the plants intended for early bloom, and carefully train out the branches, so as to make bushy plants; nip off the ends of the growing shoots; keep in a light and airy part of the house, near the glass, and fumigate often, to keep down the green fly. *Asclepias* will show signs of a fresh growth, and as soon as they do, water more liberally. *Cinéraires* will need to be shifted, if growing fast; keep them near the glass, and practice fumigation regularly, as the green fly is destructive to the beauty of this plant. *Achimenes* and *gloriniæ* may now be re-potted, placing them in the warmest part of the house, and water sparingly for a week or two.

### Cistus.

The rock rose. Beautiful hardy and half hardy shrubs, which grow freely in a mixture of loam and peat, and are readily increased by cuttings planted under a hand-glass, layers or seeds, which are ripened in abundance. Most of the species are of low growth, and are generally used for rock-work. The dwarf kinds being generally tender, will require a slight protection during severe winters, when they are planted out for rock-work. There are several other kinds of *cistus*, but none so beautiful as this rock rose.

### Isoranda.

A climbing plant, a native of Brasil, with beautiful lilac flowers, shaped like those of the catalpa. The wood is said to be the rosewood of commerce. In England it requires a stove. It should be grown in a mixture of loam and peat, and it should be kept nearly dry during the winter. It is propagated by cuttings, which should not be deprived of their leaves, and which must be struck in pure sand under a glass. Some persons suppose the rosewood to be a kind of mimosa.

### Divea.

This is the smallest of trees—and though some kinds of willow are of still lower growth, they are too herbaceous in the texture of their stems to be legitimately entitled to the rank of trees. The *divea*, on the contrary, is as completely a tree as an oak, though it seldom grows above three feet high. It grows in marshy soil, and if transplanted, should be grown in peat kept constantly wet. It is a pretty little tree, and very curious on account of its perfect yet Lilliputian form.

### Arenaria.

Pretty little plants, with flowers shaped like those of the pink. Most of the species are natives of Europe, and they are all quite hardy. The flowers are red, white and purple. These plants are easy of culture in any dry, sandy soil, and they are particularly suitable for rock-work.

### Sarcanthus.

East Indian epiphytes, nearly allied to *vanda*, which should be grown on logs of wood.

### Protection of Roses.

Many plants require protection during the winter, and especially many kinds of roses. They should be carefully bent down to the ground, and fastened there by stakes, and their tops covered with leaves, seaweed, or a light dressing of litter, which is perhaps the better article of covering. Hybrid perpetual roses always should receive this amount of protection. The Bourbon, Noisette, China and Tea varieties are more tender, and require greater care to preserve them through the winter, which may be given in the following manner:—Peg the shoots carefully to the ground, set boards a foot wide around the margin of the bed, fastening them in an upright position with stakes; throw a few leaves and a little dirt over the tops of the plants, then fill up the space within the boards with spent tan-bark, and over the whole lay a few boards, so as to shed the rain. In the spring remove the covering a little at a time, and the plants will be found in perfect health.

### In-door Plants.

A few hints concerning the treatment of in-door plants may now prove acceptable. All persons should recollect that plants in the house are more liable to mould and damp off than those out of doors, because, though they may have light and heat, there is no wind to dry up the moisture. Keep well watered, but do not allow the water to stand round the roots. Dust suffered to remain on the leaves of plants is very injurious. Occasional washing of the foliage with a mild decoction of quassia is very excellent—strengthens the plants and destroys insects. Plants should be turned daily, that every part may have an equal amount of sun.

### Dwarf Plants.

Tall plants are not desirable for house culture, and yet by a very simple method they may be so dwarfed as to be very attractive. Take a cutting of any plant you may wish to dwarf, and having set it in a pot, wait until you are sure it has taken root, then shift it to another. The pot first used must be very small, and the plant shifted from one pot to another, each increasing but slightly in size. This way of cramping the roots prevents the plant from growing vigorously—it will be healthy and flourishing, but dwarfish, bushy and compact.

### Isopogon.

Australian plants, with very curious leaves and flowers, nearly allied to *Banksia*. They should be grown in peat and sand, mixed with a little turfy loam, and the pot should be a third filled with potsherds broken small. These plants are very difficult to cultivate, as they are apt to damp off; the cuttings also are extremely difficult to strike.

### Remedy for Bugs.

The decoction of camomile leaves, if sprinkled over plants, will destroy bugs or insects; and the plant itself, if cultivated in a garden, will in a remarkable degree contribute to the health of plants.

### Peyronsia.

A genus of bulbous-rooted plants with rather small flowers, generally in corymbs, which require the usual treatment of Cape bulbs—the same treatment as the *iris*.

### Hardenbergia.

A new name given by Mr. Bentham to *Kennedyæ monophylla*, Australian climbing shrubs, and five other species of that genus, which have small purplish flowers.

**Lilies in Pots.**

Among the most beautiful of the lily tribe is the "*Lilium speciosum*," and its varieties—some of which are variegated, as if rubies were stuck all over their petals. To cultivate these in pots, a compost of one-third turfy loam, one-third turfy peat, and one-third decayed cow manure, with sand one-sixth of the whole added, is suitable. Pot them about this season; use large pots, and choose very strong double-crowned bulbs—two or three may be placed in a pot a foot in diameter; drain them well, and plant the bulbs three or four inches below the rim. When the stems are five or six inches long, fill up the pots with the compost, which will cause them to root up the covered part of their stems. As they rise too high for the frames, remove them to the greenhouse, where they will flower in great perfection, and retain their beauty a long time, if shaded from the heat of the sun. Plants are easily raised from seeds sown an inch apart in pans, and placed in heat; when up, place them in the greenhouse for two seasons.

**Moya.**

The most common species, *Moya carnea*, has curious waxlike flowers, from which drops a sweet, honeylike juice. It is a hothouse climber, which requires a light, rich soil, and is propagated by cuttings, which, however, will not strike without the help of bottom heat. It is sometimes grown in a greenhouse. In a warm situation, exposed to the sun. In this case, it should be trained close to the glass, and a mat, or some other covering, thrown over the roof of the house in severe weather.

**Photinia.**

A very beautiful evergreen shrub or low tree, formerly called *crataegus glabra*, which is nearly hardy, but thrives best when trained against a wall, in a sheltered situation. The soil should be sandy loam; and the plants are propagated sometimes by cuttings of the ripened wood, but more frequently by grafting or inarching on some of the hardy kinds of *crataegus*.

**Dracæna.**

The dragon-tree—Eastern trees and shrubs, with the habits of palms. They require the stove in England, and to be grown in peat and loam. The tooth-brushes called dragon's root are made from the root of the tree species cut into pieces about four inches long, each of which is beaten at one end with a wooden mallet, to split it into fibres.

**Vicia.**

The Vetch. The ornamental species are generally pretty climbing plants with pretty purplish flowers, natives of Europe. Some of the kinds, however, have white, pink, blue and pale yellow flowers. All kinds grow freely in any garden soil, though they thrive most when the soil is deep and sandy; and they are propagated by seeds or division of roots.

**Anigozanthus.**

Evergreen herbaceous plants from New Holland, with deep crimson flowers, one of which, *anigozanthus mangkessi*, well deserves a place in every greenhouse. It should have abundance of light and air, and grows freely in loam and peat kept moist. It is readily increased by division, or by seeds which it has ripened in this country.

**Wanatah.**

There is a Wanatah Camillia so called, because its bright crimson color resembles that of the true Wanatah plant or Tolopea of Botany Bay.

**Planting Bulbs and Tubers.**

Planting bulbs and tubers bears considerable analogy to sowing seeds. The bulb or tuber may indeed be considered as only a seed of larger growth, since it requires the combined influence of air, warmth and moisture to make it vegetate, and then it throws out stem, leaves and roots like a seed. There is, however, one important difference between them; the seed expands its accumulated stock of carbon in giving birth to the root, stem and leaves, after which it withers away and disappears; while the bulb or tuber continues to exist through the whole life of the plant, and appears to contain a reservoir of carbon, which it only parts with slowly and as circumstances require. In preparing the soil for bulbs the earth should be pulverized and enriched to a greater depth than if fixed for seeds. Bulbs in pots should be kept in comparative shade until they begin to start.

**Green Flies.**

The green flies cover the tender leaves and buds of the young shoots in myriads, and are extremely difficult to destroy, without spoiling the appearance of the shoots which have been attacked by them. Tobacco-water is an excellent remedy, if not too strong. It should be made by steeping half a pound of the best tobacco in a gallon of water—hot water; and as soon as the infusion is cold, the young shoots should be dipped in it, and suffered to remain a few seconds, after which they should be immediately washed in clean cold water before they are suffered to dry. If this be done carefully, the insects will be destroyed and the shoots will remain uninjured. Lime water may also be tried, if no more lime be used than the water will hold in solution; as unless the water be quite clear in appearance when applied, the plant will be very much disfigured with white stains of the lime.

**Sollya.**

This beautiful little shrub, though only introduced in 1830, is already as common as the *Fuchsia*, and it is a favorite everywhere. The leaves are evergreen, and the bright blue bell-shaped flowers, which are produced in tufts at the ends of the branches are so elegant that no one can see them without being filled with admiration. The plant is a native of New Holland, and it is nearly hardy, as it will stand in the open air if trained against a wall and slightly protected during the winter. It should be grown in peat and loam or heath mould, and it is propagated by seeds or cuttings. The fruit, which is a berry full of seeds, ripens freely; but the cuttings are very difficult to strike, and indeed, will rarely succeed with bottom heat.

**Marica.**

Fibrous-rooted plants, with very ornamental flowers, greatly resembling those of the Cape bulbs. Natives of Africa, some of which require a stove, and others a greenhouse, in this climate. They require the same culture as the *amaryllis*.

**Eutaxia.**

Australian shrubs, with yellow and orange pea-flowers, which, in England, require a greenhouse. They should be grown in light, peaty soil, and receive the general treatment of Australian shrubs. There are only two species.

**Xylosteum.**

Only the botanical name for the pretty Fly Honey suckle.



## Curious Matters.

### Remarkable Incident.

The Paris journals record the following singular and terrible fact:—"A physician, on his return from visiting a patient, ignited a lucifer match for the purpose of lighting his pipe. In doing this a spark fell upon his finger, stuck there, and burnt it. In an instant the pain increased to such a degree that he seized his incision knife, cut out the burnt part, and squeezed as much blood from it as he could. The pain continued to increase, and it was found necessary to amputate the finger. Some hours after the pain seized the whole hand, when he was obliged to lose that member. But it did not end there. The arm was next seized with the same agony; that was also obliged to be amputated. The following day the doctor died."

### An astronomical Clock.

There is in the town of Nantucket, Mass., an astronomical clock, made by Hon. Walter Folger, when he was only twenty-two years of age. The plan of the whole of its machinery was matured and completed in his mind before he commenced to put it together. It keeps the correct date of the year, and the figures change as the year changes. The sun and moon, represented by balls, appear to rise and set on the face of the clock, with all their variations and phases, as in the heavens. It also indicates the sun's place in the ecliptic, keeps an account of the motion of the moon's nodes around the ecliptic, and the sun and moon's declination.

### Abundance of Weeds.

An English botanist discovered, by careful examination, 7000 weed seeds in a pint of clover seed, 12,800 in a pint of congress seed, 39,440 in a pint of broad clover, and 25,500 of Dutch clover seed. In a single plant of black mustard he counted over 8000 seeds, and in a specimen of charlock, 4000; the seed of a single plant of common dock produced 4700 little docks. The white daisy has over 400 seeds in each flower, and sometimes fifty flowers from one root.

### Curious Tenant.

The Mobile Tribune tells the following:—"Yesterday a man was fishing for crabs at one of the wharves, and pulled up a common half-pint bottle. On examination it was found that there was a small crab in the bottle, which could not get out. The crab had evidently got into the bottle, and finding a good, safe harbor, stayed there—but, in the meantime, had grown too large to admit his exit from the bottle."

### Curiosities of Bible Literature.

It is a curious fact that there are about five hundred verses in Matthew's gospel that are also in Mark's, more than three hundred verses in Luke that are also in Mark, and about one hundred and twenty that are also in Matthew. Nearly one-half of the gospel by Matthew is to be found in Mark, and more than one-third of the gospel by Luke is to be found in Mark or Matthew.

### Singular Superstition.

A man was recently hanged in North Carolina, for a murder which he was incited to commit through a superstitious belief in witchcraft, believing that the old lady he killed had the power to conjure his wife and child to death—and while in a state of intoxication, he committed the deed under an erroneous notion of self-defence.

### Louis XIV.'s Bedchamber.

The bedchamber of Louis XIV., in the palace of Versailles, has been again thrown open to the public, after undergoing a complete renovation. Every portion of the furniture has been carefully restored, especially the bed on which the "Grand Monarque" expired. The bedstead, once regarded as a wonder of art, was made by Simon Lalobel, who worked at it for twelve years. On the bed is a coverlet embroidered by the ladies of St. Oyr, which was carried off into Germany during the troubles of the Revolution, and re-purchased by Louis Philippe. Two pictures representing the holy family, on each side of the bed, have been cleaned. The ceiling, which is by Paul Veronese, and was brought from Venice by Napoleon I., is in perfect preservation.

### The World's Weight.

Mr. Bailey, the president of the London Astronomical Society, has been for six years weighing the world in different ways, and is now sure that he has obtained its specific gravity so nearly accurate that his figures cannot err more than 0,0068. He places it at 5,6747. The total weight of the world in gross tons of 2240 pounds, according to his scales, is (6,063,165,592,211,410,488,889) six thousand sixty-two million one hundred and sixty-five thousand five hundred and ninety-two billions, two hundred and eleven thousand four hundred and ten millions, four hundred and eighty-eight thousand, eight hundred and eighty-nine tons.

### English and American Words.

The different uses of words in England and in this country are interesting. *Lumber*, which with us is applied to sawn timber, means *trash* in England. Where we say *boards*, the Englishman says *deals*. We take *baggage* on a journey; the Englishman only *luggage*. Our ladies are fond of *dry goods*; their English sisters are devoted to *haberdashery*. The Yankee cries *go ahead*; the Britisher says *all right*. The American travels "in the cars;" the Englishman "by the rail." The former sends a letter "by the mail," the latter "by the post." The one has a *bureau* in his bedchamber, the other only a *chest of drawers*.

### A living Skeleton.

At the University of Pennsylvania, Professor Leidy lately exhibited to the medical class at his lecture an extraordinary thin man by the name of Brown, from Falls township, Bucks county, Philadelphia. Dr. Lippincott, who introduced him at the University, informed them that he is forty-three years old, five feet ten and a half inches in height, weighs about seventy pounds, and generally enjoys very good health; was actively engaged at all kinds of farm work till twenty years ago, when this wasting away of his flesh commenced and proceeded very rapidly, and soon left him in his present attenuated form, with his intellect bright and unimpaired.

### Curious Accident.

A young man named Rooker, living in Chicago, met with a singular accident a few days ago. He had been using a pen-knife for some purpose, and laid it down into his cap. A short time after, forgetting all about the knife, he raised his cap to put it on, when the knife fell out, the blade penetrating entirely through his ear from the inside. The knife remained sticking fast to his ear until he drew it out.

### Invention of Bells.

The invention of bells is attributed to Pelonius, Bishop of Nola, Campania, about the year 400. They were first introduced into churches as a defence against thunder and lightning; they were first put up at Croyland Abbey, Lincolnshire, in 945. In the eleventh century and later, it was the custom to baptize them before they were used. The curfew bell was established in 1028. It was rung at eight in the evening, when people were obliged to put out their fires and candles. The custom was abolished in 1100. Bellmen were first appointed in London in 1556, to ring the bells at night and cry out, "Take care of your fire and candle; be charitable to the poor, and pray for the dead."

### New Architecture.

A style of architecture new to this country, is beginning to break out in the Fifth Avenue. It consists in the elevation of the roof to the height of about ten feet above the rest of the building, and at a small retreating angle with it. This is slated like an ordinary roof, but is, in effect, an additional half-story with windows. The appearance of the thing is odd and affords an agreeable diversity in the monotonous rows of brown stone fronts, all of the same pattern, which line the fashionable avenue. The style is evidently copied from dwellings on the continent. The fine marble structure now going up just above the Fifth Avenue Hotel, is to be topped off in this fashion.

### A Woman Passing as a Man for Forty Years.

A most extraordinary revelation was made at an inquest recently, before the coronor of Salford, England. The body of a man was found in the sluice at Mode Wheel, on the river Irwell, and in the evening an inquest was held. On inquiry, it was found that the deceased, who went by the name of Harry Stokes, was, in fact, a woman; that she had worked as a bricklayer for about a quarter of a century; that she had been twice married during that period; had kept a beer-shop in Manchester during the early part of her career, but in every way conducted herself as a man. The jury, after an examination, returned a verdict of "found drowned."

### A Golden Gutter.

The Journal de Constantinople gives an account of a curious religious ceremony which has just taken place in that city. It is the reception by the sultan of the golden gutter in which is collected the rain that falls upon the temple at Mecca, and which thenceforward is considered by the Mussulmans as holy water. This gutter has been carried from Mecca, and received by the sultan with pompous ceremonies. It has been placed in the old palace at Constantinople, where the arms, flags and other memorials of Mohammed are carefully preserved.

### Experimenting with Animals.

A Mr. Milne Edwards has been making some experiments in feeding animals whose limbs he had broken, with phosphate of lime. Out of six rabbits and ten dogs, whose legs he broke in the same way, half were fed on food mixed with ground bones, and their bones united much more rapidly than those of the unphosphated animals. He thinks the use in human cases would be decidedly beneficial.

### Ingenious Mechanism.

A miniature steam engine, complete in all its details, was exhibited at the California State Fair, of about one rat power, manufactured by Henry Rice, watchmaker, of Sacramento. A steam attachment was formed with a copper pipe no larger in diameter than an ordinary straw, connecting with the boiler outside, from which it received its supply; and when under a full head, its fly-wheel performed over two thousand revolutions a minute. Nothing could be more beautifully accurate in its adjustment. The cylinder has a three sixteenth inch bore, with seven-sixteenth inch stroke. It propelled a small turning-lathe, and elicited from the spectators many complimentary remarks to the skill of its manufacturer.

### An ancient Ship.

Ptolemy Philopater, who lived some two hundred years before Christ, had a ship with forty banks of rowers, being 560 English feet in length, being 190 feet longer than the Persia, and only 120 feet shorter than the Great Eastern; seventy-six feet from one side to the other; in height to gunwales it was ninety-six feet, and from the highest part of the stern to the water-line it was 100 feet, and it had four rudders, each sixty feet long. When it put to sea it held more than 4000 rowers and forty supernumeraries, and on the deck were 8000 marines. And besides all these there were a large body of men under the decks, and a vast quantity of provisions and supplies.

### A new Ventilator.

A gentleman residing in Middlefield, Ct., says that he has discovered and applied a new plan for ventilating rooms warmed by stoves, which is as follows:—Apply a vertical pipe to the front of the chimney, into which the lower end should enter below the stove-pipe, and the upper end approach within a few inches of the ceiling. In its operation the foul air from the top of the room rushes down into the chimney, to fill a partial vacuum occasioned by the draft from the stove-pipe above. By applying a damper to the pipe, its capacity may be adjusted as desired. This makes a cheap, trustworthy ventilator, and is easily applied.

### Curious Statistics.

The following curious account is given in "Appleton's Cyclopædia," of the number of horses in the various parts of the world:—"The general estimate has been eight to ten horses in Europe for every hundred inhabitants. Denmark has forty-five horses to every hundred inhabitants, which is more than any other European country. Great Britain and Ireland have 2,600,000 horses; France, 8,000,000; Austrian empire, exclusive of Italy, 2,600,000; Russia, 3,500,000. The United States have 5,000,000, which is more than any European country. The horses of the whole world are estimated at 57,420,000."

### A travelled Needle.

A correspondent of the Manchester Mirror says that a few days since a needle was taken from the outer and lower side of the foot, near the little toe-joint, of Mrs. Ira Atwood, of North Sandwich, New Hampshire, which she swallowed six years since. The needle was a shoe needle, a little over an inch long, and it was whole, but quite rusty. The lady was alarmed at the time she swallowed the needle; but she had felt no inconvenience from it; and had forgotten the circumstance until she felt a pricking in her foot, when the needle was discovered.

## The Housewife.

### Potatoes Escalloped.

Mash potatoes in the usual way; then butter some nice clean scallop-shells, patty-pans, or teacups, or saucers; put in your potatoes, make them smooth at the top, cross a knife over them, strew a few fine bread crumbs on them, sprinkle them with a paste brush with a few drops of melted butter, and set them in a Dutch oven. When nicely browned on the top, take them carefully out of the shells, and brown on the other side. Cold potatoes may be warmed up this way.

### To make Brilla Soup.

Take a shin of beef, cut off all the meat in square pieces, then boil the bone three hours; strain it and take off the fat, then put the broth to boil with the pieces of meat, a few carrots and turnips cut small, a good sprig of thyme, some onions chopped, and a stick of celery cut in pieces; stir them all till the meat is tender. If not cooking brown, you must color it.

### Potatoes fried whole.

When nearly boiled enough, put them into a steppan with a bit of butter, or some clean beef drippings; shake them about often to prevent burning, till they are brown and crisp; drain them from the fat. It will be an improvement, if they are floured and dipped in the yolk of an egg, and then rolled in finely sifted bread crumbs.

### German Puffs.

A quarter of a pound of almonds beaten very fine in a mortar with rose-water, six eggs well beaten, leaving out two of the whites, two spoonful of flour, two ounces of butter, a little nutmeg, and six ounces of sugar, all well mixed with a pint of cream, baked in buttered patty-pans, served up with wine sauce.

### Potato Soones.

Mash boiled potatoes till they are quite smooth, adding a little salt; then knead out flour or barley-meal to the thickness required; toast on a griddle, pricking them with a fork to prevent them blistering. When eaten with fresh or salt butter, they are equal to crumpets, even superior, and very nutritious.

### A plain Custard.

Boil a pint of new milk, keeping a little back to mix with a tablespoonful of flour. Thicken the milk with the flour, let it cool a little, then add one egg well beaten. Sweeten to taste. Set it on the fire again, and stir until the egg turns, but do not let it boil. A little lemon or almond may be added.

### Apple Egg Pudding.

Beat an egg well, then add a gill of water or milk, seven tablespoonful of flour, and a saltspoonful of salt. Mix well together. Pare and cut in pieces three middle-sized apples; stir them into the batter; boil in a cloth an hour; eat with melted butter, flavored with lemon.

### Johnny Cake.

Take a quart of sour milk, a teaspoonful of salt, sifted meal to make a stiff batter, a teaspoonful of dissolved saleratus; butter a pan, and bake nearly an hour.

### To clean Knife Handles.

Bone or Ivory handles of knives may be cleaned, when they have turned yellow, by rubbing them with fine emery.

### New Weather-Glass.

A correspondent says:—"For some years I have been in the habit of watching the condition of the gum in my wife's camphor bottle, and when not disturbed it makes a capital weather-glass. It answers as well as a barometer. When there is to be a change of weather, from fair to windy or wet, the thin flakes of gum will rise up; and sometimes, when there was to be a great storm, I have seen them at the top. When they settle clearly at the bottom, then we are sure of grand weather."

### To preserve Ivory Knife-Handles whole.

Never let knife-blades stand in hot water as is sometimes done to make them wash easily. The heat expands the steel which runs up into the handle a very little, and this cracks the Ivory. Knife-handles should never be in water. A handsome knife, or one used for cooking, is soon spoiled in this way.

### Bakers' Yeast.

Boil two ounces of hops one hour in nine quarts of water, take seven pounds of mashed potatoes, when the liquor is milk-warm, and add one pound of sugar, two ounces of carbonate of soda, half an ounce of spirits of wine, one pound of flour, and half a pint of brewers' yeast to work it.

### Bran Tea.

A very cheap and useful drink in colds, fevers, and restlessness from pain. Put a handful of bran in a pint and a half of cold water, let it boil rather more than half an hour, then strain it, and, if desired, flavor with lemon juice; but it is a pleasant drink without any addition.

### A Receipt for Pomade.

Three ounces of olive oil, three-quarters of a drachm of the oil of almonds, two drachms of palm oil, half an ounce of white wax, a quarter of a pound of lard, and three-quarters of a drachm of the essence of bergamot.

### To cleanse Gold.

Wash the article in warm suds made of delicate soap and water, with ten or fifteen drops of sal volatile. (The sal volatile will render the metal brittle—this hint may be used or left at pleasure.)

### A good Shaving Paste.

White wax, spermaceti and almond oil, of each a quarter of an ounce; melt, and while warm beat in two squares of Windsor soap, previously reduced to a paste with rose-water.

### Preserving Milk.

Take any quantity of really fresh milk, put it into a bottle well corked, and plunge it into boiling water a quarter of an hour.

### Remedy for House Ants.

Go at once to the nest and pour boiling water into it until the ants are destroyed. If they come in through a crack, stop it up.

### Felons.

To cure felons on the finger apply the spinal marrow of the ox on a piece of cotton rag, changing it every four hours.

### Soap.

Soft soap should be kept in a dry place in the cellar and should not be used till three months old.

**Cheap and Hasty Pudding.**

Take one common teaspoonful of sugar, three eggs, one tablespoonful of butter, three tablespoonful of sweet milk, one tablespoonful of baking powder, and flour enough to make of the consistency of sponge cake. Divide it in three parts, and bake quick in patty-pans. Put any kind of stewed fruit or mashed berries between each cake, and serve with a sauce of butter, sugar, a little seasoning to taste, and a small quantity of boiling water.

**Haricots of a Neck of Mutton.**

Cut the best end of a neck of mutton into chops, flatten them, and fry them a light brown; then put them into a large saucepan with two quarts of water, and a large carrot cut in slices. When they have stewed a quarter of an hour add two turnips cut in slices, the white part of a head of celery, a few heads of asparagus, some cabbage leaves, and pepper to your taste; boil all together till it becomes tender. The gravy is not to be thickened.

**Pickled Sweet Apples.**

To half a peck of apples make a syrup of two pounds of sugar and one pint of vinegar. Boil the apples in this syrup until tender, then remove them, make a syrup of two and one-half pounds of sugar and one pint of vinegar. Add one teaspoonful of cloves and the same of cinnamon tied in a bag. Boil the syrup twenty minutes, and pour it hot over the fruit.

**Wine Posset.**

Take a quart of new milk and the crumbs of a very small loaf, or roll, and boil them till they are soft; when you take it off the fire, grate in half a nutmeg, add some sugar to your liking, and then put it into a china bowl, and pour into it a pint of Lisbon wine carefully, a little at a time, or it will make the curd hard and tough. Serve it with toast.

**Broiled Pigeons.**

Procure young pigeons, draw them, split them down the back, and season them with pepper and salt; lay them on a grilliron with the breast upward; turn them, but be careful you do not burn the skin; rub them over with butter, and keep turning them until they are done enough; dish them up, and pour over them melted butter.

**Corn Cake for Breakfast.**

Mix at night two quarts of corn meal with water enough to make it stir easy, adding a small portion of yeast and salt. In the morning stir in three or four eggs, a little soda, and with a spoon beat it long and hard. Butter a tin pan, pour the mixture into it, and bake it immediately for about half an hour in a moderately heated oven.

**Mashed Potatoes.**

Mash them in a saucepan, adding milk, butter and salt until nicely seasoned; beat the potato until it becomes very light. Keep it near the fire; afterwards turn it into a dish, smooth it, and spread over the top the white of an egg, then brown a few minutes in the oven.

**Poisons.**

Poisons of any description, which have been intentionally or accidentally swallowed, may be rendered almost instantly harmless by simply swallowing two gills of sweet oil.

**Sago Pudding.**

Take two ounces of sago, boil it in water with a stick of cinnamon till it be quite soft and thick; let it stand till quite cold. In the meantime grate the crumb of a small loaf, and pour over it a large glass of red wine. Chop four ounces of marrow, adding half a pound of sugar and the yolks of four beaten eggs; beat them all together for a quarter of an hour, lay a puff paste round your dish, pour into it the mixture, and bake it a suitable time. Before serving it, stick it over with blanched almonds and bits of citron cut lengthwise.

**Partridge in Panes.**

Half roast two partridges, take the flesh from them, and mix it with a moderate quantity of bread crumbs steeped in rich gravy, half a pound of fat bacon scraped; two artichoke bottoms boiled and shred fine; the yolks of three eggs, pepper, salt, nutmeg and some lemon-peel cut very fine. Work all together, and bake in moulds the shape of an egg. Serve it up cold, or in jelly.

**Rice Flour Pudding.**

To one quart of fresh milk boiled add twelve teaspoonsful of rice flour (previously mixed smooth with a little cold milk), six eggs (the whites and yolks having been beaten separately), and a little salt. Then bake it carefully, and serve it with a sauce made of cream, butter, sugar, wine and a little nutmeg.

**Quaking Pudding.**

Boil one quart of cream, and let it stand till almost cold; then beat four eggs a full quarter of an hour with a spoonful and a half of flour; then mix them with your cream, adding sugar and nutmeg to your taste. Tie the mixture close up in a cloth well buttered, let it boil an hour, and turn it carefully out.

**Panada.**

Grate some crumbs of bread, and boil them in a pint of water, with an onion and a few whole peppers, till the mixture becomes thick and soft; then add two ounces of butter, a little salt, and half a pint of thick cream; stir it till it is like a fine custard, pour it into a deep plate, and serve it up.

**Wild Ducks, hashed.**

Cut up your duck as for eating, and put it in a pan, with a spoonful of good gravy, and the same quantity of red wine, and an onion sliced exceedingly thin. When it has boiled two or three minutes, lay the duck in a dish, pour the gravy over it, and add a teaspoonful of caper liquor.

**Sago with Milk.**

Wash your sago with warm water, and set it over the fire, with a stick of cinnamon, and as much water as will boil it thick and soft; then put in as much new milk or cream as will make it a proper thickness; grate in half a nutmeg, sweeten it to your taste, and serve in a china bowl.

**Water Gruel.**

Take one spoonful of oatmeal and boil it in three pints of water for one hour and a half, or till it is smooth and fine; then take it off the fire and let it stand to settle; then pour it into a china bowl, and add white wine, sugar and a nutmeg. Serve it hot, with some buttered toast.

## Editor's Table.

MATURIN M. BALLOU, EDITOR AND PROPRIETOR.

### THE TRAGEDY OF CITIES.

If we nowhere find the sunny side of life more splendid and attractive than in great cities, so also we nowhere find its shadows blacker or more funereal. To the moralist, how full of lessons is the life of one of these great centres of civilization! What an epitome of the tragedy-comedy which we call life does it present! Take a recent occurrence, which has been currently noted by the press, but detailed to us in a private letter from Paris, and ponder its ghastly features! The fashionable hive in the environs of the gay French capital is the Bois de Boulogne. It has been beautifully decorated with all that adds a charm to graceful and romantic nature. Yet the horses of the gay riders through its woodland paths, started at a strange object by the wayside—a lifeless human form hanging from a tree. One of the horsemen recognized the figure as that of a member of one of the oldest families in France.

The Count de Courtain was well known in former days as one of the most brilliant frequenters of Frascati's. Day and night he haunted the green cloth, and staked and lost the whole of a splendid fortune. Still he continued to haunt the pandemonium, borrowing, now and then, a trifle to try his luck. But fortune never smiled on him, and he sank deeper and deeper into the abyss of poverty. His friends assisted him, till it was folly to assist him. All the money he received, by whatever means, was swallowed up by the fatal bank. At last he only owed his daily bread, and a shelter for his head, to a wretched old fortune-teller who had once, like himself, known better days, and been the flattered idol of the theatre-going public, while her youth and beauty lasted.

But the old woman's profession at last ceased to bring her in anything, and, one by one, their miserable articles of furniture and dress were sold, to satisfy the cravings of hunger and the demands of the landlord. And one day, while the fortune-teller was absent, trying to beg a few sous, the inexorable landlord turned the old count out of doors, almost naked. A compassionate fellow-lodger gave him a greasy cap, a ragged sack, and a pair of patched pantaloons. But where was he to go? He had not a friend

left in the world. Starving and desperate, he tottered out to the Bois de Boulogne, and with the aid of a tattered neckcloth, hung himself. His body was conveyed to the dead house, but no one claimed it, and it was tossed into a common grave in the public cemetery.

Yet still the billiard-balls click, and the dice rattle, in the day-bright saloons of Paris. Still infatuated gamblers flutter, like moths around a candle, about the bright piles of gold before the *croupier*. Fascinating is *Rouge-et-Noir*! "Make your game, gentlemen, while the ball rolls!" The other day a wretched man, after losing his last son, blew his brains out at the table. They threw a cloth over the mutilated face, and took away the body; and the monotonous call went on—"Make your game, gentleman, while the ball rolls!" Reader, should you like to try your luck?

### THE WELCOME GUEST.

No sooner had our first number of this brilliant new paper been issued than the orders for it poured in upon us beyond all precedent, exhausting the edition, and compelling us to re-print it. Being of the mammoth size, and entirely filled with original and attractive reading matter, it is a marvel of interest and beauty. Several of our cotemporaries have frankly declared it to be the handsomest and most perfect weekly journal that has yet been produced in this country. Any one already a subscriber to the *Dollar Magazine* can receive *The Welcome Guest* for \$1 50 a year, thus making it the cheapest paper in America!

A CASE FOR THE LAWYERS.—We are always being told that "property has its rights;" but surely, in the matter of gloves and boots, property has its lefts as well as its rights.

O, DEAR!—The *Paris Pays* makes the extraordinary announcement that the people of Maine ardently desire to be annexed to Canada!

BOSTON.—If you would form a just idea of the rapid growth of this city, just take a walk from Dover Street, on Tremont, to Roxbury line.

## THE AGE OF HUMBUG.

Some people have been disposed to call the period we live in "the age of humbug," and they cite examples constantly occurring around us to prove the justice of the term. Only a few years since, they say, there was Matthias, the prophet, who pretended to be a messenger from Heaven, a new Messiah, gifted with divine power—among other gifts, that of being able to walk on the water—and though he was a vulgar fellow, though the sword he professed to have received from Heaven to wield as a symbol of authority, was a second-hand one that had belonged to a United States officer, and had an eagle and the maker's arms on the blade, though there were a thousand other proofs of his audacious imposture, still, he found followers even among shrewd business men, who yielded him their assent and their dollars. They point us to the vulgar impostor, Joe Smith, and to the vast array of followers that have sprung up from his ashes. Is it not the age of humbug? Why, but a short time since an English fortune-teller, a "Gipseey Queen," stopping at the plantation of Mr. Hezekiah Ferris, in Winchester, Franklin county Tennessee, told so palpable a story, that the hospitality of the plantation was tendered her. In a short time, she had completely secured the confidence of Mr. Ferris. On the day appointed for her departure, she called her host aside, and assuming an air of mystery, told him that an immense amount of gold was buried beneath his lands, which could only be secured after compliance with certain directions which she would give. The sugar planter was willing to do anything she might propose, and soon procured \$3000 in gold coin, which the queen said was necessary to enable her to commence operations. This money was to be placed in an earthen jar, covered with dirt, and the jar was to remain untouched for twelve days in a trunk, the key of which the queen was to keep. Mr. Ferris having acceded to these terms, the spell was initiated amid prayers and incantations. It is charged that the sorceress substituted lead for the gold at the first opportunity, and then departed, to return at the expiration of the twelve days. In the interval, Mr. Ferris was commanded to keep the whole matter a profound secret. The injunction was religiously complied with, but on the thirteenth day the deception was of course discovered.

But why multiply instances? Yet, after all, this is not pre-eminently the age of humbug. We must look to the elder and dark ages of the world. Then it seemed as if the community were divided into humbuggers and humbugged. Pop-

ular errors became hardened, crystallized and permanent. They endured year after year. With us, they have their season and then explode. Moreover, though it is a consoling fact for those who live by their wits, that there will always be plenty of fools in the world, still it cannot be denied that the number is decreasing. Humbugging is not the facile trade it used to be. It requires talent and tact, ingenuity and money. It is not a sure thing. It is hard to practise humbug, and less discreditable to be humbugged now than formerly. For one charlatan that succeeds, there are twenty that fail miserably. The world sees the success; it knows nothing of the failure, and hence we are apt to come to erroneous conclusions. The time, however, is approaching, even if gradually, when the light of intelligence will be so broad and steady, that deception will cease to be practised on any great scale, though

"Doubtless the pleasure is as great  
In being cheated as to cheat."

## THE WELCOME GUEST.

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THE WELCOME GUEST.

Step into the nearest periodical depot and get a copy, for *four cents*, of this new and brilliant weekly journal. It is full of good things, fresh and beautiful from the beginning to the end.

FOR COFFEE MANUFACTURERS.—The peanut is extensively cultivated in California, and will in a few years form an important article of commerce.

IN THE FAMILY.—A good weekly newspaper in a family, is worth more to the children than three hours' "schooling" per diem.

WORTH KNOWING.—A hot shovel held over varnished furniture will take out the white spots that may stain it.

RASCALLY.—The Mormons are still perpetrating fearful outrages upon the emigrant trains.

THE WIRES.—The telegraph wires are fast stretching from one end to the other of California.

A BAD BREAKING OUT.—Sixty "spots" on the sun may now be seen with a good telescope.

SILVER.—Some of the newly-discovered silver mines in California are wonderfully rich.

## ACCEPTED MASONS.

At an inn in a town in the west of England, several people were sitting round the fire in a large kitchen, through which there was a passage to other parts of the house, and among the company there was a travelling woman and a tailor. In this inn was a lodge of Free and Accepted Masons held, and it being lodge night, several of the members passed through the kitchen in their way to the lodge apartments. This introduced observations on the principles of Masonry, and the occult signs by which Masons could be known to each other. The woman said there was not so much mystery as people imagined, for that she could show anybody the Mason's sign.

"What," said the tailor, "that of the Free and Accepted?"

"Yes," she replied, "and I will wager you a half-crown bowl of punch, to be confirmed by any of the members you please to nominate."

"Why," said he, "a woman was never admitted, and how is it possible you can procure it?"

"No matter for that," said she, "I will readily forfeit the wager if I do not establish the fact."

The company urged the unfortunate tailor to accept the challenge, which he at last agreed to, and the bet was deposited. The woman got up, and took hold of the tailor by the collar, saying:

"Come, follow me," which he did, trembling alive, fearing he was to undergo some part of the discipline in the making of a Mason, of which he had heard a most dreadful report.

She led him into the street, and, pointing to the sign of the Lion and Lamb, asked him whose sign it was. He answered:

"It is Mr. Loder's" (the name of the inn-keeper).

"Is he a freemason?"

"Yes."

"Then," said the woman, "I have shown you the sign of a Free and Accepted Mason."

The laugh was so much against poor Snip for having been taken in, that it was with some difficulty he could be prevailed on to partake of the punch.

**QUICK WORK.**—A letter was lately sent from Paris to New York and a reply received back in Paris in three weeks, four days and nine hours. The Vanderbilt out and the Persia back were the mediums of transmission.

**A SLIGHT HINT.**—A woman may laugh too much. It's a fact, for only a comb can always afford to show its teeth.

## FLAYED ALIVE.

Some weeks since, a story went the rounds of the press, to the effect that a Mr. Haynes of Grayville, Indiana, having killed a squaw on the plains, was seized by a band of Indians, who, by the way of revenge, flayed him alive, and turned him loose to die. A correspondent of the Brother Jonathan gives the following interesting sequel to the narrative: "As I live within eighteen miles of that place, and know the unhappy man well, it may be interesting to your numerous readers to learn the sequel of that fearful and bloody event. It seems that after the Indians had got his skin, poor Haynes felt faint, and suffered a good deal of pain, as was very natural. One of his companions, in a spirit of compassion, offered the Indians a keg of whiskey for the skin, which the savages promptly accepted. Another contributed a box of Bump's all-healing salve, with which they anointed their flayed friend, and then drew on his skin again. The latest we have heard from the poor man is that 'the skin had took root,' and he was doing well. In the hurry of replacing it, however, his face was unfortunately set the wrong way, so that he will entirely lose the use of his nose, which now shows itself on the back of his head. Nevertheless, the man is in good spirits, and says that if he finds it inconvenient, he can easily overhaul the redskins again, get re-skinned, and then he will be particular to have the mistake corrected. Trusting this news from the flayed man will relieve the 'horrors' with which your readers must have perused the first account of his misfortune, I am, sir, truly yours."

**VERY GOOD.**—Theodore Hook was walking, in the days of Warren's blacking, where one of the emissaries of that shining character had written on the wall, "Try Warren's B——," but had been frightened from his propriety, and fled. "The rest is 'lacking,'" said the wit.

**FUNNY.**—A certain cockney once defined love to be nothing more than "an insane desire to pay a young woman's board."

**FORGETFUL.**—There is a man about Boston, just now, so near-sighted that he does not know himself two yards off—after dinner!

**COMPLIMENTARY, VERY.**—It is a fact that the bees mistake our Yankee girls for flowers, and "up" and sting them accordingly!

**COAL.**—Coal has been discovered in Van Buren county, Iowa.

## CIVILIZATION OF THE GORILLA.

We have noticed with much satisfaction that Mr. Paul du Chailu, of New York, an enthusiastic naturalist and hunter, has succeeded in bringing into this country several fine specimens of that newly discovered race of Troglodytes, known as Gorillas. Unlike most of the genus Simia, these fine fellows are, some of them, five and a half feet high, and one of them, it is stated, would be more than a match for any three champions of the ring in the world. What an accession to our population! If they can only be acclimated, what great results may flow from their introduction!

Much, of course, remains to be done with them. They are now in a crude state, and while commanding the admiration which the development of muscle is now everywhere exciting, in many respects they fall far below the popular standard. For instance, in spite of their extraordinary strength, they are peaceable and well-disposed, and are absurd enough to confine themselves to a fruit and vegetable diet, and the use of water alone as a beverage. But we do not despair of their reformation when subjected to the refining influences of our modern civilization. We have no doubt that they will learn from example to bully and swagger, to chew tobacco and to drink rum. When this is accomplished, they may take that rank in society which is justly their due. It is true that they cannot speak, but what of that? the gift of gab is so much abused in this country that it is really refreshing to find a living being destitute of it. The contrast between their silence and the insane utterances of our "swells" would not be striking or disadvantageous. When taught to walk erect habitually, and dressed in the height of fashion, it will require a nice eye to detect any difference between a civilized gorilla and a Broadway dandy.

A nice judgment and frequent experiment will be requisite to determine their social status, but eventually, we think, they will be nicely dovetailed into the brilliant mosaic of society. We see nothing to prevent their becoming admirable waltzers, and mastering the complications of the "lancers." This done, they will be most welcome guests at the balls of Fifth Avenuedledom, for they will be untiring. As male dancers on the stage, the educated gorilla would always command an engagement. Fancy one of them seizing Mlle. Hennecart, or Laura Wiadel in his arms and leaping up into the "flies!" It would be a stunning exhibition.

Politics, of course, would engage much of the time and attention of our civilized gorillas. They would be invaluable at primary elections,

and inestimable at the polls. They could easily be taught to distinguish the right ticket by the color, and then how gloriously they would hammer the rebels who attempted to vote any other! A troop of gorillas would beat all the shoulder-hitters in creation in the exercise of the high and enlightened privilege of smashing ballot-boxes.

We might expatiate on this theme to the extent of a volume, but we must resist the temptation from regard to our limits. We dare not hint even at all that our imagination suggests for the possible future of the gorilla in this free and happy country. We dare not say what the gorilla, capable of social distinction, enriched by industry and tact, might not aspire to; we dare not speak of the smiles of beauty; we dare not hint, as the result of the possession of gold and diamonds, worthily won and generously bestowed, at—at—a gorilla wedding!

CAN'T BE BEAT.—Among the vegetables exhibited at the recent California State Horticultural Fair, were a cabbage weighing fifty-three pounds, and a beet weighing one hundred and fifteen pounds. The latter is four feet long and nearly a foot through. It is two years old, having been replanted after exhibition last year, when it weighed forty-two pounds. There were stalks of corn twenty feet high with full ears sixteen inches long.

HIGH PRICE FOR A BOOK.—A copy of the first edition of Boccaccio's "Decameron" was sold in 1812, to the Duke of Marlborough, for two thousand two hundred and sixty pounds sterling, equal to nearly twelve thousand dollars. It is supposed that this is the highest sum ever paid for a book.

WESTERN JEWS.—The Jews of Cincinnati have agreed to close their places of business on the Christian Sunday, and to allow no business to be transacted on that day in their stores and offices.

NOVEL RACE.—The Albany Knickerbocker says a fellow in Albany is training a lobster to run a foot race with the one-horse steamer at the Bath Ferry. The lobster is to carry weight.

MYSTERY.—Mystery magnifies danger, as a fog the sun. The hand that warned Belshazzar derived its horrifying influence from its want of a body.

GOOD OLD AGE.—There is now in Liverpool a person named Elizabeth Roberts, who has attained to the age of 110.



**THE MISSION OF ROMANCE.**

A narrow-minded person might be led to argue, from the multiplication of fictitious writings, romances, novels, novelettes and tales, that the public taste was degenerating, and that the public mind was incapable of relishing and digesting solid mental aliment. But such a conclusion would be illogical and inconsistent with facts. Any bookseller will tell you that his historical and biographical works, his scientific essays, travels and sermons, meet with a ready sale, and the very persons who purchase his novels are the customers for his graver books; in other words, that a taste for fiction is no longer inconsistent with a taste for fact.

The truth is, that the character of fiction has changed with the times, and that truth must be the basis of romance-writing to be successful. The old antagonism to novels was neither bigotry nor prejudice. The character of the old-fashioned novel, with a few honorable exceptions, justified the war that good men waged on that species of literature. It was either absurd, frivolous or immoral; either wildly imaginative or detestably gross. When Don Quixote's best friends made a bonfire of his romances of chivalry, they were only serving rubbish as it deserved, and the hangman would have done the world good service if he had served in the same way nine-tenths of all the fictitious stuff of the past century. But bigotry continued the proscription which good sense initiated. The evil reputation of romance survived its sins. It remained for Scott and his splendid followers and compeers to achieve, during the present century, and within the memory of many of us, a complete "rehabilitation" of the proscribed novel. Scott, at first, "lone sitting by the shores of old romance," succeeded by his splendid pictures of the past in awakening the world to a relish for the gorgeous truths of history, and for faithful portraits of human nature. It was the element of truth embodied in his fictions, which gave them universal currency. His characters lived and moved and had their being. They are to us as actual existences as people whom we have met face to face. These stories of the great "wizard of the north" have led us to study history and human nature more closely; instead of weakening and disciplining the mind, they have led to its culture and strengthening. And centuries before, be it reverently said, the founder of our religion made the divine truths he imparted, more impressive by embodying them in the form of parables, professed fictions clothing undeniable truths.

Religious novels now form a large class by

themselves; but in all modern novels, truth is essential. The teachers of the million, recognizing the legitimate mission of romance, resort to it for enforcing their views. We have the religious novel, the moral novel, and the political novel; novels of society, novels of history, novels of war and the sea; we have even the prophetic novel, shadowing forth the possible future. The novel and the story of to day are what to some extent the drama was, and what it might be, the mirror of life. The great minds of the nineteenth century have recognized the truth, that, in dealing with human nature, it is worse than useless to war with innate tastes, and that the better way is to mould and shape instruction to the channels in which they flow. So that writers of fiction need no longer hang their heads, deeming theirs an "idle and unprofitable calling," but look the world boldly in the face, and take their ranks as teachers and benefactors. So long as this old globe of ours rolls on its axis, just so long will the popular mind crave for fiction and receive it.

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**HEAR THE OLD MAN.**—The venerable and Rev. Daniel Waldo says: "I am now an old man. I have seen nearly a century. Do you want to know how to grow old slowly and happily? Let me tell you. Always eat slowly—masticate well. Go to your food, to your rest, to your occupation, smiling. Keep a good nature and a soft temper everywhere. Never give way to anger—a violent temper of passion tears down the constitution more than a typhus fever."

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**A LONG TIME.**—An advertisement, setting forth the many conveniences and advantages to be derived from metal window sashes, among other particulars, said, "that they would last forever, and afterwards, if the owner had no further use for them, they might be sold for old iron."

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**SKATES.**—Last fall and winter our market was completely emptied of this article, none to be had; this year it is apparently overstocked.

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**DANCING GOTHAM.**—Young New York is fond of dancing. Two professors there have 1100 pupils each.

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**CINCINNATI.**—A superb new hospital is about to be erected in the queen city of the West.

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**PROGRESS.**—An Arab newspaper has just been started at Beyrout.

**A GALLANT BOY.**

A brave little boy who was left alone in charge of a dentist's office and lodgings in New Orleans, recently, was awakened in the night by the entrance of a burglar. With eyelids opened merely to a line, he saw him step to the side of the bed, look through the mosquito bar, and bend his head down to listen if the occupant betrayed signs of being awake. Satisfied with the scrutiny, the burglar took a piece of candle from his vest pocket and lighted it with a match. He then raised the mosquito bar and put his head under, holding the light in one hand and a bowie-knife in the other, the blade lying against the fore part of his arm. The lad preserved an appearance as if he slept, and fully satisfied with the last examination, the burglar stealthily and slowly passed into the apartment adjoining. The boy got quietly out of bed and made across the room which the thief had just left, to a drawer where were two pistols. The noise made in obtaining them was heard by the burglar, who rushed back and made at the boy, with knife uplifted, and his left hand at a pistol which he had by his side. The little fellow was equal to the emergency, for he stood firm, holding a pistol in each hand, presented at the thief. The burglar did not dare to advance, but retreated slowly, followed by the lad with pistols extended. He had succeeded in cocking one of the derringers only, but hesitated to fire lest he might miss. As the burglar went, he fell over a chair, but before the boy could decide upon shooting, was on his pins again, making out into the court and climbing up the ladder. Then the boy tried what the derringer could do, and fired as he was trying to get on the wall. The ball unfortunately missed, and the thief escaped, says the Delta.

**NARROW QUARTERS.**—A friend at our elbow says there is a piece of road not two miles from here so narrow, that when two teams meet they have both to get over the fence before either can pass.

**IT IS SO.**—If it were not for some singular people who persist in thinking for themselves, in seeing for themselves, and in being comfortable, we should all collapse into a hideous uniformity.

**AN AFFECTIONATE BUILDING.**—In the advertisement of a new hotel, it is said, "it embraces about 60 rooms."

**DON'T DO IT.**—Repining at losses is only putting pepper into a sore eye.

**CHEWING GUM.**

Trifling as the subject may appear, says the Brunswick (Me.) Telegraph, yet it is of importance. If it is of importance to have sound teeth in middle life and old age, proper precaution must be used in childhood. The habit of chewing gum is like applying small air-pumps to the bases of the teeth. When the gum is separated from the tooth, it forms a vacuum between itself and the tooth, and the consequence is a violent strain on the dental nerves. The bad results may not show themselves immediately, but the boy or girl who indulges in the habit may calculate on having rotten teeth when in the prime of life. Nor is this all. The habit, like tobacco chewing, induces an unnatural flow of the humors towards the mouth, where it must be ejected as saliva. This is bad enough when it can be ejected; but when, from sickness or other causes, the habit must be discontinued, the result may be, and no doubt has been, fatal. Let young persons and their parents take heed.

**AN AUDIENCE OF ONE.**—A theatrical company stopping at Bucyrus, Ohio, was hired by a stranger to give him a special performance of Richard III., with a farce thrown in, for \$35. Choosing an eligible position, and cocking his feet upon the back of the seat in front of him, "the audience" attended to the play, which was exceedingly well done, applauded vigorously at different points, and at the close calling out the leading actors, the manager responding for the company in a speech.

**A REAL BLESSING.**—A man speaking of a place out West, in a letter which he writes home, says that it's a perfect paradise. and that though most all the folks have the fever-'n'-ager, yet it's a great blessing, for it's the only exercise they take. We never thought of that before.

**KERN.**—We do not remember a sharper reflection than that of the poet Rogers, lately printed in London; he said that Mr. Croker, the author of the article in the Quarterly Review on Macaulay's History, intended murder, but had committed suicide.

**WEALTH OF NEW ORLEANS.**—The total amount of taxable property in New Orleans, this year, is \$111,193,800. Last year it was \$108,651,100, showing an increase of \$2,542,700.

**EQUALITY OF THE SEXES.**—Religion and sorrow make men and women equals in tenderness and tears, in compassion and love.

## Foreign Miscellany.

A Scotch clergyman lately read an original tragedy on the story of Saul from his pulpit.

In France, it is now the fashion for ladies to dress very simply at the opera.

Lola Montes has an annuity of \$2500 from the estate of her former husband.

It is stated that 4000 persons die annually of small pox in England.

China edible birds' nests in the crude state sell in Paris for \$70 per cwt.

The oldest known painting in the world is a Madonna and child of 886.

The King of Siam is said to have named a son George Washington.

The house in which John Huss, the great reformer, was born, at Husinec in Bohemia, was recently destroyed by fire.

The books in the library belonging to the British Museum, in London, occupy ten miles of shelf.

There is, probably, no country in the world where the refined and the educated of the female sex take more of out door exercise than in England.

An association of the members of the clergy in England have published an address in which they pledge themselves to a total abstinence from the use of intoxicating liquors as a beverage. The Rev. Dr. Close, Dean of Carlisle, heads the list.

One of the Armstrong guns, of heavy calibre, has been lodged in the Citadel at Quebec. It will be mounted upon the cavalier of the Flagstaff Battery, from which elevation it will have the range of and command the whole bay.

They have in Philadelphia a Fuel Savings Society. Small deposits are received through the year, by ten of the druggists of the city, from those who wish to participate in the benefits of the association, and, in return, coal is furnished them at wholesale prices.

The London Morning Post says that a dog of African breed, which belonged to General Espinasse, who fell at Magenta, still lurks about the spot where he shed his blood, and though often taken away, even to some distance, constantly returns.

The Theatre Lyrique of Paris has been purchased by the city for the sum of 1,400,000*f*. The city enters into possession on the 15th of February, but nothing is yet decided as to when the theatre will be pulled down, nor as to the indemnity to be paid to the director.

In the island of Singapore tigers are now so numerous, that a man per day is devoured by them. The Chinese and Malays seldom report the disappearance of their friends, so that about 700 persons are annually devoured in a single island which has but a few leagues of surface.

The largest chain cable ever known is now being made at Pentypridd, Wales, for the use of her majesty's service. The section of iron of each link contains 1296 circular eighths of an inch, being 767 more than the cable of the Great Eastern, and double the size in diameter of those used for first-class men-of-war.

Austria owes her Bank of Vienna 80,000,000 florins, and is "hard up" financially.

Louis Napoleon has been inventing a new cannon on the principle of Colt's revolver.

During the siege of Sebastopol, the English expended 2,775,360 lbs. of powder.

Thackeray will receive \$10,000 a year for editing the new London serial, if it succeeds.

A London paper's Paris letter says Louis Napoleon will soon have a fleet of 22 steel-plated ships of the line—proof against everything but lightning.

The French government is gathering sea-weed to serve as wadding for artillery. It is said to be better than cotton, keeping the iron cool, and not liable to ignition.

A letter from a European wine merchant says that the vintage of Port was never so short as during the present year, while Sherry is only about one-quarter of the usual vintage.

The average armed force employed in the British colonies during the last five years has been 42,693 men, at an expense of £3,182,743, or about \$16,000,000.

Dr. Livingstone finds himself unable to prosecute his African explorations without a more powerful steamer than the fragile one hitherto employed on the Zambesi, and has appealed to friends in England for assistance.

A small steamer has been built in England of steel plates one-eighth of an inch in thickness. She is 70 feet long, 12 feet broad, and 6 1-2 feet deep, and measured 20 tons. She has proved an admirable sea boat.

In London a singular case of homicide occurred. Two men quarrelled in the street, when one knocked the other over. The prostrate man had a pipe in his mouth, which was forced down his throat, producing death. His assailant was committed on a charge of manslaughter.

The youngest son of the Viceroy of Egypt, Tousseon Pacha, who arrived some days ago in Paris from London, notwithstanding his extreme youth, speaks several European languages; he is accompanied by an English governess, a French physician, and a numerous suite.

As a sample of California forest trees, the Placerville Observer states that a tree lately cut, a few miles from Sierra Nevada, furnished, at the saw-mill, 10,240 feet of sawed lumber. A single log from another tree, of twelve feet in length, and sixty-five inches in diameter at the smallest end, made over 2000 feet of lumber.

"A very valuable discovery," says the Akhkar, "has just been made in Algeria of a tree which grows in great abundance here, and which has the property of dyeing a most beautiful black, so that it will advantageously replace sumach, nut galls, and other substances hitherto used.

M. De Beriot, the famous violinist, has partially completed the sale of his violin to M. Wienawski, another artist, for twenty thousand francs, or nearly four thousand dollars. The instrument is quite a famous one, and the last mentioned gentleman has taken the refusal of it at the above price. A rather expensive instrument that!

## Record of the Times.

Vulcanized India rubber is found to be the best material for the manufacture of flutes.

The aggregate public debt of Virginia on the first of October was \$30,190,000.

The height of the Washington Monument is to be six hundred feet.

Twenty-five gambling houses are in one little circuit of the business portion of Chicago.

The corn crop of the United States, this year, is estimated at 900,000,000 bushels.

Oberlin College, Ohio, has 1253 students; of these, 488 are females.

A tunnel through the earth, from New England to New Zealand would be eight thousand miles long.

St. Helena has been recently made a bishop's see, by her majesty's letters patent. The bishop was consecrated in England.

A Connecticut schoolmistress having a troublesome big boy to manage, sat down upon him. She was a large woman, and quite "crushed out" his insubordination.

A hunter in Tolumus county, California, in climbing down into a ravine after a bear, struck a lead which yielded, in one week, \$7000 worth of gold.

The Maharajah of Cashmere has sent as a present to Queen Victoria a most costly shawl tent, which will contain moreover a bedstead of solid gold. The value of this royal offering is said to exceed fifteen lacs (£150,000).

A vein, or rather a formation, some thirty or forty feet wide, containing platinum and gold, has lately been discovered near Fredericktown, Missouri. The richness of the ore is not yet known.

It is stated that Stieglitz, the great Russian banker, who is about to retire, has a capital of fifty-six million dollars. The house has been established fifty years, conducted all this time by father and son.

Lady Morgan says in one of her works, that "one of the things worth a visit to Paris is the exquisite confectionery, so light and so perfumed that it resembles congealed odors, or a crystallization of the essences of sweet flowers."

Iowa has just completed her State census, showing a population of 633,549. She had 192,219 in 1850, and 43,111 in 1840. She has thus more than trebled her population in the last nine years, and increased it about fifteen fold in nineteen years.

The Harriaburg (Pa.) Telegraph says a lady had the habit of picking her teeth with pins. A trifling humor was the consequence, which terminated in a cancer. The brass and quicksilver used in making these pins will account for the circumstance.

A young fellow named Taylor, wishing to desert his wife, came up the river to Albany, and then sent a despatch to her signing it with the name of another person, that he had fallen off a sloop and was drowned. Mrs. Taylor at once started for Albany, and on arriving there she discovered the deception.

A mammoth steer, called the Great Eastern, raised in Vermont, weighs 4000 lbs.

Public executions have been abolished by a recent act of the Georgia Legislature.

A young lady fond of dancing, traverses in the course of a season about four hundred miles.

Washington Territory is 600 miles long, and 209 broad, and contains 123,022 square miles.

A society of Free Lovers from California have bought 50,000 acres of land in San Salvador.

An old man in Indiana recently cowhided his daughter, 19 years old, for wearing hoops.

A man was convicted in Worcester county, the other day, of being a common railer and brawler.

The German language is now taught in the public schools of the city of Cincinnati.

The first British steam packet that crossed the Atlantic was the Sirius, in 1838.

Boiling to death was made a capital punishment in the time of the Tudor Henry the Eighth, of England.

A good telegraph operator, working ten hours per day, on paying messages, brings a receipt of about \$75 to the treasury of the company employing him.

It is stated that the profits of the play called "Our American Cousin," during a run of one hundred and sixty nights in New York, amounted to more than forty thousand dollars.

The New Haven custom-house and post-office will be completed next spring. It will cost, including the site, \$190,000, and is built of iron, brick, and Portland stone.

There is said to be about 60,000 Chinese in California. They have a splendid temple in San Francisco, and have lately imported a huge ugly idol at an immense cost.

Gold is 19 1-3 times heavier than water, and melts at a heat of 2016° fah. It may be hammered so thin as to require two hundred thousand leaves to make an inch in thickness.

A lady who had a silk gown spoilt in being re-colored, brought an action against the establishment, and summoned several of the workmen to give their dying testimony.

The largest ingot of gold yet received from California was recently shipped to Europe. It is 11 7-8 inches long, 5 wide, and 4 1-4 thick. Its value is \$42,581.

A river, having a slope greater than ten inches to the mile, has its current so accelerated as to destroy its banks. In such cases the water spreads over a large surface, and the current is a constant succession of rapids and pools.

Governor Seward was presented in Alexandria with three superb Arabian horses, which will be shipped to this country. Two of them will be presented to the New York State Agricultural Society.

There is a firm in Troy, who, instead of signing the names of the firm, affix a couple of ambrotypes a little larger than postage stamps, one containing a life-like delineation of the features of the senior and the other that of the junior member of the firm. Homely men will, of course, set their faces against any such arrangement.

## Merry-Making.

Why is dancing like milk? Because it strengthens the calves.

Appropos of earthquakes—one touch of Nature makes the whole world kick.

Down-East lyceum—question for discussion—"Can a big man ache harder than a little one?"

"My inkstand is stationery," as the school-master said when he found it nailed to the desk.

What would our day be without its morning and evening's twilight? A fierce and burning eye without a lid.

If an egg could speak, and you were to ask it whence it came, what sweetmeat would it name in reply? *Mame-laid.*

Why should potatoes grow better than other vegetables? Because they have eyes to see what they are doing.

A lawyer on his passage from Europe observed a shark, and asked a sailor what it was, who replied, "Here we call 'em sea lawyers."

Brown being asked what was the first thing necessary towards winning the love of a woman, answered, "An opportunity."

We have a lovely young female correspondent who has great skill in shooting pistols and fowling pieces, and still greater in drawing beaux.

Of all "suits that are down for hearing," we should say that the love suit with a rich widow that was deaf of both ears, was about as difficult as any to win.

A shrewd observer once said that, in walking the streets of a slippery morning, one might see where the good-natured people lived, by the ashes thrown on the ice before the doors.

Longfellow asks "what a single rose on a lady's forehead indicates." To which the Louisville Journal replies that it "probably means that, if she is kissed, it must be under the rose."

"Why," asked a little girl, "is Fred like a man that has fallen off a tree and is determined to go up again?" "Because he is going to try another climb!" Not bad for an eight-year old.

A wag being told by an acquaintance that Miss Brown (who is rather a broad featured young lady) had a benign countenance, replied, "Perhaps you mean seven-by nine."

The Bishop of Reiz thanked the Bishop of Lisieux for having consecrated him. "It is for me," said the latter, "to thank you. I was the ugliest bishop in France until you were elected."

"Have you ever seen a mermaid, captain?" asked a lady on board the Margate boat. "I've seen a good many *fish-women*, madam, if that's what you mean," was the reply.

A theoretically benevolent man, on being asked by a friend to lend him a dollar, answered briskly, "With pleasure;" but suddenly added, "Dear me, how unfortunate! I've only one lending dollar—and that is out."

The most amusing man in the world is a Frenchman in a passion. "By gar, you call my wife a woman two three several times once more an' I will call you the vatch house, and blow out your brains like a candle."

The New York Saturday Press says the greatest virtue in a sea captain is wreck loss-ness.

An Irish paper advertises: "Wanted an able-bodied man as a washerwoman."

Why is a certain hat called a wide-awake? Because it is worn without a nap.

The man who attempted to look into the future had the door slammed in his face.

Why is a butcher like a language master? Because he is a *retailer of tongues.*

Why would a printer make a good lawyer? Because he would always be sure to understand the "case."

The most economical time to buy cider, is when it is not very clear—for then it will settle for itself.

"It's all around my hat," as the hypocrite said when he put on mourning for his departed wife.

"I say," cries Dick, "old fellar, wot's the meaning of armistice?" Says Jim, "Why, 'coves a fightin', for a while unclinchin' fists."

Some men have the chameleon's power,—to turn one eye towards heaven, while the other looks in a contrary direction.

A business man of our acquaintance is so scrupulously exact in all his doings, that whenever he pays a visit, he always will insist upon taking a receipt.

Little Tommy T—— is five years old. He was in a musing mood the other day, and his mother asked him what he was thinking about. "O," said he, "I was thinking of *old times!*"

"Weigh your words," said a man to a fellow who was blustering away in a towering passion at another. "They wont weigh much if he does," said the antagonist, coolly.

A bachelor editor of our acquaintance, who has a very pretty sister, recently wrote to another bachelor editor equally fortunate, "please exchange." We hope that it has happened or will.

Does any one remember what Mirabeau wrote to the young lady who had fallen in love with his genius and wished to know how he looked? He said, sententiously: "Fancy his Satanic majesty, who has had the small pox!"

A person said in our hearing, the other day, that editors for the most part were a thin, pale-faced set. A lad standing near, made this witty observation to his chum: "There, Bob! I told you I had often read about the editorial *corpses.*"

"Don't you think," said a vain fellow, "that I am fit to be King of Great Britain, or Emperor of the French?" "No, but you might make a Doge of Venice, if the title were only curtailed by a letter."

### IT SHOULD BE KNOWN!

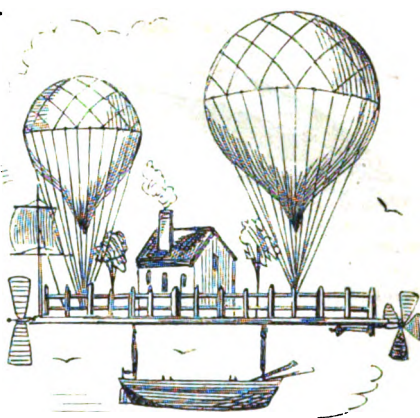
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# MR. AIRY'S BALLOON EXPERIENCE.



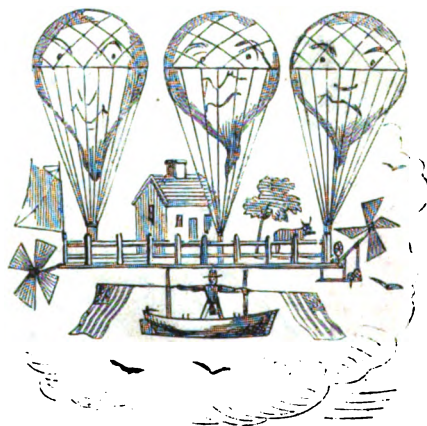
After a great amount of study, Mr. Airy produces a plan for a balloon, with which he is highly pleased.



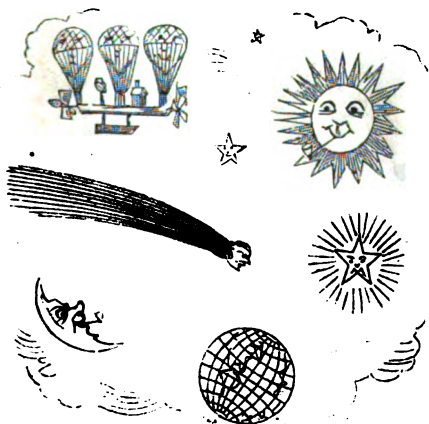
The appearance which Mr. Airy expects his balloon to have during an ascension.



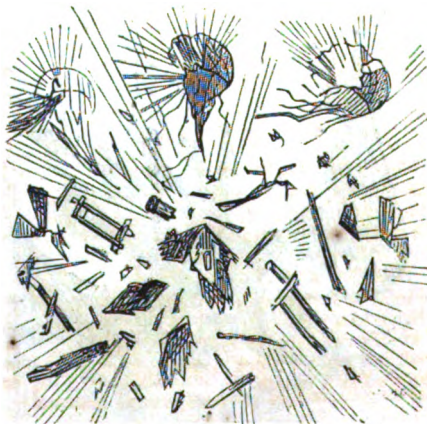
Actual appearance of the balloon on the trial trip.



Having made several essential improvements and additions, comprising all the comforts of a home, Mr. Airy makes a highly successful ascension.



Appearance of the earth, sun, etc., at the height of three hundred miles.



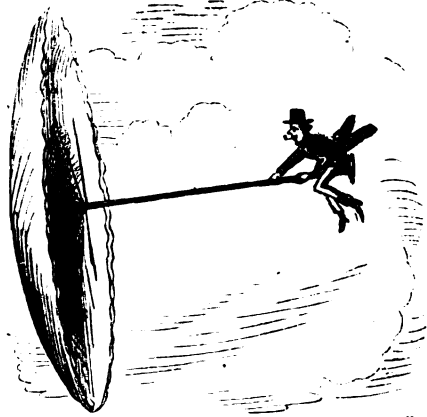
Having attained an altitude of 350 miles, Mr. Airy prepares to descend, when his balloon accidentally explodes

# BALLOU'S DOLLAR MONTHLY MAGAZINE.

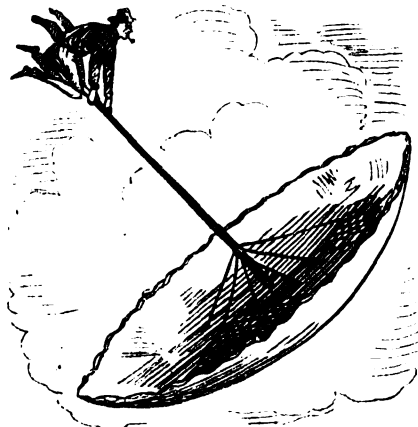
THE CHEAPEST MAGAZINE IN THE WORLD.



But being prepared with a parachute, he quickly proceeds with his descent.



Gets along nicely for the first fifty miles, when he strikes a current which renders his position less comfortable.



Strikes another current—Mr. Airy's position evidently unpleasant.



Being unable to retain his hold, he falls off, at a distance of seventy-five miles from the earth.



Is saved from instant death, by falling upon an American eagle, which is flying beneath him. He clings to the bird, and



Is carried safely to the bosom of his family, after an absence of 2 years 3 months and 4 1/2 days



# BALLOU'S DOLLAR MONTHLY MAGAZINE.

VOL. XI.—No. 3.

BOSTON, MARCH, 1860.

WHOLE No. 63.

## LIFE IN MANILLA.

IN the following article we shall present to our readers as illustrations of peculiar phases of life, several engravings from authentic drawings, representing the people of Manilla, their various costumes and occupations. Manilla is a fortified city of the Philippine islands, the capital of the Spanish possessions in the East, and is situated on the northwest coast of the island of Luzon, at the head of the bay of Manilla, in latitude  $14^{\circ} 35' N.$ , longitude about  $121^{\circ} E.$  The city proper is about two miles in circumference, and communicates across the river Passig, by a ten-arched bridge, with the important suburb Biddondo, the seat of the greater part of the trade. If we include the suburbs, which are very populous, we may set down the inhabitants at 140,000, of whom but about 5000 are Europeans. Manilla has a university, a missionary college, numerous schools and hospitals, and a large government cigar factory. Its vicinity is thickly studded with orchards and plantations of cotton, cocoa and coffee, and it is the seat of an extensive commerce. Its harbor is impeded by a bar with 13 feet of water at low ebb, over which, however, vessels of 600 tons can pass. The exports consist of sugar, hemp, cordage, tobacco, cigars, indigo, provisions, cotton, rice, leather, dye-woods, ram, sapan wood, mother-of-pearl and tortoise shell. The imports comprise cotton fabrics, silks, woollens, haberdashery, drugs, clocks and jewelry. It was about A. D. 1565, as we learn from Horace St. John's "Indian Archipelago," that Spain, recovered a little from the prostration of her long decline, again displayed her flag among the waters of the further East, and claimed a share of influence in those magnificent regions. Her views were fixed on the Philippines, whose productions were by no means of that rare or precious description, which has tempted the

avarice of all the civilized world to the plunder of the unrivalled East. No rich spices, no precious gums, no abundance of rare metals or drugs, were there to allure her cupidity; but there was a fertile soil, a genial climate, and a race of inhabitants, hospitable, credulous and simple. Probably the comparative poverty of the Philippines was unknown to the navigators of those early days, who confounded under a general description the stately islands of the Indian Ocean, and attributed to them, in their sanguine fancy, a fabulous splendor and wealth. The Spaniards, nevertheless, appear to have been



MANILLA WATER-CARRIER.





MANILLA MILKWOMAN.

guided in their plans of colonization—at least in India—by a theory which nations still more great, and infinitely more free, might have adopted with advantage to themselves and to all humanity. They were not sordid monopolists; they ruled less by terror, and more by moral influence and the persuasions of their priests; and their power, not founded on the edge of the sword, was tolerable to the native race. They encouraged settlements; they allowed freedom to traffic; and though they levied unjust and irksome taxes, their system has been productive, within its narrow sphere, of more good than that of other conquerors in the Oriental Archipelago. That their commerce in the further East never developed itself to any lustre or grandeur, is true; but it was because their monopoly was less rigid, not because their vigor was less manly than that of the Dutch. Had Spain been more energetic, and still more liberal, her prosperity in the Indian Archipelago might have rivalled that which she once enjoyed in the Western world. Had Holland accepted the philosophy of trade, her commerce, instead of being forced to an unnatural growth, displaying a false brilliance for a period, and then sinking into a premature decay,

might have flourished for centuries with an increase at once rapid and steady, to reach its limits only when it had measured the full resources of the further East.

Forty years after the discovery of the Philippines by the unfortunate Magellan, Spain equipped an expedition to conquer them. On the 21st of November 1564, an expedition consisting of two large and two small vessels, with an armament of four hundred men, left Europe. It was accompanied by Andres de Milaneta, a Roman Catholic missionary, who had abandoned the military for the sacerdotal profession, and brought with him five Augustine friars, to convert the islanders to the Christian religion. He had served in the Indian Archipelago, and was well versed in natural science. Miguel Lopez de Legaspi, a Spaniard of aristocratic family, was commander. He was a man of considerable capacity, and had already displayed his aptitude for service in new countries, where conquest and colonization were to go hand in hand, in the course of a long career in America. Thus prepared with military and religious leaders, the equipment was rendered complete by the addition of an Indian interpreter, who had been carried to Spain in the ship abandoned by the unhappy Villalobos.

When they had been a month at sea, the smallest of the vessels—whether accidentally or otherwise—became separated from the rest, and sailed on to Mindanao alone. There loading with spices and gold, she did not await the arrival of the squadron, but steering through an unusual track, returned to New Spain. Legaspi, pursuing the route indicated in his instructions, reached on the 8th of January 1565, an

island where the people wore long beards, so unusual among the natives of the New World. Thence he named it Barbadoes. On the 22nd they reached the Ladronee, or Isles of Thieves—since called the Marianas. On the 13th of February they sighted the Philippines, and sailed to the southern isle of Bohol, between the extremities of Zebu and Leyte, where the people fled to their hills. They succeeded in attracting them from their places of refuge by conciliatory gestures. They brought down plentiful supplies of provisions, which were purchased at a just price, and the most amicable intercourse commenced. The natives were generous and friendly; the Europeans liberal and prudent. Legaspi, being hospitably welcomed by a chief of the island, entered into a treaty with him. The convention was ratified by each of the contractors drinking blood drawn from the other's arm, and the Spaniards were then munificently entertained. When they had enjoyed the festivities of Bohol, they sailed to Zebu, where the chief, with his forces collected on the shore, opposed their landing.

Legaspi then declared that he had come to conquer the island in retaliation of the treachery practised upon Magellan and his companions

forty-four years before. Had no such pretence existed his purpose would have been the same, for he had been charged not to avenge the name of Spain, but to add the Philippines to her dominions. Still the fate of the great navigator formed a plausible ground for his pretensions, to which the hostile attitude of the Zebuian chief afforded a still more complete justification. The Spanish commander understood the method of warfare most convenient and efficacious against such a foe. The race, which he was now employed to subdue, was not, however, a horde of savages, hurried on to the defence of their soil by the promptings of an impulsive valor, but easily routed, and with a spirit to be broken by a blow. It was a nation scattered in countless small tribes of from fifty to a hundred families, each with its own chief, but all united by a common solicitude for the independence of their inherited lands.

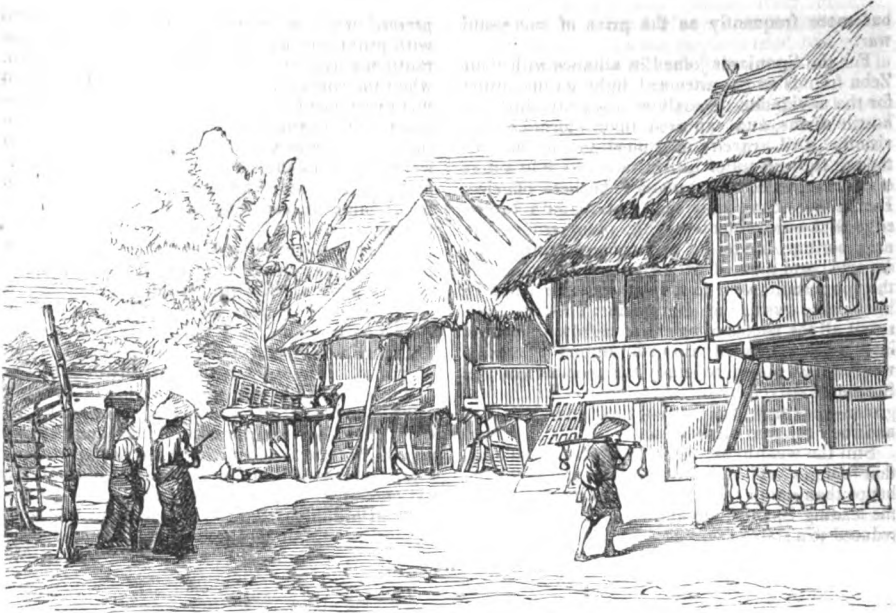
This patriarchal system,—occasionally divided as it was by the feuds of unappeasable private enemies,—favored the existence of the Spanish dominion, when once established, since it prevented formidable combinations of force. At the same time it obstructed their great schemes of

conquest, as a thousand petty enemies, animated by one spirit, though fighting under as many leaders, were to be defeated in a thousand petty conflicts, wasteful of life and fruitless of renown. The Islanders—Papuan, Malay, or Angolan—were wild and hardy men, subsisting on bulbous roots, or the spoils of the chase, and retreating into their impenetrable woods and other natural strongholds, as the civilized enemy settled on the coast lands. The Tagala, who dwelt in the district round about Manilla, and are derived, according to their traditions, from the Malays, have submitted thoroughly to their rule, and become the servants of strangers. Tagal and slave are synonymous terms in the Archipelago.

The state of morals among that rude people, at this early period of their history, was superior to that of most savage races: but their religion was a wild, mysterious idea, scarcely defined into a creed, which claimed the adoration of the simple barbarian for all that was awful in aspect, or strange to his comprehension. Idols and temples they had none; but erected green bowers, where a priestess sacrificed the hog and dedicated the oblation of its blood to the infernal gods or the souls of the sacred dead. All natural objects of



SHOEMAKER'S SHOP IN MANILLA.



NIPA HOUSES AT MANILLA.

extraordinary size or form were and are still among the unconverted tribes supposed to be the dwellings of invisible divinity. Some mighty spiritual power, nameless and immortal, haunted the air, and revealed its presence in darkness by the influence of terror upon the savage mind. In the course of years, however, the Muslim faith blended itself with the incoherent belief of the islanders, though when Legaspi commenced his campaign, their primitive religion remained untainted by the introduction of a foreign creed.

The Zebuans appeared firm in the defence of their independence; but were driven from their position by a body of men landed in good order from the ships. The Spaniards marched on a considerable town to which they were directed, and found it in flames, stripped of all its barbarous wealth. From that day a series of petty conflicts was maintained, although Legaspi carried on continual negotiations with the principal chief, to induce his consent to an amicable intercourse. In consideration of his submission, he declared Magellan's death to be forgotten and forgiven; but the Indians had sounded the depths of European faith, and continued to harass their invaders. Legaspi had a tent pitched on shore, ordered the erection of a fortress, and exhorted all his men to labor for the advancement of the Spanish name. To emulate the achievements of the numerous conquerors in the New World, although on a narrow field, appeared to him the taste fit for an exalted ambition. The zeal, however, which inspires the leader of a great enterprise, often fails to penetrate the inferior ranks, partly perhaps because these perceive that the labor is for them, while the reward is for others. Florid eulogies and flattering harangues, often, nevertheless, fire whole armies with ambition,

and the heart of every soldier leaps as though his was to be the name associated with every heroic achievement of the day; but one name is often all that is remembered, when the piles of carnage are covered with earth, and the clouds and dust of battle have dispersed. It was not so in this instance. The followers of Legaspi, associating no ideas of patriotism with their task in the Philippines, labored reluctantly to establish the influence of Spain, under the orders of their half-military, half-missionary leader. Murmurs were succeeded by mutiny. Severe examples were made of a few, and the rest of the malcontents were sent to Europe in the flag ship, which sailed the first of June 1565, with a report of progress, and solicitations for further aid from the imperial government.

On the next day the chief, who had despised the overtures made to him, was compelled to seek terms, and meeting Legaspi in formal conference, tendered his homage to Spain, promised to bring down supplies, and granted land for the site of a town and fort, which the Spanish admiral named San Miguel in honor of himself. This was the first European settlement in the Philippines. Induced by the submission of their chief leader, the inhabitants gradually left their mountain retreats, descended on the plains, spread along the shore, and lived on terms of peace with their visitors. Their rude industrial occupations were resumed. These were principally rural; but the famine which followed the arrival of the Spaniards vividly illustrates the condition of Zebu at that period. So little progress had been made in agriculture, that this little influx of population produced a scarcity which was at intervals relieved by scanty supplies from the neighboring islands; sometimes procured by traffic,

but more frequently as the prize of successful war.

For the Spaniards joined in alliance with their Zebu friends and constructed light gallies, fitted for the navigation of shallow seas, attacked the hostile towns, and captured their stores of provision. Still, scarcity continued to increase, although the natives of Luzon sailed over in a fleet of prahus, with two hundred baskets of rice. Parties were constantly sent out to gain knowledge of the movements taking place among the neighboring islanders. Scout boats continually departed and arrived with intelligence. Some of the population were found anxious for friendly intercourse with the Europeans. Others had swept all the means of subsistence from the plains into their places of ambush among the hills, whence they hoped to enjoy the spectacle of the Spaniards driven by famine from the Philippine group—to carry their arms, their merchandize, and their religion elsewhere.

Still the wealth of the islands was so envied, that danger and difficulty seemed more to enhance than damp the spirit of enterprise among the leading Spanish adventurers. They had been reduced to a state of famine, and were desperately

pressed when a vessel from New Spain arrived with provisions and supplies. The ship with the mutinous sailors had safely reached Mexico, when the solicitations of its captain had procured this assistance for the expedition of the Philippines. On board this vessel, bound on its mission of succor to an exhausted settlement, in the weakness of infancy, some bloody scenes of mutiny had occurred, but her arrival was as welcome as a burst of sunshine after a long night of storms.

It was now considered politic to send to New Spain for the profit of king Philip, and as an encouragement to his project of colonization, a small cargo of precious merchandize. With this view a galley sailed to Mindanao to collect gold and cinnamon, with pitch for the careening of the squadron. There the first great disaster of Legaspi's expedition occurred. The islanders attacked the party, and massacred every man. In a general sense, nevertheless, the Spaniards were singularly fortunate, and their settlements were established in the Philippines with unusual facility, and encouraging prospects of success.

The Philippine islands form a large and important group in the Asiatic Archipelago, and



THE RAINY SEASON, MANILLA.



MARKET WOMEN OF MANILLA.

next to Cuba, the most valuable colonial possession of Spain. They lie chiefly between latitude  $5^{\circ} 32'$ , and  $19^{\circ} 38'$  north, and longitude  $117^{\circ}$  and  $127^{\circ}$  east, having the Pacific ocean north and east, the China sea west, and the seas of Soolev and Celebes south. There are at least 1200 islands, great and small, the principal being named Luzon, Mindanao, Palawan, Mindoro, Panay, Marindique, Negros, Zebu, Bohol, Leyte, Samar, Masbate, and the others being of smaller size. The total area is estimated at 120,000 square miles, the Spanish dominion extending over only 52,148 square miles. The population is estimated at 5,000,000, containing of the Papuan negro race and independent tribes, 1,025,000; Malay Indians, 3,700,000; half castes and Chinese, 30,000, the remainder Europeans and native whites. The islands are of volcanic formation, and contain a chain of active volcanoes. Earthquakes are also of frequent occurrence. The group is within the range of the monsoons, and violent hurricanes are common. From May to September the west coasts are deluged with rain, while the October monsoon brings rain to the east coasts; at other seasons it is dry. The high temperature and abundance of moisture produce a luxuriant vegetation, so that they are capable of yielding all kinds of colonial and probably European produce. Rice, millet, maize, sugar, hemp, tobacco, coffee and cotton, are raised, and sago, cocoa nuts, bananas, cinna-

mon, betel, numerous fine fruits and timber for ship-building, are among the products. Buffaloes and most of the domestic animals common in Europe are reared. The caymen is found in the rivers. Pearls, pearl oyster shell, the sea slug, edible birds' nests, and sapan wood, are important articles of export hence to China. Domestic weaving is pretty generally carried on by the females, and straw hats, cigar cases and earthen wares are made; but the chief manufacture is that of the government Manilla cigars, which occupies 2000 hands at a royal factory in Manilla.

The wretched colonial policy of old Spain excluded all foreign ships and Chinese settlers from these islands, and the trade with the Spanish dominions in America was also confined to that conducted annually by a single ship! But such restrictions have vanished since the revolution, and the colony is now making commensurate progress towards prosperity.

Manilla is the seat of the government and residence of the captain-general. To each of the larger islands is a lieutenant-governor, and each of the thirty provinces, governed by an alcalde, is divided into pueblos, or communes. The Roman Catholic religion has been extensively diffused among the Malay population. The public revenue is derived chiefly from duties on exports and imports, the tobacco monopoly and a capitation tax. The armed force amounts to

about 7000 men, one-tenth of them Spaniards and the rest Malays. The islands were discovered by Magalhsen, in 1521, and settled by the Spaniards in the reign of Philip II., in honor of whom they were named.

The series of engravings embodied in this article, are so graphic as to spare us the necessity of a labored description: they at once, in a sort of pictorial short-hand, show us the personal appearance, characteristics and pursuits of the people of Manilla. Thus we have the nearly-naked water-carrier, carrying on his shoulder a few joints of cane filled with the pure element, the Manilla milkmaid, clumsily attired, with a jar of the lacteal fluid on her head and the inevitable Manilla cheroot in her mouth, the shoemakers, stripped to their work, stitching and hammering, —the picturesque Nipa houses with their projecting thatches, and heavy wooden galleries and balustrades—men and women in the rainy season, plunging through the fallen water and the falling rain, keeping their cigars alight with difficulty —the market women with their queer hats and queerer attitudes; and the milkman with his extraordinary vessels. The poorer people of Manilla live principally on rice, which is extensively cultivated in the Philippines.

The rice-plant is all-important to the people of the East. It has altered the face of the globe and the destinies of nations; for there can be no doubt that to this grain the Chinese and Hindoos

owe their early civilization. An immense population in those and the surrounding countries are now entirely dependent on the rice crops, and when these fail, thousands perish of hunger. The culm of the rice is from one to six feet high, annual, erect, simple, round and jointed; the leaves are large, firm and pointed, arising from very long, cylindrical and finely-striated sheaths; the flowers are disposed in a large and beautiful auricle, somewhat resembling that of the oat. The seeds are white and oblong, but vary in size and form in the different varieties. It is important to be acquainted with these varieties, in order to choose which are best suited to certain soils or localities; some are preferable on account of the size and excellence of the grains; others from their great bearing, or the time of ripening; others again from their greater or less delicacy with respect to cold, drought, etc. The Hindoos, Chinese, Malays and inhabitants of the neighboring islands have paid most attention to the cultivation of these varieties. One species of rice only is known. Rice can be profitably cultivated only in warm climates, and here it is said to yield six times as much as the same space of wheat lands. The Chinese obtain two crops a year from the same ground, and cultivate it this way from generation to generation on the same soil, and without any other manure than the mud deposited by the water of the river used in overflowing it. After the plants are set out in the

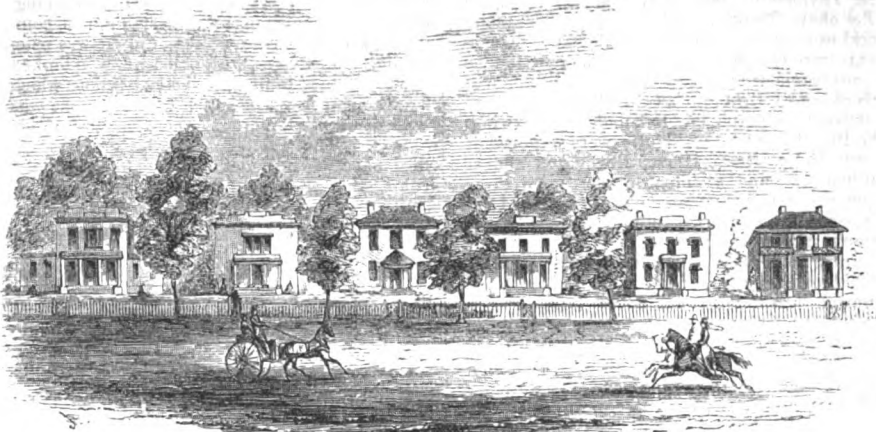
manner common to the cultivators, the land is flowed and the water kept on till the crop begins to ripen, when it is withheld; so that when the harvest arrives, the field is quite dry. It is reaped with a sickle, threshed with a flail, or the treading of cattle, and the husk is taken off by beating it in a stone mortar, or passing it between flat stones, as in a common meal mill. The first crop being cut in May, a second is immediately prepared for, by burning the stubble, and this second crop ripens in October or November. After removal, the stubble is ploughed in, which is the only vegetable manure such lands can be said to receive. In Japan, Ceylon and Java, aquatic rice is cultivated nearly in the same manner. A rice plantation requires constant attention. The proprietor must make daily visits, in order to see that the various aqueducts, flood-gates and embankments of the different compartments are all in good order, and that the water constantly remains at the same height. The maturity of the grain is ascertained by the yellowness of the straw, and it is harvested much in the same manner as other grains, with this difference, that in some districts the top only is cut. Aquatic rice is cultivated by the Chinese even in the midst of rivers and lakes, by means of rafts made of bamboo, and covered with earth.



MILKMAN OF MANILLA.



## VIEWS IN TRENTON AND NEWARK, NEW JERSEY.

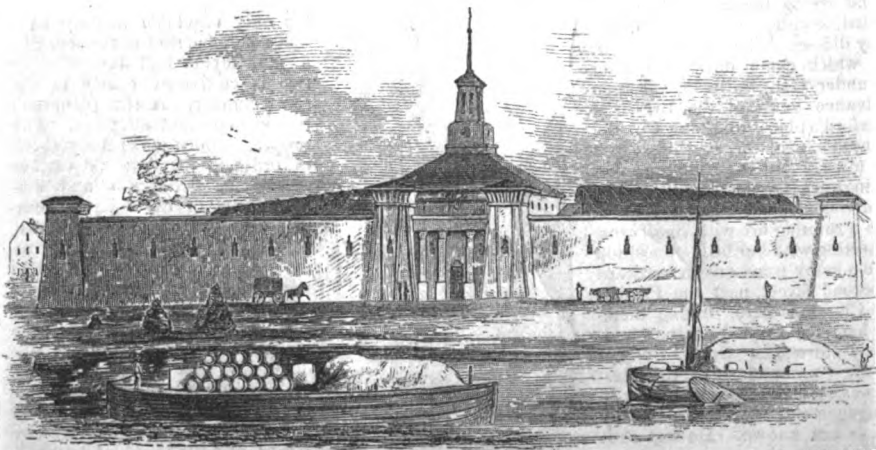


COTTAGE ROW, TRENTON, NEW JERSEY.

The city of Trenton, New Jersey, is situated at the head of sloop and steamboat navigation on the Delaware River, fifty-five miles southwest from New York, and thirty miles northeast from Philadelphia. It derives its name from Colonel William Trent, who was one of its earliest settlers, and this honor was awarded him in return for a gift of land on which to erect the county buildings. It contains some handsome public buildings, such as the State House and many elegant private residences. The visitor to Trenton, on arriving by the cars, will notice on his right, as he leaves the depot, a row of very neat, tasty cottages, which form the first of our series of pictures, and were built a few years since to lease, and exhibit a very commendable taste and judgment on the part of architects and builders. The State prison, shown on this page, is situated in South Trenton, about three-fourths of a mile from the central portion of the city, and near to the railroad and Delaware and Raritan canal,

which are represented in the foreground of the picture. It is built of stone, in the Egyptian style, and consists of a main building in which the keepers reside, and of wings radiating therefrom, so that a person sitting in the observatory, as it is called, can see at a glance the length of the corridors without the necessity of turning his person. The walls of the wings are twenty feet high and three feet thick, and the outer walls enclose an area of four acres. The building is warmed by hot water running through pipes in the corridors, etc., and can be heated to a temperature of 65 degrees. The means of ventilation are unexcelled, and both as regards the treatment of the prisoners and the arrangements for their security and comfort, the New Jersey State prison ranks with the first in this country.

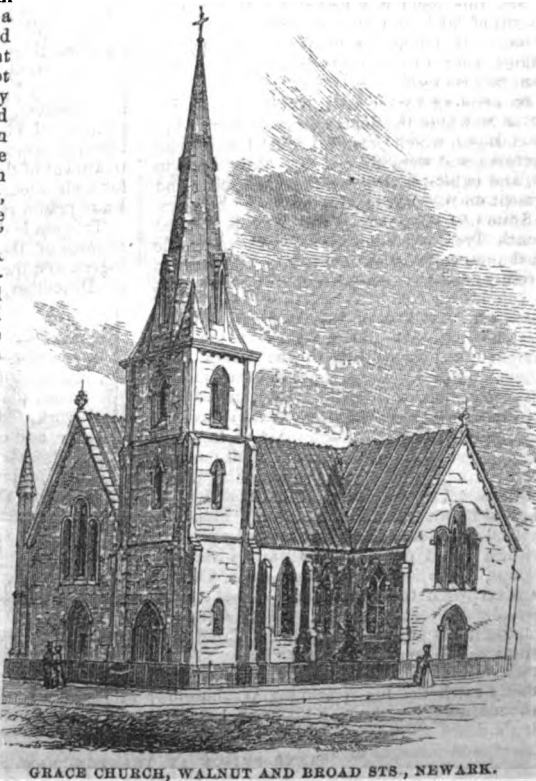
Trenton is dear to every American as the scene of some of the most brilliant exploits of Washington and the revolutionary army. On the 25th of December, 1776, Washington with his army



STATE PRISON AT TRENTON, NEW JERSEY.

was on the west bank of the Delaware, encamped near Taylorsville, then McKonkey's ferry, eight miles above Trenton. The troops under Lieut. Dickinson were at Yardleysville, and detachments were encamped further up the river. The Pennsylvania troops were in two bodies, one at Bristol, under General Cadwallader, the other at Morrisville, opposite Trenton, under Gen. Ewing. The British, under Gen. Howe, were stationed at Mount Holly, Black Horse, Burlington and at Bordentown; and at Trenton there were three regiments of Hessians, amounting to about 1500 men, and a troop of British light horse. Washington's design was to cross the Delaware with his army at McKonkey's ferry, in the night of the 25th of December, and Gen. Ewing, with his command, was to cross at or below Trenton, that both might fall upon the enemy at the same time. At dusk, the continental troops led by Washington in person, of 2400 men, with twenty pieces of artillery, began to cross the river. It was not till three or four o'clock on the morning of the 26th that all were over and ready to march. They marched with a quick step in a body from the river up the cross road to the Bear Tavern, about a mile from the river, and then to the village of Birmingham, where they halted. The troops were formed in two divisions. One, commanded by General Sullivan, marched down the river road; the other, under Washington, filed off to the left, and crossed over to the Scotch road and went down this road until it enters the Pennington road about a mile from Trenton. They reached Trenton about daybreak. So silent was their march that they were not discovered by the enemy until they came upon a picket guard stationed about half a mile from Trenton, on the Pennington road, at or near the house of the Rev. Mr. Frazer, when one of the sentries called to Lanning, who was a little in advance of the troops, saying: "Who is there?" "A friend," replied Lanning. "A friend to who?" "A friend to Washington." At this the guard turned out, and seeing the troops, fired and retreated, keeping up a running fire as they did so. The division of the army which came down the river road, under Gen. Sullivan, fell upon the advance guard of the British at Rutherford's place, adjoining Colonel Dickinson's, near the southwest part of the town, about the same time that Washington entered it from the north. Both divisions pushed forward, keeping up a running fire with small arms and meeting with but little opposition till the enemy were driven eastward into Second Street, near the Presbyterian Church, where, finding themselves hemmed in and overpowered, they laid down their arms. Colonel Ball, the commandant of the Hessians, was mortally wounded early in the engagement, but where or by whom is not known. He was shot from his horse as he was endeavoring to rally and form his dismayed and

disordered troops. When, supported by a file of sergeants, he presented his sword to Washington (whose countenance was beaming with complacency at the success of the day), he was pale, bleeding and covered with blood; and in broken accents, seemed to implore those attentions which the victor was well disposed to bestow; he was taken to his head-quarters, where he died of his wounds. The number of prisoners was 23 officers and 886 privates; 4 stand of colors, 12 drums, 6 brass field pieces and 1000 stand of small arms and accoutrements were the trophies of victory. The loss of the Americans in this important engagement was two privates killed and two frozen to death; that of the Hessians was seven officers and twenty or thirty privates killed. Immediately after this almost bloodless victory, Washington commenced marching his prisoners up to the ferry, and before night they were all safely landed on the opposite shore. The victory achieved with so little loss, at a period, too, when the spirits of the patriots had been depressed to the lowest ebb, caused a thrill of enthusiasm throughout the country, and recruits came pouring in. Washington now felt strong enough to take the offensive, and moved his army across to Trenton; hearing of the approach of Cornwallis from Princeton with a large body of troops, he took up a position on the south side of the Assaupink, so as to have that stream between him and his enemy. Washington's army



GRACE CHURCH, WALNUT AND BROAD STS., NEWARK.





HIGH STREET PRESBYTERIAN CHURCH, NEWARK, N. J.

was composed almost entirely of undisciplined militia, while that of Cornwallis, equal in point of numbers, was far superior in all its appointments, being composed of regular troops, thoroughly trained to war. Strong parties of Americans were sent out to harass the British on their march, and so well did they perform their part, that it was almost night ere they reached Trenton. Entering the city, he pushed on, intending to cross the Assaupink and give Washington immediate battle. So rapid was his march, that the Americans who were retreating before him barely had time to cross the bridge before the battle commenced. At the bridge and at a ford somewhat above, the Americans had stationed their artillery, and as soon as the British came in sight and their own men had crossed, they opened their batteries. Heedless of the shower of iron which was mowing them down by ranks, the British marched simultaneously to the attack of the bridge and ford. Three times did they make the desperate effort to cross the bridge, and each time were they driven back by the Americans in confusion and disorder. Cornwallis at last, believing their numbers to be greater than they really were, withdrew his troops, lighted his camp fires and awaited the morning for further action. During the night, Washington, finding himself in a critical situation, and feeling assured that another contest would prove fatal, silently withdrew his troops, and when the morning came, Cornwallis was surprised to find the camp of his enemy deserted. So certain had he been of having Washington in his power, that he had refused the solicitations of General Erskine, who wanted to attack during the night, saying, "he should certainly catch the fox (meaning Washington) in the morning." Alas, for his hopes! that morning's dawn showed to him a deserted encampment, and brought to his ears the sound of cannon from the direction of Princeton, but not be-

lieving his senses, and notwithstanding it was in mid winter, he took it to be thunder. General Erskine, more quick witted, exclaimed, after listening for a moment, "To arms, general! Washington has out-generalled us. Let us fly to the rescue at Princeton!" It is singular that history gives no account of the loss of the British at the Assaupink. Eye witnesses say that the slaughter was dreadful—the creek, almost filled with the bodies of the slain, running red with blood!

As specimens of the ecclesiastic architecture of Newark, N. J., we present neat engravings of Grace Church, Walnut and Broad Streets, and the High Street Presbyterian Church. Grace Church, (Puseyite,) is a handsome structure, in the English cruciform style. The Presbyterian Church was designed by Mr. Welch, of Newark, and reflects great credit upon all connected with its erection—architect and builders, as well as the congregation, whose munificent expenditure has adorned the city with one of its richest ornaments. Newark, the chief city of New Jersey, a port of entry, and capital of Essex County, is situated on the Passaic River, about nine miles from New York, by land, and forty-nine from Trenton, the capital of the State. It is handsomely situated on an extensive plain extending back from the river to a hill which runs parallel therewith, and on which are built some of the handsomest private residences of its more wealthy citizens. The city is regularly laid out, and well built, the streets running at right angles to each other, wide, mostly level, and many of them paved. There are probably few cities in the United States whose growth of late years has been so rapid, or whose prospects are more flattering than those of Newark. Settled in 1666 by emigrants from Connecticut, notwithstanding its pleasant location and many advantages, it attracted but few settlers to its precincts, and the growth of the town was slow

up to the time of the Revolution, when it had but one thousand inhabitants. The pride of a New Englander is flattered by reflecting on the New England origin of this fine city. As early as 1676 the townspeople took measures to hasten the advancement of the place by inviting skillful mechanics to settle among them. A shoemaker from Elizabethtown was allowed to join them "on condition of his supplying the town with shoes." In 1698 the first tannery was established here, and it gave rise to several extensive establishments. Other manufactures were introduced, and it now has almost the monopoly of some kinds of manufactures. In 1810 its population was 5984, and in 1853, 50,000. The original settlers, looking far into the future, laid out their town on an extensive scale, the advantages of which are seen at the present day in its broad and straight streets and in its large and commodious parks and parades. Newark is a delightful place, and one which no tourist who is passing a few days in New York should fail to visit. Our engravings show that it possesses many fine specimens of architecture, which amply repay examination, while the streets give a forcible idea of the activity and thrift of the city. It is a very agreeable residence for those who do business in New York, and are anxious to retire at night from the ceaseless whirl and tumult of that brilliant Babel, without plunging into an utter wilderness. The contrast is not too abrupt, and yet sufficient to

afford relief. No city is better provided than New York with the means of indulging such tastes, and they are liberally employed. The shores of East and North Rivers, and Long and Staten Islands, are covered for miles with villas, settlements, villages, and towns, which spring from a desire of the Gothamites to enjoy a little elbow room, which is becoming scarce in the London of America.

#### A TREASURE IN LIFE.

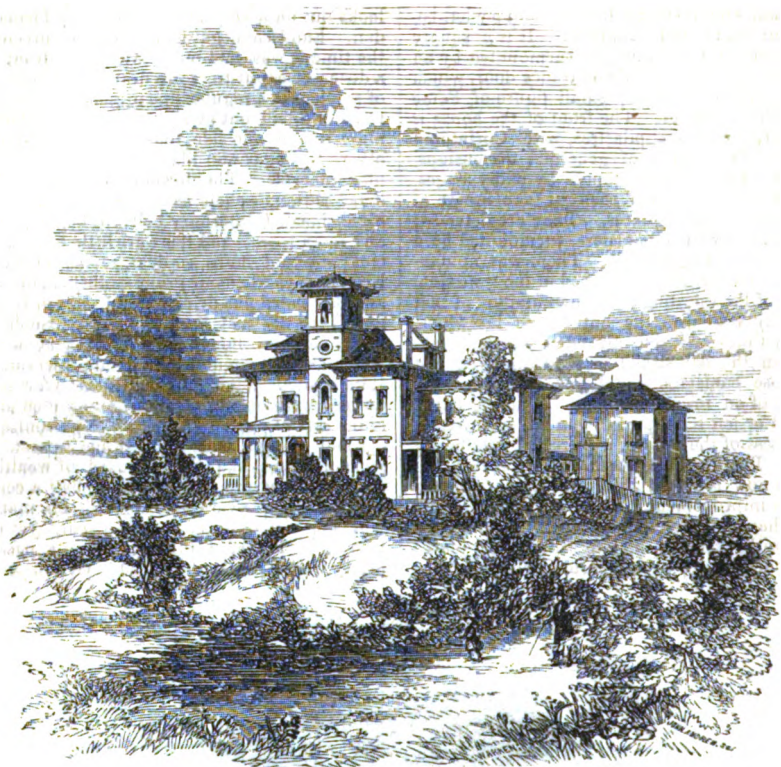
Canst thou, O friendly reader, count upon the fidelity of an artless and tender heart or two, and reckon among the blessings which heaven hath bestowed on thee the love of faithful women? Purify thine own heart, and try to make it worthy theirs. On thy knees, on thy knees, give thanks for the blessing awarded thee! All the prizes of life are nothing compared to that one. All the rewards of ambition, wealth, pleasure, only vanity and disappointment—grasped at greedily and fought for fiercely, and, over and over again, found worthless by the weary winners. But love seems to survive life, and to reach beyond it. I think we take it with us past the grave. Do we not still give it to those who have departed from us? May we not hope that they feel it for us, and that we shall leave it here in one or two fond bosoms, when we also are gone?—*Thackeray.*



MR. CROWNSHIELD'S HOUSE, AT LONGWOOD, BROOKLINE, MASS.

[See p. 216]

## VIEWS IN BROOKLINE AND ROXBURY, MASS.



WILLIAM R. CARNES'S VILLA, HIGHLANDS, ROXBURY.

THE immediate environs of Boston, rich in the beauties of nature, present many sites for elegant private residences, which have been eagerly appropriated by men of taste and means, so that as soon as you enter the adjacent town, you are in the midst of picturesque buildings, of trim gardens and delightful lawns. We publish herewith several accurately drawn views of private houses in Roxbury and Brookline, showing the different styles of our suburban architecture. The first (on page 215) and the third of the series of engravings, represent houses at Longwood, in Brookline, about three miles from Boston. Mr. Crowningshield's house is in the style of the French chateau, with surroundings which enhance the beauty of the edifice, and the house built for Mr. Amos A. Lawrence, is a plain, substantial and unpretending structure. The territory of Longwood is beautifully laid out, with ample grounds for each house, and with beautiful roads and drives. The car drive thence is a direct line to Beacon Street, over the Western Avenue, and the views on all sides are striking and interesting. The scenery of Longwood reminds the travelled man of that English scenery which is so renowned all the world over. Mr. William R. Carnes's villa, on the Roxbury Highlands, of which we give a remarkably correct

drawing, is a showy structure in the Italian style. Another picture in our series—Mr. Pope's residence on the Highlands, Roxbury—so noted of late years for its elegant and tasteful private dwellings, is of considerable size, and is of the English architecture of the time of Elizabeth. There is a certain quaintness about the curves of the gables and roofing, which is not without a picturesque effect. Mr. Henry Burrough's house, Oak Street, Roxbury, is of a composite style of architecture, partaking largely of the Gothic elements, and harmonizes with the surrounding scenery. The great diversity of style in our modern country-houses is worthy of remark. Nothing like it was exhibited half a century ago. Then, if you knew how much money a man had expended on his country-seat, you might pretty safely describe it without ever having set eyes on it. It was apt to be quadrangular in form, and to have a cupola on top; it might or might not have pilasters. These houses differed somewhat from each other in ornamentation, but were generally very like each other. The stables were invariably of one model. Not that we would say a word in disparagement of these old-school mansion houses. On the contrary, we admire them; we cherish them as relics of past time; we respect them for their air of gentility, their solidity, their well-to-do ap-

pearance. We have in our mind's eye one of these old houses, which we regard with a great deal of reverence, and which we think quite beautiful, though we are not certain that the magic of association and memory does not somewhat beguile our taste and judgment. It is a square house, three stories in height, surmounted by an octagonal cupola. Over the entrance door, which is in the centre, there is a small figure of Fame blowing her trumpet. The front of the house is ornamented with six pilasters, with Corinthian capitals. The hall is of generous dimensions. The stairs ascend to the cupola by many stages, stopping every now and then to take breath at large square landing-places. They are defended by curiously twisted banisters, surmounted by a very heavy mahogany rail. There was no danger of a guest retreating to his bed in the "wesma' hours" of the morning after an exhibition of that hospitality which, in the anti Maine law days, was sometimes carried to imprudent excess, breaking down the balustrade as he surged against it. Those banisters would have sustained the pressure of an insane elephant. Entering either the right or left hand parlor, you are surprised at the lowness of the ceiling, traversed by its heavy beams. The fireplaces used to be vast, but they are now replaced by grates—a very inharmonious improvement. The deep window seats used to have lockers under them, and to be furnished with cushions, making admirable places for confidential *tête-à-têtes*, particularly when the

heavy curtains were drawn before them. The panes of the windows were very small—totally unlike the large Claude Lorraine plates that now admit every ray without deflection. This house looks out on a very pleasant but very formal garden. Landscape gardening was not invented at the time it was laid out. Along the front wall, a dozen chestnut trees are drawn up like a guard of soldiers in a regular line presenting arms. The walks are laid out at right angles. If there is a plum tree on one side, there is a plum tree on the other. Syringas and lilacs are planted out at regular intervals. The flowers are hearty, old fashioned flowers—such as peonies, London pride, monkshood, Canterbury bells, larkspurs, damask and moss roses—and there are little beds of medicinal and pot herbs, so dear to the housewife's heart in days when our grandmothers made soups, and concocted diet drinks and sovereign remedies for all the ills that flesh is heir to. Such is one of the country houses of the old time, a few of which are still remaining in good preservation, in spite of modern innovations, just as a few of their owners are living to give our young men an idea of the sort of person that used to patronize powder and pigtailed and think Pope a poet. The style of living, like the standard of wealth, has changed very much, say within half a century. Fifty or sixty years ago, though no man was "passing rich on forty pounds a year," yet a man who enjoyed three thousand a year, passed as pretty well to do in the world. Of course flour



AMOS A. LAWRENCE'S HOUSE, LONGWOOD, BROOKLINE.





MR. POPE'S RESIDENCE, HIGHLANDS, ROXBURY.

was not fourteen dollars a barrel and butter fifty cents a pound. The man who kept a horse and chaise, and a male domestic in addition to a couple of servant girls, and maintained this state in the country, was looked upon as a pretty rich man. The proprietor of a carriage and horses was a sort of Astor, and his goings and comings were the theme of gossip far and wide. And the gentleman who kept a carriage did not change it every three or four years, or feel bound to keep it running to the carriage painters. No! the ponderous mass of timber, iron, steel, leather and glass, once purchased, it became a sort of heirloom, a sacred representative of the family it belonged to. It slowly moved with them to church—it was too dignified to run, it was quite incapable of being hurried. It attended funerals, it carried joyous groups to assemblies, in fits of jocular condescension it went on bridal tours sometimes, but never long ones, for it was heavy and short-winded. Sometimes the family carriage would go as far as Saratoga Springs—but this was an exploit like Napoleon's invasion of Italy, an event of an age. No gentleman's carriage in the olden time was ever sold at auction. Nobody set up a carriage who was not determined to keep it up as a permanent establishment. The idea of putting off the old carriage and getting a new one never entered the head of a solid man of 1799 or 1800. He would as soon

have thought of getting rid of his wife by divorce and marrying again. And then his horses; what noble, steady animals they were. No 2.40 in them. Between three and four miles an hour satisfied their ambition. But we are dwelling too long on the manners of the past. We started with the idea that uniformity of taste characterized the old school, and diversity the modern. Of the houses here shown no two are exactly alike. We should like very well to see an American order of architecture. Charles Fennel Hoffman suggested some years since, an order, the basis of which he would copy from the Indian corn plant. The idea is rather fanciful and poetical than practical, but we do not see why something could not be made of it. A colonnade, with the pillars representing the jointed stalks of maize, the ear and falling leaves the capital, might not be amiss in a rustic dwelling. But so long as our architects have all countries and all time to borrow from, we fear that there will be little done in the way of original invention. But in borrowing designs from European authorities, and particularly for the purposes of rural residences, we must pay strict attention to the localities where they occur. A French chateau, with its steep roof, is not displeasing, but it does not look well in a sandy plain, or rising without the relief of foliage. But place it under the shadow of heavy trees, or in the glade of a piece of woodland, ap-

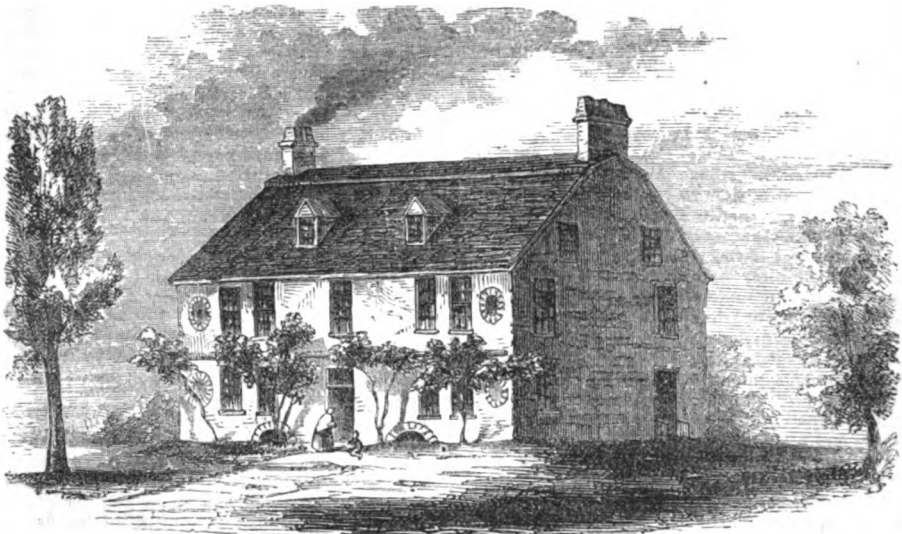
proached by an avenue of oaks, surround it with a wall, give it the necessary adjuncts, and you produce its full effect. So with a villa in the Italian style. It will not do to erect an Italian villa unless we are resolved not to neglect the landscape around. We must plant vines and train them on trellises and trees, we must have large-leaved shrubs and plenty of flowers, vases, terraces, balustrades and steps, if we would keep up appearances. Above all, in copying, let us not serve our models as gipsies do stolen children—disguise them to avoid being recognized. And let us be modest withal. Let us not seek to improve what the voice of all ages has pronounced absolute perfection. If some Yankee sculptor should undertake to improve the Venus de Medici, by straightening her up, enlarging the size of her head, and giving her more the air of a strong-minded woman, we should think him a presumptuous puppy, and yet we daily see the Parthenon disfigured, without a protest against the profanation. We see it perforated with windows and fitted with Venetian blinds, tricked up with fancy iron balconies, and crowned with cupolas.

As a contrast to the modern edifices we have depicted, we close with a view of the old fort at Medford, near Boston. There are few memorials of antiquity now standing in our country—few buildings, at least, to mark the earliest pe-

riods of settlement. The first houses, of course, were constructed in the cheapest and most rapid manner, the material being wood. The rapidity with which societies were organized, the fact that schools and houses of worship were not deferred to more convenient periods, but established at once, rendered *all* the earlier structures fragile and perishable. Dwelling-house, school-house and church went up simultaneously, side by side, the forest supplying the material, and the axe being almost the only implement employed. These buildings answered the purpose. Those who erected them deferred the substitution of more substantial structures to a period of pecuniary ease and leisure. But that period did not arrive very speedily; the war of man against nature occupied many years of toil. Forests were to be felled, and their giant roots extracted; huge rocks were to be removed from the surface of the soil, that the plough might have free play; fences were to be erected, and bounds defined, and every hour had its occupation. This process of reclaiming land was interrupted and delayed by sickness and war. The savage tribes, dispossessed of their hunting grounds by the whites, rebelled against their destiny, and often, and for many years, the husbandman, as he tilled his fields, carried his musket slung upon his back, and his powder-horn and bullet-pouch at his side. In the meantime, the houses first erected were grad-



HENRY BURROUGHS'S GOTHIC COTTAGE, HIGHLANDS.



THE OLD FORT AT MEDFORD, NEAR BOSTON.

nally decaying; and in process of time, as new dwellings were erected, the old ones, that time had spared were removed, the material either entering into the composition of new houses, or being used for fuel. So that now there remain in Boston and its environs, very few old houses dating from the "good old colony times." The Old Fort, or as it is sometimes called, the Old Shedd House, is situated on Ship Street, Medford. It is quite an interesting relic of the early days of New England, being probably the oldest building now standing within its borders. It was built in the year 1631, when Boston was still a large farm, its settlement having just been commenced. It is very difficult to imagine this populous neighborhood a wild tract, with here and there a patch of culture, and that but little more than two centuries ago. The idea involves a realization of the rapidity of civilization on this shore of the Atlantic—a progress altogether without a parallel in the history of the world.

#### THE QUEENS OF FRANCE.

The Dublin University Magazine, commenting upon the lives of the royal and imperial wives of France, states that there are but thirteen out of sixty-seven on whose memory there is no dark stain of sorrow or sin. A contemporary, in summoning up the statement, says: "Of the others, eleven were divorced; two died by the executioner; nine died very young; seven were soon widowed; three were cruelly treated; three were exiled; three were bad in different degrees of evil; the prisoners and the heart-broken made up the remainder. Twenty who were buried at St. Denis since the time of Charlemagne, were denied the rest of the grave. Their remains were dragged from the tomb, exposed to the insults of the revolutionary populace, and then flung into a trench and covered with quicklime."

#### SCROFULA.

Hall's Journal of Health says that a person born scrofulous or becoming so after birth, need not remain so to any specially hurtful extent. If "white swellings" or "runnings" do not relieve the system of ill-humors, the disease may be worked out of the system by a change in the habits of life—such a change as involves large out-door activities for the greater part of every day. The same thing may be accomplished to a great extent in-doors, as where a sedentary life is followed by spending a large portion of each day in active employment on foot. More decided results will follow if the aid is given, meanwhile, of judicious personal habits, as scrupulous cleanliness of body and clothing, of regular, full and sufficient sleep; of plain, simple and nutritious food, eaten at regular intervals of five or six hours, and nothing between, with that daily regularity which is essential to health under all circumstances. A scrofulous person should eat fresh meats largely, and bread, fruits and berries of every description, using vegetables sparingly. In short, whatever promotes high bodily health, promotes the eradication of scrofulous taint. In regard to internal remedies, one of three things is the result. First, the medicine gradually loses power; second, the system is benefited only while it is taken; or, third, the remedy gradually poisons the system, or impairs the tone of the stomach, and hastens a fatal result. No medicine ever eradicated scrofula, or kept it under any longer than while it was under certain conditions; a scrofulous person has a greater chance of long life than one who is entirely free from it, because being conscious of a slenderness of constitution, greater care is taken to avoid causes of sickness.

None have less praise than those who hunt most after it.

[ORIGINAL.]

## A WAYWARD MOOD.

BY MAURICE SILINGSBY.

O, come, my love, and we will sit  
 Beneath yon palace roof of oaks,  
 And watch the sombre shadows flit,  
 Where all night long the raven croaks;  
 For I am in a wayward mood,  
 And all the world looks dark to see;  
 And thoughts new-fledged, a dismal brood,  
 Hang like black shadows over me.

Alas! what is the world to me—  
 Its joys, its triumphs and success:  
 When I have lived so madly free,  
 And squandered all that could us bless?  
 A surfeit I!—a rosebud thou!  
 Fresh blowing on this summer morn,  
 Which unto me a winter is—  
 Alas, a withered husk outblown!

[ORIGINAL.]

## A SHIP CAPSIZED:

—OR,—

## THE FATE OF RICHARD BRAXTON.

BY JOHN H. UNDERWOOD.

DURING a protracted stay in Calcutta, several years ago, I formed an acquaintance with a young man by the name of Richard Braxton, whose brief history had been rather a strange and eventful one. He was a Yankee boy, a native of the same State as myself; and circumstances threw us so much together in Calcutta that we became quite intimate, and before we separated he related to me the story of his life.

From the first hour of our acquaintance I had felt convinced that his was no ordinary mind, that his intellectual powers were vast and varied; and every subsequent interview developed some new evidence that nature had intended him for a bright and shining light in some sphere of intellect.

And yet something was lacking—there seemed to be no spring or elasticity to his mental powers—they existed, and were aided and strengthened by a liberal education, but, so to speak, lay usually inert and dormant. When occasion called for their exercise, they were used without an effort, but with so little confidence and spirit as to make it evident that some powerful cause had operated upon Richard Braxton to deprive him of self-esteem, and crush the manhood within him.

His affecting story revealed this cause—cruelty on the part of those from whom he had a right

to expect friendship, sympathy and protection—and now his name is added to the long, dark list of victims to "man's inhumanity to man."

He was the son of a physician, who resided, at the time of Richard's birth, in the midst of a moral, refined and social community; but a few months later, impelled by that inconsistent love of change which is often exhibited by the best of men, he removed to a town where the manners, tastes and character of the people were the reverse of those he had left, and here his son spent the years of his childhood.

Doctor Braxton was a highminded, fearless and independent man; he saw and despised the vices and meanness of his fellow-citizens, and not unfrequently administered a scathing rebuke. This rendered him unpopular as a companion; but his medical skill was so well appreciated; that many sought his aid in time of sickness and trouble, who secretly both hated and feared him.

The family and relatives of his wife resided in this place, and formed no exception to the general description of the inhabitants as I have given it. At first they were inclined to fraternize with Doctor Braxton, but soon discovered that they had no sympathies in common. Their low tastes and habits were distasteful to him, and their littleness of soul disgusted him; his love of the beautiful, the noble and the good they were unable to appreciate, and secretly despised.

A growing coldness ensued, which soon increased to positive enmity, and all the annoyances that petty spite and narrow-minded malice could suggest were heaped upon Doctor Braxton by those with whom he had become connected by marriage. He repaid their efforts by keen ridicule and undisguised contempt, and they on the other hand neglected no opportunity to wound his feelings or injure his reputation and practice, while in their inmost souls they swore to be fully revenged at some future time.

When Richard was twelve years old, his father died, suddenly, and in the performance of his duty. While standing at the bedside of a patient, and encouraging the sufferer with cheerful words, the dark messenger came without the slightest warning. He was stricken down in an instant, as he had always expected to be, knowing full well the fatal tendency of a disease of the heart from which he had long suffered. He lived only a few hours after the attack, but became fully conscious a few moments before his death, and calmly addressed the circle of weeping friends who stood around him.

He begged them not to mourn for him, but to feel that he was leaving them for another and a better world. The "valley of the shadow of



death" had no terrors for him; he had not delayed the preparation for this inevitable event until stretched on a bed of death; but had ever striven to walk uprightly and deal justly. He had done what he could, and for the forgiveness of that wherein he had been remiss, he depended with a full and childlike faith upon the promises of a merciful and ever-loving God. As for himself, he was ready and happy to go, but for those whom he was leaving to the mercies of a hard and unfeeling world, he felt a weight of sorrow which could not be expressed in words.

The relatives of his wife were present, giving way to all the outward manifestations of grief; and perhaps for the time their grief was sincere and heartfelt. Perhaps the influence of the chamber of death, and the dark shadow of the dread angel's wings, had humanized and softened their hard hearts; perhaps in that awful moment "when the veil between the present and the future grows thin," they could not look upon that well-known form and noble countenance, and still cherish the fiendish sentiments of anger and revenge toward him whose earthly career was so nearly ended, and who was so calmly awaiting the expected summons. In charity let us hope that so it was, let us hope that to all their other sins they did not add the damnable crime of deceit and hypocrisy toward a dying man.

"My friends," said the doctor, "we have not always manifested toward each other a spirit of Christian forbearance and forgiveness of injuries. I am conscious that I have often irritated you by severe and uncharitable language, but I beg you to forget and forgive all, and not allow the remembrance of my faults to actuate you in your conduct toward my family. Richard is not an ordinary child; he has a mind beyond his years, and an appreciation of the noble and good, that renders him a thoughtful and peculiar child. He can easily be influenced by kindness, but is so extremely sensitive that a course of cruel or severe treatment which would only rouse the opposition or curb the waywardness of a child cast in a coarser mould, would crush the spirit of my boy, make him hopeless and despairing, and ruin his prospects in life. Therefore I beseech you to treat him tenderly, and not break his spirit by unkind words or deeds. Promise me that my wishes shall be regarded."

The mourners assured him that it should be so, and Mrs. Horton, his wife's sister, and her husband, his most unrelenting enemies, declared that they would never injure the boy in word, thought or deed, but ever protect and befriend him.

"Now lettest thou thy servant depart in

peace," murmured the dying man, while his countenance assumed an expression of serene peace. "Farewell—God bless you all."

And as the spirit ebbed away, those present in the room were nearer heaven than ever before. Could the influence of that solemn scene have been lasting, they would have gone forth better men and women, to finish their journey of life in a manner more acceptable to their Creator and Preserver than they now are doing.

For a few weeks after the death of Doctor Braxton, Mr. and Mrs. Horton preserved an attitude of friendship toward the bereaved family; but soon the "ruling passion" began to manifest itself in a want of sympathy and uncharitable words. The doctor had left a small property, barely sufficient with strict economy to maintain his family. At the time of his death, Richard was a pupil at an academy in a neighboring village, and after a brief interval resumed his studies there.

One of the first efforts of Mrs. Horton was to persuade his mother to take him away from the academy, and send him to the district school, giving as a reason, the fact that it would be less expensive, though her real motive was an envious desire to deprive the boy of those privileges of learning which he so highly valued, and prevent him from gaining a better education than her own children would receive.

In this, however, she was unsuccessful. Mrs. Braxton had a too yielding disposition, but in this one instance she was firm and decided, and Richard remained at the academy. Then commenced a course of persecution, a series of annoyances, by which the envious Mrs. Horton strove to vex and irritate the boy, and render his life unhappy. Her husband, a rough, ignorant farmer, gladly assisted her in all her efforts, and many of their neighbors also united to persecute an unoffending child, and thus gratify their devilish malice toward his father.

It would require volumes to describe all the methods by which they accomplished their purpose; it is sufficient to say that they succeeded only too well, in rendering Richard Braxton's life unendurable. His mother was unable to protect him; she allowed herself and Richard to be trampled upon without resistance, and in proportion as she yielded they encroached upon her rights.

A worm will turn when trodden upon, and Richard made no secret of the hatred which he felt toward Mr. and Mrs. Horton, which increased their enmity, and at length he begged to be sent away from home, that he might thus escape from their persecutions. His mother

consented, and in spite of the opposition of her self-appointed guardians, sent him to an academy in another State.

Here he remained for several years; a new world and a new life seemed opened before him. Here his uncommon abilities and genial disposition commanded respect, and endeared him to those around him. His progress in learning was rapid, and relieved from the weight which had depressed his spirits at home, he passed at once from the timidity of boyhood to the confidence of a man who is conscious of possessing faculties of mind above the ordinary capacity of his fellows.

During his last year in this place, he became attached to a young lady of exceeding loveliness, both of mind and person, one of those

—“belongs, heavenly fair,  
Too finely framed to bide the brunt more earthly creatures bear.”

She was a pupil at the academy, and a short acquaintanceship was sufficient to prove to Annie Langford and Richard Braxton that the mutual sympathies which they cherished as congenial souls, were the beginning of a more tender relation; and almost before they were aware of the fact, they grew to love each other with a depth of tenderness and devotion such as is often written of, but seldom really known.

This was another motive to action—a spur to the growing ambition of Richard Braxton—a fresh charm to make existence delightful; and for a few months his measure of happiness seemed full to overflowing. At the age of eighteen he left the school, and the lovers parted with some regret, but high hopes for the future.

Richard's means were too limited to enable him to commence a college course at once, as he desired, but a gentleman with whom he had recently become acquainted, had offered him a lucrative situation in his counting room, and he hoped in two years to procure the means of finishing his education.

Health, hope, happiness, all were his; the world looked fair and bright before him; he was willing to devote himself to patient, self-sacrificing toil, and he had no fears but that success would crown his efforts.

“His aims were glorious and his thoughts intense.”

The image of the pure being who so truly loved him, and for whose sake he would gladly endure toil and privation, or brave danger, and even death, was enshrined in his heart, and if perfect happiness is possible to human beings, such was his.

I would gladly lay down the pen, and end this

“short and simple annal” here, allowing the imagination of the reader to carry out the story of Richard Braxton to a happy termination; but justice compels me to tell the truth, and the whole truth, however painful the recital.

Immediately after leaving school, Richard spent a week in the home of his childhood, and was surprised and delighted to find that his relatives had apparently forgotten their former hostility toward him. They treated him with more than kindness, and seemed to be trying to make amends for the cruelty of the past. Of an honest, confiding disposition himself, he doubted not that all this show of friendship was genuine, and joyfully hailed what he considered the advent of a more peaceful relation than had heretofore existed; but, alas! he knew not the depths of deceit of which the human heart is capable when depraved by the indulgence of unlawful passions, and unrestrained by a single principle of justice or humanity.

Like wolves in sheep's clothing, or devils in the guise of angels of light, they concealed a spirit of bitter, fiendish, unrelenting hate toward one who had never injured them, beneath an exterior of kindly feeling, and waited only for an opportunity to stab their victim to the very soul.

An opportunity soon offered. While Richard was at home, his mother was suddenly called to the deathbed of a dear friend, leaving him alone. Mr. and Mrs. Horton insisted upon his making their house his home while she was absent, and rather than wound their feelings by a refusal, he accepted their proffered hospitality, and remained with them until the time had arrived when he was to commence his labors at the counting room of his friend.

At his departure, Mr. and Mrs. Horton expressed a hope that he might be successful and happy, and their apparent sincerity gratified him exceedingly, while with the magnanimity of a noble mind he forgave and forgot all that he had suffered from their unkindness.

During his first day in his new situation, his comprehensive mind took in the details of his range of duties so thoroughly, that his employer at once perceived that he had secured an invaluable assistant, and resolved to do even more for him than he had promised. The next morning Richard went to the counting-room and seated himself at his own desk; no one else had yet arrived, and he was alone. As he bent over the ledger, his thoughts went back in retrospection to the happy hours he had spent with his beloved Annie; and then again his fancy painted bright pictures of the future time when he should call

her his own, and be ever blessed with her sweet presence. Suddenly his day dream was broken by approaching footsteps; he felt a rude grasp upon his shoulder, and looking up, beheld the hard, inflexible countenance of Jacob Horton, in whose eyes he read an expression of triumphant malice.

"Richard," exclaimed Horton, "give me back the money which you stole from my house!"

"What do you mean, sir?" he asked, indignantly, while every particle of blood retreated from his face, leaving it like that of a marble statue.

"I mean that I have discovered your robbery, my strong box broken open, and fifty dollars stolen, and all this done by you, for no one else has been in the room. Unless you immediately confess and restore the money, the law shall take its course, otherwise, I will spare you the disgrace."

Had a thunderbolt descended from a cloudless sky, it would not have so much surprised Richard as did this sudden and false accusation. For a few moments he was completely stupefied, and unable to speak, but recovering somewhat his presence of mind, and supposing that Horton was laboring under a mistake which careful investigation would explain, he said:

"Mr. Horton, is it possible that you believe me capable of crime, of robbery? I assure you, sir, I have never taken from you or from any one else so much as the value of a pin in a dishonest manner."

"O, that kind of talk wont go down with me; I know better. The last night that you was in my house, my strong box, which was under the table in the room where you slept, was broken open, and robbed, and my wife says she heard you hammering and filing after she went to bed, but didn't think much of it till after she found the money was gone. Come, own up, and restore the money, or by heaven you shall suffer the penalty of the law!"

"Again I assure you that I am innocent, so help me God."

"Well, we'll go to your boarding-house, and see what we can find there. I've got a man with me to assist in the search—I am prepared for you."

Richard gladly agreed to this proposal, knowing that he had placed nothing in his trunk—which he had not opened since leaving Horton's house—which could in the remotest manner convict him of the crime charged against him. A rough, brutal-looking fellow was waiting outside, and Richard accompanied the two men to his boarding-house, after leaving a note

on his desk, telling his employer that necessity had called him away, but that he should soon return.

"Give me the key," cried Horton, as they reached Richard's room.

The key was handed him, and he opened the trunk. Nothing was visible at first but clothing, but on removing some of this, a canvass bag was seen, which Horton drew out with an exultant cry.

"Before I open this," said he, "I will show you this list of the bank bills of which I have been robbed." And he produced a card having the description of various bank bills of different denominations written upon it.

He then untied the bag, and drew out first a bunch of picklocks. Chuckling with delight, he put in his hand again, and this time produced a hammer and file, and at the bottom of the bag found a roll of bills, which, on being opened, were found to answer precisely to the description on the card.

"There," cried Horton, "do you still play innocent, you rascal?"

When the bag was discovered in the trunk, Richard had started back with astonishment, and while the various contents were being removed, he had remained like one in a dream. He now replied:

"In the presence of God, to whom the secrets of the heart are known, I declare that I have never before seen that bag or its contents. Some vile wretch has formed a plot to ruin me, though I cannot imagine who could have been so cruel."

"O, ho, ho!" laughed Horton, "that's a good one; but let me tell you, my fine bird, that you will find it difficult to prove that to the judge and jury."

"Come along with me," said Horton's companion.

"What would you do?" asked Richard.

"Take you to the lock-up; come along."

"Richard," exclaimed Horton, "as the money's all here, and this is your first offence, I will spare you the disgrace of a trial, if you will confess the crime in the presence of this witness. Whether guilty or not," he continued, with a meaning look at Richard, in which the victim read triumphant hate and malice, and instantly perceived who was the author of the devilish plot, "the proofs are entirely against you. For certain reasons a full confession will serve my purpose as well as to have you tried, convicted, and imprisoned, as you certainly will be if the affair passes out of my hands. Consider well what you have to gain or lose. On the one

And you are free as air, and the secret will be known only to your friends, whose interest it will be to keep it concealed; on the other, open disgrace, and all your future prospects forever blasted."

Richard's brain reeled, as he contemplated the terrible fate which threatened him, and from which he saw no escape.

"Confess to a lie? Never!"

"Very well, come with us, then, first to your employer, and then to the jail!"

"Stop one moment. Does my mother know of this accusation?"

"Yes."

"And does she believe me guilty?"

"Certainly she does, and prayed upon her knees that you might confess, and thus save her from disgrace and death."

"She believes me guilty!" said Richard, slowly, and with forced calmness. "Then let me have time to think."

He buried his face in his hands, and a tempest of conflicting emotions swept over his soul. He saw that a refusal of Horton's request would bring upon him a fate worse than death, and what was still worse, would render his mother miserable for life. Could he confess to a lie and thus save all this? The temptation was great, the sudden shock had deprived him of the power to withstand it, and in a moment of weakness he yielded! Who can blame him? Who can say that he would not have done the same under like circumstances, when, as a drowning man who catches at a straw, the mind seeks any means of escape from an impending fate?

Horton was satisfied, and Richard was free, but at what a cost! How suddenly the darkness of midnight had descended about him at noon-day! He returned to the counting-room, and mechanically pursued his labors, then went sadly home at night to spend the long night hours in agony and unavailing regrets at his criminal weakness in yielding to the tempter.

For weeks he lived in misery; his hope, courage, and confidence in mankind were gone, and to add to his unhappiness, he found that the whole circle of his relatives had been informed of his crime, (?) and regarded him with suspicion. His employer perceived the change in his appearance, and sought to gain his confidence, but in vain. Disgraced, humbled and broken-spirited, Richard vowed never to let the happiness of his beloved Annie be alloyed by connection with a miserable object like himself, for this great and undeserved affliction had induced a morbid state of mind, and he saw all things as through "a glass darkly," and he wrote her

a farewell letter, informing her that circumstances had recently transpired which made it impossible for their bright dreams ever to be realized. He was unworthy of her, and begged her to forget him and be happy. To this letter he received an immediate answer, which a stern sense of duty compelled him to return unopened, and from that time he never heard from her again.

In the meantime, some of his relatives, at the instigation of Horton, decided that he ought to be sent away to sea to reform him. One of those persons, a merchant, and a cruel, hard-hearted man, proposed to find him a situation in a whale ship, saying that some ship, whose master was noted for his tyranny, would be best suited for this purpose. His mother opposed this plan, but with her usual indecision allowed her objections to be overruled.

Richard was informed that his relatives intended to send him to sea. Once he would have replied, indignantly, that he was old enough to take care of his own affairs; but now he had lost his former spirit, and passively submitted. He had a natural dread of the sea, but was glad to escape from the cruelty of his relatives in any way, and prepared to depart whenever he should receive orders to do so.

From some cause, Marston, instead of procuring him a situation on a whaler, had him shipped in a merchantman, the Traveller, for Calcutta, and when he sailed, he cared not where he was going, what was to become of him, or how soon he might die. He performed his duties to the best of his ability, but took no interest in them, or in the various employments and amusements of his shipmates, who set him down as a churlish, stupid fellow.

When I first saw him in Calcutta, he had a sullen, downcast look, and the appearance of one who feels that every man's hand is against him, and that he is despised and hated by all around him; but after he had become convinced that I really felt a kindly interest in him, he grew more social and communicative, though nothing could remove the expression of deep despondency which had become habitual to him.

The ships to which Richard and myself respectively belonged, were expected to sail from Calcutta on the same day, and on the preceding evening we met by appointment in Tank Square. He was more downcast than usual, and when I spoke in pleasant anticipation of a favorable homeward passage, and a speedy re-union with our friends, he replied, mournfully:

"I do not think I shall ever see home again. Something tells me that I shall soon die; but even if I should reach home, there are no friends

to greet me but my mother, and it would be far better to sink to an ocean grave than to drag out a miserable existence, under the curse of suspicion."

"Nonsense," I replied, "do not give way to such gloomy fancies. You will reach home safely, and your relatives will have by that time forgotten their enmity, and give you a cordial welcome. Cheer up, look at the bright side of the picture, exert yourself to succeed in life, and if you can amass property you will be respected, though you were the greatest villain that ever walked the earth."

"The latter part of your remark is true," he exclaimed, bitterly, "in republican America. 'An empty pocket's the worst of crimes,' and the possession of wealth a more favorable recommendation than a whole catalogue of shining virtues; but I do not wish to live, and were not suicide a crime, would long ago have escaped from the hell of my own thoughts, which sometimes drive me almost to madness, when I reflect upon 'what might have been.'"

"Do not allow your mind to dwell upon such things. You are too young to be disgusted with life; forget the past, enjoy the present, and in the future all will be well."

"No, no, it is too late; I am discouraged, and can never be happy. I have a strong presentiment that I shall soon meet a violent death. Take this package of papers, and if I never return to my home, deliver it to my mother. It contains the story which I have related to you—a true account of the circumstances of that fiendish plot by which I was ruined. I forgive all my enemies, and hope that my relatives will do justice to my memory."

I took the package, and promised to do as he requested, though I considered his "presentiment," as he called it, to be one of the vagaries of a diseased mind. We soon returned to our ships, which early next morning left their moorings and got under way. In the bustle of leaving port I had nearly forgotten Richard's mournful prediction, but it was soon recalled by a terrible incident. Was his anticipation of approaching death really a warning from another world? Had a supernatural power so acted upon his mind as to give him a single glance into the future, or do "coming events cast their shadows before?" These are questions which we cannot answer; they are among the things which must ever remain mysteries to "creatures of a mortal ken."

The navigation of the Hoogly River is difficult and tedious to loaded vessels of large size. The river is filled with sandbars, many of which

are impassable except at extreme high water. Thus ships are frequently compelled to drop their anchors and wait for the flood tides, and six or ten days are sometimes consumed in the passage from Calcutta to the Sand Heads at the mouth of the river, a distance of only one hundred and eighty miles.

The Boneta, to which I belonged, and the Traveller, hauled out from their moorings with the same tide, and both taking steamers, kept near together for two days, by which time we had reached a point in the river about half way between Garden Reach and Diamond Harbor, where we had remained over night at anchor, just above a broad shoal.

At daybreak, on the morning of the third day, the sleepers were aroused by the call:

"All hands turn out—up anchor—ahoy!" And soon the steady, monotonous click of the windlass broke the stillness of the morning. The towboat which had lain at anchor in shore through the night, was brought in ahead, and the hawsers by which she was attached to the ship were hauled aboard and made fast.

Slowly the ship was drawn up to her anchor, as the slack chain was hove in, then with a heave and tug the "ground hook" broke clear of the mud, and was soon swinging at the cathead.

"Go ahead, sir," shouted our pilot from the forecastle to the captain of the steamer, and before the answering "Ay, ay, sir" had reached us, the steamer's wheels began to move, our "leading strings" tautened out, and again we were plunging down the Hoogly.

"Heave the lead," said the pilot to his assistant, then turning to the mate, he exclaimed, "Get thirty fathom of chain forward of the windlass as quick as you can, sir, we can't go but a few miles this time."

The cause of this order was the fact that only a mile below the shoal over which we were now passing, was another bar, and by the time we reached it, the tide would have fallen so far as to make it impassable. The mate was not aware of this, however, and made no particular haste in overhauling the chain, supposing it would be ready by the time it was needed.

Just as our anchor broke ground, we heard the cry of "Up anchor!" on board the Traveller, which laid an eighth of a mile above us, and our pilot, turning to the captain, said:

"I fancy my brother pilot on the Traveller overslept himself this morning; if his men don't work pretty lively, he'll get into a scrape."

While some of our men, under the mate's direction, were getting the chain forward of the windlass, for ready letting go the port anchor,

the pilot stood on the forecastle, closely watching the steamer's course, giving directions to our helmsman, and scanning the various landmarks on the left bank of the river with a careful eye. At length he exclaimed :

"Have you got that chain ready?"

"Not quite, sir," replied the mate.

"Thunder! I told you to be quick about it. How much have you got?"

"About twenty fathom, sir."

"Well, clap a stopper on there quick, and stand by your anchor. Starboard a, little; steamer ahoy!"

"Ay, ay, sir."

"Run half speed."

"Ay, ay, sir."

"Six fathom—quarter five—five fathom—and a half—four," sung out the leadman, as the successive casts were made with great rapidity.

"Stand clear the chain," cried the pilot.

The mate was at the port anchor, top maul in hand, and men were stationed at the hawsers to let them go, the moment the anchor fell.

"Quarter less four!" cried the leadman.

"Hard a starboard!" shouted the pilot.

"Let go the—hold on all!"

"And a half three!" yelled the leadman, springing inboard from the chains, and leaving his lead line in the water, as the ship rolled over to starboard with a sudden jerk that took every one off his feet.

For ten seconds, perhaps, the ship fell down to starboard, till everybody thought she was going over, and the water rushed into the ports. She had grounded, and the tide, which runs with a greater velocity in the Hoogly than in any other part of the known world, had rolled her right over; in half a minute, she would have "turned turtle." Had she been on an even keel, no power on earth could have saved her; but she was two feet deeper at the stern where she had grounded, and by the presence of mind and skill of the pilot, who knew the fact, she was swung round as on a pivot, and pulled off diagonally.

The instant she began to roll over, the mate in his excitement had raised the top maul to let go the anchor, but the pilot sprang towards him and arrested his arm, crying :

"Hold on that anchor, for heaven's sake! Hard a-port. Put on all your steam," he shouted to the steamer, and the hawsers tautened out till every strand seemed ready to burst asunder with the tension. But they were stout Manilla ropes, and just as the starboard rail was within six inches of the water, the ship moved a little, then glided smoothly off into deeper water, and instantly righted.

"Now you may let go the anchor," exclaimed the pilot, for the first time releasing his savage grasp upon the mate's arm. "Right your helm—let go your starboard hawser—let go the port one, so."

"That was truly touch and go," said the captain, who had come forward.

"It was all of that," replied the pilot. "If you had offered to sell me your ship and cargo for half a rupee (twenty-five cents), at the moment we grounded, I should have refused the offer; however, a miss is as good as a mile. Is breakfast ready, sir? I feel exceedingly sharp-set after this little excitement."

The captain laughed at the nonchalance of the pilot, and informed him that breakfast would be ready in a few minutes; then telling the mate to let the men go to breakfast, he walked aft.

In the excitement and anxiety concerning the safety of our own ship, I had entirely forgotten the Traveller; but while the men were hastening to the galley for the beef kid and bread barge, and their "hot, wet and dirty," I glanced astern. There she was, apparently close to the place where we had grounded, but I doubted not that her pilot had been warned by the sight of our narrow escape, and would prevent a like accident to his own ship, and so went in to get my breakfast. Scarcely had I got seated, when I heard a rush and a bustle on deck, and the next moment the order from the mate for all hands to come on deck, and lower away the boats! Out we ran to see what was the matter. It was apparent at a glance.

The Traveller had grounded on the bar, where there was now six inches less water than when the Boneta had struck, had rolled over on her side, and there she lay with her masts under water, and her port yard arms sticking up perpendicularly. Everything movable that had been on her deck was floating down toward us—hen-coops, barrels, seachests, and firewood—and we could plainly see the heads of many of her crew in the water, as they grasped at anything which would buoy them up.

I sprang into the gig which hung at the davits, followed by three others, and the moment the boat touched the water we unhooked the tackles, and bent to our oars for a pull up the swiftly flowing stream. In the meantime, our launch and jolly boat were got overboard and manned.

We had picked up one poor fellow who had clung to a hen-coop, and floated towards us, when I perceived Richard Braxton far out in the river, and borne unresistingly along without so much as an oar to keep him afloat. By this time the boats from the Traveller's steamer were picking

up the men, the other two boats from the Boneta were close behind us, and I pointed out the receding figure of my friend to the crew of the gig, and begged them to save him.

"Ay, ay, we will," they cried, and turning the boat's head toward the middle of the river, we pulled with all our strength, in the hope of heading him off before the current should carry him past us. But it was impossible, though there was scarcely three times the boat's length between us when he floated by, and answered our hail, in a feeble tone, saying that his strength was nearly spent, and that he could not keep his head above water much longer.

"Avast pulling the port oars—pull away the starboard ones—so now, together, pull like tigers!" I cried, and heading directly down the stream, our boat flew on like the wind.

"We are gaining on him; bend your oars and break your backs!" cried the bow oarsman.

At this moment Richard sank beneath the surface, but instantly re-appeared, and tossing his arms aloft, exclaimed:

"Too late, too late—I am lost!"

Not twenty feet now separated us, and I shouted:

"Bear up one minute longer, Richard, and you are saved."

"Too late!" he repeated. "Remember your promise; tell my friends all. Try to see Annie; tell her that my last thoughts were of her. Heaven bless you for your efforts to save me. May you be happier than I have been. Good-by!"

The last word ended in a gurgling moan, and just as I could almost touch him with my oar, the turbid waters of the Hoogly closed over the form of Richard Braxton, who had sunk to rise no more.

Thus his prediction was fulfilled, and thus the delivery of his papers, which I had accepted to gratify what I considered a foolish whim, and his dying message, had become a sacred trust which I must religiously fulfil. With heavy hearts—for the rough tars in the gig had been moved to tears at Richard's sad fate, and wept like children as they resumed their oars—we pulled back to the Boneta, where we learned that six of the Traveller's crew beside Richard Braxton had found a watery grave. The ship would probably be a total loss, and it may well be believed that a deep feeling of gratitude for our own remarkable escape pervaded the crew of the Boneta.

We had a quick and prosperous passage home, and almost immediately after landing, I sought out Richard's mother, and broke to her the sad intelligence of her son's death. I delivered the

package of papers, and hastened away to escape being a witness to the frantic grief of Mrs. Braxton. Since that time I have frequently seen her, and have been informed of the effect which Richard's dying confession had upon his hardhearted relatives.

At the earliest opportunity I wrote to a person with whom I was somewhat acquainted, and who resided in the same town with Annie Langford. To my great surprise, his answer informed me that she was dead. About a year previous to the date of his letter, a great and sudden change had come over her; a deep despondency had settled upon her, and from that time she had declined, until on a day, which I found to have been during the same week in which Richard Braxton had perished in the Hoogly River, she had died, of consumption, my informant said, but I knew that it was of a broken heart. She had doubtless supposed that Richard had deserted her, and hence her illness and death.

Mrs. Horton has become a maniac. Remorse, and the terrors of an accusing conscience have unsettled her feeble mind, and now she is expiating her guilt toward her unfortunate nephew in a terrible manner, being constantly haunted with the belief that he is seeking her life.

Mrs. Braxton is tottering slowly but surely toward the churchyard, a miserable, broken-hearted woman.

Jacob Horton still lives, and still holds his head as erect as ever, but in the still hours of the night, does he not sometimes see the pale, cold form of his victim, pointing with spectral finger toward the place where he shall receive the reward of his wicked deeds? All who know the circumstances connected with the fate of Richard Braxton, despise him, and when he dies, he shall go down

"To the vile dust from whence he sprang,  
Unwept, unhonored and unsung."

As to the robbery, as the reader has doubtless ere this suspected, and as Mrs. Horton confessed, it was planned by herself and her husband, who contrived to place the money in Richard's trunk, and thus furnish a damning proof against him. Their fiendish plot has caused much misery, and will one day recoil upon their own heads with fearful power.

#### PURITY.

Yet was there light around her brow,  
A holiness in those dark eyes,  
Which showed, though wandering earthward now,  
Her spirit's home was in the skies.  
Yes, for a spirit pure as hers  
Is always pure, e'en when it errs;  
As sunshine broken in the rill,  
Though turned astray, is sunshine still.—MOONS.

## A SONG.

BY WILLIAM BLAKE.

Piping down the valleys wild,  
Piping songs of pleasant glee,  
On a cloud I saw a child,  
And he, laughing, said to me:

"Pipe a song about a lamb."  
So I piped with merry cheer.  
"Piper, pipe that song again."  
So I piped; he wept to hear.

"Drop thy pipe, thy happy pipe,  
Sing thy songs of happy cheer."  
So he sang the same again.  
While he wept with joy to hear.

"Piper, sit thee down and write  
In a book that all may read."  
So he vanished from my sight,  
And I plucked a hollow reed;

And I made a rural pen,  
And I stained the water clear,  
And I wrote my happy songs,  
Every child may joy to hear.

[ORIGINAL.]

## THE SAILOR'S BRIDE.

BY MRS. CAROLINE ORNE.

ONE of those wild March storms, such as wail along the seacoast, as if mourning over the sorrow and desolation they are destined to carry to many a heart and home, had spent its fury. There were rifts in the black clouds, and it was only now and then that a heavy gust swept by, succeeded by a low, melancholy sigh, like a sob of agony wrung from a human heart.

Though near midnight, the widow Selwyn and her daughter Mary, who were the sole occupants of a brown cottage near the sea, about half a mile from Plymouth, had not thought of retiring to rest. They still sat by the fire, which no longer brightened the room with a steady, cheerful blaze, but with its dim, fitful gleams, cast shadows on the wall, which to Mary Selwyn, as she sat pale and silent, seemed like phantom shapes, mocking and menacing her with their strange, uncouth gestures. When the old clock, swinging its pendulum in the case of polished oak, which reached from floor to ceiling, commenced striking twelve, she rose for the twentieth time and looked out of the window.

"Does the storm appear to be over?" said her mother.

"Yes, but its work of destruction is already accomplished."

"Don't speak so despondingly, Mary. I

heard Captain Westerly, who is a first-rate judge, say no longer ago than yesterday that the Penguin was a good, staunch ship, and that she had rode out many a storm which had strewn the shore with wrecks."

"It never could have rode out this storm, if near the coast, which, according to the last news received, there can be no doubt but that it was."

Mrs. Selwyn made no reply to this, for she knew that there was every reason to believe that her daughter's words would prove true, and that Mordaunt Hartley, mate of the Penguin, and as frank, warm-hearted a young man as ever trod a vessel's deck, had found his last resting-place beneath the foam-crested waves, which could be seen from the window. He had for several years been betrothed to Mary, and they were to have been married when he returned.

Mary, who had been watching the wild tossing of the waves—for the moon had broke through the clouds, and was shining in full splendor—suddenly turned away from the window.

"I am going over to the cliff—will you go with me, mother?" said she.

Mrs. Selwyn answered by raising the lid of a large trunk and taking from thence their cloaks and hoods. As they stepped from their door, they saw that there was a light in the house of Mr. Whitman, their next neighbor, by whom, and his two sons, they were soon overtaken.

"Was there any chance for vessels near the coast, during the dreadful storm we've had?" asked Mrs. Selwyn.

"We must hope for the best," he replied; and then added in a low voice, so that Mary might not hear him, that vessels thrown upon the flats—and there would be little chance of avoiding it—were almost sure to go to pieces.

"And those on board?" said Mrs. Selwyn.

"Will be lost—no human arm can save them."

They soon reached the shore, and after proceeding a short distance, arrived to where the channel set in on the beach, the waters being stayed at full tide by a bold shore. Here dark objects, in the shape of bales, boxes and spars, were rushing by—showing that at least one merchant vessel must have been wrecked. Mr. Whitman, who had brought a coil of rope with him, to which was attached a hook, succeeded in throwing it so as to draw something ashore, which at once attracted Mary's attention. It proved to be a seaman's chest, on the lid of which the initials "M. H.," from being cut through the coating of dark paint, were plainly discernible in the moonlight. No one could see, beneath the shade of her deep hood, how white



the lips were which said in a low, quiet voice—  
 "Tis Mordaunt's chest."

Stepping so near the water's edge that the foam-wreaths broke at her feet, she bent forward, eagerly watching the objects which continued to rush by, as if, borne on the swift, impetuous current, she expected to see the owner of the chest. A human being did at last appear; and, as he sped by, quick as thought the upturned face caught a gleam of the white, ghastly moonlight. But the dark, sunburnt features which were thereby revealed, were a stranger's—not those of Mordaunt Hartley.

"Come, Mary," said Mrs. Selwyn, going to her daughter and taking her by the arm, "we must go home now! It won't do for you to stay here in the cold any longer."

"Just wait a few moments, till he comes, and then we will all go together," Mary replied.

"The shock has proved too much for her," said Mr. Whitman, in a low voice, to Mrs. Selwyn, "and she doesn't exactly realize what has taken place. A little rest will restore her to herself, I trust, if she can be persuaded to return."

"Try to persuade her," was Mrs. Selwyn's answer. "She will think that you know better about it than I do."

Mary proved less pertinacious than they had apprehended, for on Mr. Whitman's representing to her that there was little or no probability that Mordaunt Hartley would return that night, though, if he should chance to, he would not fail to let her know, she consented to accompany her mother home.

If there had remained the shadow of a doubt, as to the fate of the Penguin, it was removed by the return of daylight, which revealed portions of the wrecked vessel, and bales of merchandise, such as were known to compose the cargo, strewn along the beach.

The chest, on the lid of which were cut the initials of Mordaunt Hartley's name, was conveyed to Mrs. Selwyn's cottage; and as there was the appearance of its not being water-tight, it was broken open in the presence of Mr. Whitman and others, that the contents might be saved from injury. In it, besides various articles of clothing, many of them made by Mary's own hands, was a letter to her, which he, probably, had never found opportunity to send. There was likewise a parcel, on which was written "For Mary," which contained, among other things, one article that brought bitter tears to the eyes of Mrs. Selwyn. It was a piece of India muslin of the finest texture, and she knew that Hartley had purchased it for Mary's bridal dress.

In the meantime, Mary, stricken with fever, lay unconscious to all that was passing around.

Weeks and months had glided silently away, and autumn had commenced dropping her clusters of rubies, and braiding her chains of gold among the rich summer foliage. The day was near its close. A golden glory flushed the western sky, making it look so clear and transparent, that it almost seemed as if the eye might pierce its depths, and catch glimpses of a brighter world beyond. Seated on the gnarled roots of an old oak which nearly overshadowed a little eminence, whence could be seen a part of Plymouth Harbor, was Mary Selwyn. There was a sad, wistful expression in her large brown eyes, as now and then a white sail, tinged with the sunset glow, appeared for a few moments, and then rounding a little headland, was lost to view. Soon the twilight shadows began to fall darkly around, yet she still remained, while almost unconsciously, she half sung, half chanted in a low, sweet voice, the stanza by Tennyson:

"And the stately ships go on  
 To the haven under the hill;  
 But O for the touch of a vanished hand  
 And the sound of a voice that's still."

"Mary!"

The sound brought her to her feet in a moment.

"There never was but one voice which could speak my name in that way," she murmured, pale and trembling, "and that one has been hushed such a long and weary time, I hear it now only in my dreams."

"But you don't dream now, Mary." And Mordaunt Hartley, who stood in the deep shadow cast by the tree, emerged into the open moonlight, and stood before her.

"Don't dream?" she repeated. "Is it not a phantom I see, that's come to mock me?"

"It is no phantom," he replied, clasping her hands in his.

"No, Mordaunt, I know now it isn't; and yet in the long, lonely nights, I have so many times listened to what seemed to me your voice, mingling with the moaning of the sea. They told me 'twas all a phantasy—that my fever hadn't quite left me, and that my mind wasn't exactly right; but it seemed real to me."

"And it is real now. You spoke of having a fever; some time you must tell me all about it. Now you must go home, for there's a heavy dew falling."

"It won't hurt me. There's too much strength and joy in my heart for that."

As they drew near the cottage, they could see a bright fire burning on the hearthstone.

"What will mother say?" said Mary. "It will seem to her, as it did almost to me, that you have risen from the dead."

"Why Mary, what made you stay so? I began to be afraid that something had happened to you," said Mrs. Selwyn, as she bent over the table to arrange the evening meal she had been preparing.

"And so there has," replied Mary, speaking in a voice which had so much of the old, cheery ring in it, as to cause her mother to look up with a sudden fear that she was relapsing into a state of mind too flighty to be healthful, which had more than once manifested itself during her protracted convalescence.

As Mrs. Selwyn looked up, Hartley was just entering the room.

"Do I see Mordaunt Hartley?" said she, running to meet him.

"Yes," he replied, "here I am, safe and sound."

"Well, I never did give you up, and never could. Something always seemed to whisper to me that I should see you again. But then I never dared say so to Mary, as I was afraid that it would awaken a hope that might never be realized, and that would have been cruel, after all she had gone through."

"There were only two of us saved, the cabin-boy and I. We held on to a piece of the wreck till morning, when we were taken off by an out-bound vessel."

"It will cure you of ever thinking of going to sea again, I hope," said Mrs. Selwyn.

"That is what I thought during that dreadful night," he replied.

"And you haven't changed your mind?" said Mary, with an imploring look.

"I certainly intend to remain on terra firma, for a few months, at least," he replied.

"You don't value your life as highly as some of your friends do," said Mrs. Selwyn.

"Ah, my dear madam, you've not the least idea what fascination there is in a sailor's life. When I stand on the deck of a good ship, with a serene sky, fresh breeze, and the blue waves sparkling in the sun, were it not for those left behind, I would ask for nothing better." And he commenced singing, in a deep, mellow voice:

"The sea—the sea—the open sea,  
The blue, the fresh, the ever free!  
Without a mark, without a bound,  
It runneth the earth's wide regions round."

"That's the way with you sailor boys," said Mrs. Selwyn. "You forget the storms and remember only the pleasant weather. We will try to be like them, and instead of anticipating

trouble, we will now think only of your safe return. Come, Mordaunt—take your old place at the table! These biscuits will suit you, I know. When I looked into the oven, and found how light they were, and how nice they were baking, I couldn't help remembering that there were some like them on the table, the last meal you ever took with us. I little thought of the happiness in store for us, and that you would be here to help eat them."

"They are white as the foam of the wave," said Mordaunt, breaking one of them open; "and I must confess that I have not seen anything of the kind to compare with them, during my absence."

"But why do you confine your praise to words? Why don't you eat some of them?" said Mrs. Selwyn, finding that he suffered the broken biscuit to remain untasted.

"Well, that is the best kind of praise, in a case like this," he replied; "but if the truth must be told, the fullness of my joy at finding myself here with you and Mary, after so much danger and suffering, is such, that I care very little about eating."

"It is pretty much the same with Mary, I suspect," said Mrs. Selwyn, glancing at her daughter's animated countenance, "and I am sure it is with me."

"I shouldn't have come empty-handed, as I have now," said Mordaunt, drawing his chair up to the fire, after they rose from the table, "if our ship hadn't been wrecked. I had several trifles in my chest for Mary; neither were you forgotten," he added, turning to Mrs. Selwyn.

"Your chest came ashore," said Mary. "I was on the beach, and remember, when I saw it, that it seemed like a messenger sent from you, to let me know that I should never see you again. After that, I don't know what took place. All was a blank to me for a long time."

"And since her recovery, she has never seen what was in the chest," said her mother.

"How could I bear to, when I thought—"

Here Mary's voice faltered, and she left the sentence unfinished.

"I shall have the pleasure of showing them to you myself, now," Mordaunt hastened to say.

A few weeks later, there was a wedding in the brown cottage by the sea. Mary was robed in the pure white muslin, chosen for her by Mordaunt, in the Oriental land. The only ornament she wore was a few of those delicate, wax-like looking flowers, which may be found under the sere forest-leaves, late in autumn, woven with her soft, brown hair. If neither were what may be called brilliant or handsome, her face, luminous with the

light welling up from a heart full of peace and a serene joy, possessed a charm far more attractive.

For some months after his marriage, Mordaunt made no mention of resuming his sea-faring life. Still, when summer came, and the golden beams of the sun shone on the blue waves, their look of warmth and joy stole into his heart like the smiles of a syren. Though he said nothing about it to Mary, she knew that

"Like a bird that seeketh its mother's nest,"

he longed to be again floating over the billowy breast of the sea. When, therefore, the command of a fine new ship was offered him by the owners, she could not find it in her heart to discourage his acceptance of it, though the thought of his leaving her cost her many a pang.

"You know," said he, by way of quieting her fears, "that I may count on prosperous voyages for the future—one such hair-breadth escape as I have had being as much as usually falls to the share of one person."

At any rate, he was ever afterward prosperous; and when at length the quiet of home began to possess increasing charms for him, a competency fairly won, enabled him to resign his employment.

#### THE BRIGHT SIDE.

Look on the bright side. It is the right side. The times may be hard, but it will make them no easier to wear a gloomy and sad countenance. It is the sunshine, and not the cloud that makes a flower. There is always before or around us that which should cheer and fill the heart with warmth. The sky is blue ten times where it is black once. You have troubles, it may be. So have others. None are free from them. Perhaps it is as well that none should be. They give sinew and tone to life—fortitude and courage to man. That would be a dull sea, and the sailor would never get skill, where there was nothing to disturb the surface of the ocean. It is the duty of every one to extract all the happiness and enjoyment he can, without and within him; and above all, he should look on the bright side of things. What though things do look a little dark? The lane will turn, and the night will end in broad day. In the long run, the great balance rights itself. What is ill becomes well—what is wrong, right. Men are not made to hang down either heads or lips, and those who do, only show that they are departing from the paths of true common sense and right. There is more virtue in one sunbeam, than a whole hemisphere of clouds and gloom. Therefore, we repeat, look on the bright side of things. Cultivate all that is warm and genial—not the cold and repulsive, the dark and morose.—*Anon.*

#### BEAUTY IN SORROW.

Most sad she sat, but O, most beautiful! If Sorrow stole A charm awhile from Beauty, Beauty's self Might envy well the charm that Sorrow lent To every perfect feature.

REYNOLDS.

#### A GOOD WORD, OR NOTHING.

BY AARON SMITH.

There is a species of slander abroad in the world,  
Against a good neighbor, O, frequently hurled;  
Not always with malice, with envy, or spite,  
Yet fatal to friendship, good feeling and right.  
Remember—and fall not your trust to fulfil—  
Your brother, though absent, your brother is still;  
Wherever you be, or whate'er may befall,  
O, speak a good word, or say nothing at all!

There are duties we owe when together we're met,  
We are all of us only too apt to forget;  
Be blithe if you will when the wine cup is pressed,  
But plant not a wound in an innocent breast;  
Rebut the foul charge to the slanderer's shame,  
Who, fendlike, would blacken another's fair fame,  
Love is sweeter than honey—strife bitter as gall;  
Then speak a good word, or say nothing at all.

[ORIGINAL.]

#### PLOT AND COUNTERPLOT.

BY CLARISSA W. HOLMES.

"Now, Mr. Charles Merton, are you really serious, or are you only amusing yourself at my expense?"

Such was the question addressed by my friend, Susan Nye, to the gentleman above mentioned, who had been making what is popularly called a "declaration."

"Amusing myself! Why, what do you take me for, Susie? Do you suppose I would trifle with the holiest?"

"O nonsense!" interrupted Susan, in the coolest manner possible; "don't you suppose I know that speech by heart, by this time? What novel have you lately looked into, Mr. Merton?"

"I assure you, Susan, that what I have said came from the heart, and from no novel that I ever read," answered Charles, a little hurt by Susan's manner.

"Well, there's nothing for you to get so angry about—at least, it is singular what a fuss men make over trifles. Fortunately, their anger, like their love, cools very quickly."

"Now, Susan, you are unjust, and let me add, very unkind, else you would not persist in twisting my words as you do. But I've had no answer to my question yet, and I am getting impatient."

"That's very wrong of you, Charles," returned the incorrigible Susan, "for I may keep you in suspense some time longer yet. Let me see, I believe your question was, whether I would make myself miserable for life by marrying you, wasn't that it?" Well, I will confess that I like

you just a little bit; but then again, I have a natural distrust of all men. Now, I dare say, by to-morrow you will be down on your knees making a similar declaration to Mary or Emma. You see I haven't much faith in you, Charles."

"No, I see you haven't," said Charles, smiling in spite of himself, at her saucy speech—"but I protest—"

"O, of course you do—I dare say you have a talent for protesting, but that's nothing to the purpose. The question is, how long are you going to give me to reflect upon your proposal?"

"One minute, precisely." And Charles took out his watch.

"One minute! A month, you mean, or two, if I should require it—and that isn't a bit too long time to discover whether you really love me alone, or half a dozen other young ladies. Now be reasonable, Charles."

But Charles wouldn't be reasonable. He declared and protested, and in the midst of his declarations and protestations, Susan escaped and ran up stairs.

Now there was no denying that Mary Ward, Susan Nye, and myself, were three of the wildest girls that ever infested a house. Susan and I had come to spend the summer with our friend Mary in her country home, and were enjoying ourselves as much as possible, when who should come to interrupt our pleasure, but Charles Meriton, Mr. Ward's nephew, and a stranger to both Susan and me? We soon found, however, that Charles was as merry and light-hearted as any of us, and hand in glove in all our schemes, and so it happened that we soon took him into our confidence, and spoiled him completely, as Mr. Ward said. For all this kindness on our part, Charles was so basely ungrateful as to fall in love with, and propose to Susan. And the particulars of this proposal we heard from Susan herself, immediately after her memorable flight up stairs.

Now Susan was tolerably good-looking, tolerably well off, and somewhat of a flirt into the bargain. But those who knew her well, had long since discovered that beneath this apparently heartless exterior, there existed a heart as warm and sensitive as one could wish.

"Now," said Susan, when she had related such portions of the conversation as would be sufficient to show us how the case stood—interrupted, I must say, by many an "ah!" and "O!" from us—"now, girls, I've formed a scheme that will convince me whether Charles is in earnest or not—are you willing to help me?"

Of course we readily promised, and in half an hour we had arranged to our satisfaction every

particular of the wonderful scheme, which was to carry conviction to Susan's mind. The next day, as Charles was to be absent till afternoon upon business, was the time selected to put our scheme in operation. Charles came home about four in the afternoon, passed up to his own room, and soon after came rushing down into the porch where Mary and I sat sewing, holding an open letter in his hand.

"What does this all mean, girls? Where is Susan?"

"Gone," was my answer.

"Gone, actually gone, and leaving me only this unsatisfactory letter? I really believe this is some joke."

"Ask Mrs. Ward if you wish to be satisfied. Susan went away very unwillingly, but there was not even an hour's time to waste, else she would have waited till you came. She had time only to write that letter."

"Couldn't her distant relatives take any other time to catch fevers but the present," said Charles, with the nearest approach to ill-humor that I ever knew him to indulge in. "It's the most provoking thing that ever happened."

Poor fellow! I actually began to pity him when I witnessed his terrible disappointment—but it was too late for me to repent now.

"We are to have a visitor soon," said Mrs. Ward, the next morning at the breakfast-table.

"I expect to-morrow afternoon, an aunt of mine whom I have not seen for many years. Though she is quite old, and very eccentric, she is one of the kindest-hearted people that ever lived. I hope you will all like her, and make her visit agreeable, for she is very fond of young people."

Charles, who was in a state of absent-mindedness, endeavoring to balance his spoon upon the edge of his cup, muttered something which different people interpreted different ways. Mrs. Ward supposed Charles was expressing his intention of making Aunt Hannah's visit agreeable, and thanked him accordingly. Mary and I thought otherwise, but then we were not sure about the matter.

"Are you more ready, young ladies?" was Charles's question, the next day, as he strode into our presence, with the look of a martyr. Mary and I put away our work and prepared for a walk, for we had solemnly promised Charles that we would go down to the station with him to receive Aunt Hannah.

As we approached the depot, the train came rushing along, and when it had fairly stopped, a crowd of passengers poured upon the platform. In vain we looked for any one who might resemble Aunt Hannah. Upon the face of Charles

there was a look of exultation, but, as I still observed him, I saw his eyes suddenly fixed in one direction, and the glow of exultation fading into a look of horror. I turned my eyes towards the train and there, just emerging from the rear car, was a venerable figure surmounted by a hideous black bonnet. The next instant Charles sprang forward, and we soon saw him guiding the tottering steps through devious ways, towards the spot where we stood. Nothing could exceed the attention and the deference which Charles showed towards Aunt Hannah upon our homeward walk. And much did the venerable lady need his care, for she seemed exhausted with her journey, and leaned heavily upon her companion's arm.

"Have you had a pleasant journey, madam?" was Charles's question, by way of opening a conversation.

"A pleasant journey! Now, young man, what pleasure could a person of my age expect in travelling? I declare I think it a lucky thing I ever got so far alive." And here Aunt Hannah in a very energetic manner suddenly unfurled a huge green silk umbrella.

The sight of Charles, with an enormous old-fashioned basket upon one arm and Aunt Hannah upon the other, and the well-worn umbrella, which, owing to the unsteady grasp of the old lady, had a propensity for leaning upon the shoulder of her companion, was enough to upset my gravity, but I contrived to preserve a sober countenance until I had reached the solitude of my own room.

"How far is it to Sallie's, young man?" asked Aunt Hannah, turning her gaze upon Charles.

Charles informed her as to the exact distance to Mrs. Ward's, and the old lady continued in a musing tone:

"Sallie used to be one of the smartest people I ever knew—always up and hard at work before other folks began to think of such a thing—and such a famous hand at cakes and pies and jellies! Young man, are you fond of jellies?"

This question fired at him like a ball from a cannon, was rather too much for Charles's gravity. He blushed and stammered, and muttered something that was inaudible.

"Ha!" said Aunt Hannah, stopping suddenly, and looking suspiciously at her companion, "you've lost my basket." A sight of that article, however, quieted her apprehensions, and the old lady resumed her walk.

That evening, contrary to our expectations, Aunt Hannah appeared among us dressed in a well preserved silk gown, cut in the quaintest fashion, and a huge white cap, the border of which hung down over her face. A pair of im-

mense spectacles through which she peered curiously, gave Aunt Hannah an exceedingly venerable look.

"Ham, young man," said the visitor, seating herself near Charles, for whom she seemed to have taken a violent liking, and as she seated herself, glancing sharply at Mary and me, "you seem to be fond of the society of young ladies."

"Yes, madam, and of the society of elderly ladies also," was Charles's grave and polite answer.

At these words a genial glow overspread Aunt Hannah's face, and she stroked her dress complacently. Then taking a skein of yarn from her pocket, she requested Charles's assistance in holding it, and so slow were her movements and so often interrupted by sage remarks, the long hours of that evening, which we were to have devoted to the reading of an interesting book, were passed by Charles holding his hands in mid-air, watching the slow winding of the yarn, and answering in monosyllables the old lady's interesting remarks.

A week passed by very quietly. Aunt Hannah sewed and knitted, and seemed as fond as ever of talking to Charles. But, strange to say, since the first evening of her arrival, Charles had shown a marked repugnance for her society. He failed in none of the attentions that are usually expected from gentlemen to ladies, and elderly ladies in particular, but his manner was much changed. He had more than once remarked to Mrs. Ward, that her aunt was, indeed, very eccentric, and this had been said in such a peculiar tone, that we had many secret misgivings. It was evident that Aunt Hannah also perceived the change in her favorite, and was affected by it, for oftentimes we detected her stealing anxious glances at Charles, and then hastily withdrawing her eyes, when there was danger of his observing her.

For some time also, Mary and I had received but very little attention from our former faithful friend and ally. He was often absent a great part of the day, hunting, fishing, riding—sometimes alone, and sometimes with friends in the neighborhood. We saw but little of him, therefore—and even when he was at home, he was more reserved than formerly, had lost his usual light, merry tone, and altogether seemed a very different person from what he had been. Gradually a gloom stole over the whole household. We missed Susan's saucy speeches and Charles's contagious merriment. Aunt Hannah grew more silent and dejected, and often folded her hands and sighed, but as yet had said nothing about making an end to her visit. Mary and I settled down into two paragons of sobriety, and began

to be quoted in the household as quiet, industrious girls. Such was the state of affairs, when one morning Charles came rushing in, in his old, merry way, bowed most obsequiously to Aunt Hannah, who chanced to be in the room, waltzed Mary about till she was dizzy, and then addressed himself suddenly to Aunt Hannah.

"Did you ever see a waterfall, madam?"

"Law, yes, many a time," was the old lady's answer.

"But I know you never saw one that would equal ours," said Charles, mentioning a famous waterfall, four or five miles from us. "Now I've been thinking, madam, that we ought to get up a party and take you to see it. Let me see,"—and the young gentleman assumed a musing tone—"you make one, Mary and Emma, three, and Aunt Ward and myself, five—just enough to fill the carriage. We will take some eatables with us, and make a regular picnic of it, spending the whole day there. How should you like the plan, madam, and young ladies?"

We professed ourselves delighted, and Aunt Hannah arose and made Charles a little old-fashioned curtesy, her countenance beaming with delight.

"You will be sure and recollect the day, madam," said Charles, lingering upon the subject with strange pertinacity.

Aunt Hannah rose again, tottered across the room, and laying her trembling hand upon the shoulder of Charles, said in trembling accents—"Young man, I will remember, you have made me quite happy."

There was a peculiar look upon Charles's face, at this movement, the least possible smile played for one instant about his mouth, and then, with a little shrug of the shoulders, he strode from the room. Half an hour later, he came down stairs with a letter in his hand, and inquired if we had any commands at the post-office, as he was going there.

Wednesday came bright and beautiful as one could wish. Charles was all animation, and having packed us into the carriage in a scientific manner, including the eatables and the hideous black bonnet, he placed himself in the driver's seat, and we were soon dashing along through the pleasant country roads. We drew up at the ruins of an old mill, which stood in the vicinity of the waterfall, and as we dismounted from the carriage, Charles threw a rapid glance over the landscape, and then suddenly exclaimed:

"How provoking! there is another party coming for the day, I should judge. However, there is room enough for all of us."

As he spoke, a light, handsome carriage drew

up the other side of the mill, and from it dismounted two ladies and a gentleman. It was indeed very provoking, as Charles had said, but then it was nothing more than might have been expected, for the vicinity of the old mill was a famous place for picnic parties. Giving one arm to Mrs. Ward, and the other to Aunt Hannah, Charles led the way to the waterfall, which presented a very picturesque sight. We had viewed it from all sides, had lavished abundant praises upon it, and then the two elder ladies being somewhat weary, seats were found for them among the rocks, and we, the younger portion of the party, strolled off for a further ramble. When we rejoined our party, we discovered the three strangers sitting upon the rocks at a little distance, ever and anon casting somewhat curious glances in our direction.

"What an agreeable face!" was Mrs. Ward's exclamation, as one of the stranger ladies turned to take a survey of our party.

It was indeed an agreeable face, and not only that, but the stranger was quite young and striking in appearance. Charles started suddenly, and with some exclamation that was inaudible to us, dashed over the rocks, and we soon beheld him shaking hands with the strangers, and then with the air of an old acquaintance, he seated himself by the younger lady, and soon was engaged in what appeared to be a deep and interesting conversation.

Aunt Hannah darted fiery looks in Charles's direction, and muttered to herself. We were much surprised, but supposed that Charles had found some old acquaintance, and would soon rejoin us. At length, to our great relief we saw him arise and approach us, but not alone, for the lady took his arm, as if for support upon the slippery rocks, and the two came forward slowly.

"Allow me to present to you, ladies, Miss St. Claire, an old friend of mine. I have had the good fortune to persuade her to join our party, whilst her brother and sister extend their ride."

Miss St. Claire bowed somewhat haughtily to each one of us, stared somewhat long and curiously at Aunt Hannah, and then turned to her companion with some remark. Aunt Hannah looked anything but delighted with Charles's good fortune in securing Miss St. Claire's company, and still less satisfied with the stare with which she was greeted, but she said nothing.

The day passed somewhat wearily to us, for Charles had no thoughts for anybody else but Miss St. Claire. He had contrived to whisper to us, or rather to Aunt Hannah, that Miss St. Claire was an "old flame" of his, and had

lavished most abundant praises upon her, to all of which Aunt Hannah was slow to respond. Miss St. Claire seemed to view Aunt Hannah as an antiquated curiosity, for she took every opportunity to stare at her in a way that made that lady, old as she was, blush in a very becoming manner.

Dinner-time came, and that meal, through our efforts, presented a very inviting appearance; but nobody seemed to care much about it, for Charles and Miss St. Claire had so much to say, that they scarcely allowed a minute to eat, and as for the rest of us, we had somehow or other lost our appetites. The afternoon sun was quite warm, so we adjourned to the old mill, and seating ourselves upon some boards, talked in a somewhat doleful strain, until finally, as if by common consent, we relapsed into perfect silence. Charles and Miss St. Claire had not as yet joined us, and unconsciously my thoughts wandered away to them and to their apparently accidental meeting. Suddenly there was the sound of voices below us, and the missing ones of our party approached our quarter, but apparently without perceiving us, for they seated themselves upon a pile of boards lower down. Charles was speaking to his companion in a somewhat tender tone.

"Yes, Charlotte, I did love her, but she distrusted me so much, and treated me so shamefully, that she is no longer worthy of my esteem. Any woman,"—and here Charles raised his voice—"who will descend to subterfuge to test a man's affections, when she has not the slightest reason to doubt it, deserves to be forgotten. Now, I love you only, and this time I fancy I shall not be rejected, and put off with cold reasonings."

Miss St. Claire's answer was inaudible, but we judged that it was favorable. A moment Aunt Hannah sat as if frozen, and then she started up with flashing eyes, and darting swiftly over the pile of boards, confronted the lovers.

"Charles, how dare you?" was her angry exclamation.

Charles glanced at her one instant, and then turning deliberately round to us, while a slight sneer curled his lip, remarked in a quiet tone:

"Why, really, ladies, Aunt Hannah grows frolicsome, doesn't she? Allow me to say, madam, that such antics are very unbecoming at your time of life."

The sneer and accompanying remark were too much for Aunt Hannah. She tore off her cap, spectacles and false hair, and throwing them far from her in disgust, cried:

"Now, do you know me, Charles?"

"Why, how do you do, Miss Nye?" said Charles, without expressing the least surprise. "Allow me to present to you Miss St. Claire, a particular friend of mine. Have your relatives quite recovered from the fever?"

In spite of her efforts, the tears started to Susan's eyes, and she turned humbly away, as Charles, drawing his companion's arm through his, passed out from the mill, and walked slowly away.

"How blind and foolish I have been," murmured Susan, throwing herself down in an agony of sorrow that would not be controlled. "I might have known that no honorable man would submit to such a childish trick. And well have I been punished, for I have destroyed my own happiness forever. Leave me, I wish to be alone."

We did leave her, and wandered sadly about, ashamed of, and vainly regretting our own share in the scheme that was to have promised so much amusement, but which would cause a lifelong sorrow to at least one of our party. At length, seeing nothing of Susan, and somewhat alarmed at her long absence, we went back to the mill with heavy hearts, and discovered—not Susan dissolved in tears—but Susan sitting by Charles's side, with a very subdued, but nevertheless happy look. Miss St. Claire sat a little distance off, viewing the scene with great complacency, and seemingly without the slightest tinge of jealousy. There had evidently been a thorough explanation between Charles and Susan, for both looked uncommonly happy, and Charles said to us with one of his old, arch looks:

"Ladies, this is Aunt Hannah without her spectacles, and this," turning to Miss St. Claire, "is my cousin, and ready assistant in all schemes. I really do not know which to admire most, your plot, or my counterplot—but both have resulted happily, as Susie has promised never to distrust me again."

#### THE OKRA PLANT.

The consumption of this plant has materially increased within a few years. When the pods are in a fresh state they are used for soup, and give off a mucilage which enriches the soup materially, while the less soluble portions of the pod are softened together with the seeds, and produce an admirable pottage. The "gumbo" of the South is made with this plant. The soup is always easy of digestion, and very nutritious. When the plant is suffered to ripen the seeds are large and hard, and the amount produced is very great; these, by being burned, produce a good imitation of coffee, while the fibrous character of the pod strongly recommends it to paper-makers.

—*Botanic Journal.*

*A Blunder-Buss—Kissing the wrong woman.*

[ORIGINAL.]

## TO-DAY.

BY MARGARET VERNE.

God help me—God help me, to-day,  
For my tired hands fall listlessly down;  
For my feet have stopped in the way:  
God help me, to-day!

God help me—God help me, to-day!  
The flowers are gone, the wind blows shrill,  
And I cannot remember a May:  
God help me, to-day!

God help me—God help me, to-day,  
For the autumn is dead at my door,  
And the clouds are lowering and gray:  
God help me, to-day!

God help me—God help me, to-day!  
My heart is lost in the cruel cold;  
Its blood drops red in the frozen way:  
God help me, to-day!

God help me—God help me, to-day!  
The mountains stand dark 'gainst the sky;  
The sun lies low in the crimson west,  
And my heart is lost from love's sweet way:  
God help me, to-day!

[ORIGINAL.]

## IN A COBWEB.

BY ESTHER BERNÉ.

"I TELL you it will be impossible for me to go," was Ruth Morley's decided answer, as she plucked to pieces a beautiful crimson flower, which her companion had just presented her.

"I know you have told me so once or twice," returned Paul Upton, good humoredly, "but ladies have so many whims now-a-days, that it isn't best to take the first answer, nor perhaps the second as decided."

"Well, take it or not, just as you please; my mind, at least, is made up." And Ruth petulantly buried her small feet in a mass of dead leaves.

"Well, Ruth, had I guessed the fate of that unfortunate flower, I should have—"

"Kept it; well, I wish you had." And as a blast of the cold north wind at that moment rattled the dead leaves at her feet, Ruth shivered and turned upon her homeward way.

Her thoughts, as she walked slowly through the desolate fields, which in the summer time had looked so lovely, were not enviable ones by any means. Twice or thrice upon her way home, she turned with a half-intention of going back to tell Paul that she would attend the party his

sister gave that night, but then pride came to her aid.

"No, I told him I wouldn't go, and I must keep my word, else he will think me inconsistent. Besides that, I haven't a suitable dress to wear, and I hear that Paul's cousins from the city, those rich and beautiful Lane girls, are to be there—of course, they will be dressed splendidly, and will look most contemptuously upon my plain brown Thibet. O dear, how I do wish I was rich!"

And then Ruth, heedless of the cutting wind against which her thin shawl was very little protection, dreamed she was rich;—how comfortable she would make her poor father's old age, with how many blessings she would surround him—blessings which the hard-working man had never known all his life. And Harry—poor, restless Harry, he should go to college, and should have all the books he wanted, and in time he would become a great man.

"So you've got home at last, have you?"

How little Ruth started, and how her golden castles shivered and fell to pieces at the sound of that voice, and at the sight of that great, coarse, red-faced woman.

"Yes, I've got home," was Ruth's sullen answer, to her step-mother's salutation.

"Well, you might as well spend the whole day out of doors, as for all the work you do in the house. Now make haste and set the table, and make yourself useful for one minute."

There was no answer to this, but Ruth's face expressed defiance as plainly as if she had replied in words.

The chilly, uncomfortable evening drew on. In a corner by themselves sat Ruth and Harry, the latter restless as ever, and both sullen and silent, for their step-mother's loud voice filled the whole room. It was the usual way of spending the evening in their uncomfortable and unlovely home. Harry was more than usually restless and depressed that night, for all had gone wrong with him the last two or three days. Ruth was thinking somewhat bitterly of Mr. Upton's brilliantly lighted rooms, of the gay company, the animated faces, and, must we confess it? of Paul Upton, whom her little heart cared a great deal more about than it would admit even to itself.

"Come out, Ruth, and walk with me—I have something to tell you," whispered Harry, at length, as hour after hour passed away, and both grew more restless. Ruth rose with alacrity, resumed the bonnet and shawl which she had thrown over a chair, and in an instant stood ready to go. They passed out unmolested, and



for a moment stood undecided as to which way they should turn their steps. Then, impelled by an irresistible impulse, Ruth turned towards the foot-path, which as she well knew, would lead them in sight of Mr. Upton's house. Harry walked by her side, silent as ever. Ruth minded not that the dead leaves and the withered grass damped her dress, nor that the wind felt more chilly and uncomfortable than ever. Both brother and sister were too full of thoughts to heed the weather. What a brilliant light streamed from every window of Mr. Upton's large house, as the two wanderers stealthily approached it! Harry would have paused at a suitable distance, but Ruth urged him gently forward.

"Please come a little nearer, Harry."

Ruth was not satisfied until they had gained a station immediately under one of the windows, a position which commanded a view of both parlors, and which was likewise comfortably shielded from observation.

Harry made some faint objection as to the impropriety of the thing, but Ruth made no answer. Poor child! she was too busily occupied at that moment to care whether what she was doing was proper or not. Within there were gay music and animated faces, and anon a silvery burst of laughter, which floated out to the ears of the two lone watchers.

"What splendid dresses!" thought Ruth—"how glad I am I didn't come!"

"O, Ruth, just look—what a beautiful face! That is like some of the old paintings. There, she has seated herself upon that sofa opposite. Don't you see her?" And Harry leaned forward and gazed with a look of the most eager admiration.

Ruth drew him back. She had looked and noted well the lovely face shaded by the fair hair, which was now turned with an eager, animated look upon her companion, Paul Upton. Paul was talking most earnestly to the strange lady—so earnestly that he seemed not to heed anything that was passing around him. Their conversation seemed to grow more and more interesting and confidential, for Paul's face unconsciously approached nearer the lady's, and she seemed listening most attentively, ever and anon darting a bright, arch look at her companion, which look poor Harry, shivering outside, likened to a sunbeam.

Yes, Ruth's eye had noted well every detail of the scene—the exquisite and tasteful dress of the stranger, that told of wealth—the tall, queenly form, the fair complexion and rose-tinted cheek, and above all, the interest which the two occupants of the sofa seemed to take in each other—

none of these things had escaped from Ruth's glance. How meanly she thought of herself at that moment—of her diminutive form, her dark complexion, to which the rose-tint was most unbecoming—her poor attire! She brushed away from her forehead her rich, dark hair with a disdainful motion. She recollected now that some one had once called her witch-like and weird like; witch-like indeed, she must look when compared with the lovely stranger within. But then Ruth's pride came to her aid again, and her dark eyes flashed un-seen in her hiding place.

Should she hate Paul Upton? No, he was not worth hating; she would forget him, and never look upon him again. She would live for her father and Harry, and sometime in the future, when she was rich and famous, Paul might regret her and might seek to renew the acquaintance. She imagined to herself the scorn with which she would receive his advances, when suddenly she shivered as in an ague-fit. A casual glance at the window had shown her Paul and the stranger lady gazing out into the night, and in an instant Ruth imagined she was discovered. But the next moment the idea seemed absurd, for the two had passed from the window, and were now lost to sight.

Harry, who had forgotten everything in his admiration of the lovely stranger, was now awakened to life by Ruth's shiver.

"Why, Ruth, here you are chilled through, and dear me, how thin your shawl is. How imprudent of us to stand so long here. But that was such a beautiful picture, Ruthy." And Harry laughed and then sighed at the recollection.

Ruth made no answer, only clung tighter to her brother's arm, as they turned back into the solitary night. Away from the bright windows, and Harry's gloomy thoughts returned. He broke out abruptly:

"Ruth, I am going to the city to seek my fortune, as many better men than I have done. I shall die here, leading this inactive life. Have you anything to say against this plan, Ruthy?"

"Nothing," said Ruth, "excepting that I shall go with you."

"Nonsense, Ruth! Of course, it will be impossible for you to go. What would you do when you got there?"

"Try my fortune writing for the newspapers. And if I succeed, as of course I shall"—and here Ruth affected a merry tone—"and if you get steady employment, what a pleasant home we could make by ourselves. Nobody should know where we were until we got rich and famous, and then we would ride home in a coach and four, and create a nine days wonder."

Harry smiled at the pleasant vision, and then relapsed into a deeper fit of musing than ever. But before they had reached home that night, it was decided that they should go to the city to seek their fortunes. And so it happened that one cold, raw morning, before most people were up, Harry and Ruth stole like two guilty things through the garden gate, turned to take one last look at the little cottage and the desolate landscape, and then leaving the old things behind, their feet were treading new ground, and their eyes were looking upon new scenes.

"Well, what news, Harry?" asked Ruth, as she busied herself putting the finishing touches to the table, set for their evening meal.

"None," said Harry, moodily playing with his knife and fork, utterly regardless of the nice supper which Ruth had been at such pains to prepare for him.

"I have been all over the city to-day," continued Harry, "and have offered myself as office-boy, or porter, or almost anything, but nobody seemed in want of me. Ruth, if the worst comes to the worst, shall we go back, or starve?"

"Starve," said Ruth, decidedly. "But you will try again to-morrow, Harry, and perhaps you will succeed better. See what I have got here—you shall take them to some publisher to-morrow." And Ruth held up three or four rolls of paper, upon which she had busied herself the last two or three days.

Some days passed away. Ruth's manuscripts had been offered for sale. Some had been rejected and some sold well, but it was rather discouraging and mortifying work, and poor Harry dreaded, more than he dare tell Ruth, to inquire the fate of what had cost her so many busy hours. At length, when Harry had well nigh despaired, he found employment as errand-boy in the office of a wealthy merchant, and that evening he came home with elastic step and animated countenance, to tell Ruth the good news. He found his sister bending as usual over her writing, and proceeded to recount his day's experience, without noticing the efforts Ruth made to suppress a fit of coughing. In fact, ever since that evening walk to Mr. Upton's house, Ruth had been troubled with a most obstinate and singular cough, which no remedy she applied could seem to subdue. Lately it had been quite painful for her to bend over her writing, and her household duties tired her most unaccountably.

"Why, Ruthy, how handsome you are growing," was Harry's exclamation, as he glanced at his sister, after relating his good fortune.

In fact, Ruth did look unusually well that eve-

ning. Her eyes sparkled, and there was a bright spot of bloom on either cheek. No one could have said but what the rose-tint was extremely becoming now. It was quite fortunate that Harry had found employment, for after a while Ruth found it utterly impossible to endure the constraint that writing imposed upon her. The very act of bending over, aggravated her cough to such a degree that she told Harry one morning that she should take a vacation of a week or two.

"You have been quite honored to-day, Ruth," was Harry's salutation, as he rushed like a whirlwind into Ruth's presence, after the day's work was through. "I don't believe there ever was a better man than Mr. Lane. I happened to say to him the other day that you had a cough, and to-day he inquired after you, and said if you had no objections, his daughter, Miss Lane, would call upon you. What do you say to that, Miss Ruth?"

"To tell the truth," was Ruth's answer, "I had much rather she wouldn't come. You know I have a great dislike to strangers—but for your sake, I shall receive her properly."

Harry was rather worried about Ruth's cough; it didn't seem to improve any as the weeks went on, and Ruth went about so slowly, and seemed to get weary so often, that Harry seriously began to think it would be best to summon a physician. But Ruth laughed at his anxiety, reminded him that winter was a bad time to get cured of a cough, and declared that in the spring she should be as well as usual.

There was a knock at their door one evening, and as Harry opened it he encountered his employer, Mr. Lane, and a lady, whom Mr. Lane introduced as his daughter. Poor Harry stared in the utmost astonishment, and then blushed a great deal more than the occasion seemed to warrant, for in Miss Lane he recognized the lovely stranger whom he had admired through Mr. Upton's window. As for Ruth, she had started forward at sight of the lady, crimsoning violently from excitement, and then suddenly she sank back upon her seat, a death-like pallor crept slowly over her face—and then there was a wild cry from Harry. From Ruth's mouth there issued a crimson stream, and her eyes were closed, as if in death.

Week succeeded week, and the genial days of spring came slowly on. Ruth would recover—the doctor had said so. And poor Harry was wild with delight, and worked harder and more manfully than ever. During Ruth's illness he had been promoted to the position of clerk in Mr. Lane's store, and every evening he had the

privilege of entering Mr. Lane's house, for there had Ruth been removed at the commencement of her illness.

Yes, Ruth would recover, but she must be tended with great care—and truly no sister could have watched over and nursed her more carefully than had Miss Lane through those many weeks. And Ruth felt very grateful, more so than she could express. She no longer felt hardly towards Paul Upton—she had grown very quiet and gentle, altogether too quiet and gentle, Miss Lane said.

But our poor little heroine was not perfect, by any means. She wished it had been any one else but Miss Lane to whom she was indebted, and she longed to get away, and live a quiet life again with Harry. Miss Lane's lovely face sometimes gave her a very painful sensation.

"My dear little Ruth," said Miss Lane, one day, when for the twentieth time Ruth had declared that she was strong enough to go away, and for the twentieth time Miss Lane had declared that such a thing was impossible—"we are to have a visitor to-day, and I want you to look your prettiest. If you behave yourself well to-day, perhaps I sha'n't object to your going away by-and-by."

Afternoon came, and with it the visitor. Now Ruth hadn't cared one snap about the mysterious person, and scarcely looked up when the visitor entered the room. But how she started when her eyes encountered those of Paul Upton! How quickly a beautiful color flashed over her pale face, and how hard she strove to keep down the words of welcome that were upon her tongue. It was provoking that Miss Lane was called out of the room just at that moment, and that Ruth was obliged to entertain her visitor. Paul seated himself most boldly at her side, and then he began to talk to her just as he used to in the old times. Ruth felt uncomfortable—she wished Miss Lane would come back, and take care of this troublesome visitor.

"So, you dear, silly, independent little fly, what a cobweb you have got yourself into!"

A cobweb! What could he mean?

"Why, yes, a cobweb," said Paul, laughing. "Here has my cousin, Sophie Lane, woven her meshes about you, and here are the rest of the spiders come to enjoy the feast."

"Sophie Lane, Paul's cousin! How stupid Ruth had been not to have recollected that Lane was the name of Paul's uncle. And somehow the knowledge of this fact led to another, and then Ruth learned that Paul's conversation upon the night of the party had been about her, and that Sophie had been so interested, that she had

determined to make her acquaintance, which, as we have already seen, she did accomplish through Harry's means. In fact, there were so many explanations to be made, that when Miss Lane came back, neither Paul nor Ruth noticed her entrance, and so she prudently made her retreat again, smiling to herself.

And so it happened, as anybody with common sense might have predicted, that not long after there was another party, at Miss Lane's instead of Mr. Upton's, and Harry and Ruth didn't stand outside, but were rather prominent actors in the performance that took place that night—a performance in which little Ruth Morley became Ruth Upton, and in which Harry and Miss Lane officiated as bridesgroom and bridesmaid.

And Harry—the restless fellow—contrived to wheedle himself into Sophie's confidence to such an extent, that when he became a junior partner in the house of Lane & Co., he persuaded Sophie to repeat the performance, which had been enacted in the case of Ruth, with a very little variation, of course.

In process of time, Ruth's step-mother died, and then Ruth had the pleasure of making her father's old age comfortable and happy. Though Ruth and Harry never became very rich, or very famous, yet singularly enough they were both contented and happy.

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#### LILY M. SPENCER.

Her parents (whose name is Martin) were born in France, but removed to England soon after their marriage. They were persons of education, refinement, and good social standing. Mr. Martin taught French in academies in Plymouth and Exeter, and gave lectures at his own house on scientific subjects, especially optics and chemistry. Mrs. Martin at one time gave instruction in a ladies' seminary in London. Lily owed all her proficiency to her parents' judicious training, and never went to a school. Her talent for drawing began early to exhibit itself. One day when she was about five years old, she got at some diagrams her father had prepared for a lecture on optics, and drew an eye so correctly, that her turn for art was at once perceived.—*Women Artists in all Ages.*

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#### THE BIBLE.

Out of it has come all pure moralities. From it have sprung all sweet charities. It has been the motive power of regeneration and reformation to millions of men. It has comforted the humble, consoled the mourning, sustained the suffering, and given trust and triumph to the dying. The wise old man has fallen asleep with it folded to his breast. The simple cottager has used it for his dying pillow, and even the innocent child has breathed his last happy sigh with his fingers between its promise-freighted leaves.—*Timothy Tucomb.*

(ORIGINAL.)

## • WHEN'E'R I HEAR THY SIGH.

BY JAMES RISTING.

I stood beside a glassy lake,  
The wings of day were closed,  
While summer breezes whispering spake  
Where'er the flowers reposed.  
I watched the waves as far and near  
They rose upon the stream,  
And saw on each, reflected clear,  
A pure and radiant beam.

The ripples bound in bliss along  
Before the evening air,  
And I was joyed to hear its song,  
While playfully floating there.  
But when it softly died away,  
The wavelets sunk to sleep:  
Nor glimmered on their brows a ray  
From heaven's starry deep.

Thus, when I hear thy burning sigh,  
My soul in rapture swells,  
And mirrored on it gracefully,  
Thine eye of beauty dwells;  
But when each smile of love has gone,  
Like evening breeze away,  
O, sullen cares usurp the throne  
Where sat affection's ray!

(ORIGINAL.)

## WHO WAS THE THIEF?

## A TALE OF ENGLISH FACTORY LIFE.

BY WILLIAM B. OLIVER.

IN the county of Staffordshire, only about one hundred and fifty miles from London, is the manufacturing town of Leek. It is a place of some antiquity, delightfully situated; occupying the summit and declivities of a beautiful eminence above the River Chumet. The manufactures of Leek are partly of sewing silks, shawls and ribbons; but women and children are employed mostly upon the Florentine buttons, which form a large portion of the trade carried on with the London market. In this department, in the year 1839, were employed the entire family of Peter Ashcroft, a man who had unfortunately been crippled by the falling of some heavy machinery, and who now depended solely on the exertions of his wife and children for his support.

Milicent Ashcroft, a girl of sixteen, was the eldest of this family. The rest were mere children at the time of the accident, but were capable of being employed upon the buttons, excepting the youngest, little Grace, who seemed too spiritual ever to take any part in the affairs of

earth. The mother—a delicate, pretty woman, went cheerfully to her task every day, leaving her crippled husband with only little Grace for company—glad that she could be near her children, to guard them from any contaminating influences that might assail them at a place so full of different associations to those with which she had hoped to surround them.

Previous to the accident, she had wisely sheltered her little flock from contact with the strangely mixed up population of a manufacturing town. Her husband had been employed at the factories, it was true—but his was a refined nature, that shrank from the mass of his companions, and only clung to those who were nearer his own stamp.

It was the most painful moment of his life, when he saw his gentle and delicate wife preparing to leave the house, with three of her children, to go among the people he had shunned. But gentle as she truly was, she was still strong in her views of right, and would have gone to the stake, had she conceived that her duty demanded it.

Daily was her strong soul shaken by the sight of her once upright and noble-looking husband, tied down, hands and feet, by the terrible misfortune that had almost destroyed him. It was a d to leave him alone, too, but money must be had, and then it was so much better that the children should have her protecting presence. So the invalid was placed every morning in a chair, the mechanism of which just suited his infirmity, and, with books and papers around him—of which they always provided a good supply—and a few flowers on the table before him, he managed to pass the hours until they returned from the factory.

Sitting in this way, one evening, with the head of little Grace lying on his shoulder, to which she had managed to climb, and where she was quietly sleeping, he was startled by the quick and hurried entrance of his wife, followed by Milicent and the two younger boys, Harry and Mark. The father who was always impatient to welcome them all, looked round for Richard, the eldest son. He did not come into the house, and Mr. Ashcroft heard the suppressed whispers at the door, that sounded like his boy's name anxiously repeated by the mother. She came in at length with a pale face, and an evident struggle at composure.

"Sit down here, wife," was his greeting. "Something has gone wrong, which you are cruelly kind enough to keep from me. Let me hear what it is. Trouble grows smaller when it is divided."

He strove to lay the withered fingers upon her arm, as he spoke, but even that was beyond his power; and looking at him in his weakness and decrepitude, she shrunk from imparting any additional pang to his heart. He would not be put off. He must know all; and that "all" was soon told; and though told in the tenderest and most considerate manner, it required all the fortitude of a brave heart to meet it. Richard had been accused of theft, and was under arrest; and this night—the first ever spent from under their own roof—would be passed in a prison. Several large and valuable packages of buttons had been missing from a room to which the foreman of the establishment had kept the key, and to which he had often sent Richard Ashcroft, but no one else. Suspicion, therefore, had fastened upon the boy, and he was taken away amidst the cries of his little brothers and the silent anguish of his mother and Milicent.

To tell the invalid this miserable story, was now Mrs. Ashcroft's painful task. Never before had she experienced anything like this. The afflictions she had borne had not touched reputation, though they had sorely touched her heart; but this had wounded her in a way that no balm could ever reach. Her Richard, he to whom she had looked as to her daughter's protector, and the sole hope of the family; how could she bear to think that the breath of suspicion had ever been attached to him, blighting his young days and casting a shadow over them all! Not that she believed for a moment that Richard could be guilty—but how to prove him innocent?

It was the first night that the poor boy had ever lain down in his bed without the prayerful blessing of his mother breathed over his pillow. What must it be to him now, to hear perhaps, only the oaths and imprecations of the prisoners, old and hardened offenders, doubtless? In thoughts like these, a terrible night was passed, and the morning found them still weeping. Mrs. Ashcroft and Milicent were really too ill to go out, but as soon as she thought the proprietor of the factory was at his counting-room, the former went thither and related what had passed the day before, when he had gone away.

Mr. Fenton was a benevolent man at heart, but he had a hard exterior, and his first exclamation, "Poh! what a fuss about a boy like him! Why, half the boys there have been taken up at some time or other, for pilfering!"

The mother fairly gasped for breath. "Good Heavens! Mr. Fenton, have I brought my innocent boys into contact with such beings?"

"It seems you have, ma'am, and it seems they take to it naturally like the rest." Then

seeing her anguish, he altered his tone and said: "Seriously, madam, it is not so terrible as you think. They generally confess and restore the goods, and being but lads, and with more than ordinary temptation before them to this fault, we overlook it and take them back after a short punishment."

Mrs. Ashcroft was inexpressibly shocked. "I beseech you, Mr. Fenton, to investigate this affair. Do not let the innocent suffer for the guilty. My child never took the buttons. Some one else must have done it. O, believe me, Richard is innocent."

He was touched by her grief. "Be assured that your boy shall have justice," he said. "Everything shall be searched into, and if possible, he shall be cleared."

With this, she was obliged to be content; and she returned to give this small crumb of comfort to poor Milicent and her father.

While she was absent, the father and daughter had been striving mutually to give each other the strength they needed, and to devise some means of clearing the poor boy from this aspersion. Already they had been obliged to submit to a search warrant in the house; but, as nothing could be found, the officers had departed before Mrs. Ashcroft's return.

Two or three weeks passed away, and Richard, against whom circumstantial evidence had fully prevailed, was sentenced to prison for stealing. The family at home were in the deepest distress, relieved only by one thought—that of Richard's innocence. Mrs. Ashcroft and the children had refused to go to the factory to work, and they were living now upon former earnings. They rarely went out; and were only waiting for the boy's term of punishment to expire, when it was their intention to remove to a distant country, far away from Staffordshire, they cared not whither.

Milicent's health failed under her grief and the close confinement of the house, and her mother persuaded her to go out one morning, and visit a very poor family to whom she had always been kind. She went reluctantly, for she could not bear to be seen out. This morning, she took a by-path, and on arriving at the neighborhood she intended to visit, she saw a number of little children at play. Even their innocent mirth seemed mockery to her, for was not Richard locked up in a dreary prison, while they were not more guiltless than he?

In passing the group, however, her eye was caught by a necklace that was worn around the neck of a pretty little girl. If her eyes did not deceive her, it was composed of the peculiar Florentine buttons, such as had wrought all their

misery. She stopped and examined it; and the eager and gratified children brought her a large quantity of the same sort, of which they were manufacturing more necklaces.

"Where do you get these?" she asked, kindly.

"O, we dug them up over there, in Mr. Overton's garden, this morning. There are plenty more there. Do you want some?"

For a moment, Millicent's brain reeled. Mr. Overton was the foreman who had accused her brother!

"Stay here, until I come back," she said, and made her way back to the nearest magistrate, who accompanied her to the spot immediately. The precise number of packages were found that were missing. They were in a tin box to protect them from dampness; and the children had been attracted to the spot by the appearance of the earth having been recently dug up, and the sight of a small spade induced them to try it.

Overton lived alone. He was a surly, morose being, and when at home, was apt to drive away the neighboring children; but when he was at the factory, they generally enjoyed his garden, although they had never before attempted to appropriate anything. But the buried buttons were irresistible; and their childish fancies could find no way of using such a quantity, save by stringing them like beads.

One neighbor, too, spoke of seeing Overton digging in that very spot, on the night of Richard Ashcroft's arrest; but it did not then awaken any suspicion in his mind, nor did he ever think of it again, until the affair of the morning was related to him.

Overton was arrested immediately, and Richard discharged. It was at the very hour when the button-makers were dismissed for the noon meal; and the bell rang in vain for their return. They were crowding around Richard, and finally bore him to his home in triumph. Something in the shut windows and closed curtains of the house prevented their going farther, and the boy, waving his hand to them in token of the thanks which he could not speak for tears, he entered and shut the door, amidst their loud and joyful cheers.

Overton had grown rich by petty pilferings which had never been discovered. This time his avarice had outrun his discretion, and he had endeavored to fasten his guilt upon the poor boy, whom he had sent into the room for that purpose.

"Shall we go to the factory again, Richard?" asked his mother, as he came eager and panting, into the house, a few mornings after.

"The boys and I must; but you shall not,

nor Millicent either. You shall both stay at home and take care of father. See! what Mr. Fenton has this morning given me?"

And the boy held out a deed for the prettiest little cottage and garden in the outskirts of Leek, and an order on a manufacturer to furnish it throughout, and also to tax his ingenuity for a bed and chair that should be especially adapted to an invalid, for the use of Mr. Ashcroft.

"There, father," said Richard, "Mr. Fenton says he thinks this is but a small return for all the trouble that we have had; so you see, he is tender-hearted, after all that we have said about his being so stern."

Behold, then, the Ashcrofts settled in their new abode, away from the smoke and din of the factories—Richard and the two boys walking over to their work every morning before sunrise, and Mrs. Ashcroft and Millicent employed fully in sorting and placing the buttons at home. Mr. Fenton proved a firm friend to the family, and Richard is now foreman to the establishment, from which he was driven in disgrace twenty years ago.

#### THE RIVER JORDAN.

A correspondent of the *Utica Herald*, thus describes the river Jordan:

"A line of green, low forest trees betrayed the course of the sacred river through the plain. So deep is its channel, and so thick is the forest that skirts its banks, that I rode within twenty yards of it before I caught the first gleam of its waters. I was agreeably disappointed. I had heard the Jordan described as an insipid, muddy stream. Whether it was contrast with the desolation around, or my fancy, that made its green banks so beautiful, I know not, but it did seem at that moment of its revelation to my longing eyes the perfection of calm and loveliness. It is hardly as wide as the Mohawk at Utica, but far more rapid and impassioned in its flow. Indeed, of all the rivers I have ever seen, the Jordan has the fiercest current. Its water is by no means clear, but it as little deserves the name of muddy. At the place where I first saw it, tradition assigns the baptism of our Saviour, and also the miraculous crossing of the children of Israel on their entrance into the promised land. Like a true pilgrim, I bathed in its waters and picked a few pebbles from its banks, as tokens of remembrance of the most familiar river in the world. Three miles below the spot where I now stand, the noble river—itsself the very emblem of life—suddenly throws itself on the putrid bosom of the Dead Sea."

#### CHIDING.

But I'll not chide thee;  
Let shame come when it will, I do not call it;  
I do not bid the thunder-bearer shoot,  
Nor tell tales of thee to high-judging Jove.  
Mend when thou canst; be better at thy leisure:  
I can be patient. SHAKESPEARE.

(ORIGINAL.)

## A DREAM OF THE PAST.

BY LILLIE MORSE.

And now, when the day is dismal and droning,  
And the winds and the rain on my window are moaning,  
All alone, all alone, with the dreams of the past—  
And the lone fly hums while my heart beats fast—  
I trembling unreal the long, long skein,  
And back I float to my youth again.

On the streams of the past am I now gaily riding,  
And along by the shores of my childhood am gliding;  
My heart beats fast, for sweet Kitty is there,  
With the coinlike wealth of her golden hair:  
And her eyes yet smile with the orient gleam  
Of the sun-rays on a purple stream.

The young Hebe and I—O, again we're a-roaming  
With a basket and rod where the blue waves are foaming,  
And the mulberries hang with berries ripe red  
On the rocks that shelve o'er the brooklet's bed:  
And her tiny brown hands she makes in a dish,  
To hold, while I string the gay, shiny fish;

And her bare little feet o'er the gold sands are straying,  
And the cool loving waves around them are playing.  
O, how I envied the waters their bliss,  
Those rose-tinted feet so freely to kiss:  
And I wondered the bees came not to her lip,  
For redder or sweeter they never could sip!

Then while the sun with his yellow robes flowing,  
Trailed o'er the hills and the cornfields a-growing,  
She laid down her head 'neath the emerald screen  
Of leaf and vine in an arbor green;  
And slept 'mong the grass like an evening flower,  
While I watched by her side till the sunset hour.

(ORIGINAL.)

## PARTED AND UNITED.

BY J. OAKES SIMMS.

A BEAUTIFUL little cottage, surrounded by rich vines and standing almost at the entrance of a long grove of olives, was, in 1512, the abode of Ludovico Monaldi and his beautiful wife, Caterina. It was the sweetest situation in all Tuscany. Everything that art could do to sustain and embellish nature, had been gathered there by Monaldi, to make a residence fit for the wife he had chosen. Here they nestled, almost in the heart of the olive woods; and, in their peaceful retirement, they seemed scarcely to hear the distant hum of that terrible roar of warfare and destruction which the Spanish rule was inflicting upon that unhappy land. Day by day, Ludovico lingered in his beautiful home, dwelling secretly upon his country's wrongs, yet dreading to break the silken chain which bound him there. His life was like a fairy dream,

and Caterina was his queen—nay more, his angel. While he tended his own vines and gathered his olives, Caterina hovered around his steps, bearing the light burdens which he would playfully toss to her, and which he would afterwards snatch away, fearful that her delicate arms and hands would be injured.

Towards the end of that terrible year, some wayfarer would occasionally seek shelter in the cottage, from those terrific storms of thunder and lightning, that seemed as if Heaven was pouring down its holy indignation upon the outrages committed in that wretched domain now prostrated by the Spanish oppressors. From the lips of these wanderers, Ludovico sometimes learned what was going on outside of his quiet premises. His blood fired at the thought—but still he could not endure the idea of leaving his sole treasure, even for his country. Besides, it seemed so hopeless—so utterly vain, to take up arms against such fearful odds.

One night, a weary traveller dragged his tired limbs to his door. Caterina brought him fresh garments, and spread a little table with bread, grapes and wine, for his refreshment. After he had rested—for, at first, his weariness prevented him from speaking—he told his kind hosts that he had been pursued by some Spanish soldiers, almost to the edge of the wood; and that only the fearful flashes of lightning glaring upon their weapons had kept them from entering it. They had already destroyed his home, killed his only relative, an uncle, whom he supported in his extreme old age, and a faithful servant who had carefully tended the old man.

While he was yet speaking, a rustling was heard among the vines, and two ferocious-looking Spaniards presented themselves, followed by eight or ten others. They seized the affrighted stranger, threw him upon the floor, and bound him with strong cords.

"For the love of Heaven, release him!" said the beseeching voice of Caterina. One of the soldiers who seemed the head of the party, turned his bold, fiery glances upon the beautiful woman who was kneeling beside the stranger. She shrunk away and took refuge by her husband, who until this moment had been intently occupied with the scene before him. Her frightened movement startled him; and, when the Spaniards were busy with their victim whom they denounced as a spy, he signed to Caterina to go into another room. But she would not leave his side. Clinging to him with all her strength, she entreated him in a low whisper, to fly from the fate that seemed to await them both, and drew him almost to the door.

"Dog of an Italian?" thundered the man who commanded the band. "Do you think to escape me? No; you shall share the fate of this villain, for attempting to harbor a spy."

It was vain to resist against a band of desperadoes like these. They tore Ludovico from the convulsive grasp of his wife, leaving her fainting upon the floor, mercifully unconscious of her misery. The soldiers bound him to the miserable man beside him, and drove the two, like animals, before them along the road that led from the dwelling of Monaldi.

Caterina awoke from her long trance after many hours, and found herself in a carriage, with the Spaniard by her side. Grief, horror and despair were depicted upon that young and beautiful face, as she lifted it towards the dark and scornful brow of her companion. As he turned and beheld her rising color, and the frantic effort she was making to free herself from the carriage, he laughed aloud.

"Do you think to escape Juan de Guzman, lady?" he asked. "Know that you are my prisoner. But be reasonable and quiet, and you shall be my queen."

"Where is my husband?" she demanded.

"Husband! do you call a fellow like that, your husband? Hush!" he continued, as her cries and shrieks increased. "Such sounds do not please my ear, even when they come from rosy lips like yours."

Caterina bowed her head upon her hands and wept silently. So young and yet so wretched! Her whole soul was concentrated in one thought, that of flying to meet her husband. Yet how to circumvent that embodied pride, haughtiness and sensuality, was past the art of the young and unsophisticated girl-wife. Alas! she had nothing to do but submit to her destiny, whatever it might be. She spoke not again, until she found herself on the frontier of Parma.

We pass over seven terrible years. Five of these years Ludovico Monaldi had remained in captivity to the Spaniards. During that time, one continued scene of war, rapine and bloodshed had desecrated Florence and Prato; and the Cardinal de Medici looked on without attempting to restrain the terrific acts of the cruel bloodhounds let loose over these unhappy lands. A writer, speaking of that period, says: "Any eye that has once seen, any heart that has ever felt the native beauties of Florence; her gorgeous temples; her time-worn battlements—her busy suburbs again stretching their snowy arms along the plain; the plain itself, wide-spreading and

sparkling with innumerable villas, with frequent palaces, churches and convents; with hamlets, villages and far-distant towns; a garden rich in corn, in olives and in wine, and bounded by its many-colored hills, all equally embellished by the hand of taste, industry and refinement—he who has once seen this, may conceive what a glorious prize presented itself to the gaze of those rapacious hordes who, under the name of soldiers, once ravaged and defaced it! And how sad the contrast when departed freedom cast a lingering glance over this scene of desolation, and sighed to think that all was vainly suffered in her cause!"

Yes! seven fearful years had the poor Caterina been the slave to her Spanish master. All the delicate and precious refinements of her sex had been disregarded by him. He had been her task-master—her overseer, as well as her exacting lover. Wrapt in his haughty pride, he had sometimes derided her, sometimes taunted her with fiendish malice, for living in disobedience to her marriage vows! as if the poor trembling bird that has fallen into the fowler's snare, could free itself if it would. Habited as a page, she waited on him day and night, subject to all his whims and caprices. If a tear dimmed her eye, he would brutally strike her, forgetting that proud dignity which every Spaniard either possesses or affects.

Hitherto, she had been closely watched to prevent her from attempting flight; but as Don Juan grew more attached to the pleasures of the table, indulging in wine to excess, he became more careless in watching. Indeed, he believed her spirit too broken and subdued to attempt it. He was mistaken. Beneath that calm exterior, an inward fire was burning fiercely, and was yet to burst out into inextinguishable flames. They were quartered at Parma, on the very confines of Tuscany, and Caterina's heart was breaking to cross the bounds. She was still uncertain of her husband's fate. For aught she knew, he was dead, or lingering out his miserable days in captivity.

One night, when her tyrant was slightly overcome with the unusual amount of wine he had taken, she rose from her unquiet slumber. Her thoughts in sleep had been with Ludovico, and, in her waking moments, the impression still remained. Freedom! freedom from this life, even if it be by death. She cast a glance around the apartment. The open door showed her tyrant asleep, his sword still lying as he had placed it across his bed. All the servants, and Don Juan's own body-guard were lying on the ground at the



front entrance of the dwelling, chosen by her tyrant as his temporary quarters. There was another entrance leading from the frontier side of Tuscany; and this way lay the stables.

Caterina drew near the bed, seized the heavy sword, almost too ponderous for the white and delicate hand that lifted it. With a strength born of desperation, she plunged it into the warm and beating heart. Not a groan escaped him. One moment she gazed upon the face, and knew that he was dead, from the perfect stillness of every muscle. A purse lay beneath the pillow, and she took it without scruple. It was full of golden florins. Concealing this in some portion of her page's dress, she proceeded softly to the stables and selected the fleetest charger—Don Juan's own favorite. She lifted her tiny figure till her lips reached his ear, and it seemed as if the intelligent animal almost knew the words she uttered; for, instead of his usual rapid trampling, he stepped softly and rubbed his head against her shoulder in token of his affection. Pating the beautiful head in return for his mute caress, she leaped lightly to the saddle and was off toward the frontier.

One of the soldiers started as the horse's heel struck a stone, opened his eyes, muttered a deep curse, and turned himself again to his slumber; and then all was quiet and undisturbed, until the morning light brought the certainty of the last night's work. Pursuit was useless. No one knew who was the missing page, nor what country was his home; nor had any suspicion of his sex been entertained by any of the chief's followers.

Meantime, the lovely Italian moon was sweetly lighting Caterina on to her destination. The sense of freedom was almost delicious enough to cover the fear of pursuit; delicious enough, at least, to drown any feeling of remorse for the deed that had secured that freedom. Her first thought was to bury herself in some secluded spot among the Alpine solitudes, and spend the rest of her days in penance for her crime. But the longing, yearning desire to behold again the scene of her youthful happiness, and to know what had become of her husband, impelled her on toward her home.

She had provided herself at a small village with a suit of woman's apparel and a side-saddle; but finding that she attracted too much attention, she purchased a light carriage, and hired a stout Tuscan to drive, while her own horse was also harnessed with the other. It was at the close of the third day, that she alighted at the door of a small inn, scarcely a stone's throw from the olive grove that surrounded her former dwelling.

Ordering the driver to put up the tired horses, she set out on foot to the cottage. The long Italian twilight had almost merged itself into darkness, as she stole softly up the pathway which was lined on both sides with Provence roses and mignonette. They were her favorites; and as the well-remembered fragrance came wafting to her senses, she felt almost as if it were an earnest of the sweet forgiveness that might come, even to her.

She paused as the fragrant scent came by, and asked herself if she could bear to know that Ludovico had never returned from that long captivity? if, indeed, she could bear to see others occupying that beloved home? They were hard questions; and to avoid them, she half-staggered up the pathway toward a little wing that had been built for her especial use as a painting room; for Caterina was an artist of no mean pretensions. There was a silver lamp suspended from the ceiling, and, by its light a man sat reading. His hair, where it caught the light, was quite gray; and the shoulders were bent and stooping. Yet something in the figure appealed to her memory like one she had seen; and, gently opening the latticed window, she stepped in. Her movement was so light that it did not disturb the occupant of the room, until she passed directly before him. Could this be Ludovico? this man, he whom she had left in the full flush of youth and health? Was he indeed changed into this old gray-haired man? She fell on her knees, trembling in every fibre. One word only quivered on her pale lips ere she became insensible—the word *forgive!*

Then, all at once, Ludovico knew that his strange guest was the beloved—the long lost. Here, in her own room, he had watched her picture, her books, her easel on which a half-finished painting still remained as when she left it seven years ago. Here he had kept nightly vigil, living over again the terrible scenes of the past. And here, when she was restored by his loving cares, to life and consciousness, and had told him all that she had so deeply suffered, and then how and why she had sinned, he took her to his true heart, and breathed a fervent prayer that she might be spared to bless his future as she had the past—that both might forget those long, dark years, and live and die together.

Another seven years—and Ludovico and Caterina have both embraced the principles of the great Reformer. Amidst the troublous times that afterwards fell upon Italy, they kept their simple faith pure and unswerving. Ludovico's prayer was answered. They lived on to extreme old age, and died almost at the same hour.

## THE LORELEI.

BY HENRY MEINE.

I know not what it presages,  
This heart with sadness fraught;  
Tis a tale of the olden ages,  
That will not from my thought.  
The air grows cool and darkles;  
The Rhine flows calmly on;  
The mountain summit sparkles  
In the light of the setting sun.

There sits, in soft reclining,  
A maiden wondrous fair,  
With golden raiment shining,  
And combing her golden hair.  
With a comb of gold she combs it;  
And combing, low singeth she  
A song of strange, sweet sadness,  
A wonderful melody.

The sailor shudders, as o'er him  
The strain comes floating by;  
He sees not the cliffs before him—  
He only looks on high.  
Ah, round him the dark waves, flinging  
Their arms, draw him slowly down;  
And this, with her wild, sweet singing,  
The Lorelei has done.

[ORIGINAL.]

## WALNUTS.

BY LEONARD A. STÜDLLEY.

"ONE little son, sir—one little son—for the  
holy virgin's sake, one little son!"

Though begging is strictly prohibited in the  
streets of Paris, importunate addresses like the  
above, are nevertheless of very common occur-  
rence. Uncouth, outlandish, whining sounds  
they are, pitched in a high treble key, and always  
confined to the modest demand of a single son,  
and that a "little" one.

It is the little Savoyards to whom I allude;  
they who come all the way from their native  
mountains, while mere children, to seek their for-  
tunes, and furnish the great metropolis with  
chimney-sweeps, errand-boys, shoe-blacks, etc.,  
and eventually water-carriers, street porters, and  
the like. And they are not singular, by the way,  
with their "little" son. The word is one to  
which the French, or at all events the Parisians,  
seem particularly partial. The first time I ever  
entered a Gallic omnibus, I was soon followed  
by an enormously fat woman, a perfect Falstaff  
in petticoats, who meekly presented herself at  
the door, and asked for *une petite place*—a little  
place among us! And an old gentleman in the  
next street begged permission to bring a little dog  
with him—a Newfoundlander, as big as a calf!

But those juvenile Savoyards, though satisfied  
with little sons, are sturdy little beggars, never-  
theless. They run along by the side of the  
*trottoir*, with one eye fixed upon you, and the  
other roving about in search of a policeman. At  
the first glimpse of one, though half a mile  
away, the little fellow is off in a jiffy.

One day, during my sojourn in Paris, as I was  
returning to my lodgings, I heard the above oft-  
repeated petition, and paid but little attention to  
it, till I heard one of the Savoyards ask for a  
"little son for little *tete-creuse*"—little "hollow-  
head." This epithet and this demand were  
something new to me. Applications for some-  
thing to fill hollow *stomachs* were common enough,  
but begging for means to supply the deficiencies  
of empty *heads*, was certainly a novelty.

"What do you mean by 'hollow head'?"  
asked I, of the Savoyards.

"There he is," replied the boys, pointing to a  
poor little atom of humanity, who was trotting  
along with them, and finding it a difficult thing  
to keep up.

To have called him "hollow stomach" would  
have been no misnomer, certainly; for the poor  
boy was manifestly half starved. Thin and pale  
as he was, however, he was singularly beautiful.  
Nothing could exceed the dazzling purity of his  
skin, and the delicate chiselling of his classic  
features. And his eyes—his great, black, dreamy  
eyes—a nervous person would have been fright-  
ened, and a tender-hearted person might have  
wept at beholding them—so strange, and wierd,  
and wild they looked, and yet, so ineffably  
mournful. Yet, much as they expressed, there  
was a sad want of expression there; and where  
all else was so bright, it was a melancholy thing  
to see the Promethean spark of intellect was  
either wanting altogether, or so dimmed and  
blurred as to make its existence doubtful. And  
yet, this very defect, accompanied as it was by so  
much that was attractive, appealed most power-  
fully to all active human sympathies.

"Where did he come from?" asked I, of the  
vagabond Savoyards.

"From the clouds," replied promptly and  
confidently, a little fellow very nearly the boy's  
own age, who had lately become the proud pos-  
sessor of all the stock in trade necessary for the  
establishment in business of an itinerant shoe-  
black.

"And what makes you think he came from  
the clouds?" inquired I.

"Because we saw him on the Pont Neuf just  
after it began to rain, and some little frogs with  
him, and neither him nor the frogs was there  
before."

"Very conclusively reasoned, indeed, my little man. And so you think it rains little frogs and little boys on the Pont Neuf, do you?"

"I've seen showers of frogs more'n once, but I never saw it rain boys before."

"And how long has it been since little 'hollow-head' came down?"

"It's almost two weeks."

"And what does he do for a living?"

"He eats bread, cheese and grapes."

"But where does he get those articles?"

"He takes little sous and buys 'em."

"But where does he get the sous?"

"We gives 'em to him."

It was true. These little vagabonds had worked and begged for him as they did for themselves. They might not have continued it very long, but such acts are not unusual among the members of this juvenile fraternity; the new-boys of Paris—"only more so."

I took the whole gang into a café, and asked them what they would have to eat. One said *flutes*, another a *bavaroise*; one fellow wanted an *omelette soufflée*, and another a *paté de foie gras*! These two last epicures were not gratified, but most of them were supplied with the dainties they asked for, and which they had often heard of, but never seen. Though I made very minute inquiries, they could tell me nothing more of their little cloud-born foundling. Nor could he give any account of himself.

"Can't he speak at all?" I asked.

"No, monsieur; but he says some sort of gibberish to himself sometimes."

I had thought from the first that he looked very much like an English boy, so I tried him with my own language. He started at what was evidently a familiar sound, gazed earnestly at me, and for the first time smiled. This sudden, solitary smile, was one of the most beautiful, as well as one of the most melancholy sights I ever beheld. It was like a rainbow spanning the storm-cloud's gloomy crest. The poor child spoke a few words of English, but there was little connection or meaning in them. All the information I could gain from what he said, was that his Christian name was probably Arthur, and that was only an inference. The poor boy's head was truly a hollow one. And yet, it was a noble-looking head, and as far in appearance from an idiot's as could well be imagined. The jewel had somehow been stolen away, but the casket that remained was a fitting envelope for the rarest of diamonds. It was an admirably formed head, as well as a most beautiful one.

I tried for a long time, but could get nothing more out of him. As I have already remarked,

he looked like an English boy, and the presumption thus created was confirmed by his tongue. I do not refer to the mere fact of his speaking English words. He might do that, and be an American. I mean that his accent, his mode of pronunciation, proved him to be English of England, and not American. A practised ear easily detects the ear-marks, or rather the tongue-marks, which distinguish the one from the other.

I was going to England soon, and I determined to take the little fellow with me, and try to get him a place where he might be properly taken care of. I therefore took him home with me, and had him bathed and washed, and properly clothed. The clothes he had on were coarse and ragged. In a few weeks I left for England, but in that time the poor little foundling had so won upon my affections that I could not bear the thought of being separated from him. He was so handsome, so docile, so affectionate, that he stole into my heart before I was aware of it, and became fixed so firmly there, that I could not have dislodged him without greatly lacerating it. The very infirmity of the poor boy endeared him to me. He was utterly alone, and utterly helpless, and his magnificent though vacant eyes appealed to my sympathies more powerfully than if they had been sparkling with the highest order of intelligence.

Good feeding and careful nurture soon made his pale cheeks round and rosy, and heightened his wonderful beauty. But the strange, wild, melancholy air, which had so attracted me at our first interview, was in no way subdued. Few could look at him without some feelings of pity, some kindly yearning struggling within them. He could not be termed an idiot, and there were indeed moments when it seemed almost as if the truant intellect might be lured back to the tenement which I felt sure it must once have inhabited. But I learned eventually that all such hopes were futile. Some fitful flashes of mental electricity were occasionally visible, but they indicated only a casual and momentary reunion, from some accidental cause, of the intellectual circuit, which seemed hopelessly broken.

The adopting and rearing of such a child may seem an uninviting task. It would certainly be a melancholy one, but melancholy things are not always unattractive, and there was much more of a pleasing than a painful nature in all that related to this singular boy. At all events, I loved him. If he had been as wise as the most knowing of infant prodigies, I could not have loved him more. Having decided to retain possession of the child, unless he should be claimed by his relatives, one of the first things I did when I ar-

rived in London, was to look out for a suitable person to take care of him. Having spoken about it to the landlord of the hotel at which I stayed, he made some inquiries, and the next morning introduced to me a middle-aged woman, who appeared to me to be well qualified for the situation. I eventually agreed to take her on trial for a few weeks, and at the end of that time to employ her permanently, if she suited me. She came the next day.

The evening of the day I engaged her, little Arthur happened to hear the word *walnuts* pronounced, and I was surprised at the emphatic manner in which he repeated it, calling it over perhaps a dozen times. It seemed, too, to remain in his memory, and every now and then he would say softly to himself "*Walnuts*." I immediately sent for a plate of walnuts, and offered them to the boy. He ate one or two, but paid little attention to them, and still from time to time whispered "*walnuts*." He seemed after a while to have forgotten the word, but when I again pronounced it in his presence, it again attracted his attention, and it was easy to see that it had some peculiar significance for him.

What could be the reason? Why should the word *walnut* interest him more than another? The problem was a knotty one, and I puzzled over it a good deal, for I thought it possible that some clue to the little fellow's origin might lie hid within it. I tried him with all sorts of walnuts, but I soon saw it was none of them that he referred to. And if he didn't mean *walnuts* by *walnuts*, what did he mean?

The woman I had engaged—the very respectable looking Mrs. Jones—was punctual to her engagement, and was installed in suitable apartments. She seemed to be an intelligent and judicious woman, and her conversation pleased me very much. The second day after her arrival, Mrs. Jones took little Arthur out for a walk in the park, and never came back again. I inquired about her friends and her previous history, but all I could learn was, that she had lived awhile with a sister of the landlord's, and borne a good character while with her.

It was a matter of astonishment, even to myself, how keenly I felt this occurrence. I traversed every quarter of London, and a goodly portion of Great Britain, and spent more money than I could well afford, in searchings and advertisements—and all to no purpose. With a heavy heart I returned to America. Many and many a time I thought of the poor little mindless boy, and wondered what could have become of him. It required many new impressions to obscure my remembrance of him.

After the lapse of four years, I made a second visit to England. In London I put up at the same hotel as before, and was welcomed by the same landlord. The circumstances vividly recalled poor little Arthur to my mind, and the abrupt and unpleasant termination of my adventure. I thought of the child and his probable fate continually.

One day I saw in the Times newspaper, an advertisement for a number of servants for the country establishment of Sir Charles Willoughby, of *Walnuts*, Devonshire. *Walnuts*! The moment my eye lit upon the word, it seemed to run through my whole system like an electric shock, and from that instant I felt a conviction—blind, baseless, ridiculous, if you will, but for all that as strong as adamant—that this Devonshire *Walnuts* had something to do with my poor, lost Arthur. Here the poor child had disappeared like the morning dew, leaving no trace behind him—and here I believed I had found a clue, which, if rightly followed up, would eventually enable me to find him.

Sir Charles Willoughby, in person, was to be found at Morley's hotel, Trafalgar Square, where candidates for places were directed to apply. I felt an intense desire to see what manner of man this Devonshire baronet was, and I took the only course I could think of which would enable me to see and converse with him. I metamorphosed myself into an English footman, and called at Morley's to solicit employment.

Though it were never so true that language was given to man to enable him to conceal his thoughts, it would remain equally true, that in spite of all the tongue can do, the face will often prove a tell-tale. It is one of nature's never-failing laws, that bad passions, long indulged, will set their seal upon the human countenance. It was so with Sir Charles Willoughby, and no amount of dissimulation on his part could persuade the shrewd observer that he was anything else but a heartless, unprincipled, bold, bad man. He was not past the middle age, and he was remarkably handsome and ceremoniously polite. But about his full red lip, and upon his smooth, white brow, and in his bright, black eye, lurked characters, not hard to decipher, which when put together, spelled a word that looked less like man than devil.

These observations I made while Sir Charles was examining me and my credentials, and so fully convinced was I of their truth, and so greatly did they increase the suspicions I had already conceived, that I at once formed the resolution of carrying my masquerade much further than I had originally intended; and when

the baronet signified his willingness to employ me, I immediately closed with the offer, and left the room an engaged footman. Three days afterwards, with half a dozen fellow-menials in livery, I accompanied my master into Devonshire. We found that "Walnuts" was not named without a reason. The groves of fine old walnut trees in the park could not be surpassed in Britain. "Walnuts" was a fine old manorial residence, a part of which was very old indeed, and almost in ruins. As a matter of course, these antiquated apartments had their ghosts, and this was said to be the reason why the servants were so frequently changed. With one exception, there was not a servant in the house who had been there more than one year. This was Ratcliffe, the valet of Sir Charles. He was a taciturn man, about forty years of age, and anything but a favorite with the servants. He had lived with his present master, no one knew how long. My first object was to get some knowledge of their family history. For this purpose, I was obliged to make inquiries out of the house. Ratcliffe was the only one of the servants who knew anything, and the idea of undertaking to "pump" him was utterly preposterous. The little I could learn was not of a very satisfactory nature. I was interested, however, in hearing that the name of the last baronet was Arthur, and that he was the elder brother of Sir Charles. He had married and gone to Italy, where he perished with his wife and child—it was supposed of an epidemic fever. It was at his death, that Sir Charles succeeded to the estate and title. His youth had been a very wild one.

I had been some weeks in gleaning this information, and was now turning my attention to the exploration of the old part of the house, and unless something encouraging should occur within a few days, I was resolved to throw up my commission. None of my fellow-servants, except Ratcliffe, dared to go near the old wing at night. Various ghostly sights and sounds were, by common rumor, connected with these ancient rooms and corridors. But the chief one among the ghosts was a female figure, robed in white, which walked there between midnight and morning. It was popularly supposed to be the departed spirit of a certain heiress of the Willoughbys, who, years ago, had gone mad and killed herself—"all for love."

To most of the upper rooms of the old wing I had no difficulty in gaining access, but the main corridor, which communicated with the apartments on the ground floor of this portion of the house, was always locked. To the door of this passage, however, I had obtained a key, and was determined to use it. The night after I got

hold of it, I waited until the house was quiet, and then rose and made for the haunted corridor. There was a bright moon, and I thought it best to take no light. I was always armed. My key answered the purpose admirably, and in a few minutes I was within the much-dreaded passage. I advanced cautiously, peering into all the rooms, right and left. Presently I came to a staircase, which I ascended, but was stopped by a door, locked and barred. This door opened in the direction of Sir Charles's own private apartments. Descending, I continued to advance till I reached the end of the passage, or at least, a door which stopped my further progress. I could do nothing but turn back, which I did unwillingly, and ill-pleased with the unproductiveness of my essay. I had retraced my steps nearly half way, when a slight noise behind me, caused me to wheel about precipitately. I saw nobody, but there was a light shining through one of the doors behind me, and I thought I also heard a slight rustling, as of some one moving. There was an open door close beside me. I popped into the room to which it belonged, and ensconced myself behind the door, where I could peep out into the passage. I had hardly done so, when a tall, white figure emerged from the door through which I had seen the light shining.

That this was the ghost I had no doubt, and that it was not a ghost I had just as little. It stalked slowly towards me with a lighted taper in its hand. As it came nearer, I began to distinguish its features. They interested me, and well they might, for they were those of the "highly respectable Mrs. Jones," whom I had employed to take care of little Arthur! She passed within two feet of me, ascended the stairs of which I have spoken, passed through the door, and locked and barred it after her. When she was gone, I explored the room from which she issued, and found the door through which she must have entered it, but like the others, it was locked. As I was slowly returning along the corridor, I heard some one again opening the door at the head of the stairs. Expecting to see Mrs. Jones again, I slipped into one of the rooms as before. It was Mrs. Jones, but she had a companion. It was Sir Charles Willoughby himself. They came towards me, and as they passed, I heard the baronet say—"One of the new servants is very inquisitive, Ratcliffe tells me. If he becomes too curious, I will serve him as I did Foster."

A blasphemous oath confirmed this declaration. I knew that Foster had been my predecessor as second footman, and it was believed he had absconded with some silver spoons. I saw Sir

Charles's face as he spoke of him; it was the very face I would give (were I a painter) to a fiend incarnate. The two passed on, and disappeared through the door at the far end of the passage, which they locked, but not before I had seen that it opened upon a descending staircase. By-and-by Sir Charles returned alone, and passed out the same way he entered. I listened for some time, but all remained quiet, and I stole away to my own chamber.

What I had seen gave me food for thought. Mrs. Jones's presence proved to me I had blundered on the right *walnut*; the question now was, how to crack it, and get at the kernel of the mystery which had so baffled me. The next day I was at work in the cellar, clearing out an old wine-vault. I was all alone, and could ruminate at leisure. My reflections were somewhat suddenly interrupted. I wanted to move out of my way an old beam, which had been imbedded in the wall. It was now very loose, and when I gave it a pull, it came down with a crash, and a shower of stones and dirt, making a great hole in the wall. Behind this hole was a cavity I determined to explore. I procured a light, and clambered over the rubbish into it. These cellars were beneath the old wing of the mansion, and the walls were in many places very much dilapidated. I had advanced perhaps fifty feet, when I heard a human voice. I stopped and listened! It came through the wall on the left side, where it had partially fallen down. I asked who was there. The only answer was a groan several times repeated. "Can poor little Arthur be imprisoned in that dungeon?" I said to myself. I was resolved to find out. I went back to the wine-vault, and returned with a crowbar I had been using. Half an hour's work enabled me to get through what proved to be the back wall of a vaulted chamber, some fifteen feet square. Instead of a boy, I found a man, pale, feeble and attenuated, with long matted hair and beard, and evidently insane. He was continually repeating the names of "Anna" and "Arthur," with occasionally a moan which made me shudder. As the miserable man sat on his straw pallet, gazing vacantly at me, I saw that he had little Arthur's eyes, even to their expression. While watching him, I heard a light footstep without, the door was unlocked, and Mrs. Jones entered! As she came in, I stepped behind the door, and while her back was turned, shut and locked it with the key she had left in the lock. When she saw me, she started back and screamed faintly.

"Mrs. Jones," said I, "I see you know me. I have only a word or two to say to you. Do as I tell you, and I will befriend you as far as I can;

refuse, and you, as well as your infamous employer, shall meet with the utmost rigor of the law. I know that is Sir Arthur Willoughby, and I know his son Arthur is in these dungeons."

Before I had finished, Mrs. Jones fell on her knees, begged for mercy, and assured me she would have confessed everything long ago, if she had not been afraid Sir Charles would take her life, as he certainly would.

"You need have no fear of him," said I. "Though his insane brother and nephew cannot hold this property, the power it confers will not be his much longer. All I want you to do now is to set little Arthur at liberty, and then let us out by the back door of the old wing."

I had been speaking at random to Mrs. Jones, and taking for granted what I only guessed at, but I had hit the mark. In a few minutes Arthur was at liberty, and we brought him back to the cell where his father was, whom he had not seen for five years. He was grown, but not much changed. He did not recognize me. As I was leading him to his father, a noise at the door caused me to turn round, and as I did so, I saw the face of Sir Charles Willoughby, with every bad passion that agitates the heart of man concentrated there in one focus of horrible malignity.

"Die, traitress!" he said, and before I could advance a single step, he had plunged a dagger into the heart of Mrs. Jones. I had hardly time to draw a bowie-knife, when he sprang upon me. The fury which animated him was almost supernatural, but I was younger and a stronger man than he. I was anxious to disarm him, and I would have done so, if his fellow-scoundrel, Ratcliffe, had not appeared upon the scene, armed with a heavy club. The moment I saw this, I began to press upon my adversary with all my strength, for I now felt that it was his life, or mine. The valet aimed a tremendous blow at my head. I sprang aside and partially avoided it, while at the same instant almost, I drove my knife to the hilt in Charles Willoughby's throat. The bludgeon had descended on my shoulder, and momentarily paralyzed my left arm, but the blow was not repeated. Ratcliffe saw that his master had received the punishment due to his crimes, and immediately fled with the greatest precipitation. During the combat the insane father and son had stood within a few feet of us, and both had been plentifully sprinkled by the life-blood of brother and uncle. The excitement of both was painful to behold. I gazed at them with intense interest. Sanity and insanity hung trembling in the balance, as if a feather's weight would cause one or the other to preponderate. As they stood face to face, a dim consciousness

of each other's identity was evidently dawning upon their benighted minds, while both were struggling piteously with the mental darkness which still prevented full and perfect recognition.

A pin might have been heard to drop, as the boy whispered doubtfully, "Papa!" The spell was broken.

"Arthur—my child! my child!" shrieked the father, as he clasped his long lost boy to his heart. And both were from that moment as sound and sane as any of their race.

I will not dwell upon what remains to be told. Charles Willoughby was the victim of passions fostered and rendered ungovernable by long indulgence. He loved the bride of his elder brother, Anna Osburne, and to revenge her rejection of him, murdered her in the presence of her husband and child, both of whom became insane from the terrible shock. This happened at Naples. The murderer found means to prove the death of both, and to get his brother secretly immured at the old wing, at Walnuts. Little Arthur was first abandoned in the streets of Paris, and afterwards stolen from me, when I tried to preserve him, and taken to Walnuts also, where he was found as I have stated.

Ratcliffe was eventually caught, and with difficulty escaped the gallows. He was transported. My little Arthur still lives, and is now Sir Arthur Willoughby, and the best and truest friend I have on earth.

#### WE PASS FOR WHAT WE ARE.

A man passes for what he is worth. Very idle is all curiosity concerning other people's estimate of us, and all fear of remaining unknown is not less so. If a man knows that he can do anything—that he can do it better than any one else—he has a pledge of acknowledgment of that fact by all persons. The world is full of judgment days, and into every assemblage that a man enters, in every action he attempts, he is gauged and stamped. In every troop of boys that whoop and run in each yard and square, a new comer is well and accurately weighed in the course of a few days, and stamped with his right number, as if he had undergone a formal trial of his strength, speed, and temper. A stranger comes from a distant school with a better dress, trinkets in his pockets, with airs and pretensions. An older boy says to himself, "It's no use, we shall find him out to-morrow."—*Ralph Waldo Emerson.*

#### INNOCENT WELCOME TO EVIL.

How thou art like the daisy in Noah's meadow,  
On which the foremost drop of rain fell warm  
And soft at evening; so the little flower  
Wrapped up its leaves, and shut the treacherous water  
Close to the golden welcome of its breast—  
Delighting in the touch of that which led  
The showers of oceans, in whose billowy drops  
Tritons and lions of the sea were warring.—*BANDON.*

#### HISTORY OF SIBERIA.

The government of Western Siberia has just published an official document giving an account of that country as a penal colony—with a brief sketch of its previous history. From this it appears that in the sixteenth century Siberia was inhabited by hordes of Tartar origin, and that in 1580 the celebrated Jermak, hetman of the Cossacks of the Don, invaded it at the head of 6000 men, and succeeded after several bloody battles, in taking Sibir, the chief city of the country. The hetman, finding that his resources were too limited to hold so extensive a country, ceded his conquest to Ivan IV., and Siberia has ever since formed part of the Russian empire. The first strangers who settled there were Cossacks, Strelitzes and a few gold diggers; but after a time it was selected as a place of exile for Russian state criminals. Peter the Great sent his Swedish prisoners there, and the Czarina Anne had the inhabitants of whole villages transported there for refusing to work for their lords. On the abolition of the punishment of death by Elizabeth in 1745, Siberia was regularly organized as a penal colony, and transportation thither was the punishment for all sorts of crimes. The exiled nobles were generally sent to Berezhov, to work in the crown gold mines there, and the names of the first families in the empire may be seen on tombs in the cemetery of that place. In 1833 an office was established at Tobolsk, where the name of every exile and his residence were registered. In 1842 more perfect rules were laid down, according to which every tribunal in the empire regularly forwards to Tobolsk the names and offences of all persons condemned to exile, and each on his arrival was sent to the residence appointed for him. The governor of Western Siberia sends a yearly list to St Petersburg of all the convicts that have arrived. The last published return comes down to January 1, 1855, according to which the persons who reached Siberia in 1854 were 7530, of whom 5649 were men, 1134 women, and 747 children. The condition of exiles in Siberia has much improved within the last few years.

#### AN INDEPENDENT BARBER.

Of course, in every village some individuals are to be found more original than the rest. Among the worthies of this description living at Guisley, the parish clerk and barber deserves special mention, as being a man who piques himself somewhat highly upon his literary attainments; a specimen of which, illustrative of the writer's character and of his eminence in his profession, might have been seen not long ago pinned up in his window. Here is a copy:—"Notice.—That I begin of shaving on Saturdays at 5 o'clock for one half-penny till 8 o'clock. After 8 o'clock 1 penny till 9 o'clock. After 9 o'clock I shall please myself whether I shave or not. Saturday Noon from 12 to 1 o'clock, 1 half-penny. Razors cleaning up, 1 1-2 a piece. Going out to shave, one penny; out of town, 2d. Now I shall be very glad to shave any person that feels it worth their pleasure to come and pay like men, and not get shaved and never come no more when they have got one penny or 1 1-2 on. If it is not worth one penny, let your beard grow."—*Fraser's Magazine.*

[ORIGINAL.]

THE SPIDER'S DREAM.

BY S. F. KESSELE HAYES.

A merry black spider was weaving a web  
In a corner dark and aly;  
The silken meshes with anxious care  
He wove with skill in silence there,  
And thought, as he strengthened his cunning lair,  
How many a bounding, unwary fly  
Would tangle his feet, as he gilded by,  
In the web, where danger is not he deems:  
And the spider smiled at such cheering dreams.

The nimble spider his palace built,  
As the night hours wore away,  
And at length his weary task was o'er:  
When, falling asleep by the open door,  
He dreamed of the happy days of yore—  
Of the many flies that had been his prey:  
Of the bees he had caught in a sultry day,  
When they sought the shade of his corner aly,  
Thinking not that spiders were lurking nigh.

In dreams the spider went back again  
To the scene of his childish years;  
Once more he dwelt in his early home,  
A pleasant spot 'neath an old church dome,  
But the gay young spider wished to roam.  
His brothers' prayers, his sisters' tears,  
His kind old parents' warning fears,  
Came back to his mind as plain as when  
He bade adieu to his much-loved den.

But anon the spider trembled with fright,  
For a change came o'er his dream;  
He thought that darkness reigned over the earth,  
That hushed were the sounds of noisy mirth;  
As he lay in his web near the kitchen hearth,  
He saw—though perchance it strange may seem,  
It's fall as true as the rest of the dream—  
Of these murdered flies, a ghostly band,  
Came back again from that unknown land.

And well might the spider tremble with fear,  
In his corner dark and aly;  
For every unearthly, elfish sprite  
Was gleaming with strange fantastic light,  
That dangled the eyes of the spider bright.  
At length his quivering form they spy,  
And thus outspoke a goblin fly:

"Thou hast caused our death—we come for thee;  
Ere the sunlight comes thou shalt dwell with me!"

The buzzing of shadowy wings had ceased,  
And the spider rubbed his eyes:  
When he saw through the gray of the morning's gloom  
The onward sweep of the housemaid's broom;  
And reading therein a fearful doom,  
He wrapped himself in his winding-sheet—  
The web he had wove for his victims' feet—  
And fell to the floor, never more to rise:  
The ghastly prey of those phantom flies.

The parent who neglects to sow in the infancy  
of his children, the seeds of knowledge and vir-  
tue, will ordinarily witness their graceless youth  
and wretched manhood.

[ORIGINAL.]

NELL'S RETURN FROM THE BALL.

BY MRS. J. G. AUSTIN.

MARIAN, Kate and I, whose name is Ellinor, commonly contracted to Nelly, were invited this summer to spend a month with our friend and schoolmate, Susy Brandon. Sue lives with her uncle upon an island, an island all his own, too—a little emerald gem dropped beside the main land, just like a "kiss" beside the seal on an old-fashioned letter. Nor is the proprietor less unique than the island. "Uncle George," as we all called him, is a bachelor and lives alone like Robinson Crusoe, except for a female Friday or two, and the company of his niece and her friends in vacation. His life has been (so far) spent in choice society—Chancer and Spenser, Shakespeare and Herbert, varied with the Angel in the House, and Tennyson's Princess, having been his constant companions, until his whole nature has become saturated with their tender chivalry and graceful love of woman.

He can't see 'us now (if he ever did) the least bit as we really are—we are all fairies and goddesses, Florence Nightingales and Joans d'Arcs to him. It is a trying thing for a conscientious female (myself, for instance), who is thoroughly aware of her own follies, frailties and imperfections, to be watched, attended and admired, as if she were a condensation of Minerva, Diana and Venus, come down to walk the earth a little, and give poor ignorant mankind a glimpse of Olympian perfection. Nevertheless, to this painful estimate is every woman (especially should she be young and fair) who approaches Uncle George Brandon, obliged to submit. How he could admire us four girls, however, and all with equal admiration, is what I cannot understand, for surely never were four more diverse specimens of—perfection brought under one roof.

First, there's Sue, his own niece, adopted and educated by him from her childhood. Well, she's the dearest girl, and I love her, O, ever so much, but I can't help believing that she's a little, just a little commonplace. Some people say she's stupid, heavy, and I don't know what beside, but I only say she's commonplace, and love her just as much as if I didn't. Then, there's Kate—Kate, the beauty and the wit, the queen and the terror of us all—Kate, whose black eyes flash when she is angry (about once a day), that it makes you wink and catch your breath to meet them—proud Kate, passionate Kate, glorious, glowing Kate, whom I love with all my strength,



and with whom I quarrel incessantly. Next, is Marian, delicate, fair-haired, sentimental little Marian, always murmuring poetry to herself, and taking care not to wet her feet—Marian, whom we all love, and scold, and coddle from morning till night, as if she were really a baby, but yet Marian, who is quite capable, when the hour shall come, of those heroic achievements with which women of her fragile and nervous temperament have so often put to shame, not only their strong-ersisters, but mighty man himself.

As for myself, or rather for Nelly (I intend, with the reader's gracious permission, to retire into the third person), she is a person of whom I could tell so much, that I will say nothing, and so on with my story.

Our island—which by the way, we call Avilion, after the mystic isle where King Arthur and Queen Genevieve, with all their train of beauty and of chivalry, are waiting, waiting ever, for the hour that shall call them back to reign in Britain—our island lies in the harbor of an old seaside town, called—O dear, my treacherous memory! To think that I should forget the name of that dear old town! Well, call it Seatown, that will do well enough.

The people of Seatown understand the art of living—while they are young, they dance, sing, ride, walk, boat and go to picnics, in the most unremitting fashion. Grown older, they read Carlisle, Ruskin, Hugh Miller, and study German and talk transcendentalism, just as unremittingly—there is always something going on in the way of amusement. We girls were naturally included in the younger set, and invitations to this or that merry-making poured in as fast as we could accept them, for we seldom made up our minds to refuse, and there were marvellously few fine days on which the Seagull, with Uncle George at the helm, did not carry a merry freight to Seatown.

It is, however, an original and startling theory of my own, that too much of any luxury becomes tiresome, a mournful proof of which theory exists in the fact that we four girls, not one of us over twenty, began to talk contemptuously of amusements, to affect *blasé* and fastidious views of life, to comment with severity upon our dancing partners, and to look with scorn upon our new female acquaintances. We delighted Uncle George by discovering that the heroines of poetry were seldom represented as excelling in the *schottische*, or as attending picnic parties—we declined an invitation to a private concert, and commenced reading the Faery Queen aloud, in the arbor beneath the beech-trees.

In fact, we were fast becoming too ethereal for

this world, when on the afternoon of the Spenserian *seance*, an unexpected stumbling-block was thrown in our upward path, in the shape of a grand military and fancy ball, to be given on occasion of a visit from the True Blue Invincibles of Boston, to the Cherrycoat Corps of Seatown. Invitations to this festivity arrived in the form of four little notes politely delivered by an outward-bound fishing-party, and were—alas, for human consistency—immediately accepted, as thus:

Kate—"A fancy ball! I'll be a sultana!"

Marian—"There's room for so many romantic characters!"

Susy—"I've got a dress all ready, too!"

Nelly—"Fancy the Cherrycoat corps in their regimentals!"

The matter thus tacitly decided, all four rushed into the house, leaving the Faery Queen alone in the arbor (where she got terribly soaked that night), to tell Uncle George of the ball, and ask his opinion of our dresses and characters. Upon this ensued a long consultation, the result of which was, that all Uncle George's suggestions were dismissed as poetical and appropriate, but impracticable, and we decided upon the commonplace but easily "got up" characters of a sultana for Kate, Lucy Ashton for Marian, a flower-girl for Sue, and a gipsy fortune-teller for Nelly. The next step was to prepare the costumes, materials for which were amply furnished forth in sundry chests and boxes, which had stood undisturbed for many a long year in the garret of the old house.

The evening arrived, and suitably muffled in water-proof burnous and great shawls, with airy handkerchiefs tied over heads which scouted the possibility of catching a cold, we embarked in the Seagull, and after a pleasant but uneventful voyage, we stepped upon the pier at Seatown, in the gloaming of a summer evening.

"Now, girls," said Uncle George, who chose to return to the island, instead of attending the ball—"now, girls, enjoy yourselves more than ever you did before, and be ready for me to-morrow morning at ten o'clock—it won't do to trust the tide any later than that."

"Yes, uncle," said four voices, as the sultana, the flower-girl, the gipsy and Lucy Ashton, each held out a hand, and received upon it such a kiss as Bayard might have pressed upon the hand of Anne de Bretagne.

A few minutes later, the four arrived at the house of Susy's Aunt Wilson, where the important mystery of dressing was to take place, the "bandboxes" having been despatched thither in the morning. The solemn rites having been performed, and every one having sufficiently ad-

mired herself and her companions, the party set out, accompanied by Mrs. Wilson and her son, for the scene of the festivities.

Of the ball it is unnecessary to say more, than that it was like most other such occasions—very delightful to the young and pretty, who had plenty of partners and admiration, very tedious to those *side-lights* who were forced to sit the whole evening languidly contemplating the dances in which they were no longer urged to join. It was three o'clock, A. M., when four dusty-looking ghosts, in various stages of exhaustion and drowsiness, stepped from the door of Assembly Hall into the pale light of a waning moon.

"Nelly," whispered Kate, "it would be much pleasanter to sleep at Avilion to-night, than in Mrs. Wilson's spare chamber."

"Decidedly, *ma belle*. Let us go."

"But how are we to get there?" asked the *salana*, a little fretfully.

"We'll manage it, Marian dear. How romantic the harbor would look in this wierd moonlight!"

"O charming! Can't we go down to-night?" asked the little one, snapping at the bait.

"And be home to breakfast with Uncle George, Sue," added Nelly, suggestively.

"Yea, he would be very much pleased—I wish we could—but how can we go?" asked Sue, looking at her cousin John.

"If you really wished for a sail," began the young man, his mind evidently between the duties of hospitality, and the duty of making himself agreeable.

"We really do," exclaimed Kate and Nelly.

"I could easily find a boat—"

"Nonsense, John," interposed his mother, "it is folly to talk of such a thing. The young ladies need a sound sleep and a warm breakfast, more than they do moonshine and romance."

"I really think, Aunt Wilson," said Sue, quietly, "that we had better go, if Cousin John will take us down. I had much rather do so if the girls feel able, for I know how much Uncle George depends on a cheerful breakfast-table, and we are going back to school next week."

"And the moonlight on those great black rocks off Light-house Point," murmured Marian.

"I, for one, have no sort of desire to go to sleep," remarked Kate.

"And we are 'wilful maids' that 'maun hae our way,' so please, Mrs. Wilson, say we may go," concluded Nelly. And the good lady, withdrawing her opposition, the party only returned to the house for their wraps, and then were escorted by Mr. Wilson to the boat which he had engaged while they were tying their bonnets.

"The tide's a'most out—dunno but we shall git grounded on some o' them flats 'twixt here and the isling," growled our boatman, as he pushed off and took to his oars, for there was hardly the ghost of a breeze.

"You know the channel well, eh, Thomson?" asked Mr. Wilson, a little anxiously.

"Pooty well—but you see I most alluz goes out with my brother, an' he sails the craft, whilst I hauls the pots."

"Haul the pots?" half-asked Marian.

"Yis'm, the lobster-pots. Jim and I are lobsterers."

"O!" replied the young lady, vacantly, and the conversation dropped into silence.

The little boat, meantime, urged on with sail and oars, made her way steadily along, scraping now and then the crest of some submerged rock, or tangling in the long seaweed of the flats, until more than half the distance was overpast, and most of the party, lulled by the monotonous dip of the oars, had lapsed into silence, meditation, and sleep. All at once, the keel grated more viciously and decidedly than ever upon some obstacle, paused a moment, as if in consideration, and finally settled calmly down, evidently decided to remain where it was, for some hours at least. In vain Ben Thomson, rising to his feet, and fixing the blade of his oar in the sand, tried to push off—in vain, springing into the water, and placing his sturdy shoulder to the bows, did he essay to shove off. The boat was fast, and the tide rapidly deserting her.

"Taint no use—'taint nary bit o' use," growled the lobsterer, at last, hoisting himself into the boat, and throwing himself down on the bottom, in a wet, surly heap. "We're here, and here we've got to stay, till the tide floats us off," he added, by way of consolation.

"And when will that be?" asked Mr. Wilson, testily.

"'Bout four o'clock now, aint it? Well, I reckon we'll get off by nine," replied the man, coolly.

"Five hours! Too bad, by Jupiter! And what in the world did you get on here for?" asked Mr. Wilson, now quite angry.

"Waal, capting," returned Ben, growing all the cooler and more deliberate, as the other became hot and vivacious. "I dunno as I had any pertikler objec' in comin' here, an' I dunno as it's any pertikler advantage to me to be here—more'n all that, I'm a goin' to get off jist as soon's ever I ken, an' till I ken, I'm goin' asleep."

With which declaration of independence, Ben Thomson coiled himself up on a pile of bags, rope, etc., in the bows of the boat, and in a very

few minutes was actually fast asleep. The rest of the party, after a few pettish exclamations, subsided into weary silence, and finally into slumber, with the exception of Marian, who, poor child, was too thoroughly uncomfortable to sleep, and Nelly, who was revolving a somewhat daring project.

"O dear, how chilly I feel," murmured little Marian, looking white and ghostly in the dim light of early dawn.

"Take my shawl, pet," whispered Nelly, drawing it off, and wrapping it around the drooping form beside her.

"But you need it as much as I—good gracious, what are you going to do?" exclaimed she, with unvented animation, for Nelly, now standing up, was, with the aid of sundry pins, "killing her coats" in a rapid and decided manner.

"Marry, will you lend me your rubber boots? I am going to walk ashore," said she, quietly.

"Going to—what! Are you crazy?"

"Not a bit, love, but I'm tired to death of this business. You see that we are stranded on the point of a long spit of sand, which I make no doubt joins the island at the other end—at any rate, I'm going to see whether it's so or not. The tide is not quite dead low yet, so I have plenty of time before it rises. Don't look so frightened, little one, but give me a kiss and the boots."

"You can't—you shan't go. I'll wake Mr. Wilson and the boatman to stop you—"

"Marian, if you do, I'll be very angry indeed with you," said Nelly, as sternly as she knew how. And Marian said no more but pulled off her boots with a little submissive sob that went straight to Nelly's heart.

"Marry, you're a little darling—give me two kisses directly. There, now take the shawl—my sack and the exercise will keep me warm. Good-by—take a good nap, and don't worry about me. I shall get ashore safe, and will have some hot coffee ready for you at ten o'clock."

Then, without waiting for further opposition, this obstinate young woman stepped over the low gunwale of the boat, and walked briskly away. A dense fog which had been for some time rolling in from seaward, soon shut out the boat, as it had long concealed the island, and Nelly looking about her at the dreary scene, felt as if she were the "last man" left alive at the end of all things else, and traversing in his desolation the uncovered ocean bed, bared by the terror-stricken waters, as they curled away in dread from that last great conflagration. The path proved more difficult than she had expected; the firm, white sand upon which she had started,

giving place after a little, to grassy sand, interspersed with black rocks, to which clung the snaky seaweed, as if it had drowned there, and never relaxed its death-grip. Slimy objects slipped from under her feet, and crawled with awkward motion toward the water, as if unwilling to display their ugliness to mortal eyes. Sticks and branches of dead trees, lying black and water-soaked upon the sand, looked like great serpents waiting to twine about and devour her. Out of the fog loomed unearthly shapes of sea-monsters, and nameless horrors.

Nelly stopped and looked about her. The scene was not cheerful or encouraging, more especially as since she had lost sight of boat and shore, the flat had become so wide and irregular in shape that she grew uncertain whether she was traversing it lengthway or breadthway. Finally, however, deciding on her course, she essayed to go on, but to her astonishment, found that during the brief pause, her feet had become so firmly imbedded in the sand that she could not withdraw them. She tried again and again. Horror! She not only failed to extricate herself, but was perceptibly sinking deeper. Suddenly it flashed across Nelly's mind that she had heard Uncle George speak of a dangerous quicksand in the vicinity of the island, and that this was it.

"I shall die here," she murmured, and then, with a hysterical laugh, added—"It ought to have been Marian, in her dress of Lucy Ashton. It would remind her of Ravenswood, and the Kelpie's Flow."

Deeper and deeper sank her feet—the sand closed about her ankles, and Nelly, after struggling till she was exhausted, sank upon the oozy bank and tried to resign herself to death—death at nineteen—death in a horrible, torturing form, which would not yield her poor body to the last tender offices of those who loved her! She thought of her far-off home, of brothers and sisters waiting for her there—she thought of her mother, and the strong anguish that would smite her down, when she should hear of the terrible and mysterious fate of her eldest born. With a low cry of anguish, a wild, wordless appeal to Heaven for help, she raised herself and glanced eagerly around, ready to catch at any, the feeblest hope of rescue.

A few feet behind her, as she had already noticed, rose the sharp, black point of a submerged rock, which, rooted far below the grasping quicksand, defied its engulfing power. The rock itself, so sharp and slimy, could afford at the best but a moment's foothold, and Nelly had merely glanced at it, without hope of finding it useful in her extremity. Now, however, she noticed that

crossing its crest, and upheld by it, was a small object, black like the rock, which she at first took for a snake, then for a stick, and finally recognized as a rope. A rope! How came it there? To what were its ends affixed? Could it help her in the mortal struggle for life, which with the slightest aid, she felt herself able to undertake? These questions flashed through Nelly's mind in the first dizzy instant of awakened hope—and the revulsion of feeling turned her so sick and faint that she dreaded lest becoming insensible, her hope should be stolen from her, without her having power even to struggle for its fulfilment. But Nelly was strong—strong in will and strong in frame, and in another moment her heart recovered its pulsations, her eyes their sight, and her muscles their power;—throwing herself forward on the sand, she found that the rope (much longer than she at first thought) was just within her grasp, and seizing it firmly, she commenced pulling it steadily toward her. It was not, as she had feared might be the case, sunk deeply into the sand—the pinnacle of rock supporting it at one point, and some as yet unknown power at another, the tension had been too great to allow of this, and with a thrill of joy, Nelly found, after gathering it toward her for a few moments, that she was opposed by a strength greater than her own, and that the cable remained taut.

"Now, then, for the fight," muttered Nelly, as twisting the rope about her arms, and grasping it firmly as far out as she could reach, she began to pull, slowly and steadily at first, then strongly and eagerly, finally fiercely, passionately, despairingly. Not till then could she perceive any effect, but at the last moment, just as with a sob of anguish, she was about to sink back and give over the struggle, she felt that her feet were moving—moving slowly! With new strength she redoubled her efforts—yes, she was succeeding—she was saved—she should tread God's earth and kiss her mother's lips once more!

Struggling on and up, unheeding of muscles strained and wrenched as on the rack, unheeding torn and bleeding hands, she persevered, and overcame, until she stood, chamois-like, upon the pointed rock, gasping for breath, and peering eagerly through the fog in the direction where the cable disappearing, seemed to intimate lay her safest path. But like most of the world, Nelly found that she must be content to hold the clue to her future course without hoping to see its termination, and after a moment's hesitation, she dropped the cable, and springing forward with long, light steps, barely touching the sand with the points of her stockinged feet (for Mari-

en's boots had been retainted as black-mail by the Kelpie under the Flow), she flew on without pausing even to breathe, until looming through the mist, she suddenly perceived the bows of a large schooner, which lay placidly in the channel, unconscious that she had dropped her anchor in a quicksand, and that the arms of her jelly-mariners would need to put forth their utmost vigor, before they should heave it up again.

Beyond this, the sand was firm, except for the sponginess caused by the now flowing tide, which rose so fast, that as Nelly stepped upon the shore of welcome Avilion and looked back upon her path, she saw that her last footsteps were each a little well of brine.

Dragging herself up to the house, the exhausted adventurer stole round to the back door, intending to gain her own bedroom unperceived, but in turning the corner of the house, she encountered Uncle George, who stood looking at the rising sun, which was driving the fog before him in many a gorgeous wave of light.

"Look, child!" said he, without turning, and forgetting in his enthusiasm that his "pets," as he called them, were or should have been far away.

"'God made himself an awful rose, of dawn.'

"See it! Don't you see how like the petals of a rose those edges of the mist show, where they are shivered by the light?"

"Yes, sir—'very like a whale,'" murmured Nelly, faintly, and gliding quietly toward the door.

"Very like a—" commenced Uncle George, wheeling round indignantly; but the drooping, bedraggled figure before him moved a deeper spring of that great heart, than nature's beauty or poet's art.

"St. George Germain! Why, Nelly! Little Nell! Where under the sun did you come from! and all wet and tired out, too! Speak, child—there, there, darling, don't cry! God bless my soul, don't cry, little one! You'll break my heart, if you cry so!"

Moved by the real dismay of the kind voice, Nelly presently consented to forego the feminine relief of tears, and breaking into a laugh which answered almost as well, she sat down on the doorstep and briefly narrated her adventures, while Uncle George strode impatiently up and down before her, pulling his beard, and muttering at intervals:

"O, good gracious! St. George Germain! Just hear her—only just hear her! Poor little lamb," etc.

Long before the conclusion, he suddenly

swooped upon the startled Nelly, carried her into the house, laid her upon a sofa, buried her in shawls and blankets, forced her to drink two great glasses of wine, and then pressing a paternal kiss upon her forehead, said hurriedly:

"I'm going off in a dory, to paddle the other girls ashore—they mustn't stay there till ten o'clock—and after I come back, little Nell, I'm going to ask you—to ask you to marry me—to marry the old man who never knew how bad he could feel till this morning."

"To—marry—you! Uncle George—" began Nelly, springing off the sofa; but he was gone, and ten minutes after, she could see his stately figure standing upright in the tiny boat, which he was propelling with swift, steady motion up the long, winding channel.

An hour later, he returned with three shivering girls as freight, rather an overload for his cockle-shell of a boat, but as he characteristically observed, "he'd rather walk and push the boat before him, than leave one behind."

Before they reached the house, Nelly was safe in her own chamber, in bed, and—asleep.

Before night, Uncle George had deliberately fulfilled his hasty threat; but whether Nelly replied, and whether she said yes or no—well, really—I forget.

#### I WAS ONCE YOUNG.

It is an excellent thing for all who are engaged in giving instruction to young people, frequently to call to mind what they were themselves when young. This practice is one which is most likely to impart patience and forbearance, and to correct unreasonable expectations. At one period of my life, when instructing two or three young people to write, I found them, as I thought, unusually stupid. I happened about this time to look over the contents of an old copy-book written by me when I was a boy. The thick up strokes, the crooked down strokes, the awkward joining of letters, and the blots in the book, made me completely ashamed of myself, and I could at the moment have hurled the book into the fire. The worse, however, I thought of myself, the better I thought of my backward scholars. I was cured of my unreasonable expectations, and became in future doubly patient and forbearing. In teaching youth, remember that you once were young, and in reproving their youthful errors, endeavor to call to mind your own.—*Thoughts of a Teacher.*

**KEEP GOOD COMPANY.**—Intercourse with persons of decided virtue and excellence is of great importance in the formation of a good character. The force of example is powerful; we are creatures of imitation, and by a necessary influence, our habits and tempers are very much formed on the model of those with whom we familiarly associate.

#### GLUTTONY.

The rich man's mode of living is preposterous. Mixtures, and spices, and wines, are the ruin of half the stomachs in the world. Just see; you take at a dinner-party soup; a glass or two of lime punch, perhaps; turbot and rich lobster sauce, with, it may be, an oyster pate, or a sweet-bread, to amuse yourself with, while the host is cutting you a slice of the Southdown haunch; this, with jelly, and French beans, is set in a ferment with a couple of glasses of champagne, to which a couple of glasses of hock or Sauterne are added; a wing of a partridge or the back of a leveret, solaced with a little red hermitage, succeeds, then you at once sit at ease and chill your heated stomach with a piece of iced pudding, which you preposterously proceed to warm again with a glass of noyau, or some other liquor; if you are not disposed to coquet with a spoonful of jelly in addition, you are sure to try a bit of Stilton and a piquant salad, and a glass of port therewith. At dessert, port, sherry, and claret, fill up the picture. This is about the routine of the majority of dinner parties. Now put all these things together in a bowl instead of the stomach, and contemplate the noxious, fermenting mess. Isn't it enough to kill an ostrich? Such a dinner is, in fact, a hospitable attempt on your life.—*Dr. Carlyon.*

#### "LET ME BE A LITTLE BOY."

"O, Johnny," cried a nervous mother, "do have some pity on my poor head. Can't you play without shouting so?"

Poor Johnny drew up the tape reins with which he was driving two chairs tandem, and called out in a loud whisper, "Get up, whoa!" But at length, finding little pleasure in this suppressed amusement, he threw down the reins, and laying his hand on his breast, said with a long breath:

"O, mother, it's full of noise in here, and it hurts me to keep it in. Don't all little boys make a noise when they play?"

"Yes, Johnny, I believe they all do," replied the lady.

"O, then, mother dear," cried Johnny in a winning tone, "please let me be a little boy."

We join poor Johnny heartily in this petition. Please, mothers, let your sons be little boys while they may. Let them have free and happy childhood; that when your heads are low in the grave, they may point back to these days, and say, "We were happy children, for there was sunshine where our mother was."—*Mother's Journal.*

#### THE DYING NEVER WEEP.

The reason why the dying never weep is because the manufactories of life have stopped forever; the human system has run down at last; every gland of the system has ceased its functions. In almost all diseases the liver is the first manufactory that stops work; one by one the others follow, and all the fountains of life are at length dried up; there is no secretion anywhere. So the eye in death weeps not; not that all affection is dead in the heart, but because there is not a tear drop in it, any more than there is moisture on the lip.—*Dr. Hall.*

[ORIGINAL.]

## RETROSPECTION.

BY CLARA AUGUSTA.

Don't you remember, Fanny dear, the meadow by the stream,  
Where the river sparkled brightly, and the grass was  
always green!—

Where the buttercups and fire-bell in wild profusion grew,  
And the emerald turf was sprinkled with diamond drops  
of dew!—

And the shadows of the hemlock fell down in graceful  
lines,  
And celestial music sounded in the tall, majestic pines?

Don't you remember, Fanny, how at eve we used to go,  
And watch the placid waters in the golden sunlight glow?  
And sitting 'neath the branches of the verdant firwood  
tree,

We marked the radiant sunset with undigressed glie;  
And ne'er shone pebbles half so bright as on that river's  
shore,  
And ne'er was music half so sweet as that sweet river's  
roar?

There were curious mottled lilies that bloomed beneath  
the hedge,  
And green and spicy peppermint, and sweetly-smelling  
sage;

And wild hop on the willow-bush with blossom pure and  
white,  
And the mountain's steep and ferny rocks are in my heart  
to-night!

O, every rock, and flower, and tree, on memory's page is  
graved,  
I'm to the tiny foxglove-bell that by the river waved!

How, when the sun was getting high, and soft and warm  
the breeze

Murmured with the feathered songsters that warbled in  
the trees,

We wandered to the meadow, where the now-mown hay  
lay bright,

Be long to wither crisp and sore in Sol's refulgent light;  
And at evening, when the occident was lit with day's last  
beams,

We rode home on the hay-cart, and Charlie drove the team?

Ah, forgive me, Fanny dearest, for causing you to sigh!  
I would not call the tears to fill that gentle, loving eye;  
I know how well you loved him—but alas, one eve he died,  
While you in anguished bitterness sat weeping by his side!  
You remember it, dear Fanny!—but 'tis many years ago  
Since we laid him 'neath the fir-tree, close by the river's  
flow.

All things we loved, dear Fanny, are passing swift away;  
We are getting old and weary, and have not long to stay!  
But we will not weep for that, Fanny—we do not fear to  
die:

'Tis only going up to God to dwell above the sky;  
And there amid the glory of those bright, transcendent  
bowers,

We'll meet the cherished ones we loved in childhood's  
happy hours!

Few people look on any object as it really is,  
but regard it through some fantastic prism pre-  
sented by their own prejudices, which invest it  
with a false color.

[ORIGINAL.]

## THE MAD ENGINEER.

BY A. C. THOMAS.

"WHAT?"

The speaker was a young man of remarkably  
fine face and figure. He had been sitting in the  
parlor of the hotel in the little town of Bainsford.  
As he spoke he leaped from his chair.

Two men had been conversing in the same  
apartment, and the young man's exclamation  
had been caused by something which he had  
heard them say.

The two men stared at the youth, who pre-  
tended to have spoken to the waiter. He rose  
and stood by the door. The speakers went on.

"O, yes," said one, "she is to be married to-  
morrow night, and it will be the most excellent  
combination of wealth and beauty ever seen in  
this part of the world."

"And is she willing?"

"O, she is only a young girl, and I imagine  
her father isn't the man to let her inclinations  
stand between her and prosperity."

"But Wiggles is such a numskull."

"But Wiggles is wealthy, and what more  
ought a young girl like Irene Maltravers to  
desire?"

"And they will be married to-morrow?"

"Yes, to-morrow night."

"There'll be some one disappointed, then."

"Of course—such a beauty is rather sought  
after—you won't find a girl like that every day."

By this time the young man had passed out.  
One of the speakers touched the other.

"Do you know that young man?"

"No, indeed, not I; who is he?"

"That's young Ned Alford."

"The dickens!"

"You know he has been in love with Irene for  
this ever so long. He comes up from New York  
every quarter to see her. I wonder how he'll  
take this?"

"Why did her father turn the girl over to Wig-  
gles if she was engaged?"

"O, he wouldn't give a fig for engagements.  
He's a surly, crusty old fellow, and don't under-  
stand anybody's wishes but his own." As the  
men spoke they went out.

Mr. Wiggles, the bridegroom, lived in a little  
town connected by railroad with Bainsford, and  
not more than fifty miles away. He was a little  
man of fifty, rather timid, but full of importance.  
Early on the appointed morning, this little timid  
and important man might have been seen slowly

wending his way to the railway station. Being a remarkably punctual man, and always afraid of getting left behind, on this important occasion he reached the station about a half hour earlier than usual. As he approached, an engine driver came up.

"Bound to Bainesford, sir?"

"Yes, sir."

"Ah, then you're the gentleman. There's no passenger train to-day, sir—went run till midnight, sir. The director of this road told me, sir, to be sure and get a locomotive ready for you to take you there."

"O, ah, hem! they have put a locomotive for me, have they?"

"Yes, sir, if you want to go."

"O, very well, I suppose I must go in the best way I can."

The man took Mr. Wiggles's carpet-bag, and led him to a locomotive.

"Why, isn't there a car?" said Wiggles, as the man pointed to the puffing and snorting machine.

"Please sir, no sir, there are no cars, only this locomotive."

"Humph!" exclaimed Wiggles, solemnly. "I suppose I must go."

The man put his carpet-bag in, got in himself, touched a crank, and with a puff and a snort away went the engine.

Mr. Wiggles at first felt a little flurried, but after a few moments he grew accustomed to the novelty of his situation, and amused himself by watching the admirable machinery in its motion. He was indeed not uncomfortably situated. His seat was on one side, where he could look either upon the machine in front, the scenery without, or the engineer opposite. After an exhaustive examination of the engine, he turned to view the scenery. Wiggles was always an ardent admirer of the beauties of nature. He found himself now dashing along through those beauties at such a terrific rate that they all seemed joined together in one rapidly sliding picture. The country in his immediate neighborhood was more like a stair carpet than anything else that Wiggles could think of. As he looked at the stair-carpet landscape, and noticed the telegraph posts one after the other flashing past, the strange thought occurred to his mind that he was travelling at a most fearfully rapid pace. What terrific progress—what headlong speed—it was terrible!

Wiggles shuddered, and closed his eyes. On opening them again he thought he would ask the engineer to moderate his speed. He therefore touched the engineer's arm, and prepared to speak. What was Wiggles's surprise at seeing

the engineer turn and make a hideous grimace? He laughed in a sickly manner.

"Friend," he cried, "aint we going rather fast?"

The friend rolled up his eyes till only the whites were visible. After this he turned the lids over so that a hideous red margin appeared over the whites.

"Good Lord," cried Wiggles, "the man's crazy!"

Suddenly the man commenced dancing violently. Then he sprang on the back of the engine, and standing on his head he put his heels against the funnel and stared at Wiggles. After this he came back.

Wiggles trembled—a profuse perspiration broke out over him—the engineer was surely mad. And the engine rushed forward more madly than ever. They dashed through the streets of towns, under bridges, over houses. Men stared at them, and waved signals. Before them appeared trains coming toward them, which they would flash by with a hideous noise. The engineer had been dancing violently for half an hour. At last he turned to Wiggles.

"We'll soon be there," he said

"Where?" gasped Wiggles.

"In New York."

"New York!"

"They've got an air line from there to Baunbury. It goes through the air. We go thump against the depot, and we vanish. Last time I went to Baunbury I went straight on the regular track; this time I'm going to try the air line. Hey?"

He poked Wiggles on the ribs. Wiggles was so paralyzed by fear that he could not utter a word. On rushed the engine, faster and faster. The mad engineer again commenced dancing violently.

"You see," he again cried, after a pause, "I've got friends up there, and that's why I choose the air line."

Wiggles stared and gasped for breath.

"Perhaps, though, we had better not wait till we get into the depot. Perhaps we had better run into the next train."

Wiggles's teeth chattered.

"Or perhaps," roared the engineer, in a voice of thunder, "we had better go over the first bridge."

Wiggles sank back.

"Or go off the track now. So—" Suiting the action to the word, the man gave a tremendous pull at the crank.

Wiggles did not wait for the catastrophe. He fainted.

That night the house of Squire Maltravers was crowded with guests. Invited to the wedding they had come, expecting to enjoy the most brilliant marriage festival ever seen in this part of the world. All the beauty, wealth and fashion, not only of Bainsford, but of all the country round about had assembled there.

But the squire wore no smile on his face. He was ill at ease, and his brow was ever clouded with the gloomiest of frowns. He scarce could muster sufficient courtesy to welcome his guests.

Well he might be gloomy. The bridegroom was expected at noon. He had not only not come at noon, but at dusk he still was absent. There were two trains between Bainsford and the home of Wiggles. Unable to contain himself, the squire rode out to the station. To his horror no Wiggles came.

He searched every car. He stared into the face of every man. He could not find Wiggles. He came back with one faint hope. Perhaps Wiggles had arrived, and was already in the house. In vain. On his arrival there, the first person whom he met asked him where was Wiggles. Wiggles was not found.

The squire strode back into the house, and shut himself up in his library. By-and-by a faint suspicion of the true state of the case communicated itself to some of the more intimate friends of the family. They went to see the squire.

"How unfortunate," said they all.

"The scoundrel!" cried the squire, enraged at the disappointment.

"It's my opinion that he has intended this all along," said the bride, who, by the way, supported herself with wonderful fortitude. "He thinks I am not rich enough. He never did care for anything but his precious money."

This remark stung the squire to the quick.

"By Jove I'll have revenge on the rascal. I'll teach him how to make a fool of me. I'll—"

But the squire was interrupted by the entrance of a young man, who walked straight up to him and bowed respectfully.

"Alford?" exclaimed the squire, doubtfully.

"Mr. Maltravers," said he, "you never felt any particular affection for me, but perhaps you wont object to act reasonably now. Here you are, put in a very awkward place through that villain Wiggles. Now I loved your daughter long ago, and we have been engaged. You had no right to overlook me and give her to a fellow who doesn't care a pin for anybody but himself. The company are wondering below—the bride is waiting—the wedding must go on. Let me be the bridegroom."

The squire did not get angry. He did not even pause to consider. He seized Alford's hand, slapped his back, and to the astonishment of all present, cried out:

"Alford, my lad, take her. Blow me if I aint glad that cursed uncompoop didn't come. You are worth ten such fellows as he. Come along. Irene, dear, you wont object, I know. Come along, Alford, give her your arm, you dog you. Come."

And the bluff old squire, heading the procession, advanced into the midst of the astounded company. A few words explained all. To the honor of human nature, the whole house rang with applause. The ceremony was short but decisive, and the enthusiastic company could hardly wait for it to be over. As the last amen was said, every soul crowded up to congratulate the happy pair.

It leaked out in the course of a month, long after Alford and his bride had settled in New York, that the mad engineer was an old friend, who decoyed Wiggles into a car, that he merely carried him off to the other end of the line, where the locomotive was wanted, and that his mad gestures were all dissembled.

As to Wiggles, when he recovered, he found himself in a train of cars bound back to his home. It was evening. All hope of reaching Bainsford that night was vain, so he went home. On the next morning he learned from a friend the result of the wedding. He did not go personally to learn the particulars.

As for the squire, he is proud of Alford, and is never tired of rejoicing over the little occurrence of his daughter's wedding day.

#### INDIAN ANECDOTE.

A young Indian failed in his attentions to a young squaw. She made complaint to an old chief, who appointed a hearing, or trial. The lady laid the case before the judge, and explained the nature of the promise made to her. It consisted of sundry visits to her wigwam, "many little undefinable attentions," and presents, a bunch of feathers, and several yards of red flannel. This was the charge. The faithless swain denied the "undefinable attentions," *in toto*. He had visited her father's wigwam, for the purpose of passing away time, when it was not convenient to hunt; and had given the feathers and flannel from friendly motives, and nothing further. During the latter part of the defence the squaw fainted. The plea was considered invalid, and the offender sentenced to give the lady "a yellow feather, a brooch that was then dangling from his nose, and a dozen coon skins." The sentence was no sooner concluded, than the squaw sprang upon her feet, and clapping her hands, exclaimed with joy, "Now me ready to be courted again!"

—*Home Journal*.



[ORIGINAL.]

## LOVE'S VENTURE.

BY WILLIE E. FAVOR.

A venture sent by Love's own hand,  
To reach the port that lies afar,  
Beneath the Future's rising star—  
The haven of the Happy Land.

And never down the Nile's swift tide,  
Did barge of Egypt's glorious queen  
Bear richer freight than this, I ween,  
With its two hearts all glorified.

O, softly swell the odorous gales  
That waft the venturous shallop on:  
And ere the haven shall be won,  
Hope's breath shall fill the silken sails.

Speed, shallop, speed! nor fear the shore  
Of dark deceit, nor heed the sands  
Where Error, with her slimy hand,  
Would tempt therefrom the shining goal.

[ORIGINAL.]

## THE MUSICIAN'S LEGACY.

BY HARRIET A. DAVISON.

CARL FRANZHOFF was a singular man—one whom you respected, almost loved, yet felt to be singular. I felt this as I sat at the window of my room gazing into the busy street. Human beings and vehicles passing—constantly passing to and fro, yet none out of that busy crowd to give a friendly nod to me, who sat there so sad and lonely, with the weight of a great loss resting heavily upon me. I, Maria Louisa, owning no more romantic name than that of Smith, sat at my window sad, lonely and weary-hearted, because my music-teacher was dead. I am thirty-three, past the age, I am aware, when people are supposed to be capable of falling in love; yet for all that, I did so—not in the over head and ears style, but calmly, quietly, and almost imperceptibly, though just as deeply, I think, as though I had been fifteen years younger. My life had always been full of care. My mother was a cripple, her right leg being withered—and my father, a kind, generous man, but lacking in energy. I was the only child of Peter and Sarah Smith, strong, healthy, and gifted with what many people call “go-aheadativeness,” and looking back through the lapse of years, though I remember many little duties neglected, or unwillingly performed, I think I was a dutiful daughter and made my parents happy. Five years ago, my good, patient mother died. I could not mourn, for she suffered the last few years of her life very acutely, but the shock

completely unsettled my father's mind, and he sank into hopeless imbecility. Then began a hard struggle. I had to give up my situation as school-teacher, because I could not leave my father—and the little I could gain by embroidery and plain sewing was but barely sufficient to buy fire and food. Father owned the house he lived in, and it was a great blessing to have no rent to pay. Had I been obliged to do that, I fear actual poverty would have stared us in the face.

Finally, I thought I would let two or three rooms. Accordingly, I painted in large letters on a card, “Three Rooms to Let,” and hung it in the window of the little parlor. Three weeks of fruitless, hopeless waiting passed, and I was on the point of pulling down my useless card, when a little incident occurred which helped me along. During those three weeks I was not without applicants, but the rooms never suited—they were too large or too small, had too little sun, or too much, were too near the street, or too low, or something or other always to object to in them, till my head fairly ached when I heard the bell ring, with the anticipations of the endless, useless questions which would be asked.

One day I sat at my window, looking out into the street, feeling discouraged, for I had just finished parleying with a lady, who had all but engaged the two lower rooms the day before. This day she came to tell me she couldn't take them, had thought of some objection, and so I was again without hope of a lodger. As I looked out, I noticed a middle-aged man pause on the opposite side of the street, glance towards our house, then cross, and soon heard him ring the bell. I smoothed the folds of my black dress, settled my collar and my patience, and prepared to answer the summons. I opened the door and saw standing before me, a pleasant-faced, middle-aged man, who bowed, and said with a slight accent:

“May I be permitted to look at the rooms which are to let?”

“Certainly,” I answered, and led the way up stairs, where were four rooms.

The front room—a large one, with two windows and a little bedroom leading out of it. These were to let—the other two were occupied by my father and myself.

“These, sir, are two of the rooms, and the third is in the next story. Would you like to look at it?”

“Thank you, no, two rooms are all I wish. These suit me exactly and I will take them.”

I quietly named my price. The gentleman smiled as he said:

“It would have been as well to have inquired

the price before concluding to take the rooms. But that is nothing, and I will take possession of the rooms to-morrow. Stay," he added, as he turned back from the door, "you may object to me. I am a music-teacher and will bring a piano, and perhaps the playing on it may annoy you. I play a great deal myself and have pupils sometimes come to the house and take lessons; but that is only when my health obliges me to keep indoors. In such cases, too, I shall be obliged to trouble you for my meals."

"I do not object to the piano at all, nor to giving you your meals every day, should you wish to become a boarder as well as lodger."

"Ah, that is capital, Miss Smith. Yes, I will board, too. To-morrow I will come. Good morning."

At last my rooms were let, and to an advantage. I pulled the odious black-lettered card from the window, and busied myself with making the room look more cheerful than ever. I laid the wood in the grate ready to be lighted the next day, dusted the furniture, then went down to my father, and in sewing and trying to amuse him—poor old man—the remainder of the day passed. The next day I rose with a restless sort of feeling, a doubt as to whether my boarder would come, but by nine o'clock he appeared, and an hour afterwards came his few goods and chattels—a handsome octave piano, music-books, writing-desk and deep arm-chair. Carl Franzhoff, for I had read his name on the cards he gave me, seemed restless and excited. At one o'clock he dressed himself with scrupulous neatness and went out. An hour passed, and looking from the window, I saw a carriage stop before the door, and my boarder stepped out. He looked pale and seemed to falter in his walk. I opened the door for him, and with a low bow, he passed up stairs. That night he was taken ill, and for weeks never left his bed. Some intense excitement had brought on brain fever, said Dr. Mitchell, who attended him. At last he recovered and resumed his teaching. He went about quietly, like one who had passed through a severe trial. I grew to be very much interested in him.

I was, and am a great lover of music, but my parents being rather poor, I had been unable to cultivate my talent for it. One day, when Carl Franzhoff had been an inmate of our house some four months, he insisted upon becoming my teacher. He had found out that I had a decided talent for it, and in spite of my repeated refusals he gave me lessons. It was a happy day for me. Kind, generous man! Refusing all remuneration, he week after week and month after month, gave me instruction, and now I am a good musician,

and have thirty pupils at fifteen dollars per quarter for each.

Sad and tearless I sit at the window, with a great weight on my heart, for in the room above me, cold and stiff, lies the body of my benefactor and friend. Five years Carl Franzhoff boarded with me, and now he is dead. For a year he had visibly failed. Each day he grew paler, and then he gave up his pupils, and at last scarcely went out at all. One week only he kept his room, and three days of that time his bed. All through the five years he was like a brother to me, and now he was gone. I was with him when he breathed his last. He had lain some time with his eyes closed, while I sat beside him gently fanning him. At last he opened his eyes and looking at me kindly, said:

"Maria (he had called me so for years), I am dying, and I am glad, for this life has been weary. Bless you for your sisterly kindness. When I am gone you will find in my desk, which I bequeath to you, two papers addressed to yourself, and one which you will please see safely delivered according to superscription. Do not wholly forget your friend. God bless you, Maria!"

The eyes closed, there was a deep sigh, and Carl Franzhoff lay dead. I felt as if I could cry out in my grief, but I did not. I stooped and kissed the pale, cold lips, folded the hands upon the pulseless breast, drew the sheet over the calm, white face, and went quietly down stairs to my father, who I felt would soon pass away from me.

All is over now—been over many days, and again I go about my daily duties. The funeral was very quiet—only a few pupils, myself and a lady, a Mrs. Bergen, who came frequently during Mr. Franzhoff's lifetime, and who wept as if her heart would break. We made him a grave at the foot of my dear mother's, in a pleasant nook in Greenwood. To-day, I, with tearful eyes, opened the desk once Carl Franzhoff's, now mine. I found only a few papers, some music-paper, manuscript music, and three sealed packages, two addressed to me, and the third to Mrs. Nina Bergen, No. 930, Douglas Street, Brooklyn. To-morrow I will deliver it.

The first of the papers addressed to me, contained a legacy of three thousand dollars. The second was a record of his life which I shall give here. Three thousand dollars deposited in the City Bank. That I shall leave untouched. With it I might buy a wee cottage far away from the din of this huge city, but my dear, imbecile father likes to sit at the window watching the ever-changing crowd—likes once in a while to

take my arm and walk into Broadway. He shall always stay here. I, too, like the old house in Grand Street—here have loved ones died. Over the apothecary's shop on the opposite side of the street, lives a widow with her little eleven years' old daughter. They are poor now, but were not always so. The little sad-eyed Elsie Stuart is my pupil, and a persevering, talented one, too. She used to come and practise on my piano, till one Christmas day, when there came to her door an inexpensive but rich-toned instrument, which the cart-man said was for Miss Elsie Stuart. Like a wild thing the little girl burst into my room.

"O, Miss Smith, I've got a piano! Where could it have come from?"

"Santa Claus, of course, Elsie."

"Yes, of course. I thought Santa Claus was a man, but mother said he had dark hair and eyes, and looked like a pretty woman—does he?"

"Santa Claus, Elsie, looks like everybody," said Carl Franschhoff, looking up from the music he was copying.

"It's a splendid Santa Claus, any way, and I must go and make my great Christmas-box sing for dear mama. Good-by."

The little thing flew, rather than ran, back to her mother. As I watched her ascend the steps leading to the house, two steps at once, I felt a hand laid on my shoulder, and a voice said:

"Another being made happy, Maria Smith—another heart blesses you."

Carl Franschhoff left the room hurriedly. My heart beat at his praise. Elsie Stuart is my darling, and for her sake I will leave Carl's legacy untouched. I can lay by enough to last me through my old age, by my own exertions. In my lap, blotted with tears, lays a paper very dear to me—the record of his life, the contents of which I will give.

Five years, Maria Smith, I have lived under the same roof with you, and my heart blesses you daily. Now, as I feel my end approaching, I must write this short account of my life. I would have told you all this, but I had not the strength.

Ten years ago I came to this country to seek my fortune. I was alone in the world, but not penniless. From friends in Rhineland, I brought letters of introduction to many influential persons here, and owing to their kindness, I was soon able to make a comfortable living by teaching music and playing at parties. My life flowed on quietly enough, until one evening. One evening, or, rather, morning—for it was nearly three o'clock, and a dark, snowy morning—as I was

returning from Brooklyn, where I had been playing, I met my fate. I stepped upon the ferry-boat and entered the cabin. Once there, I settled myself in the corner to sleep, for I knew the boat would be long in reaching the ship. Just as I closed my eyes, I saw a figure crouching in the further corner of the cabin. I closed my eyes. I had but just lost myself, when I was aroused by feeling a hand stealthily thrust into my pocket. Though fully awake by this time, I feigned sleep. Suddenly the hand was withdrawn, and a low, sobbing voice said—"No, no, death rather than that!" Then there was a noiseless flitting through the cabin of the dark figure, a rush of snow and wind, and I followed the black figure out of the cabin just in time to seize it as it made a spring forward over the side of the boat out into the dark waters. Without a word I held the shrinking figure, and carried rather than led it back to the cabin. I knew not whether it was a boy or a girl. In the cabin, beneath the bright lamp, the figure writhed from my arms and turned, while the hood and shawl, or rag rather, fell from the head, disclosing a face I shall never forget. Beautiful, but pale and haggard—the great brown eyes looked forth from the sunken face like those of some hunted creature, fierce and glittering—the cheeks were hollow, and the thin lips were pale and drawn away from the white teeth. The face expressed so much misery and despair, that I involuntarily closed my eyes. The hard, desperate voice roused me.

"You shudder to look at me. You expected to see the thief whom you watched and saved, only to gloat over as she went to the Tombs, have a different sort of look. Is not the face pale enough?"

"O hush!" I exclaimed, "you know not what you say. You are no thief."

"I knew it—I did mean to rob you, but I could not. Why did you hold me back, when a few seconds only and I should have found rest?"

"The rest of two seconds—while your soul was leaving your body—the misery of eternity."

"True. In my wild despair I forgot that. I thank you. Better die by inches, than go to my Maker's presence with a guilty soul. I thank you, sir. To-morrow I will begin again my life of misery—to-morrow I will beg as I have to-day, and receive enough to buy my scanty meals—not enough for that—no, for I have a good appetite."

"You will not do that. To-morrow you shall have a warm home, and never know such misery again, if I can help it."

"Why do you say that, sir?"

"For my mother's sake, child."

"Heaven bless you, sir, I will not doubt you."

I took her to the house of a friend that night, a kind, motherly woman, who received her kindly. For days I was so busy I could not look after my wife. I knew there was no need for she would be carefully taken care of. When I did see her, I could scarcely recognize her, so great was the change. The face, though still pale and thin, had lost the haggard look and the eyes the fierce desperate glitter. From the moment I saw her I loved Nina Berstock. Weeks and months rolled on, and I saw but little of Nina Berstock. The lady who had first taken charge of her, Mrs. Bergen, adopted her. I loved her, and fondly deemed that my love was returned.

One evening I went to see Nina Berstock, determined to ask her to be my wife. The door was on the latch, and so I walked in without ringing—walked into the little parlor and sat down, expecting some of the family to come in soon. While waiting I heard voices in the next room. I was about to make some noise to warn them of my proximity, when some words I heard arrested my movements. It was Nina who spoke.

"Charles, I do love you, but think what I owe Mr. Franzhoff. I think he loves me, and if he does, I will give him my hand, and he shall never know that I do not give my heart also. Noble, generous man!"

Charles Bergen's low, deep voice met my ears.

"Dear Nina, I do not doubt you. You are right. I would not take you from him for the world. But, Nina, I cannot bear suspense. Let it be soon decided and I will go away, for though I think you are right, I could not stay here and see you another's."

I rose noiselessly and retraced my steps to the door—out into the lighted streets. My brain seemed on fire—my knees trembled under me, and I shook as if in a chill. This then was the end of my dreams! this the end of all my labors! I had worked early and late, that I might insure Nina, when she became my wife, against privation and care. For an hour I walked striving to calm my despair. For one week I kept my room, wrestling with myself, with my despairing heart. At the end of that time I emerged, a saddened, weary-hearted man. I went to see Nina. How the blood rushed from my heart, as she came smiling towards me.

"Why have you stayed away so long, Carl?"

"I have been busy," I answered, and the pain in my heart was intense.

"Too busy for your own good, I am afraid, for you look pale. Please don't work so hard."

"Never mind me, Nina. Sit down, I have something very important to say to you."

I saw her turn pale, saw her fingers tremble as I said this—but I saw, too, the look of firm determination on her face, and I blessed her. After a little pause I went on:

"Nina, would you do something very difficult, for my sake?"

"Anything, Carl."

"Would you marry—" I paused and saw the firm line still there. "Would you marry Charles Bergen, if I said it would please me?"

"Would it please you, Carl?"

"O, why did she ask that question?"

"Yes, Nina, for Charles loves you, and is a fine, generous man, worthy any woman's love."

I saw her eyes grow dark and soft as I praised her lover. In a moment more her arms were thrown round my neck, and I felt kisses, her kisses on my face.

"God bless you now and evermore, Carl, for the good you have done me. Would I could repay you for all the blessings you have showered upon me. I cannot—I cannot. Nightly I pray for you. Those prayers ascend to his throne and are heard. It is all Nina can do for her benefactor. I—"

"Hands off, Nina; child, you're smothering me."

She sunk back abashed. I rose up and telling her that I must go to a pupil, I kissed her and went out of the house.

Maria Smith, the day I came to board at your house, the day before I was taken sick was Nina's wedding-day. An orphan, she pleaded with me to give her away. "One last favor, dear friend," she said, in her very winning way, little knowing how hard it was for me to bear it all. I have little more to add. I bore up through it all bravely. I smiled through it all—Nina never looked more beautiful than at the moment when I lost her forever. I did my duty faithfully, and came back to your quiet home, Maria. You know the rest of my life. But you cannot know how much comfort you were to me—how your calm, gentle presence soothed me. A last favor I ask. When you have read this, Maria, take the package addressed to Nina to her—let no other hands touch it—God bless you, Maria Smith.

So ended the short tale of a weary heart; I sat with tears in my eyes thinking of the noble dead. I felt better for having loved such a good, great man. Had he not showered blessings wherever he went? But for him, I should have been stitching away on "band and gusset and seam," only eking out a scanty living—now I have plenty and to spare. To-morrow, after calming my heart and mind, I will carry to Nina Bergen the

MUSICIAN'S LEGACY.

[ORIGINAL.]

## SUSIE SNOW.

BY MRS. FANNY E. BARBOUR.

I dreamed of a maiden wondrous fair—  
 'Twas a heart-dream, long ago—  
 With a gentle mien and golden hair,  
 And her name was Susie Snow:  
 This being sweet, with the saintlike air,  
 Whom I dreamed of long ago.

I dreamed she came from the upper land,  
 This maiden so fair to see;  
 She strayed from the angels' wondering band,  
 To live on the earth with me:  
 This dweller upon the golden strand,  
 In her stainless purity.

I am waking now—I dream no more,  
 So blest is the real to me;  
 For the same sweet face my vision wore  
 Now dwells on the earth with me:  
 She came, I know, from the saintly shore,  
 So loving and pure is she.

But a brave, true woman's soul she bears,  
 And she'll ne'er forsake, I know,  
 Through all of life's changeful scenes and cares,  
 The heart that is loving her so;  
 How bright for me is the smile she wears,  
 My darling, my Susie Snow!

The daintiest poem in all the world  
 Is my Susie Snow to me,  
 As over life's sea, with sails unfurled,  
 We glide to eternity;  
 And I know that beyond the gates empearled  
 We shall love immortally.

[ORIGINAL.]

## DARK DEEDS:

— OR, —

## THE ILL-FATED BRIG.

BY LIEUT. A. J. CARNES.

## CHAPTER I.

## THE PIRATE.

"BRIG ahoy!"

"Ay, ay!"

"What brig's that?"

"Maria."

"Who's the captain?"

"Captain Harrison."

"Where from?"

"Saint Helena."

"Where to?"

"Coast of Africa."

"What's your cargo?"

"We're in ballast."

The "Maria" was a small brig, employed by

the East India Company to convey provisions from the Cape of Good Hope for the garrison at St. Helena. She had been employed many years upon the station, and was on her way home to undergo a thorough repair, but at the desire of the commodore upon the west coast of Africa, the Governor of St. Helena had ordered her to run in to Sierra Leone, with the commodore's despatches to the squadron.

The master of the Maria had remonstrated against the order, and had expressed his conviction to his friends that he should be murdered by pirates; but his repugnance to the service was overruled, and having been supplied with firearms for his crew, and with ammunition for four brass six-pounders, he unwillingly sailed to what he foretold would be his death.

As the schooner ran alongside the Maria, Captain Harrison said to Dr. Waugh, a passenger:

"That is the schooner I dreamed of, and that is the man I saw cut my throat; it is useless to strive against destiny."

"But," said Mr. Prinsep, the mate, "you will fight—you will not let the dogs cut our throats, without making an attempt to escape. The guns are loaded to the muzzle, the men have all their muskets ready, the schooner is to leeward—let us give her one round, run right in to her, and take our chance! If we must die, let us die like men. Let us try to escape."

Captain Harrison was an old man, and his long gray hair waved in the wind, as he shook his head.

"Escape? We may exasperate them; it is impossible to escape—and I will not fight. Perhaps if we treat them civilly, they will not ill use us."

"Send a boat there, I say! and be smart about it, or I'll fire into you!" And as the pirate spoke, a British ensign ran up to the peak.

The pirate, with a speaking-trumpet in his hand, stood at the gangway of the schooner, whose raking masts, long spars, low black hull, sharp bows, and clean run, contrasted strongly with the clumsy brig that was laboring to windward.

The passenger in the Maria interposed.

"It may be a British man-of-war schooner. Ask her what she is."

Captain Harrison gave the speaking-trumpet to his mate, who hailed:

"What schooner is that?"

"What's that to you? It's her Britannic majesty's schooner Polypus. Send a boat!"

The peremptory order was obeyed, and a boat with the mate and four men left the Maria and pulled for the schooner. The boat's crew were

ordered on board the schooner, and were taken below and secured; whilst a boat, with ten men armed with cutlasses and pistols, pulled from the schooner to the Maria. In the short interval, Captain Harrison called to his side a boy who was a passenger in the Maria.

Gilbert Grosvenor, a boy of about eleven years old, was the son of Sir Gilbert Grosvenor, an English baronet, and a relation of the Governor of St. Helena, to whom the boy had been on a visit, and who had sent him back to England under the care of Captain Harrison.

"Gilbert, my boy," said Captain Harrison, "this schooner is a pirate, and I am not strong enough to resist her. All these things are fated, and I know that I must die; let me try to save you. Come here, Gilbert! get into this recess behind the cuddy door, and remain quiet, whatever may happen. Pray to God, my boy! He can protect and save you, although I cannot."

The captain placed the boy in a corner which the door of the cuddy when it was open concealed, kissed him nervously, hooked the door open, and went on deck to meet the pirate.

With rough words, and rougher oaths, the pirates secured and bound five men who had remained on board the Maria; they then tied Captain Harrison and his passenger, Dr. Waugh, back to back, and laid them on the deck; and then removed every portable article of value from the Maria.

They then murdered the crew; entreaties for mercy were unavailing, and threats of punishment were disregarded. The crew of the Maria were made to walk blindfold along a plank, which was laid on the gangway, and which projected over the brig's side. The plank toppled over with their weight, and thus, one after another, the five men belonging to the Maria dropped, with a plunging splash, into the green sea, and were left astern by the brig's slow motion.

Captain Harrison uttered no word of complaint; and his silence, and the entreaties of Dr. Waugh, were equally disregarded. The captain and his passenger were lifted from the deck and thrown together, tied as they were, back to back, into the sea. Strong were their struggles, for both were able swimmers; and the shouts of the pirates, who laughed in fiendish enjoyment of their agony, made Gilbert Grosvenor tremble in his hiding-place.

The features of the pirate captain, and of his brutal mate, were indelibly impressed upon the boy's memory; and the tone of their voices sank deep into his heart, as he peered through the crevice caused by the hinges between the door and the bulkhead.

Gilbert saw the mate of the Maria, and the other four men, brought back from the schooner; they were handcuffed to a chain cable hanging over the bows. The cable was unshackled, the anchor was let go; and as the chain roared and rattled through the hawseholes, the five men were carried with it into the unfathomed sea.

Then the pirates scuttled the Maria, and left her sinking; and as long as they were in sight, they fired at her with their long gun. Spars fell, planks were torn, bulwarks crushed, and bulkheads shivered; but the boy Gilbert Grosvenor did not move from his hiding-place. Night covered the brig, and Gilbert watched the stars; morning broke, and Gilbert had not slumbered. The Maria was still afloat, and all was silent.

He listened, and he heard a still step upon the companion ladder. He looked anxiously, fearfully, and to his joy beheld the well-known face of the carpenter, creeping cautiously from the hold where he had concealed himself.

Gilbert and the carpenter knelt together upon the deck, and thanked God for their escape. But there was much to be done, and there were but few hands to do it. However, the carpenter was an experienced and skilful sailor; he stopped the leaks, got sail on the brig, and in three days fell in with one of the English cruisers.

Some said that the pirate was a Brazilian slaver, well known as the fastest vessel on the station; and others that it was the Spanish pirate Boneta da Sota, who had been hanged at Gibraltar, buried in the sands, taken up by his friends, and resuscitated.

And Gilbert Grosvenor returned to England.

## CHAPTER II.

### RECOGNITION.

FIFTEEN years passed, and Sir Gilbert Grosvenor died, leaving his son his debts. Everything was sold—horses, carriages and furniture; and the old hall, that Gilbert loved so much, was purchased by the rich Captain Hawkelaw. Gilbert, now a poor man, consulted Mr. Bran, his father's lawyer, who had acted as agent for the sale of the estate to Captain Hawkelaw; and Mr. Bran obtained from Captain Hawkelaw, for him, the agency of the captain's immense estates in New Brunswick.

Gilbert landed at St. John in the latter end of April, and travelled by sleigh to Frederickton, where he was to be stationed to superintend the lumbering operation in which Captain Hawkelaw was largely engaged. The sharp click of the woodman's axe, as it whistled over the lumberman's shoulder, and hissed into the white stem

of the spruce; the crash of falling trees, tearing away great branches, as they fell with a sullen moan; the heavy logs rolling and rumbling along the lumber road, or down the narrow foot-way on the hillside, to the river; bullock sleighs, horse sledges, bells and buffalo robes, were all new to Gilbert, and relieved the dreary expanse of snow and black pine with life and motion.

Gilbert arrived at Frederickton just as the ice in the river was expected to break up, and the lumbermen were making preparations for stream driving. Already the ice had moved, and the water was rising, and had cut off communication with the shore by a channel a few yards wide.

The residence of Captain Hawkelaw was upon the bank of the river, on a point of land that projected into the stream, and afforded a magnificent view of the River St. John, both up towards Woodstock, and down towards St. John, for many miles. Captain Hawkelaw himself was at Woodstock, about sixty miles from Frederickton; but his daughter, a beautiful girl of sixteen, was at the drawing-room window, looking at the river, and watching the great fields of ice crash and grind against each other. The ice stopped; and it was said that the ice was jammed at Spring Hill, about four miles above Frederickton. There was some talk of danger; and Gilbert, to whom the scene had all the excitement of novelty, as well as the delight that is experienced in watching nature, as she bursts her icy chrysalis and breaks into the butterfly life of summer, looked anxiously at the exposed situation of his new patron's residence. The oldest inhabitants assured him that there was no danger; but one more timid than the rest suggested that a horseman should be sent to Spring Hill, to report upon the state of the river at that point. The horseman was sent; and Gilbert, with a strange and indefinite feeling of delight and dread, watched the ice rise in hills and high blocks, as the loose heaps floated down against the motionless and immovable field, until the great surface again lost its hold upon the shore, and crashing and splitting, cracking, groaning and foaming, sailed slowly down the river.

The horseman was seen returning at a gallop; and pale with fright, and stammering with terror, he said that the jam at Spring Hill had given way, and was rolling down the river like a mountain.

Tumbling over and splashing, like a great whale under the attack of the sword-fish and the thrasher, and twisting and turning, like the fabled sea serpent, the ice-float rapidly approached the projecting point on which the house of Captain Hawkelaw was built. The

people on the bank round Gilbert, shouted; and the domestics rushed from the fated building. On came the torrent, and Emma Hawkelaw ran from the front of the house to one of the back windows. Already the water had risen over the point, and the ice hills, crashing and grinding together, rolled, with a roar like the reverberation of a thunder storm, upon Captain Hawkelaw's house. The ice did not crush the house; it did not drive it from its foundation. The ice cut the house in two. The strong, upright building snapped as a man would snap a walking-stick, and the upper story floated away from the basement, which was instantly flooded.

Among trees and logs and haystacks, and heaps of ice, and barns and sheds and fences that had been washed off the island higher up the river, Emma Hawkelaw, leaning from a window, and imploring help, was carried down the stream. One loud cry of terror from the crowd awoke Gilbert Grosvenor from an excited trance. With a bound, he jumped into a flat-bottomed boat that was adrift near him, and with the long lumber hook that was in it, he pushed into the stream among the rolling, groaning floats of ice. Emma Hawkelaw leans from the window; she is in Gilbert's arms, in the boat, and safe ashore, half a mile from the ruins of her father's house, whilst chairs and furniture float away, or sink into the river.

And in this way, Gilbert and Emma began their love; and every day, for three weeks, they were together. They rode together in the woods, they walked together upon the river's bank; they boated together on the calm surface of the smooth St. John; they sang together; they played chess together; they fell in love, and they knew it.

At the end of three weeks, Captain Hawkelaw was to return from Woodstock; and Emma undertook to introduce her lover to her father, who never had refused, and she was sure never would, refuse her anything.

Captain Hawkelaw returned.

"This is Gilbert Grosvenor, papa; and this, Mr. Grosvenor, is my father."

"Your father!" exclaimed Gilbert. "O, God! it is the pirate captain that plundered the Maria." And Gilbert Grosvenor rushed out of the room.

### CHAPTER III.

#### CONSCIENCE.

"OSCAR BRYAN! Oscar Bryan!"

Bull-necked, bandy-legged Oscar Bryan came to the door of his solitary log-hut, in the forest that overhung the city of Frederickton, and he

looked cautiously, anxiously and nervously round him. A clear moonlight shone among the blackened trunks of trees, which lay in all directions, piled one on another, about the lonely dwelling; but there was not any person in sight.

"Who calls Oscar Bryan?"

Receiving no answer, Oscar Bryan, the pirate's mate, shut the door, and again sat down by his fire, smoking his pipe and drinking "white eye."

"Oscar Bryan! Oscar Bryan!"

Again he opened the door, and halloed—"Who calls?"

He received no answer. He swore an oath, and resumed his seat.

"Oscar Bryan! Oscar Bryan! remember the Maria! The sea gives up its dead! Blood calls for blood! Oscar Bryan! Oscar Bryan! your time has come!"

Large drops of perspiration fell from the square forehead of the bull-necked man, who laid down his pipe, and took a double-barrelled pistol from a bracket above the wide fireplace.

He examined the priming of both barrels, rubbed his nail across the flints, dropped the ramrod and tried the charge, and satisfied that the pistol was properly loaded, again sat beside the open hearth, and turned his face to the window, through which the moon was shining brightly.

"Oscar Bryan! Oscar Bryan! smuggler! slaver! pirate! murderer! remember me!"

"Blast you!" exclaimed the pirate; "take that, and remember me!"

The two barrels of the pistol were discharged, in rapid succession; the glass of the window shivered; and the hut was filled with smoke. Oscar Bryan breathed hard; his eye was fixed upon the broken window, and as the smoke cleared away, the face of the old man, Captain Harrison of the Maria, was still visible, and again a voice was heard:

"Oscar Bryan, come!"

The shadow passed from the window, and the moonlight shone clearly upon the floor, as Oscar Bryan wiped the big drops of perspiration from his forehead, and muttered:

"I have heard of ghosts! I never did believe in them, and I won't believe in them now!"

He reloaded his pistol, and again went into the open air. The sound of a wagon arrested his attention, and in a few minutes Captain Hawkelaw drove up to the snake fence, and halloed—"Oscar Bryan!"

The pirate mate's tongue clove to the roof of his mouth, and he was scarcely able to ask—"Who are you?"

"What the deuce ails you, Oscar? You will

live out here in these woods, until your brain turns. Pull down the bars, and let me drive into the enclosure. I want you!"

As the two pirates sat together, one on each side of the blackened chimney, with no light except that given by the pale moon, Captain Hawkelaw said:

"We never spared man, woman nor child—"

"But once!" interposed Bryan.

"But once!" Captain Hawkelaw repeated.

"But once! Dead men tell no tales, yet—hah! what is that?"

There were three taps at the window.

The two pirates looked at each other in silence, until Captain Hawkelaw said, in a whisper:

"Is the place haunted?"

Bryan answered doggedly:

"Live here as I live here, and you will know!"

Captain Hawkelaw leaned across the table, and in a voice a little above a whisper, said:

"The piracy of the Maria is discovered."

Bryan looked up, and after a pause, said sullenly:

"Is it? How?"

"That I do not know! But, Oscar, this I do know! the man who has that secret must—"

Again there were three taps at the window.

"Is there any one there?" said Hawkelaw, in a whisper.

"Go and see."

Captain Hawkelaw looked out at the door, and returned, saying:

"I see nothing but a night-hawk, that is screaming round the hut, and a porcupine that crept round by the barn. Hah! what is that?"

Oscar Bryan replied slowly:

"It is the pale face of the old man of the Maria, with his long, dark gray hair, looking in at the window! Do you believe in ghosts?"

The two pirates sat for some minutes in a silence that was broken by Captain Hawkelaw, who said: "What liquor have you? give me a glass."

"Help yourself," rejoined Oscar Bryan.

"We must not be scared by shadows, Oscar! We have realities to face! I have been recognized by a man in my employment—how, I cannot tell. We must settle him."

"Do it yourself."

"Nonsense, man; we will do it together. One life more is nothing—"

"I will have nothing to do with it," Bryan said sullenly.

"I tell you, man, it must be done. I overheard him appoint to meet the girl—you know who I mean—in the garden to-night. We shall



have time to catch him there, and if we kill him—why, it is only by mistaking him for a thief! Drink and come!”

After a little persuasion, Oscar Bryan got into the wagon with Hawkelaw, who drove rapidly down the hill to Frederickton.

An hour afterwards, there was a scuffle in the garden at the back of Captain Hawkelaw's temporary residence. A pistol shot was fired, an alarm was given, and Oscar Bryan was found dead. The murderer was traced and pursued. And Gilbert Grosvenor, stained with blood, was lodged in Frederickton jail.

#### CHAPTER IV.

##### THE DISCLOSURE.

HANDCUFFED and heavily ironed, Gilbert Grosvenor was taken before the Mayor of Frederickton. Captain Hawkelaw gave his evidence clearly. He had been to see his acquaintance, Oscar Bryan, and had on his return discovered Gilbert in the garden. Supposing him to be a thief, Bryan had summoned him to surrender, and then the prisoner immediately shot him and fled. There was no clear defence to be made, and the lawyer who was employed by Gilbert recommended him to reserve what he had to say, for the trial. Gilbert was leaving the mayor's office, when his attention was attracted by the appearance of the sheriff for the County of York, of which Frederickton is the chief city.

“Carpenter!” exclaimed Gilbert, in surprise.

The sheriff, in his turn astonished, exclaimed: “Sir Gilbert Grosvenor!”

“Come with me to a private room, and let my lawyer attend us, and say what should be done.”

After the lapse of half an hour, the sheriff went into the mayor's office and requested that the prisoner might be allowed to make a statement before he was sent to prison. To this reasonable request, the mayor acceded.

“Send for Miss Emma Hawkelaw.”

Emma, pale, trembling and agitated, was allowed a seat while she made her statement. She said that she was in the garden with Gilbert, when her father and Oscar Bryan came suddenly upon them. Bryan presented a pistol at Gilbert, but at the instant, something—Emma could not say what, but something; and if there were ghosts, she should think it the ghost of an old man, with long gray hair, wet and draggled—came between Gilbert and Oscar Bryan, and knocked away the pistol, which exploded and blew Oscar's face to pieces. Oscar Bryan fell forward upon Gilbert, who laid the body on the ground, and endeavored to get away.

“Now, sir,” said the lawyer, “I shall endeavor to show you that there was a motive for the action which Captain Hawkelaw states was unpremeditated. Pray, Miss Emma, what were the prisoner's words, when first introduced by you to your father?”

Emma Hawkelaw hesitated, but her father said: “O, speak out, Emma! It does not affect me.”

Thus encouraged by her father, Emma said:

“His first words, and his only words were: ‘Your father? O, God! it is the pirate captain who plundered the Maria.’”

The lawyer then detailed the particulars of the piracy of the Maria, and every heart in the court thrilled with horror. Captain Hawkelaw, alone remaining unmoved, looked on with a contemptuous smile. The mayor turned towards him, as if to offer him an opportunity for remark.

“An admirable defence, admirably worked up,” he said, sneeringly; and was walking out of court, when he was stopped by the sheriff.

“Stop, sir! Mr. Mayor, I request that this gentleman may be detained, whilst I give my evidence on oath.”

When the sheriff declared that he himself had been the carpenter of the Maria, Captain Hawkelaw turned pale.

“How is it, sir,” said the mayor, “that you who have so frequently seen Captain Hawkelaw in Frederickton, have never recognized him?”

“Perhaps, sir, because I ran below so early in the affray, that I did not see the captain of the pirate, except as he stood upon the gangway.”

Again Captain Hawkelaw smiled contemptuously.

“But, sir,” continued the sheriff, “I have seen the body of Oscar Bryan, and I swear that he was the mate of the piratical schooner. And sir,” continued the sheriff, stepping up to Captain Hawkelaw, and tearing from his pocket a watch and chain, to which a small compass was attached, “I will swear to this pocket compass. On the back of it, is my wife's picture; it was taken from my cabin in the Maria.”

Captain Hawkelaw stood as if spellbound; and the sheriff laying his hand upon the pirate's shoulder, said:

“Sir, you are my prisoner!”

“Not yet,” Captain Hawkelaw replied, calmly; and then suddenly and vehemently presenting a pistol with each hand, cleared a passage through the crowd, and rushed into the street.

The front and principal street of Frederickton passes by the barracks; and along the street, Captain Hawkelaw ran at full speed.

“Fire at him!” exclaimed the mayor to the sentry; “I will be your warrant.”

The sentry fired, and Captain Hawkelew, at a distance of fifty yards, sprang into the air and rolled over on the ground.

He was taken into the mayor's office. A surgeon pronounced the wound mortal.

"Come here, Emma!" he said to the fair girl, who was weeping at his side. "You erroneously suppose that I am your father. I saved you fifteen years ago—the only life I ever spared. You are the only creature I have ever loved. I have nurtured you, and I have long lived for you, and in your love. Destiny has overtaken me. Fate is not to be resisted. My will is made. Live, dear Emma, and enjoy the property I have collected. Come here, young man! take her hand. O, death!"

He joined the hands of Emma and Gilbert, lay back gently, and died easily.

Sir Gilbert and Lady Grosvenor returned to England, and lived long in the old hall that Gilbert loved so much.

#### ARTICLES OF DIET.

The useful articles of diet are numerous, and the commonest we have. As to the quantity required, the prize-fighter, who requires most, has thirty-six ounces per day, besides the innutritious portion which everybody swallows at every meal. For women, twenty ounces may suffice, though a larger allowance is better. Healthy working men ought to have from twenty-five to thirty ounces. The greatest amount of nourishment of both kinds is contained in flour, meat, potatoes and peas; milk, cheese, rice, and other grains, and sugar; while tea, coffee, and cocoa are of great value in their way.

Such are the materials; but they may be so treated in the cooking as to waste what is most valuable, and to preserve what is of the least consequence. It is possible to manage the making of a stew, so as to wash away the best qualities of the meat, and leave the vegetables hard, and drain away the thickening, causing a predominant taste of smoke and salt. When Miss Nightingale and her assistants undertook to cook in the eastern hospitals, they made a pint of thick arrowroot from one ounce of the powder, while in the general kitchen it took two ounces to make a pint of thin arrowroot.

It was the proper boiling of the water that made the difference here. Again, two ounces of rice were saved on every four puddings, when the nurse made the puddings. Such incidents show that it is not enough to have the best materials for nourishment; they must be husbanded in the preparation. It seems probable that, by sensible conduct all around, everybody might command enough of the best material for food; and it is certain that a very small proportion of the wives of Englishmen know how to do justice to the food they buy.—*Harriet Martineau.*

#### LOVE.

O, how this spring of Love resembleth  
The uncertain glory of an April day—  
Which now shows all the beauty of the sun,  
And by-and-by a cloud takes all away!—*SHAKESPEARE.*

#### THE SOLDIER AND THE INDIAN.

A soldier in the American army, belonging to Weston, New York, about the time General Brock was killed in battle, was on a scouting party one day. Being a man of courage, enterprise and sagacity, he was determined, if possible, to obtain an accurate knowledge of the position of the enemy. For this purpose, he ventured to separate from his companions. In the course of his reconnoitering alone in the open fields, he approached a wood, the underbrush of which was very thick. His watchful eye discovered what he supposed to be some animal among the bushes. He immediately saw his mistake. It was an Indian crawling on his hands and feet, with a rifle in his hand, and watching the soldier, evidently with the intention of advancing sufficiently near to make him a sure mark.

For the soldier to retreat was now impossible; he thought he could not escape, and he remembered too, that his father had told him never to return with a *backside* wound. He pretended not to see the Indian, and walked slowly towards him, with his gun cocked by his side, carefully observing all his movements. They approached nearer; at length he saw the Indian bringing his gun to his shoulder—at that instant the soldier fell to the ground—the ball whistled in deadly music over his head. The soldier lay motionless.

The Indian uttered the dreadful yell which signifies the death of an enemy, and drawing the bloody scalping-knife (but foregoing to reload his piece), advanced with hasty strides, thirsting for murder, and anticipating the reward for the scalp. The soldier, motionless, permitted him to approach within ten paces, he then with the utmost composure, sprang upon his feet. The savage stood aghast. The soldier with deliberate aim, put two balls directly through his heart. A hoarse groan was the only sound that issued from the fallen savage. This son of the forest was six feet five inches in height. The soldier took the Indian's rifle, returned to the camp, and sold it for twenty-five dollars.—*N. Y. Herald.*

#### CURIOUS RECIPE FOR SLEEP.

There is a curious traditionary story current in some families regarding a celebrated Scottish nobleman, which, I am assured, is true, and, further, that it has never yet appeared in print. The story is, therefore, a Scottish reminiscence, and, as such, deserves a place here. The Earl of Lauderdale was so ill as to cause great alarm to his friends and perplexity to his physicians. One distressing symptom was a total absence of sleep, and the medical men declared their opinion, that without sleep being induced he could not recover. His son, a queer, eccentric-looking boy, who was considered a kind of daft, and had little attention paid to his education, was sitting under the table, and cried out, "Sen for that preaching man frae Livingston, for he (the earl) aye sleeps in the kirk." One of the doctors thought this hint worth attending to. The experiment of "getting a minister till him" succeeded, and sleep coming on he recovered. The earl, out of gratitude for this benefit, took more notice of his son, paid attention to his education, and that boy became the Duke of Lauderdale, afterwards so famous or infamous in his country's history.—*Reminiscences in Scottish Life and History.*

[ORIGINAL.]

## IN THE MONTH OF MAY.

BY CLARA AUGUSTA.

I called her little fairy,  
 Embodiment of grace;  
 A lovelier thing earth could not boast  
 Than her bewitching face.  
 She took my heart's stern citadel,  
 And stole its love away,  
 And bound me captive at her feet,  
 In the sweet month of May.

The earth was waking into life,  
 And my life woke to bliss;  
 I saw her blue eyes in the skies,  
 And loved the west wind's kiss:  
 Because, I knew, before it reached  
 My home far in the South,  
 Its wealth of sweets had swept across  
 The honey of her mouth!

Ah, foolish love, how mad thou art!  
 Enamored eyes, how blind!  
 Only for one dear girl I cared—  
 Only for one I pined!  
 Earth might have held a thousand Hebes,  
 Fair as the morning sky,  
 And I'd not given their charms a thought,  
 If she were only by!

I worshipped her, and dreamed by night  
 Of eyes and yellow curls,  
 And cheeks like hers so peachy soft,  
 And teeth like eastern pearls.  
 Humph! I had better dreamt of stocks,  
 And lands, and cotton trade:  
 Better have toiled and piled up wealth,  
 And seen that debts were paid!

For my incarnate angel dropped  
 Her filmy wings to rest,  
 And laid her beanie head upon  
 A richer lover's breast.  
 He won her with his golden gifts  
 One sunny, golden day;  
 And kissed the crimson of her lips  
 In the sweet month of May.

[ORIGINAL.]

## RACHEL'S CURSE.

BY WILLIAM B. OLIVER.

A LONG line of blue clouds hung over Plymouth Bay, at the twilight of a sunny September day. In the west, the crimson, orange and purple strove for the mastery. Above, in the dark, blue heavens, one star came forth after another, with a soft, pale gleaming, and, in the east, the young moon rode slowly on, like the lone, solitary vessel that lay below on the sea.

Off, in the dim woods, one could discern the

crimson glow of the maple, just turning from the deep green of summer; while, along the smooth white beach, the brown seaweed dragged its shining folds as each successive wave threw it up from the depths.

Brown and crimson, purple and gold, orange and blue, gave out their beautiful tints, alike unobserved by the three rough-looking men who were walking over the beach towards a low, miserable-looking fish-house, from the chimney of which a cloud of white smoke was struggling upward.

One of them, whom his companions addressed as Jack Burgess, remarked that Rachel was at home; adding "perhaps the old witch will ask us to supper."

"Not she, indeed;" rejoined the one who walked nearest the speaker, "she was never known to offer bit nor sup to any mortal, yet. What can she do with all her money, I wonder?" he added, reflectively. "Poor old thing! she will get murdered one of these nights; for there are people bad enough to rob a woman, I suppose."

"Yes, landsmen, perhaps," said the third. "No sailor would do it."

"You forget the pirates that boarded the Nantius on her last trip. Didn't I see the leader of that crew take off the rings from the dead woman's hands?"

"O, bother, Bill! for heaven's sake, don't talk of pirates when we are going to sail to-morrow. It makes me feel chilly all over."

"You were always a coward, Bob Hopkins," said Jack. "I remember when you saw the ghost in the old burying-ground."

Bob was about to reply, angrily, when a shrill cry issued from the fish-house which they had now reached. It was more like the cry of a wounded animal than that of a human being.

"She is at her work," said Jack Burgess. "She always does this before a storm; and according to the loudness of her shriek, I should judge we shall have a pretty tough one before many days."

As he spoke, they entered the hut. Beside the broad, flat stone that served for a hearth, sat a woman, who once might have been handsome; but in whose face were the lines of deep passion. The long, abundant hair, still black and soft, was wound around her head like a coronet. A close observer might have noticed something almost coquettish in the graceful folds of her black dress; and certainly no one would have associated her idea with that of a witch. She lacked the orthodox gray hair that should have streamed, elf-like, in the wind, the fierce eyes and the masculine stature that distinguish veritable

wiches. Seen in another place, Rachel would have been called only a decent countrywoman in mourning.

The furniture of her room was simple, but perfectly neat and well kept. A chest of drawers displayed some rare sea shells on its top; and some large branches of red and white coral lay on a table at the further end of the room. It was a poor place; but the neatness of the room and the blazing fire, made it look more cheerful than half the fishermen's cottages.

She did not appear to notice the entrance of the three men for some time; although the fact was, that she had seen them from the time they had left Beach Point; but it was not her policy to let them know it. Some words were muttered by her in a low voice, and they stood motionless until she had finished. She turned her eyes upon them at length, and addressed herself to the foremost of the three.

"John Burgess," she said, in a tone at once ironical and severe, "you have done well to ship on board the *Betsey*. You had forgotten, I suppose, that she belongs to a man who made me a widow and childless? But it is well. You have come to me this night to ask if your voyage shall be prosperous. Do you expect that it will be so? God does not hold his thunderbolts in a careless or a weak hand. Terrible and mighty are his punishments; and if he has allowed Thomas Eaton to prosper for awhile, he has his scourings no less in store for him. The old man might have known this when he allowed five husbands and fathers to go out to sea, in a vessel that he knew would never reach port. What did he care? The brig was insured for more than it was worth, and Eaton made money; but do you think the ghosts of those five men never come to him?"

"I have heard of this, Aunt Rachel; but come, forget this now and tell these poor fellows whether they will come back to their families or not. For myself, I am not married, and it does not matter."

"Nay, it is not for you to say that. There is a blue-eyed, waxen-skinned girl on the hill yonder, that will weep and sob when the storm of next Friday comes, and the wreck of the *Betsey* is thrown upon the shore."

"O, no, no! Aunt Rachel! don't say that," eagerly exclaimed the young sailor, while the other two men visibly shuddered. "We shall be out of the harbor by that time, with plenty of sea room and a smacking breeze; sha'n't we? Say?"

"O; indeed, if John Burgess knows more than the one he came to consult, there's an end to it."

And Rachel took her knitting from her bag, and drew nearer the fire, as if thinking any more words quite unnecessary.

The sailors were, however, unsatisfied. She had awakened within them a feeling of restless uneasiness; and they could not turn away without something more consoling than the wholesale destruction at which she had more than hinted.

One of them took a Spanish dollar from his pocket, and said, with enfeebled attempt at jocularity, "Come, Aunt Rachel, see if silver won't give us a better chance than you have predicted?"

"No—prophecy is prophecy, and will not be turned aside for money. There is yet time to alter your purpose. If you would avoid the fate I predict, go not in the ill-fated vessel."

She would not speak again, but settled herself determinedly at a distance from them. Hopkins was the first to propose going; and, as they found that nothing more could be elicited from Rachel, the three sailors left the house.

If they experienced a momentary anxiety in regard to what she had said, it was dissipated shortly, in the minds of all. Hopkins and his brother-in-law, Bill Stevens, were soon in the presence of their wives, and John Burgess was mounting the hill on which dwelt the blue-eyed damsel to whom Rachel had alluded.

There was not a prettier nor a better girl on the Cape, than Priscilla Stedman, the object of his attachment. Meek, gentle and patient, sweet-tempered and industrious, she was at once the comforter and nurse to her infirm parents, and the kind, indulgent helper to her young brothers and sisters. Nothing could be done, suffered or enjoyed, in the Stedman family, without Priscilla. She was the hope and joy, the stay and staff of the household. She had loved John Burgess from a child, even as he had loved her; and after this one voyage, they were to be married.

Once or twice, during their long and earnest conversation that evening, the thought of Rachel's prophecy would rush over him like a flood; but the sweet spell of the young sailor's first love-dream would soon dissipate the terrible consciousness that, after all, Rachel's words might be verified. The maiden's own words again recalled him to a sense of the fear which he had actually experienced while in the old fish-house.

"And so you actually sail to-morrow, John? When will you come back?"

"God knows, Priscilla. I may never see you again. If not, keep this token near your heart until another lover makes you forget me."

Tears were in the mildly reproachful eyes as he said this.

"This is too cruel, John," she faltered out, "and to-night, of all nights, too, when we are parting, it may be, as you say, forever."

But long before the time of parting came, each had forgotten these words in the hopeful love that dwelt in both their hearts. When John left Mr. Stedman's house that night, or rather morning, for already the gray dawn was approaching, he snatched an hour's uneasy sleep, in which Rachel seemed to be holding Priscilla above the billows, and Bob Hawkins was rowing furiously toward the place where he expected to see her dropped.

But the day rose fair and bright. There was but little breeze—hardly enough to warrant sailing; but the brig was slowly going out when the clock struck nine. The hours went by, and still she remained in sight. Afternoon settled down with that lazy, dreamy repose which autumn days sometimes bring; and now the shadows began to lengthen in the pale, soft twilight. On the beach people had gathered, after their early tea, to watch the out-going brig, and on a high rock, the owner, Mr. Eaton, had taken his seat, the most interested, apparently, of all.

"How slow the old craft goes!" he muttered, to himself. "She won't be in warm water these three days, at this rate."

"Slow enough now, Tom Eaton!" said a voice so near him that he started and turned pale. "Slow enough now, but when the storm comes, she will go fast to destruction."

"Who are you, woman?" he asked, "and what do you know about weather? You are not the old fortune-teller down yonder—the witch as they call her—hey?"

"I am the widow of Richard Hollings—the man whom you drew down to death, in the miserable shell which you called a vessel. My curse and the curse of God has been on you ever since, and only waited this night for fulfilment. Do you see that brig?" she said in a loud voice, close to his ear.

"Sorry to say I do, ma'am," he replied, with mock courtesy. "I should be better pleased if she were out of sight."

"She will be wrecked to-night. The storm is coming, and before long, Plymouth Bay will be boiling up foam, and Tom Eaton's brig will lie beneath it. You did not get it insured, I hear. Why not, as well as the other? O, I forgot! That one was old and crazy. This is staunch and trim. We shall see to-morrow."

"Confound the witch!" said Eaton, turning uneasily away. He could have struck her for her words, but there were people by, who would have prevented even the rich ship-owner from laying hands upon a woman. Eaton rose from

his seat and walked down to the beach. He heard some one following him, but it did not suit with his proud sense of importance to look round. It was Rachel Hollings; and when he had obtained a place to stand in the crowd that had gathered on the sands, she was there too, close behind him.

He became grievously annoyed by the questions that were put to Rachel, and the dry, sarcastic way in which she spoke of the brig; but he could not move without actually forcing a passage through the crowd, and he remained in torture. He had begun to fear that he had erred in not obtaining insurance.

While the groups stood watching thus, the wind which had been low, suddenly rose. The waves grew black as night; the gust was succeeded by thunder; and in the fitful glimpses which the lightning gave them of the brig, they saw, what they might have seen before, had they thought it possible that such was the case, that she was being driven toward the shore.

A groan from Eaton betrayed that he saw it, too, and a wild laugh that sounded strangely enough from the sober, grave-looking woman who stood behind him, was evidence that it was not unmarked by her.

"Hush! one would think you exulted in her danger," said a serious-looking man near her, who evidently did not know who she was. Mr. Eaton pressed through the crowd again, as if unable to bear her presence; but in vain did he flee; she was at his shoulder almost instantly.

At the left of the crowd, the land ran out in a point to the sea. It was a dangerous place, as many a wreck could witness; and the Betsey was fast approaching it. Rachel's eyes were fixed steadily upon this point. Her lips moved, and Eaton heard at intervals, a few scorching words that seemed to burn themselves into his soul, for they spoke of retribution for the past.

"Yes," she murmured, "this is the very man who began life by enticing vessels to the shore by hanging out false lights. When his plunder of wrecked ships and dead bodies permitted it, he bought old vessels, and persuaded poor and destitute men to ship on board them. No rate of insurance was too great for him to pay, for he was sure of a return."

She was telling this to the stranger, and Eaton felt that she was pointing at him while she spoke. Hardly had she finished the last sentence, when the lightning again showed the ill-fated vessel, rocking and plunging. She was now near the shore, and a few more lurches would inevitably throw her on the extreme outer barrier of rocks that guarded this point.

In her eagerness to see this, Rachel Hollings leaned heavily over Eaton's shoulder, as he stood on the very edge of the water. With a man's strength and will, he started suddenly aside, and she fell forward. As she fell, she grasped at his coat, and he lost his footing on the wet sand. He struggled to get free, but she held on with a grasp that defied him now, for it was the death grasp. She knew it, too, and at that moment she pored into his ear a terrible malediction, that shook even that hard and selfish being as the wind shakes the lightest reed. A moment more, and she was rescued by the exertions of two brave men; and, after awhile, Eaton was drawn, perfectly insensible, from the waves. Meantime, the brig had struck on the rocks; and the darling wealth which he had so prized, was feeding the devouring sea.

When he awoke from that long swoon, in which he had been so near to death, he seemed broken-hearted. His trust was in riches alone, and they had deserted him. Four poor fellows found their graves in the deep. One of those who escaped was John Burgess. He, too, had been near to death, and he became thoughtful and serious in the contemplation of his danger.

It was his last struggle with the sea. He married Priscilla Stedman and settled down steadily at home. He was ever kind to the widows of his two comrades, and to Rachel while she lived. She gave up fortune-telling, and supported herself by her work. She had tasted revenge, but it brought only bitterness. When Thomas Eaton lay sick, it was she who watched many nights by his bedside. Pity for his sufferings succeeded to her former feelings toward him. For long years, the point where the Betsey was wrecked, was known only by the name of Rachel's Curse; a name over which the repentant woman often wept bitter tears.

#### NOTHING LOST.

Horse-shoe nails, picked up by the grubbers about the streets, and the scraps of steel from needle factories, are eagerly bought up by the Birmingham gunmakers, as the best of all material for the barrels of muskets and rifles. Steel pen waste is bought back by the Sheffield steel makers at ten pounds per ton; Birmingham brass fillings fetch half the value of new brass; and steel-filings are valuable to chemists and apothecaries. Jewellers' and gold beaters' sweepings are rated at a very high value; the sweepings of the benches and floors are always preserved for sale; the clothing and aprons have a sufficient number of particles of gold in and about them to give them a marketable value; the older they are, of course, the better. A gold-beater can generally obtain a new waistcoat for an old one; and sometimes a very old waistcoat will be bought by a refiner at a great price.

[ORIGINAL.]

#### A TALE OF A HANDKERCHIEF.

BY ALEX. B. HALL.

"I BEG your pardon!"

"Excuse me, sir!"

Very pretty, you say, but what does it mean? O, angelically-dispositioned peruser of this inestimable periodical, we answer your impatient interrogatory in the words of the mother of Sir William Jones, "Read, and you will know." This sententious aphorism is but one out of the brilliant series of pearls of wisdom to be strung on the thread of our narrative; and if a love of jewelry is among your many resplendent virtues, we counsel you to patronize our establishment, for we have a few more left, of the same sort. We trade cheap, on the principle of the old woman, who, when asked how she could afford to sell all her ribbons "thrippence below cost," answered that she made up her deficit by her extensive sales. Come, then, ye nude of wisdom's charms, come and adorn yourselves.

The scene was Washington Street—the hour, half-past eleven, A. M.—the season, spring. The first speaker was a fashionably-dressed young man, and his interlocutor a beautiful young lady. Their situation was the most embarrassing in the world, for as the gentleman entered 4Vashington Street from School Street, he had been unexpectedly confronted by the fair damsel in question. After a succession of desperate efforts to pass one another, which only resulted in various disagreeable collisions, and mutual attractions and repulsions analogous to the manoeuvres of two electrified pith-balls, they had come to a stand still. The blush on the lady's cheek, although deep and rich as the crimson on a sunset cloud, was nearly equalled by the corresponding hue of the gentleman's face. One last despairing movement on his part to pass his lovely antagonist, was unfortunately seconded by a simultaneous endeavor on hers; and perceiving almost irrepressible mirth on the countenance of his companion, who stood a few feet distant to watch the issue of the rencontre, the gentleman raised his hat from his head, and, marching at right angles directly to the curb-stone, gave utterance to the above ejaculation, which elicited its fellow from the rosy lips of mademoiselle. With a bow and a glance from her bright eyes of mingled amusement and vexation, she availed herself of his retreat, and passed on, entering a store a short distance below. Our hero cast his eyes behind him as she went by; and, noticing that she had

dropped her handkerchief, he hastily picked it up, and was on the point of following her to return it, when, observing a name in one corner, he paused, coolly pocketed the delicate mouchoir, and rejoined his companion. The latter received him with mock gravity, while merriment evidently filled his soul to the very brim.

"Bravo," was his salutation. "Ralph, you are in luck to-day; I envy you your *tete-a-tete* with so charming a neighbor. 'Pon honor, now, don't waste your kisses in private on that handkerchief; without doubt, it was a fair prisoner of war, but be magnanimous, and give it to me. It shall be framed in magnificent style, and receive my profoundest adoration."

"I should like to gag you with it, Harry," retorted his irritated friend. "Could not you have had sense enough not to stand grinning like a death's-head, while I was all in a perspiration with frantic efforts to get out of my scrape? You haven't as much heart as a rotten shag-bark, Harry."

"And you have not as much sweetness as a premature crab-apple, Ralph," replied the imperturbable Harry. "O, that partial judge, Fortune, if she had only put me in your shoes!"

"I wish she had," exclaimed Ralph, vehemently. "I should like to know if anything can set your cold blood afire. You are the most phlegmatic—"

"Phew," said Harry, "draw it mild, I left my Webster at home this morning. But are not the sweet divinities so enchanting on close inspection, eh?"

"Confound you," cried his friend, in a towering passion, "it's the third time I've made a fool of myself before her, and she's a splendid girl, by Jove!"

"Aha, an old flame, is she?" chuckled Harry. "What a romantic rendezvous you chose! The raging mildness of a midday moon shed ineffable fragrance on the pellucid glade where Damon and Amaryllis—"

"Don't, don't!" expostulated poor Ralph, in a wild appeal to his pitiless tormentor. "What do you want to eat a fellow up so for, Harry? If you must know where I have seen her, I'll tell you, just to put a stopper in the bung-hole of that barrel of nonsense which you call your head. Day before yesterday I was descending from the gallery of the Music Hall after the concert, and got wedged among a bevy of hours, whose abundant crinoline nearly extinguished me. I was devoting every energy of my nature to the one object of reducing myself to the least possible compass, and was congratulating myself on never having felt quite so small before, when, unfortu-

nately missing a step, I only saved myself from diving headlong into that sea of beauty by involuntarily clapping my hand on the Talma before me. At the same time I was conscious of a mysterious entanglement of my foot, and a simultaneous noise of silk that set all my teeth on edge for an hour afterwards. My fair supporter turned round in wonder and astonishment at my audacity, and gathered up her torn dress in stately reserve, while I stammered out my apologies as well as I could. But the titters that stabbed my ears on every side made me endure agonies untold, until I escaped from the press, and vanished. Well, that was bad enough; but my second rencontre was twice as excruciating. Yesterday afternoon I went out to take tea with a lady friend in Roxbury, and as I was somewhat belated, I hailed an omnibus to save time. The driver rolled his clumsy vehicle near the sidewalk, and I began to ascend the steps; but before I had reached the only seat still vacant, the impudent blackguard whipped up his horses, thereby giving the whole conveyance a sudden lurch to one side. I clutched convulsively at the check-strap above, and, as I found I had lost my balance beyond recovery, endeavored to steer myself into the blessed little harbor I mentioned without involving my neighbors in my own distress. But with a glance quick as lightning I measured the distance between the said seat and my own awkward carcass, and perceived it was impracticable; with a shuddering presentiment I shot a momentary look at the lady towards whom I was helplessly gravitating, and imagine my chagrin at recognising the injured princess of the day before. Of course it was only the infinitesimal fraction of a second that I hovered in mid-air, but during that period mortification ran riot in my luckless breast; the next instant, a fall—a little shriek—a roar of laughter—and I was picking myself up from the lady's lap, and begging pardons enough to relieve all the criminals in Christendom. But my emotions were too much for me; I seized the strap with both hands, and pulled with a vehemence sufficient to wrench the driver's leg out of its socket. The curses distinctly audible from without indicated that such might have been the result; but without waiting to ascertain the truth of the case, I made my exit from the infernal old cart as quickly as possible. And now," exclaimed the poor fellow, with a comical, yet lugubrious expression of face, "I am going out to-morrow to hunt up this lovely incognito, and return her handkerchief; if rencontre number four is not better than the others, I'll go a swimming in a tank of sulphuric acid."

"So I would," returned the sympathising Harry; "I'll fish for your body afterwards, and bait my hook with Celia's handkerchief; dead or alive, you will snap at it. But if you return the dainty article, tie your heart up in it, and label the parcel, 'To the adorable Celia,' for one is as much her property as the other."

"You are an unregenerate pagan, Harry," replied the young man, reddening; "if you had the sensibility of a broiled codfish, you would know that self-respect requires me to exculpate myself in her eyes, and—and—"

"O, I understand," interrupted Harry, taking leave of his companion at the corner of a street, "I appreciate the delicacy of your sentiments. But take my advice, be sure to conciliate mama, and don't forget to send your humble obedient his share of the cake. Adieu, *mon ami*—*vive l'amour*!"

"Confound the scamp," muttered he, half nettled and half pleased at his friend's raillery, "some day I will be even with him. But you might do worse, after all, Ralph Somers; she's a magnificent girl. Pish, when a man begins to be a fool, there is no stopping. I wish I had given back her handkerchief at the time; let me look at it again."

With these words he produced the article in question, and scrutinized it thoroughly; in one corner was written in a delicate female hand, "Isabel Harton." Having satisfied himself that he had read the name accurately, he repeated it to himself several times, and mentally resolved that he would see its beautiful owner again before sunset.

The afternoon, accordingly, found him strolling among the highlands of Roxbury, inquiring for the house of Mr. Harton. Several unsuccessful attempts to discover the nest of his bird-of-Paradise were at last followed by one more agreeable to his wishes; and, more than half distrusting his unusual method of seeking a lady's acquaintance, he approached a large, handsome mansion, situated on a little eminence, and surrounded by tastefully arranged grounds. He was perfectly conscious that etiquette would hold up her hands in horror at the idea of his not being formally introduced; but he reflected that "faint heart never won fair lady," and mentally snapped his fingers in etiquette's face. He rang the bell, and presently a servant appeared.

"Is Miss Harton at home?" he asked.

"Yes, sir; will you step in?" replied the domestic, civilly. "What name shall I say?"

The young man's heart beat like a steam-engine at the thought of his own audacity.

"Be so kind as to take up my card, and say

that Mr. Somers requests to see Miss Harton a few moments."

The servant ushered him into the drawing-room, which was empty, and disappeared. Ralph braced himself for the coming interview. After a short delay, which seemed to him like the interval between the condemnation and execution of a criminal, the door opened, and the beautiful Isabel entered the apartment. Without manifesting any surprise at such an unusual visit, she politely motioned him to a sofa, and seated herself at some distance from him, awaiting the announcement of his errand.

"I must request your indulgence, Miss Harton," said Ralph, with perfect outward self-possession, although inwardly he completely realized the strangeness of his position, "for having taken so great a liberty as to call upon you personally, without ever having had the honor of an introduction. My object is simply to return a handkerchief which I picked up in the street, bearing your name. I might have restored it to you without intruding upon your leisure; but I trust you will pardon the freedom I have ventured to use, in order to apologize more completely for what must have seemed so much like intentional rudeness. By some strange fatality, I have three times caused you great annoyance, although nothing could have been further from my wishes. I beg you to believe that I deeply regret my own awkwardness, and am most sincerely sorry over to have placed you in such embarrassing situations."

"Indeed, Mr. Somers," replied the beautiful girl, with a pleasant and cordial smile on her features, "I beg you never to think of it again; I assure you, you greatly exaggerate the importance of such trifles, which required no apology at all. I am extremely sorry you have taken the trouble to come so far merely to restore a handkerchief, which I was ignorant I had lost until you mentioned the fact."

At the conclusion of his little speech (which we fear was hardly an extempore effort), and during Miss Harton's reply to it, Ralph had been searching his pockets for the lost article; and picture the intensity of his chagrin and mortification as the truth came upon him like an avalanche, that he had left it behind! Isabel instantaneously divined the real state of the case; she saw the blood rush to his face reddening it to the roots of his hair, and as swiftly retreat, leaving it pallid as marble. If she had not perceived the real distress of the young man's mind, the incongruity and absurdity of the whole matter would have overpowered her self-control; but her quick sympathy with all kinds of suffering took away



every inclination to laugh. Ralph at last spoke, with a forced smile upon his countenance, and a voice trembling in spite of himself.

"It may seem, perhaps, a premeditated insult, Miss Harton, when I tell you that the handkerchief I thought I had with me has been left behind by some careless mistake of my own. I have once again made myself ridiculous in your eyes, but I promise you this shall be the last time. Your property shall be sent immediately by express; if I had no other motive than simply to vindicate my own sincerity, I should be concerned to see it restored. If you will only have the same charity for my last misfortune which you have so generously expressed for its predecessors, I will take pains never to need the same indulgence a fifth time."

So saying, he took his hat and rose to go, but Isabel eagerly motioned him to remain.

"Do not feel so keenly about a mere nothing, I entreat you, Mr. Somers," she said, with genuine kindness in her large, glorious eyes; "I shall never forgive myself for having been the innocent cause of so much chagrin, if you persist in viewing this idle matter through a microscope. Pray laugh at the whole with me, for we have both been equally placed in a ridiculous light; and believe me, it is true wisdom not to waste feeling on such undeserving objects as little mistakes and accidents."

The unaffected kindness of her tone and manner went to poor Ralph's heart, and, as we often feel more gratitude for little favors than for great, he felt that her beauty was the least of her charms, for it was only the transparent veil through which shone her true womanly nature in all its loveliness. As he again rose to go, she extended her hand toward him; he took it in his own, and bowing his head, was on the point of imprinting a kiss upon the white, taper fingers, when the door suddenly opened, and Mr. Harton entered. Isabel hastily withdrew her hand, and, coloring deeply, said to her father:

"Let me introduce you to Mr. Somers, papa."

The large, stout gentleman advanced, and offering his hand, said with a penetrating glance in the young man's face:

"I am 'always glad to know my daughter's friends; how do you do, Mr. Somers?"

Ralph stammered out something about the weather, and was evidently in no little confusion, when Isabel came to his rescue, and said with quiet self-possession:

"Mr. Somers found my handkerchief in the street, papa, and was so kind as to come to Roxbury on purpose to restore it. I feel very much obliged to him, indeed, for his politeness."

"Somers, Somers," said Mr. Harton, repeating the name abstractedly (he saw there was embarrassment on both sides, and, having unlimited confidence in his daughter, wished to extricate them from it), "my college chum was named Somers, Richard T. Somers. Perhaps you are a relation of his, sir?"

"That was my father's name, sir," answered Ralph, internally thanking the old gentleman for his tact, "but he died several years ago."

"Then upon my word," said he, warmly, "it is the luckiest chance in the world that brought you here, Mr. Somers. Your father and I were old friends of long standing, and for years and years we corresponded together; but after I went to Calcutta, I suddenly ceased to hear from him, and never knew where he was, or what had become of him. You must stop to-night, sir; I have a hundred questions to ask. I shall depend on seeing you here to tea, and you must come and see us often, very often. I might have known you were Dick's son," he added, looking in the young man's face, "same eyes, same hair, same everything. Well, well, it will be my turn next." And with these words the old gentleman left the room.

The two remained in silence for some time. Ralph at last broke the pause, saying:

"May I consider that I have Miss Harton's permission to call, as well as her father's?"

"I shall always welcome my father's friends," she answered evasively, and a little distantly, adding in a more cordial tone, "I am sure nothing has happened to make your visits other than acceptable. Besides," she continued, a little mischievously, "you may as well bring my handkerchief yourself now, instead of sending it."

Having thus seen our hero fairly launched on the "course of true love," we will hope that it "ran smooth" for the future, and that the little ripples at its commencement were not prophetic of subsequent matrimonial storms. One thing is sure, and that is, that about a year after, the *Daily Tatler* contained the following notice:

"In Boston, May 11, by Rev. Alfred Coupler, D. D., Mr. Ralph Somers, of Boston, to Miss Isabel, daughter of Frederick Harton, Esq., of Roxbury."

It may be interesting to add that Ralph's groomsman on the occasion was Mr. Henry Livingstone; and after the ceremony was over, he was overheard to whisper in the bridegroom's ear:

"I say, Ralph, if you find any more handkerchiefs, send me word, will you?"

#### THE HEART.

When thou art fain to trace a map of thine own heart,  
As undiscovered land set down the largest part.

H. C. TRENCH.

[ORIGINAL.]  
SABBATH.

BY EDWIN S. LISCOMB.

This is thy blessed day!  
My spirit falters in its prayer,  
As from the past no sacred ray—  
No holy thought returns from there.

With hateful sins oppressed,  
My weary heart sinks down:  
Unworthy of thy holy rest,  
Unfit to seek thy promised crown!

Yet, wouldst thy mercy bring  
Unto my struggling fears  
Some ray of hope, on angel-wing,  
To cleanse the stain of former years—

Then, penitent, my heart would cling  
In faith to Jesus' feet;  
Rejoicing in each sacred thing,  
And for thy presence meet.

[ORIGINAL.]

THE MURDER AT THE INN.  
A TALE OF CIRCUMSTANTIAL EVIDENCE.

BY WILLIAM S. MACDONALD.

It was, perhaps, two hundred years ago, that a wayside inn was situated upon a lonely road in one of the Channel counties of England, almost within sound of the sea. It was frequented chiefly by the meaner population of the neighborhood—fishermen and smugglers from the coast, and drovers and graziers from the inland country of the vicinity; with occasionally one of a better class—sometimes a tourist who had wandered from the beaten roads, in search of the picturesque, or, more frequently, a belated traveller, j tarrying at the "White Hart" during the night, from the necessity of the case.

Upon the particular evening on which the tragic event which gives name to this story occurred, the tap-room of the inn was thronged with the motley crowd which usually assembled there at this hour. One—and the only one of those present to whom we need to allude—was sitting moodily by the fire, with his hat drawn low over his eyes. Through the evening, he had refused to join in the rough conviviality of those around him; and it was only upon the interruption caused by the entrance of a new-comer, that he raised his eyes. But before turning our attention to the latter, it may be well to glance briefly at the person thus introduced.

Richard Tyrrell—for such was his name—was one whose vices had hurried him from affluence and respectability to a low level of poverty and

degradation. Hardly ten years before, he had inherited, at the decease of his parents, an ample fortune and an enviable position in the society of the metropolis. The former had been dissipated by an unbounded indulgence of every vicious propensity of his mind; the latter lost by a disgraceful expulsion from the university, and the subsequent adoption of the wild and evil life of a coast-smuggler. Thus it happened that he appeared, on this night, desperate in heart as in exterior, and brooding, evidently, in moody silence, on the unhappy vicissitudes of his career.

The person whose entrance caused Richard Tyrrell to look up, was a traveller of manly and honest appearance, who bore a heavy satchel upon his arm. Pansing suddenly before Tyrrell, he gazed doubtfully and inquiringly into his face. The latter half shrank from the searching glance of the stranger; and moving a few steps away, the latter immediately returned, and grasping the smuggler by the hand, he exclaimed, heartily:

"Surely I am not mistaken here! Tyrrell, Dick Tyrrell, don't you know me?"

"I should know you," was the unwilling and half surly reply. "But what, Mervyn Clifford, do you wish with me? I am not, I assure you, so far degraded as to bear patiently the jibes and jeers of those who knew me in better days!"

"Nor do I wish to reproach you, Richard; you should know me better," was the instant response. "Come apart with me, for an hour; I will try to convince you that I have not quite forgotten our old Oxford friendship."

Ordering a private room, a fire, and a bottle of wine, Mervyn Clifford conducted his still unwilling acquaintance away. They remained closeted together for a full hour. The subject of their conversation never transpired, although its purport may perhaps be gathered from a remark of Clifford to his companion, as they re-entered the tap-room together.

"If money can aid you, Richard," he said, "you shall be no longer an outcast and despised; and here I have the means by which I think I can accomplish the end."

Suiting the action to the word, he struck his hand upon the valise which he still carried, causing a dull sound, as though of coin or metal. The incident was witnessed by a dozen persons who remained in the room. Shortly after, the traveller retired for the night; and still later, Richard Tyrrell declared his intention of passing the night at the inn (a very unusual proceeding on his part), and was accordingly shown to a room.

In the silence of the hours which succeeded—at the hour of midnight, in fact—the whole

household of the inn was startled from sleep by a most terrible and deathly shriek, proceeding, apparently, from the room occupied by Mervyn Clifford. Hardly a moment was needed to bring the innkeeper and his servants, with arms and lights, to the spot; and here a bloody and thrilling scene was presented to their astonished senses. The door of the chamber was flung wide open; and as they entered, they discovered the bleeding body of Mervyn Clifford, still quivering in its death-throes upon the floor, habited in night-clothes, and apparently just dragged from the disordered bed. The only window of the room was open, and upon the floor beside the body was the valise, open; and its contents, gold, silver and bills, in profusion, scattered about the room. But that upon which the eyes of the innkeeper and his men rested with the most horrified amazement, was the figure of a man, holding a bloody knife in his hand, and kneeling over the prostrate body! Alarmed by the noise of their entrance, he started to his feet, and gazing around him in terrified confusion, with an exclamation of alarm, he turned to flee. Both door and window, however, were promptly barred against his egress, and in an instant he was seized, the knife wrested from him, and himself securely detained by the arms of those who surrounded him.

"Stand off—release me!" he cried, struggling in their grasp. "For heaven's sake, speak! is it possible that you mean to charge me with this murder? I declare, most solemnly, that I came here for the same purpose as yourselves, aroused by that fearful shriek. See—he opens his eyes; he is about to speak! For heaven's sake, hear him; his words will acquit me!"

The dying man, in truth, had just then unclosed his eyes. Whispering faintly the words—"I am dying! he has killed me!" he relapsed into a state of seeming unconsciousness.

"Speak, sir! who do you mean by he? who has killed you?" the innkeeper exclaimed, bending over him. Once more Mervyn Clifford opened his glazing eyes, and pointing with stiffened finger towards the horror-stricken prisoner, he uttered huskily, and in the last words he ever spoke:

"He—Richard Tyrrell—he has killed me!"

With a groan of inward agony, the unhappy prisoner covered his face with his hands, and suffered himself to be led passively from the room. From the inn, early as was the hour, he was taken directly before a magistrate, who committed him immediately to the jail of the county.

These were the simple facts connected with the murder, as they transpired at the inn, upon the

night of its commission, and amid the confusion and terror attending its discovery. But dark and damning as they then appeared, when the solemnity and searching certainty of a legal investigation were applied, the prisoner was hopelessly environed by the perfect chain of testimony which was adduced against him, pointing as with the finger of doom towards him, as the murderer of Mervyn Clifford! From the very moment of his meeting with the latter, upon that fatal evening, every circumstance which had happened was constructed with fearful weight against him. The fact of his knowledge of the possession of money by Clifford, as it appeared most conclusively from the testimony of the loungers in the tap-room; his unusual proceeding in taking a room, that night, at the White Hart; his inquiry of the servant who lighted him to it (which appeared in evidence) as to the chamber occupied by Clifford; the fact that his bed was found undisturbed, and none of his clothes removed from his person; these significant facts, followed in regular succession by the overwhelming testimony of the chamber of the murder; and last, and strongest of all, the declaration of the murdered man, made in the very shadow and knowledge of approaching death, than which better evidence could scarcely exist—all conspired to surround the wretched prisoner with a barrier of circumstances, from which escape seemed impossible.

And so it was. The accused had plead "not guilty;" but when called upon for his defence, he could only wildly protest his innocence. And although the ablest advocates present, out of pity for his condition, volunteered to, and certainly did defend him, and to the best of their ability, still, hardly a fact or circumstance favorable to the prisoner was brought to light. The charge of the judge was, in effect, an instruction to the jury to return a verdict of guilty, which they did immediately, and without leaving their seats.

Upon being called on to answer as to why he should not be sentenced to death, Tyrrell again, and in the most solemn and earnest manner, protested his entire innocence of the death of Mervyn Clifford, assigning again, as a reason for his presence by his body, that he had been called there by the death-cry, and had but just drawn the knife from the wound where the murderer had plunged it, when his captors entered. The impression, however, produced by this avowal, may be gathered from a remark of the judge, who, in passing sentence of death, used the following extraordinary language: "Richard Tyrrell, either you or I committed this murder!"

Tyrrell was forthwith remanded to his cell, to await the day of execution. And it was while

here that he made a strange and startling confession. It was to this effect: that he was the murderer of Mervyn Clifford—not, indeed, in fact, but *in intention*, and *at heart*; that he had stayed at the inn, upon the night of the murder, waited in his room until all the household had retired, and approached and entered the chamber of his friend, solely *for the purpose of murdering him*, to obtain the contents of his satchel; and that he was only prevented from accomplishing his object, because forestalled by the death-blow of an unknown assassin, who fled through the window upon his approach, leaving him in the position in which he was found by the innkeeper!

It is almost needless to say that this confession was looked upon as declaring what was absurd and impossible; and by its very desperation, it seemed to confirm the guilt of the condemned. Public indignation was excited against him, to the highest degree of exasperation; no reprieve, whatever, was allowed him; and upon the adjudged day, Richard Tyrrell was executed for the crime of which he had been found guilty, in the presence of thousands who flocked to witness the lamentable spectacle—protesting, with his latest breath, that the confession which he had made since his trial, was true, in every particular!

Such is the story. And now, after a narrative so conclusive and certain in guilt as this (which we cannot wonder should have acted with absolute conviction upon the minds of his judges), it remains to be told that Richard Tyrrell uttered nothing but the truth in his dying confession, and that he died, innocent of the blood of the murdered man, save, as he had declared, in intention!

The sequel, disclosing these strange and extraordinary facts, may be told in a few words. Fifty years, a full half century, after the execution of Tyrrell, and when the recollection of his imputed crime had almost died with those who had flourished in the prime of manhood at the time of its commission, an old and feeble man lay dying at the White Hart. He seemed to be in little bodily anguish, his dissolution proceeding rather from extreme age, and the slow decay of vitality, than from any sudden suspension of the functions of nature. And yet he seemed laboring under the most distressing mental pain; the unintelligible words, which he muttered from time to time, showed his mind to be fixed upon some one event of his past life, and as he writhed and tossed about upon his bed, fearful groans burst continually from his lips.

"Send for a priest—a clergyman!" he at length exclaimed; and at intervals he continued to use the same imploring words, notwithstanding the assurances of those around him, that they

had done so, until the curate of the parish entered his room and sat down by his bed.

"Don't speak, sir, if you please!" the dying man eagerly exclaimed. "I have little to say; but that I wish to say at once, and ease my mind of its load. It is a secret which I alone have concealed within my breast, these fifty years; God forbid that I should die with it, leaving it forever unspoken! My name is Wat. Hurdle. I have lived long, sir, and committed many fearful crimes; but the one of which I would now speak, is the blackest, the most terrible and uncharitable of all. You may have heard of Mervyn Clifford—a gentleman who lived some miles north of here?"

"What! the same who was murdered in this inn many years ago?" the clergyman asked.

"Yes, sir; the very same. I was his servant for a while, before he died, and sometimes travelled with him from one part of the country to another. He often carried large sums of money with him; and more than once, I contrived to steal a part of his treasure. But it was not long before I was discovered, and dismissed in disgrace. I wandered away to one of the northern cities, where I quickly lost all that I had, in idleness and vice. Then I grew desperate; the want of money drove me to that which I would not otherwise have dared to do. I knew that Mr. Clifford was to be at the White Hart inn, upon a certain evening, with a large amount of money; and I resolved to go there and try to obtain it.

"Upon this evening, then, I arrived at the inn. The country was solitary and lonely, and no one noticed my approach. I waited, behind the hedge, in the wet and cold, until all the lights were out; and then, sallying out, I prepared to carry out my undertaking. The guest-chamber, as I knew, was upon the first floor; the window was low, unfastened, and easily reached and opened; and in a few moments I had reached the casing, and clambered within the room. I could hear the deep breathing of the sleeper, close at hand; and noiselessly, for I had removed my shoes before entering, I crept around the room, searching for the value. This I soon found, upon a chair by the bedside; I knew, by its great weight, that the money was in it; and exulting at my success, I commenced to make good my retreat.

"But, as fate would have it, I stumbled, in the darkness of the room, over a footstool, and fell at full length, the bag clattering heavily as I came down. Mr. Clifford instantly started up in bed, and demanded to know who was there. I had hardly risen again to my feet, when he sprang from the bed and seized me. There was

not a word uttered by either of us; the struggle was short and deadly. He was a much stronger man than I, and I quickly found myself growing weak in his grasp. Thoughts of the consequences of being taken filled me with desperation; and drawing a knife which I had concealed, I plunged it into his breast. He gave one shriek, and fell, covered with blood, senseless and dying! While I was hurriedly scraping together the money, which had been emptied from the valise, and scattered over the floor, in our struggle, a faint light shone in the room, and starting up in alarm, I discovered a man standing behind me, carrying a dark lantern. I waited to see no more; but rushing to the window, I sprang out and hastened across the fields. Not a person had seen me or known of my presence, save the dead man and him who had interrupted me; and never, as I believe, until this day, has my presence at the White Hart, upon that fatal night, been suspected."

"And you, wretched man," the horrified curate exclaimed, "knew of the trial and execution of Richard Tyrrell for this crime, of which you confess yourself to have been guilty?"

"Ay, I knew it; and therefore my lips were sealed the closer! His death was the price of my life; and he died, when I might have saved him by speaking: these words which I have spoken to you. And, before God, I wish that I had uttered them, and so saved him; better, far better for me, would a few moments of torture and shame upon the gibbet have been, than fifty long years of biting remorse, filled with agony, and haunted by the memory of this double murder!"

The strength of the dying penitent hardly carried him to the conclusion of his story. He expired soon after he had spoken the last words—more miserable in his end, it may be well believed, than Richard Tyrrell, his unhappy victim.

One explanation remains to be made, and we have done. It may, perhaps, appear strange that Mervyn Clifford should, with his last words, indicate Tyrrell as his assassin; but this, upon a little reflection, can be easily explained. The darkness of the room prevented Clifford from discovering by whom the fatal blow was struck; and in the few moments of consciousness which supervened before death, the sight of his former servant struggling with these who had arrested him, with bloody hands, and pale and trembling with apprehension, naturally suggested to his mind, weakened as it was with approaching death, that his murderer stood before him. This, at least, is a reasonable hypothesis upon which to account for one of the strangest occurrences connected with THE MURDER AT THE INN.

[ORIGINAL.]

## MARY HAYWOOD'S BEAUX.

BY MATTHEW S. VINTON.

## PART FIRST.

WHAT a pretty face was that of Mary Haywood! And how, more than ever pretty was it on the morning of which I write, as it leaned from the window and the mellow, September sunlight slanted its golden waves across it, till its frame of brown hair seemed thick with jewels, and the white forehead, touched as with a halo!

But it was no angel's face that it should be so circled about with light. The dainty curve of the red lips, the glimmer of pearly teeth between them, the dimples that the merry, happy smiles tracked over cheek and chin, and even the eyes, beautiful, brown and clear, testified, as plainly as they could, each and all, that the spirit which gave the glow, warmth and color to this living picture was very human. Alas, so very human!

But Mary Haywood, human though she was, at heart was true, kind and trusty; and though at times, in the light of her own beauty, she went a little way from the right path, the better voice of reason and conscience within, always won her back again. Perhaps her mother thought of this as she came into the room, and watched the pretty face, peering anxiously out of the window; because, for a moment, she looked smilingly upon her, with a true gleam of motherly pride in her eyes and about her mouth. But Mrs. Haywood's temper wasn't of the most placid cast, in the world; and, very evidently, at that moment, a most aggravating thought stirred up a little war within her, for she looked exceedingly vexed, and the smile went from her face.

"I should like to know, Mary!" was the way she commenced, "I should like to know, what you are watching at that window for? and what, under the sun, you have got your hair curled up for, in that shape? I would really like to know!"

Now, Mary, the pleasant, happy little girl that she was, just smiled at this, and gave her curls a toss backward, and pursed up her little red mouth in a very pretty coaxing way.

"O, you needn't make up your coaxing mouths at me, Mary, you needn't; I understand it all like a book! I know who you are on the lookout for, the little soft-handed, simpering-faced dolt!" Mrs. Haywood said, working herself into a real passion.

"But, mother, you never saw him, you are not half fair about it—"

"No, nor I never want to, that's a fact! If you have a mind to let your head get turned in

this shape, I'll have nothing to do with it. But let me tell you this, Mary, if you give up John Lathrop for this city fop, you'll see the day that you'll repent of it. You will—*mark my words!*”

Mrs. Haywood grew very emphatic as she spoke. She was in earnest, that was evident, for when she turned away her eyes were filled with tears, and there was a flush of indignation upon her comely face for a whole hour afterwards, as she busied herself about her household affairs. And Mary, too, was somewhat disturbed, yet she did not leave her place by the window, but continued watching there; looking down the green lane to the road, and over the road until it lost itself in the distance.

But she saw some one at last. Or, she saw the dust rise up like a cloud, and then come nearer and nearer along the old road, until, after awhile, the quick cantering of horses' hoofs were close by the lane; and looking, again, out of the window—very shyly, of course—she saw her delicate city lover, Mr. Henry Rainsforth, fastening his horses at the old wooden post. Ah, how her eyes danced, then, and how her little dimpled hands grew busy in a moment, brushing back the clustering curls, adjusting the little linen collar, tying the brown riding hat, and smoothing down the folds of the faultless, sweeping skirt. And how bright her eyes were, as she danced out of the door and down the lane, holding back with her gloved hands, her long flowing habit!

She did not allow Mr. Rainsforth to enter the house. When he came for her she had a sly, pretty way of running to meet him, and of getting him away from her father's premises as hastily as possible. So it is not to be wondered at, that when Mrs. Haywood went into the sitting-room, a few moments after, to speak to her, she was not to be seen, at the window, down the lane, only away off where the cloud of dust was rolling along the road.

Mrs. Haywood sighed, and went about her work again. Never before had any of Mary's love-affairs so troubled her; but now it seemed, indeed, to her, that her poor child's head was in danger of being turned; that for the love of a few smoothly spoken compliments, and a few prettily worded declarations, she would turn, forever, from a heart that was as true and trusty as the faithful sun, itself, that arose every morning in the east. Thinking this over and over again did not reconcile it to the mind of good Mrs. Haywood. Unlike many mothers, she cared more that the arm that should protect and the heart that should shield her child, should be true and strong, than that her home should be a grand and costly one, and that the lines of her life

should drop among the luxurious ways of wealth.

While she worked in the kitchen, a step was heard at the back-door, and before she could glance out of the window, to learn who was coming, John Lathrop entered the room.

“Good morning, John!” she said, in her pleasantest tone. “A fine morning.”

“Yes, very fine,” John answered in a husky, unnatural voice. “Is Mary at home?”

“No, John, she's away, and I am sorry enough for it. You wished to see her? if you have any word for her, I guess I can manage to remember it.”

“Thank you, but I think I will come again.”

His eyes were on the floor (the pleasant, honest blue eyes, that had always been so full of light and life), and he looked so sad and disheartened, that Mrs. Haywood could hardly keep back the tears.

“It will be all right, I am sure, John,” she said, thinking to comfort him.

“O, yes, all right, any way, I suppose,” he answered, a little bitterly. “You are very kind, Mrs. Haywood. I will call again this evening.”

And so John went away, and Mrs. Haywood, thinking about him, and the cruel way in which he was treated, put aside her work, and going into her little bed-room, luxuriated in a “good cry,” a womanly antidote for an overcharged heart! And Mrs. Haywood was relieved.

#### PART SECOND.

Mary Haywood sat in her little chamber weeping, though, for her life's sake she could not tell just what troubled her. It was the evening after her ride with Henry Rainsforth, a clear, bright evening, with the mellow September moon riding high in the heavens, its brightness undimmed by the first touch of a cloud.

Perhaps the child was thinking of the morning, and of the strange, polished words that Henry Rainsforth had spoken to her. Thinking of the fine home, in the city, that he had asked her to share with him—of her beauty which he had told her was fit to adorn a palace. And, then again, she might have been thinking of John Lathrop, of his little brown house on the hill, the broad fields of grain waving in front of it, and the green orchard running along at the back. She knew every tree in that orchard, every nook in and about the old house. Her lips moved, and she whispered softly, so very softly, as if afraid the evening air would turn traitor and carry her thoughts where she did not wish them to go—“John—John!”

Just at that moment, her mother called from the foot of the stairs, saying that some one was

waiting in the sitting-room to see her, and that she must come down. Who could it be? Perhaps Henry had come to speak to her father. Maybe, it was John, but she hoped not, she could not bear to see, or speak with him.

After bathing her face and brushing back her curls, she went down to the sitting-room. As she had feared, John was there. When she went into the room he was talking with her mother, but her presence seemed a signal for their conversation to cease, for after she bowed and faintly said "good evening," her mother turned away and left them alone together. Left them alone just as she had done a hundred times before—not in a laughing, teasing way, but with a severe, settled look in her eyes and about her mouth. They sat for several moments without speaking, and the silence to Mary was oppressive and painful. But at last, John said, in a sad, altered way, rising and going towards her:

"You can't want us both, Mary, I am sure. Will you choose between us, now?"

She had not expected this. It came so very suddenly upon her, that the color went away from her face, leaving her as white as though she had been dead. She could not speak, even. Her lips moved, but not a sound came from them. All the while John stood watching her. If it had been any one in the world besides him, her speech would not have turned traitor to her.

"Will you tell me, now?" he asked, again, seeing that she did not speak.

The color came back to her face at this. Why was he so anxious to press the question upon her? She would ask him. So she said, half-shading her face with her hand:

"Why do you ask that?"

"Why?" he repeated, his eyes kindling. "Who has a better right to ask it? Am I a dolt, indeed, Mary, because I am of country birth?"

Ah, John, John! Your quick, hasty speech has done the work for you. There will be no more hesitation, no lack of words, now! The crimson heart of the crimsonest rose was never richer in color than are the cheeks of Mary!

"No one, I do not question your right. You are free to go, when you choose!"

"Well—I will go!"

And he went. All the time that he was going Mary prayed that he might come back again. But no. He did not raise his eyes to her face as he turned away. His step was firm and steady as he crossed the room, and firm and steady down the lane, and into the road, until she could hear it no longer. Then, foolish child, how her heart grew still within her, as if the whole of its life had gone out after him! And how like a

guilty thing, she crept softly up stairs, to weep the whole night away!

#### PART THIRD.

Bright and cheery as the next morning was, to Mary it seemed the darkest that had ever dawned upon the earth.

"How pale you are, child, are you sick?" was the first exclamation of Mrs. Haywood, as she entered the kitchen.

"No not sick, I am very well. I came down to help you about breakfast. What shall I do?"

"Do? Why nothing with that moping look on your face. You'd better go out a little way and get a taste of the fresh air. You're as white as a ghost."

"Where shall I go?"

"Well, if that isn't a funny question for a girl like you! Why, where's the road, child?"

Mary did not answer, but moved slowly away to get her hat and shawl; while her mother wished secretly, that Henry Rainsforth had been at the bottom of the Red Sea for all of coming to Cranston with his pretty, insipid face. Perhaps she would have been in a more amiable state of mind could she have known where Mary's thoughts were that morning.

"Which way should she go? up or down the road?" Mary wondered, as she stood at the foot of the lane.

She hesitated a moment, and only a moment. Looking once towards the hill, where John's house stood, decided her, and she turned in an opposite direction. As she went along, revolving in her mind the incidents of the last twenty-four hours, she noticed a half-folded letter lying in the grass by the roadside. Stooping to pick it up she caught a glimpse of the penmanship which seemed strangely familiar to her. She knew, at once, that it was none other than that of Henry Rainsforth. Wondering, at his carelessness, she folded the letter and was about placing it in her pocket, when she caught sight of her own name, half-way down the sheet. That was enough to do away with all caution. Curiosity must be satisfied. So she read the letter. Ah, what a strange letter it was, too! and what strange things were there for a lover to say of his sweetheart!

Standing there in the road, Mary read it again and again; read it till her eyes seemed bursting from her head, and her lips were white with mortified pride and anger.

"He was having a sweet flirtation," so Harry Rainsforth wrote to his city friend, "with a little country beauty. She was as fresh and bright as a June rose, without a city way or air to spoil her. And better than all, she was strictly devot-

ed to him; had turned the cold shoulder to every one of her country beaux. She believed every thing he said to her—that some day she would be mistress of his city home and city fortune. Ha, ha! *that* was rich indeed! But he had a plan—would his friend like to hear it? This was the way it run—

Ah, how the soul of the woman revolted at the words which followed! How she loathed and spurned the poor wretch who had so insulted her! But where and what next? Should she go home to her mother and lay the letter before her? No, she did not think that the wisest way. Should she go to her father—her sober, steady, practical, slow-thoughted father? No, that would be of but very little use. There was but one to go to, and that one was John—abused, wronged John. But she went to him. He was out in the orchard, his mother said, when she inquired for him at the house. So to the orchard she went, and there she found him. When he saw her, a strange look of wonder and surprise came over his features. But for her ghastly face, he would have turned away from her.

"What—what is it?" he asked, as she placed the letter in his hands.

But without speaking, she motioned him to read, and then sank down upon the green turf, and covered her face with her hands. When she looked up his features were convulsed and burning with rage.

"Stay here," he said, taking her by the arm. "Stay until I come back. No, you cannot go."

With the letter in his hand, he leaped over the orchard fence, and strode hastily across the field, in the direction of Esq. Fuller's house, where Henry Rainsforth was a guest. It seemed to Mary that he was not away three minutes, before she saw him coming back again, holding the unfortunate city wight by the collar, in a manner which the latter gentleman might have complained of on account of its familiarity. When he came to the orchard wall, he leaped over with him with as much ease as a cat would have made the same distance with some paltry game in her mouth.

"You see that lady, Mr. Rainsforth?" John began, dragging him up to Mary.

"Yes, y-e-e-s, sir."

"And you see that letter?"

"Yes—yes, sir."

"Did you write that letter?"

"No—that is—I—you see—"

"Did you write it?" thundered John.

"Yes. That is, I didn't mean it."

"Yes you *did* write it, and to pay you for it, I am going to break every bone in your contemp-

tible body. Down on your knees, quick, before Miss Haywood, and beg her forgiveness!"

He went down upon his knees, whether willingly or not, John Lathrop will have to say. But this much I know, that he sued as humbly for pardon, as ever did a condemned criminal, or an errant school-boy. But Mary did not answer him; instead, she turned away with an expression of intense loathing upon her face.

"Can I go now?" he asked, as he arose to his feet, turning a pitiful look upon John.

"Yes, you can go! By go, I mean that you may leave Cranston, just as quick as your puny feet can carry you, and if I catch sight of your face once, mind, *once more* here, I'll show you little mercy."

Depend upon it, reader, that grass didn't grow under Henry Rainsforth's feet as he made his way to the depot. After he went, John turned away without a word. But Mary followed him, saying between her tears, as she laid her hand on his arm: "I do not know how to thank you for your kindness, John. Depend upon it, I will never forget it of you. I do not ask you to forgive me, I know that that is impossible."

It was her turn now to go away from him. As she started, he caught her firmly by the arm.

"Not so, Mary," he said in a slightly tremulous voice. "If you have the first thought of love and kindness for me, if you care for me, stay!"

Well, yes—Mary stayed, most inquisitive reader. In fact, she stayed until the whole neighborhood was searched for her, and her mother was nearly wild with fright. Whether she ever went home again, I cannot say, but I can testify to this truth, if you wish it, that now she is at the home of John Lathrop, and that people have a strange way of prefixing a Mrs. to her name.

#### THE DYING BED

Blest be the taper which hath power to shed  
Light on the features of that angel face;  
Blest be the sadness of this solemn place;  
Blest be the circle round that parting bed,  
Whence many days all earthly hope hath fled;  
And the spirit which hath well nigh reached by grace  
The rest of toil, the guerdon of its race,  
Faint, but with hidden mamma gently fed.  
Oft have ye tended with unwearyed care  
This couch of hers in anxious term of birth;  
Your need of love, her mother joys to share;  
Now hers the joy, and ye are left to mourn;  
For all your care can never keep on earth  
The glorious child that shall to-night be born.

ALFORD.

REMEMBER.—Any persons already subscribers to *Ballou's Dollar Monthly*, can receive our brilliant new mammoth weekly journal, *The Welcome Guest*, for a year, by enclosing us one dollar and a half, and mentioning in the letter that they are on the subscription list of the Magazine.



## The Florist.

No, jewel-keeper of the hoary North!  
Whence hast thou all thy treasures? Why, the mines  
Of rich Golconda, since the world was young,  
Would fail to furnish such a glorious show!  
Yes, the wintry king,  
So long decried, hath revenue more rich  
Than sparkling diamonds.—*Mrs. Esouanay.*

### Parlor Plants.

Many persons inquire of us, "What can we grow in a window?" We answer thus—a great deal and to much advantage; temperature from 40° to 60°; the east window is preferable to the south or west. There are many whose position or circumstances do not permit them to have a greenhouse, but all have a window—and it is surprising to see how much can be done by aid of a few lights. A copious supply of water, frequent sponging and syringing of the foliage, and judicious airing, will result in success. Nearly all plants will grow in earth from the woods, or very rich sandy soil; they will even grow in sand, if watered frequently with manure water. The following plants are adapted for windows, and will give a succession of bloom all winter:—*amelia*, *begonia*, *cacti*, *calla*, *capheas*, *cannella*, *daphne*, *dracina ferra*, *fuschia* (kept very moist), *geranium*, *hoya*, *jessamine*, *justicia*, *metrosideros*, *myrica*, *oxalis* (with sun), *olea*, *oleander*, *passiflora*, *primula*. These, with Bengal and tea roses, will make an ample variety for three or four windows, and afford bloom nearly the whole season.

### Bengals.

Of these well known daily or monthly roses we need scarcely speak in the way of advice. They are the favorites of the poor and rich, being within the capacity of any housekeeper who has a south side window, and the glowing ornaments of the extensive conservatory. In the pleasure-garden they add life and tone to the variety of less marked occupants of the flower-beds and borders. Similar soil to that recommended for the Bourbons will suit them, and they require no special pruning but to trim into shape. Let every one have at least a couple of these precious flowers in pots; they will repay all the time and care lavished upon them.

### Pereskia.

The Barbadoes, or West India gooseberry. This plant bears very little resemblance to the other kinds of *Cacti*, as it has thin leaves and round stem, like any other ligneous plant. The commonest kind has white flowers, but the flowers of the *Pereskia Eleo* are of a beautiful pink. The fruit resembles the gooseberry, and is good eating. The *pereskias* are quite hardy, growing in the same temperature, and requiring the same treatment as the *opuntias* or common Indian fig.

### Leonitus.

*Lion's ear*. Shrubby plants from the Cape of Good Hope, with scarlet or orange flowers, which are produced in whorls round the joints of the stem. The flowers are produced in the autumn, and the plants require a rich, light soil. They are rather tender, and require early and strong protection during the winter. They are very showy, and will repay the care they require.

### Yellow Vetchling.

A British climbing vetch with yellow flowers, only found in sandy soil. It is not very beautiful, and scarcely worth the cultivation, save because of its growing in a poor, sandy spot, where almost anything else would die.

### Russian Hot-House.

Beard Taylor thus describes the magnificent greenhouse which the ems maintain for the production and growth of tropical and other exotic plants amidst the snows of Russia:—"The Botanical Garden, in which I spent an afternoon, contains one of the finest collections of tropical plants in Europe. Here, in latitude 60°, you may walk through an avenue of palm trees six feet high, under tree-ferns, bananas, by ponds of lotus and Indian lily, and banks of splendid orchids, breathing an air heavy with the richest and warmest odors. The extent of these giant hot-houses cannot be less than a mile and a half. The short summer, and long, dark winter, of the North requires a peculiar course of treatment for these children of the sun. During the three warm months they are forced as much as possible, so that the growth of six months is obtained in that time, and the productive qualities of the plant are kept up to their normal standard. After that result is obtained, it thrives as steadily as in a more favored climate. The palms, in particular, are noble specimens. One of them (a phoenix, I believe,) is now in blossom, which is an unheard-of event in such a latitude."

### Treatment of House Plants.

The wants of plants cultivated in the winter, are the same as in summer; these are, heat, moisture, sun and air. Of the first they generally have too much; of the latter rarely enough. They are most frequently kept in a room heated up to 70 degrees, which is much too hot. The great majority of plants will do better until they begin to bloom, with a heat not exceeding 45 or 50 degrees. If you have a room with windows facing south or east, in which the temperature can be kept generally at 50 and never fall below 40 degrees, your plants can probably be kept in good health and condition, as far as heat is concerned. With regard to moisture, it is more difficult to meet the wants of plants. You may drench the roots of plants, but that is not all they want. They desire a moist atmosphere, which it is impossible to give them in a room heated either with a stove or by pipes from a hot-air furnace. Your plants need not only water at the roots, but frequent waterings of the foliage, which not only refreshes them, but removes the dust from the leaves, which is very injurious to plants.

### Hanging-Vases for Plants and Flowers.

A beautiful ornament for a room may be made by a hanging-vase of terra cotta, porcelain, or similar material, suspended by a colored cord. The plants most suitable for this kind of growth are *maurandia*, the foliage of which is delicate and ornamental, and the flowers of which, though small, are very beautiful; the *lobelia gracilis*, with its profusion of tiny cobalt blue flowers; the *memphilla* and common money-wort. All of these mentioned vines are very delicate, sending up some slender arms to cling round the cords, while other branches hang lightly and gracefully downward.

### Epilobium.

The French willow-herb. A tall, showy perennial, with stoloniferous roots, only suited to shrubbery. It requires no care in its culture—the only difficulty being to prevent its overpowering everything else, when once it is planted in any situation not exceedingly dry. There are several wild species of *epilobium* common in Great Britain, one of which is called by the odd name of codling-and-cream.

**Geraniums, Fuchsias, etc., during Winter.**

They cannot have too much light and fresh air at any season of the year, for the exterior air always contains a due proportion of moisture, whilst the air of a room is unavoidably drier than is beneficial to the plants. The application of water to the soil requires far more attention than it usually receives—in other words, never water them while the soil in their pots is moist; and, when you do have occasion to perform this operation, do it effectually, with water that has been allowed to stand in the kitchen for some hours before it is applied to the plants, so that it is as warm or warmer than the soil to which it is to be added. Under ordinary circumstances it should be administered every fourth day; but, if the weather be very dry and hot, every other day.

**Suspended Vases.**

The best flower plants for this purpose are pelargoniums, especially the best scarlets; and seedling petunias of different kinds should be raised, as their habit of growth, as well as their varied and attractive colors, renders them peculiarly adapted for a suspended position. The effects of the richer colors may be greatly aided by tufts of the graceful grasslike *Isoplexis gracilis*, and by some long trailing plants of *Tropaeolum canariensis*, which may be artificially fastened from one vase to another. Among the most desirable plants of pendulous growth, suited to baskets or vases suspended in this manner, are, first and foremost, all the verbenas, which are naturally of trailing habit, and of every variety of gay color, from snow-white to rose, violet, crimson and dampling scarlet.

**Thoughts on Flowers.**

Campbell says that the word "daisy" is a thousand times pronounced without adverting to the beauty of its etymology—the eye of day. A beautiful flower is the type of mortality; it flourishes for a few days, then withers, dies, and is seen no more. Christ says, "Consider the lilies of the field, how they grew; they toil not, neither do they spin; and yet I say unto you that even Solomon, in all his glory, was not arrayed like one of these." In the Old Testament, the lily is God's chosen flower.

**Dahlia Culture.**

Florists hasten the vegetation of the dahlia plants by ploughing them in a mild hotbed, if such is at hand, or even laying them in the hothouse, covering them up in sawdust, dry sand, charcoal dust, or other similar material. In this manner they are propagated very extensively, by obtaining cuttings when the shoots thus hastened have become one or two inches long.

**The Compass Flower.**

A little plant is found upon the prairies of Texas called the "compass flower," which, under all changes of weather, rain, frost or sunshine, invariably turns its leaves and flowers towards the North, thus affording an unerring guide to the traveller who, unaided by the needle, seeks to explore those vast plains alone.

**Roseos.**

Handsome stove plants, somewhat resembling the Indian shot. They should be grown in loam, peat and sand, and they are increased by dividing the roots.

**Watsonia.**

Railstone-nosed plants, very nearly allied to gladiolus, and which require exactly the same culture.

**Tea-Roses.**

The tea-rose is a general favorite, especially for pot-culture; their delightful fragrance secures them this consideration, while their partially expanded buds are deservedly attractive. We have no details to offer under the head of culture, only to repeat that they require a rich, loamy soil, prepared by selecting friable loam from an unbroken pasture, and allowed to remain in a heap for some time till it becomes friable; to this add equal parts of clear sand and leaf-mould with a little charcoal, if convenient, which latter serves to keep the soil porous—a very important consideration, the tea-rose being very susceptible of injury from the stagnation of water about its roots. For blooming in the greenhouse, re-pot a few select plants in October, into six-inch pots. Keep them shaded for a few days after watering them thoroughly, and then select a situation where they will have air and light when it can be admitted; see that the superfluous water doesn't remain round the pots, and supply it in a judicious manner, only when necessary. By pruning out very weak shoots, and shortening others, the form of the plant may be gradually corrected and preserved. For out-door culture nothing special is requisite but a good, rich, light border.

**Camelias.**

Persons who have purchased camelias from greenhouses need to be cautioned about bringing them into a warm room. They will dwindle, drop their leaves, fail to blossom, and perhaps die. They need the coolest, lightest place they can have, and will bear considerable frost if well syringed with cold water in the morning. Keep them in a cool, light place, and syringe or sprinkle them well and often. They will well repay the care. Greenhouse plants, in general, brought into parlors and living rooms will not thrive unless the air is supplied with moisture, and that abundantly, by water on the stove or in the furnace chamber, and they be well and frequently syringed or sprinkled.

**Clintonia Pulchella.**

Many lovers of this charming little flower complain that it is difficult to get the seeds to germinate. The following treatment, if the seeds are good, will be found effectual: Sow in shallow pans upon fine rich soil, and cover lightly with fine sifted sand; after about six days water them with a fine syringe till the water rises to the surface, which should be kept up to the mark, and the plants will be found to have made good progress. When about half an inch high, they can be taken out in small bunches, and transplanted into the flower-borders, beds, or pots, in either of which it will not fail to prove itself one of the most beautiful annuals in cultivation.

**Heaths.**

The kinds grown in greenhouses are all natives of the Cape of Good Hope, and they are very numerous. Heaths require good drainage and frequent waterings; and though water should never be allowed to stand in the saucers, the roots also should never be suffered to become dry, as when once withered, they can never be recovered. Heaths also require abundance of fresh air, and no plants are more injured by being kept in rooms. They should not be shifted oftener than once in three or four years.

**Earth Pea.**

An annual pea, which forms part of the flowers and pots under ground; and which, though not very beautiful, is often cultivated for its singularity. It is a hardy annual, and should be sown in April or May.

## Curious Matters.

### Curious Case.

A young man was lately tried before the Superior Court at Salem, for stealing a horse and buggy from a stable-keeper in Lynn. He confessed the crime, said he sold the team and took the money for it, but nevertheless he was acquitted by the jury! It appeared upon evidence, and the statement of his own counsel, that the alleged thief was such an outrageous liar, that there was no reliance to be placed upon his confession, even though it was against his own interest to make it. The man who was said to have bought the team was not forthcoming, and there being no corroborative evidence that the fellow told the truth, the judge ruled that the jury shouldn't believe him, though he confessed everything that was charged in the indictment; and he was accordingly discharged. This is the first instance that has come under our observation of a man escaping punishment, or reaping any similar advantage, solely from the fact that he was a notorious liar.

### Singular.

Workmen engaged in excavating a cistern in Marietta, Ohio, after passing down through six feet of sandy loam, and through three feet of conglomerate rock, so hard as to require blasting, found under the rock a cavity about a foot in depth, and in the earth below this cavity a human skeleton and the bones of animals. The bones were very old and crumbling. A part of the upper jaw of the skeleton contained the teeth, which were very much worn, belonging evidently to a person well advanced in years. The bones had probably been conveyed there by water, which at some time may have flowed through the cavity beneath the rock. The opening is about 600 feet from the present bank of the Muskingum River, and about 15 or 20 feet below the level of the plain.

### Remarkable Ignorance.

The Doual Journals relate an extraordinary case of ignorance in a village near that town. A physician called a few days ago to prescribe for the sick child of a peasant woman, and ordered a warm bath. "What is a bath?" said she. "Heat some water in your pot on the fire, and put the child into it!" A few minutes later a neighbor entered, and found that the woman had put the child into the pot with the water, and had placed the little creature on the fire, which she was diligently stirring up! Of course the neighbor rescued the child from the horrible fate with which it was threatened.

### Voluntary Starvation.

A singular instance of voluntary starvation occurred recently near Oskaloosa, Iowa. A lady laboring under a mental aberration for some time, finally about two months since came to the determination to starve herself to death. She refused every kind of nourishment, even water, and at last died, after living without liquids or solids of any kind for sixty-eight days. It is proved by ample authority that during that time, she never took two ounces of any nourishment whatever.

### Spontaneous Generation.

The problem of "spontaneous generation," or life without germ," has assumed a new phase. The Paris Académie des Sciences, which up to a recent period scouted the very idea, has now proposed a prize of 2500 francs for the best essay of an experimental character, calculated to elucidate this very important inquiry.

### A remarkable Staff.

The staff which was used by his lordship Bishop de Charbonnel at the consecration of the coadjutor bishop of Toronto, was composed of an old staff of the late lamented Bishop Macdonnell, and the crook that was used by the abbot of St. Fillan to bless the Scottish army at the battle of Bannockburn. It is of solid silver, with some relic enclosed behind a white stone, and the workmanship conclusively proves its antiquity. It is probable that such an interesting staff was never held on a similar occasion by any consecrator outside of the city of Rome. It was while kneeling before the abbot, holding this blessed staff in his hand, that the English monarch remarked that the Scots were suing for mercy. He found his mistake, however.

### Romantic.

A remarkable romance in real life has lately occurred in Louisa county, Iowa. A man named Crall has been reunited to his wife and family after a separation of forty-seven years. He was a soldier in the war of 1812, and his family then resided near Philadelphia. His wife heard that he was killed, and afterwards went West with some friends. After his discharge, he returned, and was told that his wife and children had moved away, and afterwards died. He has since been living in Jefferson county, New York, and only came to a knowledge of his wife's existence by her attempt to secure a land warrant on his account.

### How to pronounce "Ough."

The ending syllable "ough," which is such a terror to foreigners, is shown up in its several pronunciations in the following lines:

"Wife, make me some dumplings of dough,  
They're better than meat for my cough;  
Pray, let them be boiled till hot through,  
But not till they're heavy or tough.  
Now, I must be off to my plough,  
And the boys (when they've had enough)  
Must keep the flies off with a bough,  
While the old mare drinks at the trough."

### The Scotch Thistle.

When the Danes from England invaded Scotland, and were about to make a night attack upon the Scottish forces, marching barefooted to prevent their tramp from being heard, one of them trod upon a large prickly thistle, which caused him to utter a sharp cry of pain. The Scots were thus apprized of their danger, and immediately ran to their arms, and defeated the Danes with great slaughter. The thistle was thenceforward adopted as the national insignia of Scotland.

### A Chinese Custom.

In China the barbers, instead of performing their duties in shops, go about ringing bells to get customers. They carry with them a stool, towel, and a pot of fire. When called by any person they run to him, plant their stool in a convenient place, and go through the usual operations of the toilet, for which they charge a farthing.

### Novel Invention.

M. Camille Vert, a Parisian, has invented a flying machine in the shape of a fish, which, while in the air, he can guide in any direction. The emperor was present at the trial trip, which took place under the high ceiling of the Industrial Palace, and has authorized a public exhibition of the machine.

### A curious Calculation.

What a curious creature a man would be, says some newspaper writer, were his voice in proportion to his weight, as that of a locust, which can be heard the distance of one-sixteenth of a mile. The golden wren is said to weigh but half an ounce, so that a middling-sized man would weigh down not short of 4000 of them; and it must be strange if a golden wren would not outweigh four of our locusts. Supposing, therefore, a common man weighed as much as 16,000 locusts, and that the note of a locust can be heard the sixteenth of a mile, a man of common dimensions, pretty sound in wind and limbs, ought to be able to make himself heard the distance of one thousand miles.

### Queer Custom.

Among the many strange customs of the past, still preserved in England, is one which requires the sheriff of the city of London, or one of the under sheriffs, on any day between the Feast of St. Michael the Archangel and the Morrow of St. Martin, to perform before the Queen's Remembrancer the ceremony of chopping fagots with a bill-hook and adze, as suit and service for a piece of land called the Moor, in Shropshire; and the counting of six horse-shoes and sixty-one nails, as suit and service for a piece of land called the Forge, in the parish of St. Clement Danes. The service was performed last year on the 31st of October.

### Singular Death.

About six years ago a young man in Philadelphia, attempting to catch a rat, was bitten in the arm. The wound was painful immediately after the occurrence, and the arm became much swollen. Relief was obtained, and the injured limb seemed to be healed. At intervals, however, it would become inflamed, and a few weeks since the diseased part became worse, and the symptoms assumed a dangerous form. The sufferer lingered until recently, when he expired.

### Curious Practice.

Barrow, in his "Visit to Iceland," mentions a rather curious but effectual plan in practice among the Icelanders for tying their horses, which is believed to be peculiar to the island. They tie the head of one horse to the tail of another, and the head of this one to the tail of the former. Under these circumstances, if the animals are disposed to move, it will only be possible in a circle, and even then there must be an agreement to turn their heads the same way.

### Remarkable Fact.

Orange or lemon juice left upon a knife, or other piece of iron, will, in a few days, produce a stain so nearly resembling that caused by blood, as to deceive the most careful observer; and not many years ago, in Paris, a man was nearly convicted of murder, owing to a knife being found in his possession, stained with what was pronounced by several witnesses to be blood, but was afterwards discovered to be lime juice.

### A revengeful Puss.

A *Tralee* paper states that a cat, having been chastised by its owner for some misdemeanor, disappeared. Subsequently, puss stood in her master's path as he was going somewhere from home, and seized his hand, to which she held so firmly that her jaws had to be cut in order to release the hand from her grasp. The wound proved so virulent as to cause death.

### A hard-hearted Schoolmaster.

A German magazine recently announced the death of a schoolmaster in Suabia, who for fifty-one years has superintended a large institution, with old-fashioned severity. From an average, inferred by means of recorded observations, one of the ushers had calculated that, in the course of his exertions, he had given 911,500 canings, 121,000 floggings, 209,000 custodes, 136,000 tips with the ruler, 10,200 boxes on the ear, and 22,700 tasks by heart. It was further calculated that he had made 700 boys stand on peas, 6000 kneel on the sharp edge of wood, 5000 wear the fool's cap, and 1700 hold the rod. How vast (exclaims the journalist) the quantity of human misery inflicted by a single perverse teacher!

### A mathematical Genius.

The *St. Louis Bulletin* gives an account of a remarkable mathematical genius now in that city. He is twenty-six years of age and has attended school but two months in his life. He is a dull-looking young man, and cannot be taught anything, yet he can answer questions in arithmetic, geometry, and trigonometry, which would puzzle the brains of scholars to work out. What he knows seems to be of intuition.

### An odd Fashion.

A Paris letter-writer states that as an addition to the ball-room toilette, the distinguished perfumer and fabricant of gloves, Faguer, stitches the white kid gloves with blue, pink or violet silk, according to the color of the robe with which the gloves are to be worn. The glove, fastened with two buttons on the back of the wrist, is also a novelty in favor with the *haut-ton*.

### Singular Death.

A London female pickpocket stole five sovereigns from a lady in an omnibus. On being arrested, she managed to swallow two, the remainder being found on her person. Two days after she died in the hospital of the prison, and a *post-mortem* examination revealed the two pieces of money in her stomach, which were recovered and returned to the owner.

### New Discovery.

It is reported that a large bay, thirty miles wide by one hundred long, has been found on the western coast of Lower California, between latitude 26 degrees 40 minutes, and 28 degrees 4 minutes, the entrance being narrow and near 27 degrees. This bay has been a favorite resort of whales, and was discovered by a whaler which entered the bay and had a good time of it.

### Odd Fatality.

The *Salut Public* of Lyons, says: "A death caused by a very singular accident, occurred in the quarter of St. Just. Several children were making a great noise, in the passage of a house, when two men hurried out in great haste, from opposite directions, to ascertain the cause, and ran against each other with such violence that one of them fell dead on the spot."

### Remarkable Incident.

A marriage was lately celebrated at Wallingford, Connecticut, at the residence of the bridegroom's father, in presence of a great-great-grandmother, great-grandfather, and great-grandmother, grandfather and grandmother, father, mother, and children, in all forty-one of one family.

## The Housewife.

### To Wash Woolens.

Use soft water, and in order to make a lather, put half a pound of soap into a gallon of water (or as much more in proportion as is necessary), and boil it until the soap is dissolved; wash through two waters (unless one is found sufficient), as warm as can be borne, adding, as you go on, what quantity of the soap-water is needed; wring them out each time, then throw them into a rinsing-tub, and fill to covering with boiling water. Let them remain until cool enough to admit of handling, then proceed to rinse, and well wring them. Observe the rinsing water must be *hard water*. This method will do for any kinds of woolens; but for large and strong articles, such as blankets, carpets, etc., perhaps wringing would be better omitted, and in all cases, care should be taken to spread out the articles straight and smooth.

### Apple Island.

Stew apple enough to make a quart, strain it through a sieve, sweeten it with fine white sugar, and flavor it with lemon or rose. Beat the whites of six eggs to a hard froth, and stir into the apple slowly, but do not do this, till just before it is to be served. The apple should be stewed with as little water as possible. Put it into a glass dish. Serve a nice, boiled custard made of the yolks of the eggs to eat with it.

### Sauce for Rump-steak.

Take equal parts of ale, red wine and catsup, a piece of butter and a little pepper, with a teaspoonful of garlic vinegar; stir these over a hot fire in a small sauce-pan, and pour it very hot upon the steak. It will form a pleasant addition to the gravy of any roast meat, and can be made in a few minutes.

### Cough Syrup.

One ounce of elecampane, one ounce of comfrey, one ounce of horehound, and one ounce of wild cherry bark. Put these in one quart of water, and boil down to one pint. Add three cups of honey, one cup of sugar, and one table-spoonful of sweet oil. Take one table-spoonful every two hours.

### Rice Pudding.

One pint of cooked rice, one pint of milk, one teaspoonful of salt, and the yolk of four eggs. Bake till done; then add the whites of four eggs beaten to a froth, with four table-spoonfuls of sugar. Bake again five minutes. Serve with liquid sauce.

### Mint Sauce for Roast Lamb.

Pick the leaves off the stalks; wash and dry them carefully; chop them with a sharp knife very quickly, to preserve their green color; put it into a boat; add sufficient vinegar to make it liquid, and powdered sugar to take off the acidity of the vinegar.

### Toast without Butter.

Put in a pan a pint of milk; when it boils, have two table-spoonfuls of flour dissolved in a little cold milk, and pour in, and salt, let it scald, but not boil; and pour it over the bread.

### Lemon Drop Cake.

One pound of flour, half a pound of butter, half a pound of loaf sugar, the yolks of three eggs, the white of one egg, and the grated rind of one lemon. Baked in portions of the size of a large walnut.

### Pickle for Red Cabbage.

Take a fine large closely-grown cabbage, strip the outside leaves off, cut it across in rather thin pieces, and lay them on a dish, strewing salt usually all over them. Cover with a cloth, and let them remain so for twenty hours. Then drain the cabbage, and put it in a jar with allspice, whole pepper, and a little ginger sliced. Pour cold white wine vinegar over it, and the closely from the atmosphere.

### Orange Marmalade.

One pound of oranges, half a pound of lemons, three quarts of water. Boil slowly for two hours; cut all, taking out the seeds. To each pound of fruit take two pounds of loaf sugar and one pint of the water in which the fruit was boiled. While cutting the fruit into thin slices, pour the water upon the sugar, and then boil all together for half an hour.

### Indian Pudding.

Take one pint of milk, and one-quarter of a pound of Indian meal, and boil it smooth; then add one-quarter and half a quarter of a pound of butter, and half a pound of sugar. When cool, beat in the yolks of six eggs; beat the whites of the eggs to a froth, and add them last. Put in spice to your liking. Bake the mixture on shallow plates.

### Blacking for Stoves.

A good blacking for stoves may be made with half a pound of black lead finely powdered, mixed with the whites of three eggs, to make it stick; then dilute it with some beer till it becomes as thin as shoe blacking; after stirring, set it over the fire to simmer for twenty minutes. When cold, it is fit for use.

### Bride, or Pound Cake.

One pound of flour, three-quarters of a pound of butter, three-quarters of a pound of lump sugar, one pound and a half of currants, five eggs, a quarter of a pound of lemon-peel, two ounces of sweet almonds, a teaspoonful of yeast, and a glass of brandy.

### To make Ginger Muffins.

One dozen of eggs, two pounds of flour, two and a half pounds of butter, one pint of molasses, one teaspoonful of soda, a handful or two of brown sugar, and a table-spoonful of ginger; beat all well together, and bake them.

### Scarlet on Woolen.

For two pounds of goods take two ounces of cochineal and two ounces of cream of tartar. Boil the dye fifteen minutes, then dip in the goods, and air until the color suits. Color in brass or copper.

### A simple Sponge Cake.

Take twelve eggs, two cups of powdered loaf-sugar, the grated rind of a lemon, and half its juice; beat to a stiff froth; then add two cups of sifted flour, and bake in a quick oven twenty minutes.

### Pound Cake.

One pound of flour, one pound of sugar, one pound of butter, and eight eggs; beat it well, and bake three-quarters of an hour.

### To prevent Mould in Books.

A few drops of oil of lavender will save a library from mould. Sprinkle it about

**Scalds and Burns.**

Plunge the part in cold water as soon as possible, and keep it there until you can get some dry flour in a dressing-box, pepper-box, or a bag made of millinet or open cloth, with which you can coat the burn evenly with flour as soon as it is taken from the water. Keep shaking on the flour as long as it will stick, and lightly wrap it up to keep it there, and do nothing else. Eat nothing, drink nothing but water until free from pain, and then live upon very light diet until the sore is healed.

**Muffins.**

Flour, one quart; warm milk and water, one pint and a half; yeast, a quarter of a pint; salt, two ounces; mix for fifteen minutes. Then further add flour, a quarter of a peck; make a dough, let it rise one hour, roll it up, pull it into pieces, make them into balls, put them in a warm place, and when the whole dough is made into balls, shape them into muffins, and bake them on tins. Turn them when half done, dip them in warm milk, and bake to a pale brown.

**Smelts, potted.**

Put them with a skewer under the gills, leave in the roe, dry them well with a cloth, season them well with salt, mace and pepper, and lay them in a pot, with half a pound of melted butter over them; tie them down, and bake them in a slow oven three-quarters of an hour. When almost cold take them out of the liquor, put them into oval pots, cover them with clarified butter, and keep them for use.

**Baked Plum Pudding.**

Take one loaf of baker's bread, broken up (except the crust), and pour over it three pints of warm milk, and let it stand for an hour. While warm put in a piece of butter as large as an egg, half a pound of raisins, six eggs, and half a pound of currants, adding citron, nutmeg, brandy, and anything else you please. Bake it three hours, and eat it with wine sauce.

**To soften old Putty.**

In removing old broken panes from a window, it is generally very difficult to get off the hard, dry putty that sticks round the glass and its frame. Dip a small brush in a little nitric or muriatic acid (to be obtained at the druggists), and go over the putty with it. Let it rest a while, and it will soon become so soft that you can remove it with ease.

**Potato Pudding.**

Boil one quart of potatoes quite soft, and then rub them smooth through a hair sieve. Have ready half a pound of melted butter and six eggs, beat light; mix the butter with half a pound of sugar; stir in the eggs, adding half a pound of currants; put the mixture into a thick cloth and boil it half an hour. To be eaten with wine sauce.

**Salmon, rolled.**

Take a side of salmon, remove the bone, clean it nicely, and throw over the inside pepper, salt, nutmeg and sauce, with a few chopped oysters, parsley and crumbs of bread. Roll it up tight, put it into a deep pot, and bake it in a quick oven. Make a common fish sauce and pour over it.

**Liniment for Sprains, &c.**

One pint of spirits of alcohol, one drachm of camphor, two drachms of opium, and two drachms of spirits of turpentine.

**Oyster Patties or Pies.**

As you open the oysters separate them from the liquor, which strain; parboil them after taking off the beards; parboil sweetbread, cut them in slices, lay them and the oysters in layers, season lightly with salt, pepper and mace; then put half a teacupful of liquor and the same of gravy; bake in a slow oven. Before serving put a teacupful of cream, a little more oyster liquor, and a cupful of white gravy, all warm, but not boiled. If for patties, the oysters should be cut in small dice, gently stewed and seasoned as above, and put in the paste when ready for the table.

**Pink Dye for Silk.**

Safflower previously washed in water until it ceases to give out any color, and dried, eight ounces; subcarbonate of soda, two ounces; water, two gallons. Infuse, strain, add French chalk four pounds, scraped fine with Dutch rushes, and precipitate the color upon it with nitric or tartaric acid.—*Light blue Dye for Silk*.—Make a ferment of six parts of bian, six parts of indigo, six of potash, and one of madder. To dye silk of a dark blue, it must previously receive what is called a ground color—a red dye stuff, called cochal, is used for this purpose.

**Penrith Pudding.**

Cover the bottom of a dish with a layer of grated bread; then add a layer of apples sliced fine; sprinkle plentifully over it some sugar, with some spices, cinnamon and nutmeg, and small lumps of butter; then add a layer of grated bread; another of apples, spices, sugar, &c., and so on until the dish is full. Bake it, and serve it with sauce, or butter and sugar mixed together.

**Smelts, fried.**

Put them with a skewer under the gills, leave in the roe, dry them with a cloth; beat an egg and rub it over the fish with a feather; strew bread crumbs over them, and fry them in some boiling hot lard. Shake the fish occasionally, and fry them a nice brown.

**Lemon Pudding.**

Beat together three-quarters of a pound of sugar, one half a pound of butter, five eggs (beaten to a froth), two large spoonfuls of grated bread, the juice of one large lemon, and half the rind grated. Bake in plates, with paste below.

**Cinnamon Biscuits.**

Half a pound of dry flour, one pound of lump sugar finely sifted, one pound of butter, sixpennyworth of powdered cinnamon. The whole to be mixed with a glass of brandy or rum, then rolled very thin, and baked in a quick oven.

**Baked Bread Pudding.**

Broken pieces of bread are good soaked in milk until soft, then add two eggs to a quart, a little salt, butter, lemon-peel, nutmeg, or cinnamon, and sugar. Bake an hour. This is wholesome, and best for common use.

**Involuntary Blushing.**

This arises from diffidence and natural bashfulness, and can only be corrected by mingling much in society, and exerting all the moral energies to conquer it.

**To stop Mouse-Holes.**

Stop mouse-holes with plugs of common hard soap, and you will do it effectually. Rats, cockroaches and ants will not disregard it.

## Editor's Table.

MATURIN M. BALLOU, EDITOR AND PROPRIETOR.

### A STRONG MAN.

We have, from time to time, mentioned the lectures of Dr. Winship, of this city, on the physical culture of the human body. He recently again lectured in the Mercantile Hall, when he lifted before the audience *two hundred and thirty-two pounds*, dead weight, with his hands alone, suspended himself by his little finger, and shouldered a barrel of flour, taking it from the floor! He declared that the only true success in life, was success in living. In regard to his own practice, the lecturer said he was now gaining strength as fast as at any time for four or five years past. He commenced five years ago exercising an hour and a half each day; three years ago, he exercised an hour each day; now he averages no more than forty minutes each day, and he never takes any violent gymnastic exercise when he is weary, or when, to use his own words, he does not feel like taking it. He said that before the new year he would hold out at arm's length the weight of a barrel of flour. He has nearly reached that wonderful point already. The doctor is a young man, we should say about twenty-three or four years of age, some five feet six inches in height, and has brought himself to this degree of extraordinary strength by an easy but systematic course of exercise. His lecture is a well written and philosophical discourse, and has been delivered in many of the towns and cities of New England. We doubt if there be another man living, who can lift as much as Dr. Winship can do.

**WELL TO REMEMBER.**—Any persons residing in New England, having sheet music, magazines, newspapers, or serial works of any kind, which they desire to have neatly bound, have only to address them to this office, enclosing directions, and hand the package to the express. The works will be bound in the neatest manner, and at the lowest rates, and returned in *one week*. Godcy's Magazine, Harper's New Monthly, Harper's Weekly, Peterson's Magazine, Atlantic Monthly, London Illustrated News, Punch—in short, all and every serial work is bound as above.

**STUPENDOUS.**—There are stone bridges in China three or four miles in length.

### THE NEWSPAPER.

Those persons having charge of families, who do not see them supplied with at least one good miscellaneous weekly paper, leave a very important duty unfulfilled. Such a medium of instruction has many advantages over books; first, because no books of equal capacity in quantity, can be afforded so cheaply as a newspaper, and secondly, none are so interesting, because the newspaper consists of a variety measured out in proper quantities, as to time and quality. Being new every week, it invites to a habit of reading, and affords an easy and agreeable mode of acquiring knowledge, so essential to every one. It causes many hours to pass away pleasantly and profitably, which would otherwise have been spent in idleness and mischief. The first taste for reading that is elicited from children is manifested in the miscellaneous paper, in which they earliest learn to feel an interest, and to read with attention. Some writer has said he could at once decide whether a family were in the habit of reading a good paper or not, by a very few minutes' conversation upon general subjects with its younger members. There is a moral in all this, that it is well to rightly understand.

**AMUSEING JEST.**—The Sacramento (Cal.) Standard says that a restaurant keeper in that city, after waiting in vain the other morning for the arrival of his customers to breakfast, found that a mad wag, or a secret enemy, had slyly substituted a pair of young kittens for a brace of rabbits, which had been hung on a hook at the door. The mystery was solved.

**ABDICATION OF A KING.**—Kamehameha, King of the Sandwich Islands, has abdicated in favor of his son. This step is attributed to the dissatisfaction of the people with his conduct in shooting his secretary, while under the influence of intoxication and jealousy.

Noble occupation, farming! Mother Eve married a gardener.—*New York paper*.

But her husband lost his place by it!

**TRUE.**—Some one beautifully says: "The eyes see clearer, that have looked through tears."

## LADIES' DRESSES IN TURKEY.

The Journal de Constantinople publishes the text of an imperial edict, regulating the costumes of the ladies in Turkey, in conformity with Mussulman tradition. We give the principal points of the document as a matter of curiosity in the present day. All women must take the greatest care to refrain from everything contrary to good conduct, and must watch most attentively over the honor of their family. The laws and customs of other nations have regulated all that is connected with the observance of morality. According to the Mohammedan law, the first obligation for women consists in the use of the veil; consequently, for a Turkish woman to depart from the observance of that custom is a breach of not only a social duty but of a precept of faith. Nevertheless, for some time past a certain number of women, contrary to the laws of propriety, make use of very thin veils, and dresses made of materials that have never before been used for such purposes, and walk about with their features and persons too much seen. They moreover affect indelicate manners, and in the public promenades mix with men. Henceforth all women, whoever they may be, on leaving their houses must wear thick veils which completely cover their features, and be clad in dresses of cloth or other suitable material, without embroidery, trimmings, or external ornaments of any kind. They must not show themselves out of doors simply in stockings and slippers, but must wear half-boots in yellow morocco leather, or some other suitable and decent covering for the feet. When they go out to make purchases they are strictly prohibited from entering shops, but must stop on the outside to be served, and must not remain longer than is absolutely necessary. When they are on the public promenades they must confine themselves to the part reserved for females. Any woman who shall be guilty of acts against the law will be severely punished. No family shall keep equipages beyond their means, and the drivers must be most carefully selected. The men must also conform to the laws of propriety, particularly in the streets, or they will subject themselves to severe punishment.

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**MARVELLOUS.**—The very last curiosity spoken of in the papers, is a wheel that came off a dog's tail when it was a waggin'. The man who discovered it has retired from public life.

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**PUNISHED.**—A female Fagin has been unearthed by the sharp policemen of Gotham. She clothed, fed and lodged a number of young lads and employed them to steal.

## A PUBLIC SPEAKER.

A cold, wintry morning, but there is a large and patient audience nearly filling the spacious Music Hall, just across the street from our office. After a hymn sung by the choir, there steps into the desk upon the platform, a tall, slim individual, with small head and rather sharp features, his hair parted, school-boy like, upon the side, and lying very close to his forehead and face. His first movement after placing his manuscript open before him, is an uneasy and awkward motion of the body and arms, accompanied by a peculiar "purging up" of the mouth. Settling his head a little on one side, he thrusts one hand in his pocket and commences to read. As he proceeds, his whole person seems to be very much in the way, and quite restive, the lower limbs doing an extraordinary amount of duty in their brave efforts to support the physical structure. Notwithstanding the discourse is evidently written, word for word, yet at times his hesitancy and pauses become almost painfully trying, the words coming forth as though drawn out by the utmost effort of physical strength, from some party who has got hold of the other end of them, the speaker dwelling often upon the prepositions and conjunctions. Then again the words flow forth with great velocity, as though the "slack" had been let go entirely by the aforesaid party at the opposite end. Emphasis and punctuation are entirely disregarded, totally ignored—the speaker appears to have no more power of rightfully using inflection than a steam-engine—true, there is an ample supply of the ingredient on hand, but it is tumbled out and dumped upon the audience like loads of coal upon a sidewalk, without the most distant regard to appropriateness or common sense. So much for manner, now for matter. What opulence of thought, what subtilty of analysis, what varied and brilliant stores of knowledge are lavished in this awkward manner, what delicate pictures from nature; how the halls of philosophy and science are thrown wide open to the listener, how soon you forget the man and his manner, to luxuriate in the tropical richness of his matter! What profundity of wit, yet how playful; what immensity of intellectual resource! This portraiture will be easily recognized in this vicinity.

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**TRY IT.**—The homœopathic remedy for hydrophobia is to swallow a dog smaller than the one which occasioned the malady.

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**CONTRIBUTORS.**—We would call the reader's attention to the names we are constantly adding to our regular list of contributors.



## ANECDOTE OF JOHN JACOB ASTOR.

The following amusing anecdote is told of him in the double character of a patron of literature and parsimonious money-holder, which appears to be exceedingly characteristic. Among the subscribers to Audubon's magnificent work on ornithology, the subscription price of which was \$1000 a copy, appeared the name of John Jacob Astor. During the progress of the work, the prosecution of which was extremely expensive, M. Audubon, of course, called upon several of his subscribers for payments. It so happened that Mr. Astor (probably that he might not be troubled about small matters) was not applied to before the delivery of all the letter-press and plates. Then, however, Audubon asked for his thousand dollars; but he was put off with one excuse or another. "Ah, M. Audubon," would the owner of millions observe, "you come at a bad time; money is very scarce; I have nothing in bank; I have invested all my funds." At length, for the sixth time, Audubon called upon Astor for his thousand dollars. As he was ushered into the presence, he found William B. Astor, the son, conversing with his father. No sooner did the rich man see the man of art, than he began: "Ah, M. Audubon, so you have come again after your money. Hard times, M. Audubon—money scarce." But just then catching an inquiring look from his son, he changed his tone: "However, M. Audubon, I suppose we must contrive to let you have some of your money, if possible. William," he added, calling to his son, who had walked into an adjoining parlor, "have we any money at all in the bank?" "Yes, father," replied the son, supposing that he was asked an earnest question pertinent to what they had been talking about when the ornithologist came in, "we have two hundred and twenty thousand dollars in the Bank of New York, seventy thousand in the City Bank, ninety thousand in the Merchants', ninety-eight thousand four hundred in the Mechanics', eighty-three thousand—" "That'll do, that'll do," exclaimed John Jacob, interrupting him. "It seems that William can give you a check for your money."

**REMARKABLE.**—It is claimed that a mass of the best Cannel coal, of the size of a whale, contains more oil than a whale.

**IMMENSE SUM.**—The foreign shipments of specie from New York for eleven months amount to nearly sixty-eight million dollars.

**WOOD.**—Wood sells to families, in San Francisco, California, for ten dollars per cord.

## THE FRENCH EMPEROR.

Louis Napoleon is said to be very completely under the control of his wife, especially since his return from the Italian war. The behaviour of the empress at the Council of Ministers is worth observing. The most abstruse and driest questions are listened to by her majesty with the greatest apparent attention. She always comes armed with pencil and with paper, and takes down notes with the prettiest pedantry in the world. It is true that the fair and snowy hands, as if rebellious against the thankless office, are continually occupied in sliding to and fro the rings upon her fingers, and in turning and twisting the bracelets on her wrists, whose pretty little Chinese jingle formed so funny an accompaniment to the reading of the report upon the Peiho expedition the other day, that the grave *seigneurs* all laughed aloud, and the emperor joined good-humoredly in the merriment, and, seizing her majesty's hand, kissed it rapturously, making the funny little bells, with which the bracelet was hung all around, ring out a more joyous peal than ever. All is not prose and dry discourse at the cabinet councils; the presence of woman enlivens even these pedantic meetings. As to the emperor himself, the fatigue and anxiety of the late campaign, the disappointment in not having struck a *grand coup*, and the vexation experienced at not having assumed a higher position than before, have advanced that terrible disease to which all sovereigns are subject in their latter years—that green and yellow melancholy, that mysterious form of spleen which doctors cannot heal and which physic cannot cure, but which seems as inseparable from the kingly trade as colic from the painter's craft, or ophthalmia and consumption from that of the cutler and the glass-blower.

**LIBERALITY.**—Rev. James Peeler, of Tallahassee, Florida, has sold the patent right of a plow of his own invention for \$250,000, and has given away for church purposes, \$200,000 of it.

**ANCESTRAL PRIDE.**—In Australia, the pride of ancestry, it appears, is in having had a convict for a father—the "stock" being considered "more pluck-y!"

**AN IDEA.**—Seeing a cellar nearly finished, a waggish friend of ours remarked that it was an excellent foundation for a story.

**SIGNIFICANT.**—Leigh Hunt says, shrewdly, that travel is the conversion of money into mind.

**FIREPROOF PAPER.**—Dip paper into strong alum water, and it will resist the action of fire.

**ANCIENT AND MODERN MECHANICS.**

Many persons assert that the grandeur of the monuments of the ancients, and the great size of the stones they employed for building purposes, prove that they understood mechanics better than the moderns. The least knowledge of mechanics, however, shows this view to be erroneous. The moderns possess powers which were unknown to the ancients, such as the screw and the hydraulic press, the power of the latter being limited only by the strength of the machinery. The works of the ancients show that they expended a vast deal of power and labor to gratify the pride and ambition of monarchs, but the moderns can do all these more easily and in less time, whenever they deem it necessary. There was nothing in ancient times comparable to that daring, ingenious and stupendous monument of engineering skill, the Britannia Tubular Bridge across the Menai Straits, projected, designed and built by Robert Stephenson, the famous English engineer, who had previously built a similar but smaller structure—the Conway Tubular Bridge.

Had the Britannia bridge existed in ancient times it would have been regarded as the first of the seven wonders of the world. Greater and more expensive structures have been raised, but none displaying more science, skill, and ingenuity, and none requiring such tremendous mechanical power to execute. The Britannia Tubular Bridge was built to conduct the Chester and Holyhead railway across the Menai Straits, to the island of Anglesea in the Irish sea. The two tubes to accommodate a double track, rest upon two abutments and three piers. Each tube is 2513 feet long. The tubes are nearly square at the terminus. They are from 30 to 40 feet high, and 14 feet 8 inches wide, and are of iron, each tube containing 5000 tons of wrought iron, and about 1000 tons of cast iron. The tubes were constructed each in four sections; the sections extending from the abutments to their corresponding pier, each 250 feet long, were built *in situ*, on immense scaffolding, made for the purpose, of heavy timbers, even with the railway; but the middle sections, each 470 feet long, were built on piers on the Caernarvonshire shore, then floated into the stream and elevated to their position. Each of these sections weighed 1800 tons.

**A THRIVING CITY.**—The statistics of buildings erected in St. Louis for ten months previous to November 1, show an aggregate expenditure of \$7,173,000.

**OVERDONE.**—Ship-building at the present time.

**VICTORIA BRIDGE AT MONTREAL.**

The length proper of this bridge is about two miles, and it consists of two abutments, each 250 feet long, and 24 piers 90 feet in length and 16 broad, reduced to 33 feet at top, and the shape of a wedge at the upper end (to divide the ice in winter), and all built of solid blocks of limestone, which together, makes 3,000,000 feet of solid masonry; then resting upon this foundation are 24 iron tubes, each 242 feet span, and the centre one 380 feet, under which steamers will pass on their trips down the St. Lawrence; the tubes are 60 feet above the summer water level; entire length of tube 6600 feet; each of the 24 weighs 323 tons, and the centre one, being double, weighs 840 tons. Total weight of iron work 8000 tons. The size of tube is 22 feet high by 16 broad. The greatest expansion and contraction of each tube caused by the variation of the temperature from 40 below zero to 125 above, does not exceed 3 1-2 inches, which space is left between, each one being placed upon rollers so that the effects of this variation is not at all dangerous or sudden. The only wood used in the whole structure is the string pieces that the rails are laid upon, and a narrow sidewalk that is now being laid at the side of one of the rails for the employees to pass with more ease and rapidity upon. The cross pieces are of 1-4 inch iron laid seven feet apart. The cost of the entire work will be about \$6,500,000.

**COURSE OF TRADE.**—Not many years ago our English cousins used to find the mode of dress of American gentlemen very ridiculous. Now they admire it so much that they have sent to one clothing firm in New York city the sum of £1980 sterling for ready-made clothing since the first of August, and nearly half of this amount has been shipped to London.

**ALL TO NO PURPOSE.**—There was consumed in Scotland during the last four years, 22,270,369 gallons of liquor, valued at \$56,000,000; and in England, during the same period, 63,007,655 gallons, valued at \$157,719,000. Pretty good drinkers, those people.

**HE HAD BETTER.**—Says a daily, "Church, the artist, is now engaged on a view of a volcano in South America." Church had better keep away from the "crater."

**IMMENSE UNDERTAKING.**—London is at length to be thoroughly drained. The drainage works will be colossal and enduring. They will take five years to execute, and cost four millions sterling.

### ON A TRIP TO WASHINGTON.

A visit to the seat of government, during the session of Congress, is a trip that amply repays the fatigue and expense of a journey of hundreds of miles. Certainly no American should ever think of going abroad, until he has spent at least a few days at the capital. It is only at Washington, that you can see gathered representatives of all parts of the country. We do not mean simply political representatives, but business and professional men; ay, and women, too—from east, west, north and south. And you can scarcely ever pass many days at Washington without seeing some delegates from the wild tribes of aborigines, the descendants of the native lords of the soil. In the *personel* of the foreign embassies, too, you meet with striking representatives of the old world, so that you move, for the time being, in a singularly interesting cosmopolitan centre. The Washington season is a very gay one, and it is by no means difficult to gain access to the best circles. Washington hospitality and affability are proverbial. At the White House receptions, you see that the republican character of our government is not theoretical, but practical; the humblest man in the land approaches its highest officer on the same level.

But the debates in the Senate, House, the receptions, the balls, dinners and parties, will engross but a portion of the visitor's time. If he is systematic and industrious, even during a brief stay, he will find an opportunity to visit the architectural lions of the Federal City. The Capitol is, say what you will, a noble building, and would be an honor to any city in the world. With the additions, it will cover an area of nearly four acres. Many of the new apartments in this vast structure are truly magnificent; yet who counts the cost, when it is the property of a great and wealthy nation?

The Post-Office is another elegant building, with its gleaming façade of white marble, its rich Corinthian ornaments, and its vast extent. The National Gallery, in the Patent Office, is one of the finest halls in this country. It is 264 feet long, 64 wide, and 30 high. A quadruple range of Doric columns, 20 feet in height, supporting arched ceilings rising 10 feet high, and a noble cylindrical arch, with an aperture admitting vertical light, are striking features of this magnificent apartment.

Almost the first question the stranger is asked in Washington is—"Have you seen the Smithsonian Institute?" As soon as possible, you must be in a position to answer in the affirmative. The building is very striking, in the Romanesque style of architecture. The towers that

flank its principal entrance, produce a fine effect. The library is calculated to contain 80,000 volumes; but there are other rooms for the reception of books, when this number has been reached. The White House of course every one visits, including some who expect to be its occupants for a period of four years. The Treasury building is another striking public edifice, and one of the most beautiful in the city. But we might fill pages, were we to attempt to act as guide to the lions of Washington.

Of course no one who goes thither, will turn his face homeward without performing a pilgrimage to the American Mecca—the home and the burial-place of Washington, now associated with the most brilliant triumphs of American oratory, and the most striking exhibition of female patriotism. No American can tread without emotion the pathways trodden by his feet who was "first in war, first in peace, first in the hearts of his countrymen." No American can look upon the grave which holds his ashes without recalling the words of his "Farewell Address," its touching appeals, its solemn warnings, without registering a vow to be true to the principles enunciated by the noblest of patriots.

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"THE WELCOME GUEST."—This brilliant new weekly paper, the first number of which we issued at the commencement of the new year, has sprung at once into an immense circulation. The American public was ready to receive a *first-class* and really valuable journal with favor, hence the demand far exceeded our expectations. This mammoth journal combines all the extensive facilities of our large establishment, in the mental and mechanical departments, and is pronounced to be the best literary weekly yet brought before the public eye in this country. We send it in connection with *Ballen's Dollar Magazine* for \$2 50 a year. Those who are already subscribers to the Magazine can receive *The Welcome Guest* for a year by enclosing us \$1 50, and mentioning the fact that they are on our Magazine subscription list.

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STEAM FROM HUMANITY.—The heat produced in the body of a healthy man in the course of twenty-four hours, if it could be applied would be sufficient to raise about 7000 tons to the height of one foot.

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TEXAS.—Sheep-raising is getting to be a favorite pursuit with the country gentlemen of Texas. It pays them well.

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JUST REMEMBER.—Modesty is the only sure bait if you angle for praise.

**GLOUCESTER FISHING FLEET.**

Gloucester, Massachusetts, is the fishing town *par excellence* of our State, and one of the oldest settlements in New England. It has gradually, but very steadily increased its trade year after year, until now it is taking giant strides annually in a commercial point of view. The harbor at the present season of the year exhibits a forest of masts, there being over three hundred and fifty vessels hauled up for winter, repairing and refitting again for the fishing grounds. After breasting the storms of George's Banks and the gales of the St. Lawrence for the past ten months, they are now at rest for a little while. Their crews of 4000 men are scattered along the shore from Cape Sable to Cape Cod, and the earnings of this great Gloucester fleet are rendering comfortable for the winter many a New England household. These vessels scarcely lay idle at all. They are no sooner hauled up than they are refitted again. The sail-maker, rigger, ship-carpenter and painter are employed in getting them ready for another cruise. Even now, the first arrival from Newfoundland with fresh herring for bait, will start at least twenty vessels for George's Banks. Gloucester seems destined to control the entire Massachusetts fisheries in time, as the coming year some forty or fifty new schooners will be added to its already enormous fleet. Thirty years ago, 1830, it only had some 30 schooners and as many boats, and less than 600 men were employed by all the vessels from the harbor. In 1860 it will have a fleet of nearly 400 large schooners and 4000 men. An increase of fifty schooners in the trade of a single seaport town is a pretty significant item. In the meantime the population are not idle on shore, houses are being built, new branches of trade and industry established, the railroad which connects with Boston is being extended some ten miles further along the coast, and by-and-by Gloucester will become a city.

**HEAR THIS, GIRLS.**—There are in Iowa, 39,000 more males than females, and it is one of the best States in the Union, and we should think it a prominent point to enter the Union from the state of celibacy.

**"THE WELCOME GUEST."**—This new Boston weekly paper contains more reading matter than any other journal in America! Four cents per copy, everywhere.

**SORRY FOR IT.**—By Minister Reed's recently ratified treaty with the Chinese government, the opium trade is again legalized.

**LAMARTINE.**

The French poet does not seem to get out of his pecuniary difficulties. A European journal before us, shows that he has just held a meeting with his creditors. He has been trying in vain to sell his extensive establishment and estate. After begging all over Europe and America for money to pay his debts, he has given that up as a bad job, the enterprise having only produced 160,000 francs all together (small business). With this comparatively insignificant sum he has to pay more than 2,500,000 francs of debts. M. de Lamartine was obliged to ask for time. He called all his creditors (more than 400) together at the Chateau of Montceau, and proposed to give up to them his estates, the value of which exceeded his liabilities. He also stated, that notwithstanding the insufficiency of the national subscription, he had paid to his creditors, in eighteen months, out of the produce of his literary labors, a sum of 1,200,000 francs, and engaged to pay, in January and February a further sum of 300,000 francs; so that his debts would be reduced to 1,000,000 francs. He, therefore, solicited the indulgence of dividing his payments into three or four instalments, hoping, he said, by labor and economy, to pay every one in full. However inconvenient it might be for several among the creditors to have their debts settled in these small payments, yet not one of them opposed the proposition. It is puzzling to understand how a man with ordinary common sense could have got into such pecuniary trouble, and still more extraordinary to suppose that he could by sending out solicitors beg sufficient money to pay his debts. It is not the way to do on this side of the Atlantic.

**THINK OF IT.**—There has been considerable commotion of late, and the public are justly anxious at the prevalence of the small pox, but yet there are not one quarter the number of deaths per week in New England by this disease, that regularly occur from consumption! That vaccination is an almost certain safeguard to the former evil, is no less certain than that *Wistar's Balsam of Wild Cherry* will prevent, and even cure the latter. It should be kept for use in every family circle.

**A NOVELTY.**—A machine has been invented which will pick the feathers from forty-five geese in an hour. What sort of a machine is it? Anything like a faro bank?

**"CHICKEN DISPUTES."**—These feathered battles are very popular in certain circles at Hartford, Connecticut.

## Foreign Miscellany.

The Amsterdam Crystal Palace is to be completed and opened in 1861.

A recent decree in Tuscany totally abolishes the stamp on newspapers.

The city of Paris receives, on an average, nearly \$300,000 from the tax on funerals; it is given to the churches.

At St. Petersburg a subscription has been opened to found at the university there a free scholarship which shall bear the name of Schiller.

Messrs. Rothschild, it is rumored, have purchased the St. Petersburg and Moscow Railway from the Russian government.

The French government has ordered all the costumes, scenes, curtains, etc., of the Paris Grand Opera to be rendered incombustible by Carteron's preparation.

Two steamers, to be used as tugs on the Ganges, have lately been built at Liverpool. They will draw flat boats containing heavy freights.

It is said in a recent number of the Edinburgh Review that more than one half of the adult population of England and Wales cannot write their names.

It is suspected that the bones of the brave men who fell in the Crimea are exported for manure, Britain taking the most of them. "The paths of glory lead but to" guano.

The Governor-General of Siberia has been paying a visit to the Japanese capital, having a fleet of twelve vessels. A visit of that kind always carries its own welcome with it.

A church is about to be erected by the Russian government near Inkerman, the funds for which are supplied by the sale of the cannon balls which have been picked up at Inkerman and Sebastopol.

The medical practitioners announce, that a rather strongly developed small pox is raging epidemically at Paris. It does not attack children alone, but older people, who have too long omitted to have themselves re-vaccinated.

Orders have reached Woolwich for increasing the royal artillery from the present strength of 14 to 16 brigades. It is besides intended to mount two extra batteries, to be horsed and manned with eighteen-pounder siege guns.

The oddest theft we have read of lately occurred recently in Louisville, Kentucky. A man bored a hole in a street gas main, and inserting a service pipe, lit his house for an indefinite length of time without expense.

A female head, in bronze, was lately found in a field at Villette, near Vienna. It is supposed to have belonged to a statue of the Empress Faustina, wife of the Emperor Marcus Aurelius, from that name being engraved beneath a diadem.

All the graveyards in the Crimea, says a letter-writer, are in perfectly good order, with stone walls and ditches round them, and, as there is scarcely a soul here, they are likely to remain as they are. All the inscriptions are quite clear, and they look as peaceful and quiet as though in an English churchyard.

The Crown Prince of Denmark has become insolvent. What will the creditors do?

A holy war has been proclaimed in Morocco which will bring thousands of Moors to the seaport towns to defend their country.

The American ladies in Paris are aiding the funds for a chapel there by holding a fair in the Marquis of Hertford's house, on the Boulevard.

The best informed parties in England are of the opinion that the Great Eastern steamship will never cross the Atlantic.

The fighting between the Spaniards and the Moroccins grows in fierceness. The latter show much spirit, and take the part of assailants, generally.

Austria is in a bad way. The Protestants threaten to rebel if she should not establish religious equality; and the Catholics threaten to rebel if she should establish it.

Mr. James White, of Wickham Market, has completed and has now in constant operation a self-winding clock, which determines the time with accuracy.

Oranges raised in Mobile from Genoa seed are becoming quite an article of traffic. They are said to be larger and sweeter than the Cuba orange, and fruit-growers in Alabama are turning attention to their cultivation.

They say in Paris every house on the island, which contains the Palais de Justice, Gaols, and Notre Dame, which is not used as a government or municipal office, will be torn down, and immense barracks erected in their places.

Schamyl has requested permission from the Russian government to make a pilgrimage to Mecca. He is said to have also expressed a wish to have, like Abd-el-Kader, a fixed residence assigned him in some part of Turkey to pass the remainder of his days.

A series of fresh experiments were lately carried out on board the *Fisgard*, at Woolwich, for the purpose of testing the ocean telegraph signals invented by Mr. Ward, an American. The experiments were considered to be in every respect successful.

Mrs. Martineau denounces crinoline, and says that the petticoats of the present day only serve as a mask of the human form—a perversion of human proportions. A woman on a sofa looks like a child popping up from a haycock. A girl in a dance looks like a Dutch tumbler that was a favorite in my infancy.

It is reported from Paris that two officers of the Toulon dockyard have invented a liquid which is said to increase the combustible power of coal seventy-five per cent., so that one ton of Newcastle coal will become equal, with the liquid, to four tons, and that French coal will last twice as long as it now does.

The ladies of Vienna, says a journal devoted to court news and scandal, have just determined upon the abandonment of the use of gloves, which are no longer to be worn in private parties and at the opera only on the first entrance into the box. The adoption of rings of real value, attached by a gold chain to the armlet, has given the idea of this change in fashion.

## Record of the Times.

The taxable property of the State of Ohio is \$900,000,000.

Kentucky is a wealthy State—the valuation of 1858 being \$466,113,671.

The city of New York is in the same latitude as Naples, in the south of Italy.

The clear profits of the New York Herald are stated to be at least \$50,000 a year.

Nearly 40,000 workmen are at present employed on the railways in Russia.

The daughter of a Philadelphia physician has gone into a nunnery, and given her property to it.

Re-vaccination should be practised by all persons on whom it has not been tried.

At Pittsburgh, recently, a cannon of 35 tons was cast for the United States government.

The Alabama legislature has passed a law imposing a fine of \$500 on all spirit mediums who give public sittings.

There are in the United States 55 different religious orders belonging to the Catholic church—24 of men and 31 of women.

Leigh Hunt's son Thornton is preparing a complete edition of his father's works for publication in London.

The Ex-King of Oude is said to have accepted a pension of £120,000, and relinquished all claims on Oude.

The largest nugget of amalgamated gold ever produced has recently been discovered in Australia. Its weight is 1040 ounces.

During the past year 187 applications for divorce were filed in the Philadelphia common pleas court, and 76 couples were disunited.

The number of voters and smokers in Hartford, Connecticut, are estimated to be about equal, something over 4000.

In New Zealand, the cultivation of hops is making considerable progress, 15,000 bushels having been gathered from the gardens of one firm alone.

In the Museum at Dresden is a tube many feet long, formed by lightning falling on a bed of sand, which has been partially melted by the electric fluid.

A blind beggar was arrested lately in Antwerp who was ascertained to be possessed of three houses in that city, and a lot on which he was about to build four more.

The exports of hay from the Kennebec River alone, this season, amounts to at least 7100 tons, at an average to the farmers of \$12 per ton, making an aggregate of \$85,000.

A superior quality of iron ore has been discovered on the premises of Mr. Henry Albert, in Mansfield, Warren county, N. J. The discovery was made by the Lackawanna Coal and Iron Company.

According to official documents recently published, it appears that there were in France in 1844, 9,400,000 hectares (two and a half acres each) of uncultivated land, and that during the last fifteen years, that immense extent had been reduced to 4,800,900.

The Kentucky Lunatic Asylum has had 2344 patients since its opening, in 1824.

The tonnage of Maine amounts to about 381,000 tons, worth \$9,657,699.

In Richmond, Va., there is one of the best cannon foundries in the United States.

A batch of wire of 14 pounds weight furnishes material for 48,100 needles.

The annual value of the gold used by dentists in the United States is \$2,250,000.

Robert Treat Paine received eleven dollars a line for his ode, "Adams and Liberty."

The wealth of William B. Astor is variously estimated between fifteen and twenty million.

Almost all the large cities of the country are beginning to construct street railways.

The Choctaw nation numbers about 18,000. They have diminished, since they left Alabama. They still hold their lands in common.

Bayard Taylor is said to have cleared \$4500 in a two months' lecturing tour through California. Profitable talking, that!

Church bells are occasionally made of glass, and one 14 inches high and 13 inches in diameter has been placed in the turret of the chapel at the Grange, Borrowdale, Cumberland, Eng.

The cost of improvements now being made in London, such as opening new streets, widening old ones, improving drainage, etc., amounts to the reputable sum of £19,815,521.

A gentleman in Urbana, Ohio, dreamed that two vicious horses were about to injure him fatally. Attempting to avoid this fate, he leaped out of bed, and awakened to the pleasant certainty of a broken thigh bone.

At an exhibition of wild beasts in Tuam, England, an elephant put his trunk into the pocket of one of the bystanders and abstracted a small account book contained therein. Before a rescuer could be effected, he dropped it into his capacious jaws and had it instantly swallowed.

The New York Institution for the Blind have just purchased thirty-five acres of land on the banks of the Hudson, at One Hundred and Twenty-Fifth Street, adjoining the grounds of the Institution for the Deaf and Dumb. The price paid was \$150,000.

An action to determine the title to a barrel worth ninety cents was recently brought by Adolphus Marx against Koster & Spelbrick, of Lafayette, Ind. Already the costs have amounted to \$50, and the case is yet to be carried to a higher court.

The Bayfield Press says of the Wisconsin lake fisheries: "The fish are coming into the bay, and our fishermen are busy taking and barrelling them for shipping early in the spring. Early last spring they brought eight dollars per barrel. There are now about 300 nets at work in the bay."

An exchange, noticing the death of a child from the effects of drinking lye, says, that vinegar or oil speedily administered, are sure antidotes for this poison. The former converts it into acetate of potash, and the latter mingling with it forms soap, neither of which will materially injure the stomach.

## Merry-Making.

What is Prussian-blue? A drunken Dutchman.  
"I blush for you," as the rouge-pot said to the old maid.

It is not always the raggedest man that is the shabbiest fellow.

A woman smoking a cigar: A-shes at one end and a-she at the other.

"Come out of the wet," as the shark said, when he swallowed the sailor.

Running accounts will run away with a person's credit more rapidly than anything else.

The man who is fond of pudding and pies, places himself fearfully in the power of his wife.

Matrimonial history is a narrative of many words; but the story of love may be told in a few letters.

You know mock-modesty as you do mock-turtle, from its being the produce of a calf's head.

A bag of money and grief—what is the difference between them? One is dollars, the other dolorous.

Did the man who ploughed the sea and afterwards planted his feet on his native soil, ever harvest the crops?

The politician who got out of breath running for an office, has purchased a pair of bellows, and proposes to run again.

The eyes of an unbeliever are no better than the eyes of a potato, and the ears of a doubter no better than the ears of corn, and much longer.

A hungry man, upon receiving an invitation to dinner, complimented his host upon having a chair-at-table disposition.

A Tennessee paper says that "the inauguration of the governor was celebrated by the firing of *minute guns every half hour*."

The most tender-hearted man we ever heard of, was a shoemaker, who always shut his eyes and whistled when he ran his awl into a sole.

An auctioneer in Texas, praising up his self-filling pens, said a person would forget where the inkstand was, before it would need filling.

We notice scores of poetical effusions directed to friends who are in heaven. Better give poetry of the heart utterance in words and deeds of kindness to friends upon earth.

Prentice, of the Louisville Journal, says: "If when you visit a neighbor, he tells you, in a husky voice, to 'make yourself at home,' obey him literally as soon as possible."

"Sambo, does yer know why dem noisy birds is called carrion birds for?" "Well, Jerry, I got him? 'Cause dey carry on so over a dead horse."

"Miss, what have you done to be ashamed of, that you blush so?" "Sir, what have the roses and the strawberries and the peaches done, that they blush so?"

A disappointed candidate for office, speaking of men who would sell their votes, remarked: "They are as base as Æsop of old, who sold his birthright for a mess of potash!"

Letters to be delivered by hand, rarely come to hand.

"I feel for your situation," as the probe said to the bullet.

"I'm down upon you," as the young beard said to the chin.

It is paradoxical to say that a person was cowed by a horse whipping?

What is that that belongs to yourself, yet is used by everybody? Your name.

On a frosty day, what two fish ought we to tie together? *Skates and soles*.

What wind should a hungry sailor wish for? One that blows fowl and chops about.

Why is an unwelcome visitor like a shady tree? Because we are glad when he leaves.

The barber who dressed the head of a barrel, has been engaged to curl the locks of a canal.

Why is an elephant like a chair? Because it can't climb a tree.

"I speak within bounds," as the prisoner said when addressing the jury from the dock.

There is a man in England so fat, that a child was recently killed by his shadow falling on it.

Why is it always proper to take up a penny collection? Because there is some cents (*sense*) in it.

An ignorant man who "stands upon his dignity," is like the fellow who tried to elevate himself by standing upon a piece of brown paper.

Why do men who are about to fight a duel, generally choose a *field* for the place of action? For the purpose of allowing the ball to *graze*.

A New York milkman somewhat resembles the whale that swallowed Jonah, for he takes a great prophet (*profit*) out of the water.

"Will you be a second," said a gentleman, who proposed to fight a duel. "No, indeed, for you wouldn't stand a second yourself."

Given the section of the city to find at once the number of loafers and vagabonds that infest it. Get up a brawl, or an alarm of fire.

"A man is, in general, better pleased," says Dr. Johnson, "when he has a good dinner upon his table, than when his wife talks Greek."

The earth is a tender and kind mother to the husbandman, and yet at one season he always harrows her bosom, and at another he pulls her ears.

Wanted — a "sewing-machine," one about seventeen years old, dark complected, and generally considered good looking. Second-hand machines not wanted.

For a lady to sweep her carpet with embroidered undersleeves, would be considered indecently dirty; but to drag the pavement with her skirts seems to be very genteel.

### IT SHOULD BE KNOWN!

Let your friends know that by enclosing *one dollar* to our address, this Magazine can be had for a whole year. Postage only *eighteen cents* a year. The cheapest publication in the world, fresh and original from the beginning to the end. It forms two elegant volumes each year of twelve hundred pages, finely illustrated. *Six copies for five dollars!*

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# **SNIFFKINS' EXPLOITS IN SKATING.**



Young Sniffkins screws up his courage to invite a lady that's "smashed" him out skating.



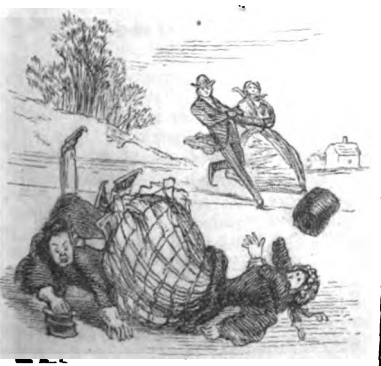
As she is not provided with skates, he is stuck for a \$10 pair—his money hardly holds out.



Does not find putting on a lady's skates all it's cracked up to be.



But after intense agony they get off gracefully.



Pride has a fall, however—the lady's skate-iron and his brain-pan become acquainted.



Up again—narrow escape from another fall by contact with a rapid backward skater.



# BALLOU'S DOLLAR MONTHLY MAGAZINE.

THE CHEAPEST MAGAZINE IN THE WORLD.



On their way to rent the lady's skirts, slightly dilapidated by contact with strange skates.



Sniffkins shows off, and endeavors to carve the lady's name.



But only succeeds in getting a ducking,



From which he makes fruitless efforts to escape—



Being finally rescued in the condition of a drowned puppy.



And just in time to see the lady going off with another gentleman, in disgust for his vulgar conduct.

# BALLOU'S DOLLAR MONTHLY MAGAZINE.

VOL. XI.—No. 4.

BOSTON, APRIL, 1860.

WHOLE No. 64.

## BOSTON STREET CHARACTERS.

In a former number of our Magazine, we presented types of character to be met with in our streets, and we now add a few more of these pictorial delineations. Boston is a large place, and supplies many phases of existence to the keen-eyed observer. It is indeed changed from what it was in 1673, nearly two centuries ago, when it was stated, "There be about fifteen hundred families in Boston. No beggars. Not three persons put to death for theft (annually). There are no musicians by trade. A dancing-school was set up, but soon put down." Does this present the faintest shadow of a likeness of what the city is now? No—in this country, the past is an indication of the future. The early founders of our old Atlantic cities had no idea of the greatness to which they would one day arrive, and hence many of the inconveniences under which we suffer, such as crooked and narrow streets, inequality of surface, etc. The founders of cities in new states and territories have learned wisdom by our experience, and start with a liberal provision for a probable future greatness.

Yet with all her faults we love old Boston still. We love to ramble through what was once the "court end" of our New England metropolis, and to gaze on the few relics that are left of the domestic architecture of other days. Before some venerable pile we become imbued with the spirit of the past, and can call up dim perceptions of the old colonial fathers—the men in their conical hats and brief, sad-colored coats, and peaked beards, the women in sober garments of the severest cut. Yet even in the days of Puritanism a love of finery began to manifest itself, and the pomp of attire called forth interference of grave legislators and graver divines. So early as 1636, ornaments of gold, silver, silk and thread, also slashed and embroid-

ered garments, silver girdles, belts, etc., were forbidden, and the wearing of laces. What a gay aspect our streets would present if these ornaments were revived! We find this passage in the Massachusetts records of 1634. "Although severall declaratjons and orders have binn made by this Courte against Excesse in Apparel, both of men and women, which have not taken that Effect as were to be desired; but, on the contrary, wee cannot but to our grief take notice, that intollerable excesse and bravery hath crept in upon us, and that especially among people of means condition, to the dishonor of God, the scandall of our profession, the consumption of Estates, and altogether unsuitable to our povertie; and, although, we acknowledge it to be a matter of much difficultie, in regard of the blindness of



THE LITTLE LAME PEDLER.



THE RAZOR-STROP MAN.

men's minds, and the stubbornness of their wills, to sett down Exact rules to confine all sorts of persons, yet wee cannot but account it our duty to commend unto all sorts of persons, the sober and moderate use of those blessings which beyond Expectation, the Lord hath been pleased to afford unto us in this wilderness, and also to declare our utter detestation and dislike that men or women of meane condition, should take upon them the garb of Gentlemen, by wearing gold or silver lace, or buttons, or points at their knees, or to walk in great boots, or women of the same rank, to wear silks, or tiffany hoods, or scarfs, which though allowable to persons of greater Estates or more liberal Education, yet we cannot but judge it as intolerable in persons of such like condition. It is, therefore, ordered by the Court and the Authorities thereof, that no person within the jurisdiction, or any of their relations depending upon them, whose visible Estates, real or personal, shall not exceed the true and Indifferent value of Two hundred pounds, shall weare any gold or silver lace, or any bone lace above two shillings per yard, or silk hoods or scarfs, upon the penalty of ten shillings for Every such offence. It is further ordered, by the Authority aforesajd, that the selectmen of every town are hereby enabled and required from time to time to have regard and take notice of apparell and whosoever they shall judge to Exceed their ranks and abilities in Costumes or Fashion of their apparell, in any respect, Especially in the wearing of Ribbons or great Boots (leather being so scarce a commodity in this country) lace pointes, silk hoods or scarfs, the selectmen aforesajd, shall have power to assess such persons so offending \*

\* \* in the Country rates at: Two hundred poynds Estates \* \* \* provided this law shall not Extend to the restraint of any magistrate or public officer of this jurisdiction, who are left to their discretion in wearing of apparell, or any settled military officer or soldier in tyme of military.

service, or any other whose education or Employments have been above the ordinary degree, or whose Estates have been considerable though now decayed.' Verily, the matter of dress and ornament sorely exercised our Puritan fathers. Here are some more of their enactments: "Whereas, there is manifest pride openly appearing amongst us, in that Long Haire, like woman's Haire, is worn by some men, with their own or other's Haire, and then Cutting, Curling, etc., immodest laying out their Haire, which practice doth prevail and increase, especially amongst the younger sort. This Court does declare against this Custom as offensive to them and diverse sober Christians amongst us, and therefore doth hereby expect and advise all persons to use moderation in this respect: and further do empower all grand juries to present to the County Courts, such persons, whether male or female, whom they shall judge to exceed in the premises. And the County Courts are hereby authorized to proceed against such delinquents either by admonition, fine, or correction, according to their discretion." — "Notwithstanding the whole-

some law already made by this Court, for restraining excess in Apparel, yet through Corruption in many, and neglect of due execution of those laws, the evil of pride in Apparel, both for costliness in the poorer sort, and vayne, new strange fashions both in poore and rich, with naked breasts and arms, or as it were perceived with addition of superstitious Ribbons, both in Haire and apparell, for redress whereof, It is ordered by this Court, that the County Courts, from time to time, doe give strict charge to present all such persons as they shall judge to exceed in that kind, and if the Grand Jury shall neglect their duty herein, the county court shall impose a fine upon them at discretion."

But these are things of the past. Those terrible sinners of "mean condition," who wore those wicked "big boots," and those mysterious "superstitious ribbons," that do excite the dislike and watchfulness of the colonial legislature, have long since mouldered into dust. The "big boots" whose tramp woke such an awful echo in the streets of ancient Boston, are past mending; and the slashed sleeves, and silver belts, and points at the knees, are no more displayed by the dandies of to day. *Requiescat in pace!*

What have we to do with the past? Let us turn our eyes to the present, and follow our artist in his tour of observation. Our first sketch depicts the little lame pedler and it is from life. The subject is an invalid boy, who is gradually recovering health and strength by living in the open air, and who sells pencils, pen-holders, boot-laces, etc. He is generally found on the sidewalk in front of our office, and rarely extends his excursions into Washington Street, having apparently found patrons enough in the limited range to which he restricts himself. Sometimes we see him on the steps of the church opposite, dividing the public attention with the good-natured Italian who vends plaster medallions, and who all the day long so quietly, cheerfully and pa-

tiently offers his wares to the multitudes of passers-by.

And here is the "razor strop man," who is ex-patiating on the excellence of his strops to an admiring youth from the Green Mountains, who hopes soon to have occasion to use one of them with a yet unpurchased razor.

The "Scissors Grinder" is another out-door character, not at all unwelcome to housekeepers, before whose door he pauses with his whirring wheel, and in a few moments puts the domestic cutlery in complete order. Passing on, we have a lifelike sketch of the teamster. In no city in the world are there finer team-horses than in Boston, and their intelligence and the skill of the driver, is a theme of wondering comment for strangers. A long file of horses threading their way through a crowded thoroughfare, turning, backing, moving to the right and left, guided only by the voice and word of command, or avoiding difficulty by their own instinct, is a sight to be remembered. Then we have the "exquisite" with his glass stuck in his eye, his hat jauntily on his "ambrosial curls," his hands stuck in his pockets, treading daintily along, the "observed of all observers"—as he thinks. He probably imagines that a single glance of his has won the hearts of the two ladies in expanded crinoline, who are turning the corner, and that all that is left for him to do is to make his selection between them.

Next we have a sketch of some of those brave-hearted men who "run with the machine," and who start to action with the clang of the fire-bell, as the war-horse rouses at the blast of the trumpet. All honor to our gallant firemen! They infuse the heroic element into our daily life. Starting from their occupations at the first stroke of the bell, directly afterwards they are seen hurrying with the engine to the scene of disaster, thence to toil amidst fire and smoke, to mount crazy ladders, to climb slippery roofs, to plunge into the devouring element to save life or property, braving every peril, and often laying down their lives at the command of duty. Their history is interwoven with that of our city. It is not a great many years since a separate corps of firemen was first organized; in former times, every man was a fireman as every man was a soldier, and though all worked with a will, yet with miserable engines and with no training, the flames generally had it pretty much their own way.

As a matter of interest, we copy from Dana's "Fireman," accounts of some of the noted fires in this city: "The first large fire in Boston occurred in 1653, near State Street; but there is no record of the fire to be found at the present time. On the 8th of August, 1679, a fire broke out in the Town Dock, on Ann Street, destroying eighty houses, and seventy warehouses,

valued at a million of dollars. Several vessels were burned by this fire. During the year 1690 a large fire occurred on Hanover Street, by which many buildings were destroyed. June 18th, 1691, a large conflagration occurred in North Square, destroying a large number of houses. March 11th, 1702, a terrible conflagration took place in Dock Square, at one time threatening destruction to one half the town; but it was finally stopped in its progress by blowing up several large warehouses. Oct. 2d, 1711, a fire broke out in an oakum-picker's tenement, in Williams Court; one of the women who was picking oakum allowed it to take fire. The flames spread with great rapidity. All the houses and stores on both sides of Washington Street, between School Street and Dock Square, were laid in ashes, besides the first meeting-house that was built in Boston. During the fire, four sailors ascended the steeple to save the bell. The stairs burned away, the roof fell in, and the sailors were crushed to death. Nov. 14th, 1759, a fire commenced south of Oliver's Bridge, Water Street, and swept off all the buildings east on that street and on Milk Street. March 20th, 1760, a fire broke out on Washington Street, where several buildings were burned. It then extended to Long Wharf and to Fort Hill, burning one large ship, nine smaller ones, the Quaker Meeting-house, on Congress Street, one hundred and thirty-three dwelling-houses, sixty-three stores, sixty-six shops and thirty-six barns; a total of two hundred and fifty five buildings, valued, in the currency of that day, at £71,012 7s. 3d. Jan. 13th, 1791, a fire commenced in a shop in Dock Square, which destroyed *Faneuil Hall* and all the buildings east of it. April 20th, 1787, a fire broke out in a malt-house, on Beach Street, and, the wind blowing a gale from the north-east, the flames communicated to many buildings at the same time. The



THE SCISSORS-GRINDER.



THE TEAMSTER.

Hollis Street Church, which was fifty rods from where the fire originated, was soon in a blaze, and was burned to its foundation. There were destroyed by this fire one hundred buildings; sixty of them were the most costly mansions to be found in Boston at that time. All the buildings on both sides of Washington Street, from Elliot to Nassau Streets, were destroyed. July 30th, 1794, a fire commenced in some rope-walks on a line with Pearl Street. This fire swept everything in its course to the water's edge on Russia Wharf, burning one hundred houses and stores. Jan. 15th, 1803, Daniel Bowen's Museum, at the corner of Tremont and Bromfield Streets, was destroyed by fire. The flames ascended to such a height as to be seen at Portsmouth, N. H., a distance of sixty miles. Jan. 16th, 1807, Bowen & Doyle's Museum took fire, and was entirely destroyed. The southern walls were forced out by the flames, and fell into the cemetery grounds, crushing to death several young men. Jan. 3d, 1818, the Exchange Coffee-house, situated on Devonshire Street, took fire, and was burned to its foundation. This was, at that time, the most extensive establishment of the kind in the United States. The building was seven stories in height, and from the ground to the top of the dome one hundred feet and ten inches. The house contained two hundred and ten rooms, with a dining-room which would seat three hundred persons. This fire presented one of the most grand and sublime spectacles ever witnessed in Boston; occurring in the evening, the light was seen at Portsmouth, N. H., a distance of sixty miles. Loss \$500,000. July 7th, 1824, a fire commenced in a carpenter's shop, situated on Charles Street. The wind was blowing a gale from the west, which carried the flames to a block of buildings on Chestnut Street. The heat, smoke and flames, rendered the efforts of the firemen for a time ineffectual. Lines of men

were formed to the Frog Pond, and also to the Mill dam Basin, for the purpose of passing water to the engines in fire-buckets. A block of buildings on Beacon Street was soon on fire, and, had it not been for the wisdom shown by covering the roofs of other houses with blankets, and keeping them wet, the whole of Beacon Street would have been laid in ashes. The Common, after the fire, presented the sad spectacle of elegant and costly furniture damaged and broken by impetuous and careless removal from the buildings on fire. Burning flakes were blown to the eastward as far as Bedford Street, firing several buildings in that direction, but they were quickly extinguished. Loss \$150,000. The city of Boston at this time seemed doomed to be destroyed by extensive and disastrous conflagrations. Hardly had the rubbish been cleared away from the ruins on Beacon Street, before the city was again visited by one of the most disastrous fires that ever occurred in Boston. April 7th, 1825, a fire broke out in a wooden building in Doane Street. The fire soon communicated to the adjoining buildings and to the large warehouses on State, Central, Kilby and Broad Streets. Owing

to a scarcity of water it had full sway for a long time, and the heat from the fire was such as to penetrate the partition walls that separated the warehouses one from another, and set the timbers on fire in the different rooms. The wind blew fresh from the south-west, and the communication of the flames from one building to another, on both sides of Central Street, and as far as the Commercial Coffee-house, was extremely rapid. The progress of the flames was not arrested until four o'clock the next morning. After the fire had raged for five hours the utmost efforts of the firemen were necessary to prevent the flames from crossing to the west side of Kilby Street, although the wind was blowing from a westerly direction at the time. Some of the finest buildings in Boston were destroyed by this destructive conflagration. Loss \$2,000,000. Nov. 10th, 1825, a fire was discovered in a building on Court Street, and before it was extinguished nine buildings were destroyed, reaching from Tudor's corner to Washington Street. Law books valued at \$20,000 were burned by this fire. On the opposite side of the street several wooden buildings were also burned. Loss \$60,000. May 18th, 1835, a fire broke out in the carpenter's shop of Stetson & Smith, on Blackstone Street. The flames extended to several adjoining shops, and a stable occupied by a Mr. Simmons; all of which, with their contents, were consumed. All the buildings between Blackstone, Cross and Pond Streets were entirely destroyed. On the opposite side of Pond Street the Massachusetts Hotel and several other buildings were badly damaged, and the livery stable of Mr. Davis was completely burned. All of the buildings on the west side of Salem Street, from Cross to Hanover Streets, with but one exception, were entirely destroyed, and many other buildings were damaged by fire. At this fire, Melville Engine, No. 13, drafted and played on to the fire through eleven hundred and

fifty feet of hose. Loss \$70,000. Jan. 24th, 1839, a fire broke out in the iron foundry of Haskell & Turner, on Haverhill Street. The fire soon spread to the adjoining buildings, and in a short time all the buildings from that in which the fire originated to Market Street were totally destroyed. On Beverly Street all the buildings were destroyed to Charlestown Street. A row of buildings, five in number, on Cooper Street, and a block on Charlestown Street, were consumed, together with a block of houses on Endicott Street. The weather was extremely cold, and many of the firemen were badly frost-bitten. Loss \$80,000. June 24th, 1844, a fire broke out in Hamilton's Planning-Mills, in the rear of Suffolk and Dover Streets. The materials about the building were very combustible, and the weather extremely hot. A strong breeze was blowing from the west, which caused the fire to spread with great rapidity. A block of fine buildings on Suffolk Street, and a large block of buildings on Dover Street, were soon on fire, and in a short time were destroyed. The Franklin school-house, on Washington Street, was next in order for destruction; and, while the firemen were making great exertion to save it, the fire spread along a block of small brick buildings on Groton Street, five of which were destroyed. Loss \$70,000. August 18th, 1844, a fire broke out in Samuel Jepson's carpenter's shop, in South Margin Street. The fire extended with great rapidity to the adjoining buildings. About twenty buildings with their contents were destroyed. Loss \$60,000. May 11th, 1845, a fire commenced in Church Street, which destroyed a large number of buildings in Church and Piedmont Street before it was stopped. There were twenty-five buildings in all, besides the church, burned. Loss \$30,000. August 15th, 1845, the hotel and stable of a Mr. Doolittle, in Brattle Square, were set on fire. William G. Boulstone and Emerson G. Thompson, members of the Charlestown Fire Department, were killed by the falling of the walls. Several others were injured. Loss \$8000. Sept. 14th, 1845, the Suffolk Lead Works, on Gold Street, South Boston, consisting of five buildings, together with six dwelling-houses, were consumed. Loss \$50,000. Jan. 21st, 1847, a fire commenced in a bowling-alley in Haverhill Street. The wind at the time blew a perfect hurricane, and the cold was intense. In a direct range with the fire was a row of wooden buildings, through which the fire passed with terrible rapidity. Northward and eastward the fire spread steadily and sadly. The buildings in Beverly and Medford Streets were soon swept away by the raging flames. Haymarket Square was filled by the flying inhabitants of the burning district, who had fled from the destruction behind them, many of whom were rendered homeless and houseless. A large amount of property was destroyed, and a great portion of it belonged to those who, in losing their little, lost all. Loss \$75,000. March 10th, 1847, a block of buildings on Washington Street, near State Street, occupied by Damrell & Moore, printers, and sixteen others, were destroyed by fire. Loss \$75,000. Sept. 7th, 1849, a fire broke out in an old stable in Sea Street, and soon communicated to the lumber-yard of Whiting & Co., from which it spread to the coal yard of F. A. Benson. The wind

was blowing strong from the west at the time, which caused the fire to spread to the vessels lying at the wharf, and several of them were slightly damaged. While the firemen were at work in stopping the progress of the fire in Sea Street, a fire broke out in the Catholic Church on Broadway, South Boston, and a portion of the department were sent to South Boston. The fire in the church had made such headway when the engines arrived, that the firemen directed their attention to the saving of the surrounding buildings, which were in great danger from the heat of the building on fire. In a short time the roof of the church fell in, and all that was left of that large building was the blackened walls. Loss \$100,000. Nov. 5th, 1850, a large conflagration took place in the building owned and occupied by the Boston and Maine Railroad Co. on Causeway Street, as a freight depot. It was also used, by Harold & Fernald, as a mahogany warehouse. The building was three hundred feet long, one and a half stories high, and, at the time of the fire, there were twenty-three cars inside of the depot, loaded with cotton and other merchandise, all of which were destroyed with the building. Loss \$150,000. The burning of Tremont Temple and Chapman Hall occurred March 31, 1852. The fire was discovered in the basement of Tremont Temple, and an attempt was made to stop the progress of the fire without the aid of the department; but it was ineffectual, on account of the combustibility of the material in the building. It was the belief of the firemen that the building could be saved; but their hopes were not to be realized, for in an hour the flames had reached the roof, and in a short time the rafters were so badly burned that they gave way, and the roof fell in. The falling of the roof was terrific, and was soon followed by the falling of the front wall,



THE EXQUISITE.



RUNNING TO A FIRE.

which was composed of huge granite blocks, into Tremont Street, with a tremendous crash. In the mean time Chapman Hall building, which joined the Temple on the rear, had taken fire, and the falling of the roof and the walls of the Temple, rendered it dangerous for the firemen to enter the building, and it soon burned to the ground. A man, by the name of John Hall, was killed, and George Esty, a member of Franklin, No. 7, of Charlestown, had his back broken by the falling walls. Loss \$200,000. July 10th, 1852, the great fire on Fort Hill commenced in an old stable, in an alley-way leading from Belmont Street. It caught from the cinders which fell from a chimney that was on fire. The wind was blowing a gale from the south-east at the time, and the fire spread with great rapidity. The roof of the Sailor's Home was soon discovered to be on fire, and, in a short time, there was nothing left of this great building but the bare walls. The alarm was given at three o'clock in the afternoon, and the scene in the neighborhood of this destructive conflagration baffles description. The streets were blockaded with household goods; men, women and children, were without shelter for their heads. Among them were crowded thousands of spectators, gazing upon the burning buildings and the operations of the firemen. At this time the Boylston school-house was discovered to be on fire, and all the energies of the firemen were brought to bear upon this building to save it, but in vain. By this time the excitement was at its height. Washington Square and the adjoining streets were in the wildest confusion. Women were shrieking; firemen were crying to the spectators, who were an obstruction to everybody and everything, except the raging

flames, which threatened to destroy entirely that portion of the city. After five hours of incessant toil, the fire was got under, and the firemen were relieved from their arduous duty. Between fifty and sixty buildings were destroyed. Loss \$400,000. These were stirring street scenes, all of them.

Another of our street-characters, is the Chestnut man, a novelty of late years in our city, though the venders of hot, roast chestnuts have long since been naturalized in New York. A group of "dock-loafers" affords no very pleasing spectacle. Fortunately there are not many of these wharf-rats in Boston, and the Harbor Police keep a sharp lookout after them. The "Lamplighter" shows us a member of that useful class immortalized in Miss Cummings's romantic story. The next scene was sketched opposite Orlando Tompkins's ele-

gant apothecary store, on the corner of Winter and Washington Streets, where a gentlemanly police officer in his blue and gold costume, like Ticknor & Fields's duodecimo poets, escorts the ladies through the pass of peril. Who shall say that the days of chivalry are over? One of these fine days, when some peerless belle is about crossing, and the mud yawns deep before her shrinking, dainty feet, we shall have, be sure of it, a repetition of the gallantry of Sir Walter Raleigh. As he flung down his velvet coat that Queen Elizabeth might cross the kennel dryshod, so will our gallant policeman pull the coat from his shoulders, and spread it at the feet of the coming belle. In prophetic vision, we behold this incident and the romance growing out of it—the gratitude of the lady, the despair of rivals, aspiring love, the long, secret wooing crowned with success, the resignation of a policeman, a wedding in King's Chapel, a wedding-breakfast, enthusiastic father with bald head and spectacles handing his son-in-law a cheque for \$250,000 dollars, a bridal tour, married felicity, political ambition following the path of fortunate love, election to the pre-sidency—grand tableau!

The procession of men with advertising placards, exhibits a mode of publicity derived from London, where it is a striking feature of out-door life. There is a narrower field for artistic gleaming in Boston than in most other great cities, for a certain staid uniformity is a general characteristic of the place; still, as in every great city, there are nooks and corners where eccentricity and strongly marked individuality may be discovered, and many new features of advertising genius are daily developing themselves in various novel expedients.



## BATTLE OF GOLDEN HILL.

As much as the "Boston Massacre" has been glorified in history, the Knickerbocker should not forget that a bloody contest for principles and right took place, two months earlier, in our own city. This was the battle of Golden Hill, on January 20 and 21, 1770, where John and Cliff Streets now unite, the spot deriving its name from the fire wheat raised on a farm there. The mighty quarrel between the colonies and the mother country had already commenced in the passage of the Stamp Act, 1765, and the Quartering Act, as it was called. By this enactment the ministry were authorized to keep up a standing army in America, the people furnishing their support. In New York the denunciations against these usurpations were vehement and fierce; they were publicly ridiculed as the "folly of England and ruin of America." The "Sons of Liberty" were organized, and on the 1st of November, 1765, when the Stamp Act was to go in operation, this patriotic band forced Governor Colson to deliver the stamps to the city authorities. He did not consent, however, until he was hung in effigy at the present Bowling Green. Next followed the bills imposing duties on tea, glass, paper, etc., but the Americans would not consent to their imposition. At Boston the tea was thrown overboard, and in New York the vessel bringing it was compelled to return home. The people of Annapolis set fire to the vessel having the obnoxious article on board. These were the exciting things of the days, and to commemorate their principles and order the "Sons of Liberty" erected liberty-poles in several parts of the city—signals of liberty—which became very obnoxious to the British soldiery. More than once had they destroyed these ensigns, but the patriots immediately replaced them. In January, 1770, the soldiers levelled the liberty-pole on the Common (Park), sawing it into pieces. This renewed insult fired the sons of liberty, and that night three thousand citizens assembled on the spot where the outrage had been committed. Resolutions were passed declaring idle soldiers dangerous to the public peace. The next day three soldiers were detected in posting abusive placards against the Sons of Liberty, and Isaac Sears collared one of them. Another of the soldiers rushed upon Sears with his gun and bayonet, but he succeeded in conducting the offender to the mayor's office. In the meantime, twenty more soldiers came to the rescue of their comrades with drawn swords, while citizens drawn to the spot, seizing the stakes from carts and sleighs, near by, prepared to guard the prisoners. The mayor, Mr. Hicks, now ordering the soldiers to their barracks on the Park, they only partially obeyed, and retired to "Golden Hill." Here they were reinforced and charged upon the populace, who had followed them. A sanguinary contest ensued, during which numbers were injured on

both sides. A fresh party of the English arrived from the barracks, but while preparing to continue the fight, their officers appeared and ordered the men to their barracks. Thus the first day's contest ended in a drawn battle.

On the next morning the soldiers opened the conflict again, by running a bayonet through a lady's dress, who was returning from the market. The cowardly act again aroused the indignation of the citizens, and about noon some sailors came in collision with a party from the barracks, when one of them, an old man, was run through the body and died. At this moment some "Liberty Boys," playing ball in the neighborhood, at the corner of John street and Broadway, hastened to the fight, dispersing the soldiers, when hostilities ceased for several hours. But they commenced anew in the afternoon. Determined at all hazards to provoke an affray, a party of the soldiers assaulted some citizens on the Commons, endeavoring to disarm them of their canes. This insolence aroused more indignation—the hall bell rang an alarm, and a party of the Liberty Boys soon drove the assailants back to their barracks, which stood in the rear of our present City Hall. Several of the military were disarmed—one badly wounded, and another, conspicuous in the previous day's fight, was arrested and imprisoned. This was the early battle of Golden Hill, ninety years ago, and a conflict for the rights of the people, which in after years were so triumphantly and gloriously vindicated by the Americans! But little reference is usually made by historians to this event.

The next day after this defeat, the mayor ordered the soldiers not to appear outside of the barracks when off duty, unless with a non-commissioned officer. To commemorate these events



THE CHESTNUT MAN.





DOCK LOAFERS.

and triumphs of the people, permission was asked of the Common Council to erect another "Liberty Pole" for the one destroyed by the soldiers, but it was refused. Then John Lamb and some associates purchased ground, eleven feet wide by one hundred deep, near the former place, for the mast, independent of the corporation. Upon this patriotic spot, February 6, 1770, a mast of great length, two-thirds cased in iron, was sunk twelve feet into the earth, amidst the sounds of music and rejoicings of the people. "Liberty and Property" was its gilded motto. This was the fifth liberty pole erected in New York, and its inscription far less loyal than the one which had so seriously offended the royal British soldiers.—*G. D. P. in the N. Y. Evening Post.*

#### AMATEUR GYMNASTICS.

I didn't attempt anything for a good while. I sat and calmly surveyed the scene. I saw very little boys, who seemed to be qualifying themselves for the profession of India rubber men. I saw great strapping men (new comers) attempt and fail in things which fellows, whom they could put in their pockets, did with ease. I saw feats performed which seemed very hard, and which turned out to be very easy; and feats which were simple to look at, and "splitters" to try; and then I took off my coat and "went in." I pulled up the small weights five or six times; I went along the horizontal ladder and the parallel bars once or twice. I went home, and found two fine blisters on my hands next morning. Still I went there the next evening; exercised twice as much as I did before; felt convinced that I was getting along very fast; and lay awake almost all night, my arms ached so.

I staid away about a week, and then fell to work again manfully; became acquainted with a young gentleman who "knew the ropes," and, under his guidance, performed many marvellous

feats, and also met with more mishaps than I believe anybody ever met with before, in the same space of time. Being long and lean, and naturally awkward, every new thing I learned was ushered in by a disaster or two. But still I persevered, for I now "slept like a top," and ate at a rate very alarming to my boarding-house keeper. I persevered for two long months, and was still in the "full tide of successful experiment," when, on going to the gymnasium at my accustomed hour, one evening, I found a brilliant assemblage of beauty, brought together, by invitation of the managers, to witness our performances. I disported myself on the floor some time, until at length my evil genius impelled me to ascend, for the first time, a ladder, which ran up one side of the room nearly to the ceiling; then across, and down the other side of the room. Under the horizontal part of the ladder was temporarily placed a spring-board, of whose existence I was unaware. I wiggled up the ladder with convulsive jerks of the legs, the audience looking on in respectful silence; but when I had reached the middle of the horizontal part, locomotion became impossible! I could neither go backward nor forward,

but hung suspended between heaven and earth, like Mohammed's coffin. I squirmed about with my legs, but I could find no rest for the sole of my foot. I could hold on no longer; and as the distance wasn't very great, I determined to drop to the floor as gracefully as possible, and persuade the audience that it was done on purpose. So I let go, and down I came perpendicularly—and up I went "flying." I had come down on my feet upon the spring-board!

My first impression was a chaos; my second was, that I had dropped into the mouth of a cannon just as it was going off. Up I went, like a shuttle cock, almost to the ladder, at which I made a desperate but ineffectual "claw," which threw me out of the perpendicular, and down I came, bang! in a sitting posture; up I went again, and I gathered my legs under me distractedly as I rose; so that when I dropped again, I was shot in a slanting direction, headforemost, as from a catapult, into the waistcoat of a two hundred pound man, who was looking on in open-mouthed astonishment. Down he went with a "squelch," and over him I went, like lightning, into the dressing-room! I rushed into my clothes, and out of the building, and have never entered a gymnasium since!—*Knick-bocker Magazine.*

#### PROSECUTION OF ANIMALS AND INSECTS.

Among the works of Chassaneux, a learned juriconsult of the sixteenth century, is to be found a dissertation of immense prolixity, in which the essential points as to the prosecution of animals are discussed. He had been consulted by some intending prosecutors, and his opinion was adverse to the accused, which in this case was a species of locust called in old French, *hureburs*. Without further reference, however, to mere arguments on the one side or on the other, let us transcribe from the pages before us

some notes of a few cases which actually occurred, and the dates of their occurrence.

1314.—The judges of the county of Valois tried a bull which had gored a man to death; and, witnesses having been heard, they condemned it to be hanged.

1394.—Pig hanged for having mangled and killed a child in the Province of Roumagne, viscounty of Mortain.

1451.—Leeches excommunicated by the bishop of Lusanne, for having destroyed the fish.

1474.—Cock condemned to be burnt, by a sentence of the magistracy of Basle, for having laid an egg.

1474.—Sow condemned to be knocked on the head for having eaten off the chin of a child.—The sentence also ordered that the flesh of the sow should be cut up and thrown to the dogs, and that the owner and his wife should make a pilgrimage to Notre Dame de Pontoise, where on the day of Pentecost, they should cry thanks. Of having done which, they brought back a certificate.

1499.—Bull condemned to the gallows for having in his rage killed a young man.

1585.—The Grand Vicar of Valence causes the grubs to be cited before him, assigns them a proctor for their defence, and finally condemns them to quit the Diocese.

1590.—In Auvergne, a district judge appoints a curator for the caterpillars; the cause is fully debated; they are ordered to retire to a small locality, there to pass the remainder of their miserable lives.

1610.—A prosecution began against a horse which had been trained by its master somewhat as horses are now trained for the circus. "It was sought to have both master and horse burned." Witchcraft had probably been suspected. It would seem, however, that in this case, the prosecution failed, the belief in witchcraft having begun to fade in Europe by the beginning of the seventeenth century.—*History of Ancient Europe.*

#### WEALTH OF THE ANCIENTS.

In all ages, the East has poured its riches into the lap of those nations that lie towards the setting sun. From one commercial voyage Solomon realized \$15,000,555. Pliny also informs us of one Mathias, of Bythinia, who entertained one day, in the most splendid manner, the whole army of Xerxes, consisting of 1,700,000 men. To this large army he offered five months' pay, and provisions for the whole campaign. At this present time, such liberality would not only ruin the fortune of private persons, but would weaken the commercial interest of the most powerful government. Esopus, the contemporary of Roccus, at an entertainment, produced a dish made of singing birds, which alone cost \$24,445. Julius Cesar was captured by the Cilician pirates, who demanded of him \$25,833 30. Cesar laughed at them, and gave them the sum of \$43,055 50. Before he enjoyed any public office he was in debt to the

amount of \$1,119,443. When the government of Spain was allotted to Cesar he was so overwhelmed with debt that he could not depart to take charge of his position. He called upon Crassus the Rich, who stood security for him in the sum of \$714,720. He rewarded the bravery of Cassius Cræva by a donation of seven thousand dollars. He paid off the vast debt of the tribune Curio, and presented the consul Paulus with \$1,291,665, which was employed in constructing a new wall near the Forum. He commenced a new building, the ground-plot of which was to have cost him an hundred million of sesterces. In memory of his daughter he gave a most extravagant feast to the people; doubled the pay of the legions for ever; granted the people corn without measure, and gave each soldier a slave, a piece of land, or a house. He presented an actor for a mimic piece of his own, \$17,500. During his reign gold and silver became so abundant that it was exchanged throughout Italy at three thousand sesterces per pound. He also decorated the arms of his soldiers with gold and silver, so that they should be the more unwilling to part with them from their great value. Yet, with all his extravagance, he bequeathed to each Roman citizen nine dollars.

In many respects Caligula was as great a tyrant as Nero. He was reckless in the profusion with which he scattered money. He bathed in a bath of precious unguents; drank priceless pearls dissolved in vinegar, and ate of golden bread. At an auction he made his salesman knock off twelve gladiators to Saturnius, who was so unfortunate as to nod. They amounted to three hundred and fifteen thousand dollars. In less than one year he lavished a magnificent estate, and all the treasures amassed by Tiberius, amounting to twenty-seven hundred million



THE LAMPLIGHTER



THE POLICEMAN.

dollars The funeral pageant of Alexander has never been surpassed. In many respects it equalled the festive train of Ptolemy Philadelphus. The monarch died at Babylon, and was buried in the mosque of St. Athanasius, at Alexandria. The grandees and governors appointed Arideus to prepare for this august funeral. Two years were consumed in the preparation, and every splendor that wealth could buy was lavished with profusion.

At length the day arrived for this solemn and magnificent procession to begin its march. Hills were levelled, all uneven places were made smooth, and every obstacle that could impede the funeral train was removed by a vast number of workmen. The chariot that contained the coffin of the monarch was adorned with such wealth of jewels and diadems, that it is said to have emitted brilliant flashes like those of lightning. The spokes of this chariot were covered with gold. It was drawn by sixty-four mules of the largest size, and each was adorned with a crown of gold and a collar, enriched with precious stones and golden bells. On this chariot was erected a pavilion of solid gold, twelve feet wide and eighteen in length. The inside surpassed the outside in splendor and brilliancy, being one blaze of jewels, arranged in the shape of shells. Golden network beautified the circumference, and the golden threads were an inch in thickness, to

each of which were fastened large bells, which could be heard at a great distance. It would only worry the reader to mention all the jewels and golden crowns that were borne in this procession. Enough has been said to show the great amount of gold that was displayed on that occasion.—*Tribune*.

#### A BUCK STORY.

Lately a party from St. Paul, Minnesota, among - whom was Alderman B., went to Isanti county, in that State, to hunt deer. They were provided with all the necessary outfit for camp life. After having tolerable success, it was proposed, one day among the hunters, that they should separate; that each man should take a different direction through the woods, and that all should meet at some designated locality towards evening. After due precautionary rules had been given,

to avoid any accidental case of shooting, the party disbanded—each one saying in the language of an Indian agent: "You follow your trail and I'll follow mine." So off they started. Towards evening the party were all in camp except one, the alderman aforesaid, and after waiting a reasonable length of time for his return, it was deemed advisable to make search for him. The search was instituted; but the party had not proceeded far before their attention was arrested by a faint cry of "help! help!" which came up from a tangled wood in the distance. Pursuing the direction from whence the sound proceeded, the hunters soon came upon the unfortunate object of their search, and found him seated straddle-wise of the fork of a tree, about twenty feet from the ground, while a huge buck with a fierce pair of antlers, was lying about thirty yards from its base, awaiting Mr. Alderman to "come down."

Matters of course were speedily explained and the first step was to despatch the buck, which was done in short order, and the alderman relieved from his perilous position. We now give the story, says the St. Paul Times, as it is told us. Alderman is considered a good shot. While walking along through the woods on that day, he discovered, about seventy five yards ahead of him, two fine deer coming directly toward him. They did not see him, as he immediately dodged behind a little ambuscade of brushwood and

waited their approach. The deer had come up to within a short distance of him, when a twig on which his gun was resting, broke, and one barrel of his gun was discharged. The deer became frightened and bounded off, but the alderman managed to fire off the other barrel before they had got out of range. The charge took effect in the flank of the buck, and after running a short distance he fell to the ground wounded. The alderman, somewhat excited, hastened towards his noble game, with knife in hand, feeling within him a consciousness that the buck was "his game sure." Supposing from the actions of the buck that he was mortally wounded, and unable to rise, he approached him and laid his hand upon one of his antlers for the purpose of using the knife. Scarcely had he touched the wounded animal, when it sprang to its feet and "assumed an attitude." Imagine Alderman B's "pheelinks." Here was a fix. The antlers, bristling with innumerable sharp points, threatened to put him through at a single bound. Quick as thought the alderman drew from his belt a revolver, and fired, but the ball missed its aim, simply grazing the deer's back and maddening him with another wound. All this transpired in a single moment. After firing his revolver the alderman concluded to run, and we guess some of the tallest running that ever came off in that neck of the woods was just about that time. After running a short distance the alderman concluded to weigh his chances, and casting a furtive glance over his right shoulder made the very pleasant discovery that he was not making very good time but that the buck was! The animal was only a few feet behind him and was preparing his antlers for a dig into the alderman's rear. It was a perilous moment! Seeing a small tree just before him the alderman concluded he had better mount that. A few steps more, and with an awful spring our alderman was safe by just two inches above the enormous antlers, as they came up snug against the tree. Up, up, the alderman clambered until he gained a foothold, and it was here he was seated calling lustily for assistance, when the party came to his relief. That night the boys had a jolly time in camp. They had met with tolerable good luck, and over roast venison, and around the camp fire, they related with considerable mirth the exploit of the day.

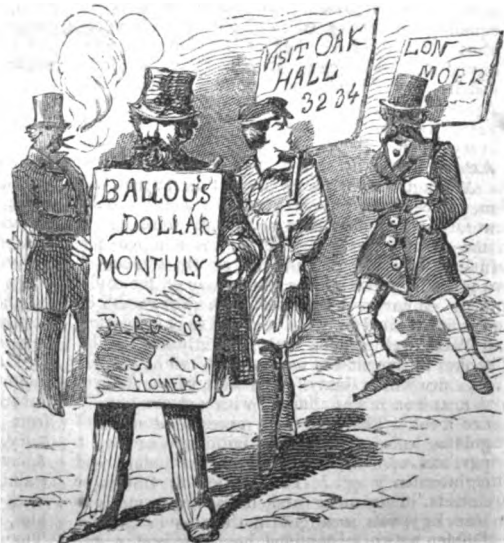
#### PAPER MONEY IN EUROPE.

After the city of Alhambra was taken from the Moors, the veteran Count De Tendilla was left governor, and we were informed that this Catholic cavalier at one time was destitute of gold and silver wherewith to pay the wages of his troops; and the soldiers murmured greatly, seeing that they had not the means of purchasing necessities from the people of the towns. In this dilemma what does this most sagacious commander? He takes him a number of little morsels of paper, on which he inscribes various sums, large and small, according to the nature of the case, and signs them with his own hand and name. These did he give to the soldiery in earnest of their pay. How!

you will say, are soldiers to be paid with scraps of paper? Even so, I answer, and well paid too, as I will presently make manifest; for the good count issued a proclamation ordering the inhabitants of Alhambra to take these morsels of paper for the full amount thereon inscribed, promising to redeem them at a future time with silver and gold, and threatening severe punishment to all who should refuse. The people having full confidence in his words, and trusting that he would be as willing to perform the one promise as he certainly was able to perform the other, took those curious morsels of paper without hesitation or demur. Thus by a subtle and most mysterious kind of alchemy did this Catholic cavalier turn useless paper into precious gold, and make his impoverished garrison abound in money. It is but just to add that the Count of Tendilla redeemed his promise.—*Irving.*

#### THE SUNNY SIDE OF THE STREET.

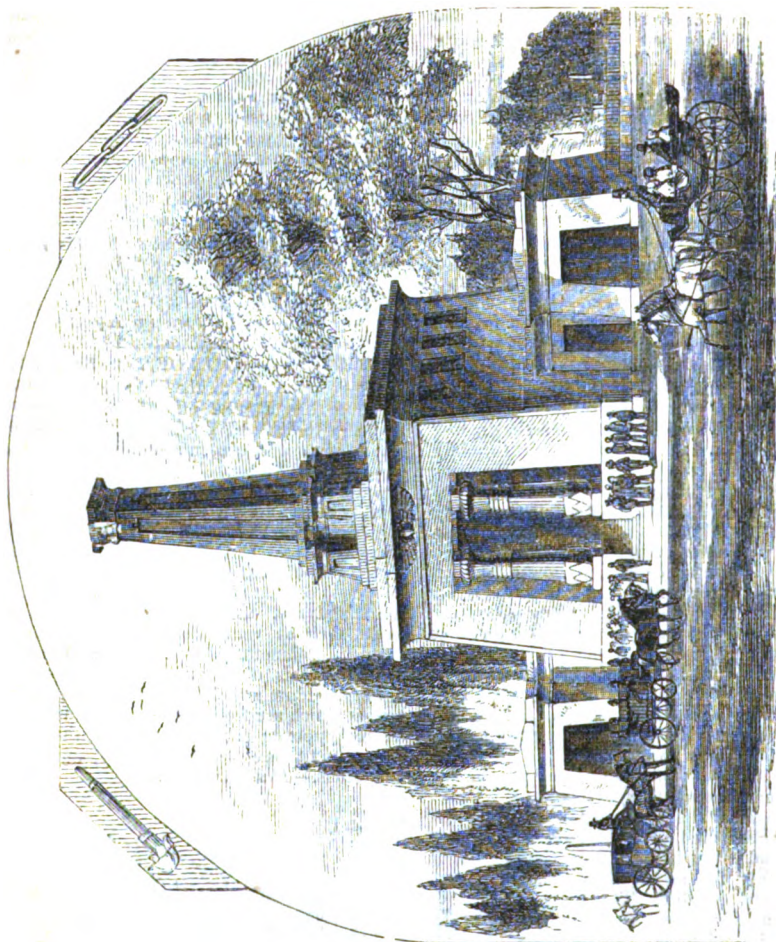
A free exposure to the light and to the sun's influence has a great effect in diminishing the tendency to disease. The sunny side of the street should always be chosen as a residence, from its superior healthiness. It has been found, in public buildings, etc., that those are always the most healthy which are the lightest and sunniest. In some barracks, in Russia, it was found that, in a wing where no sun penetrated, there occurred three cases of sickness for every single case which happened on that side of the building exposed to the sun's rays. All other circumstances were equal, such as ventilation, size of apartments, number of inmates, diet, etc., so that no other cause for this disproportion seemed to exist. Malaria seldom attacks the set of apartments or houses which are freely open to the sun; while, on the opposite side of the street, the summer and autumn are very unhealthy, and in fact dangerous.—*Hall's Journal.*



PERIPATETIC ADVERTISERS.



## VIEWS IN PHILADELPHIA AND SYRACUSE.



ODD FELLOWS' CEMETERY, NEAR PHILADELPHIA.

Among the many objects of interest to which the attention of a visitor is directed in Philadelphia, is the cemetery belonging to the Independent Order of Odd Fellows, accurately delineated in the accompanying engraving. It is situated on Islington Lane, near the Ridge Road, about two miles from the northern boundary of the city proper. It covers a space of some thirty acres, and is intersected by wide and spacious avenues and walks, well graded and tastefully laid out. The first interment was made on the 5th of May, 1849, since which time a stone wall, surmounted by a neat iron railing, has been erected along the entire front. The buildings represented in the engraving consist of a main building and two wings, and were designed and erected under the superintendency of Messrs. Hoxie & Button, architects. They are constructed of brown stone, in the Egyptian style, and the centre or main building, which is intended as a chapel and offices, is surmounted by a tower, eighty-one feet

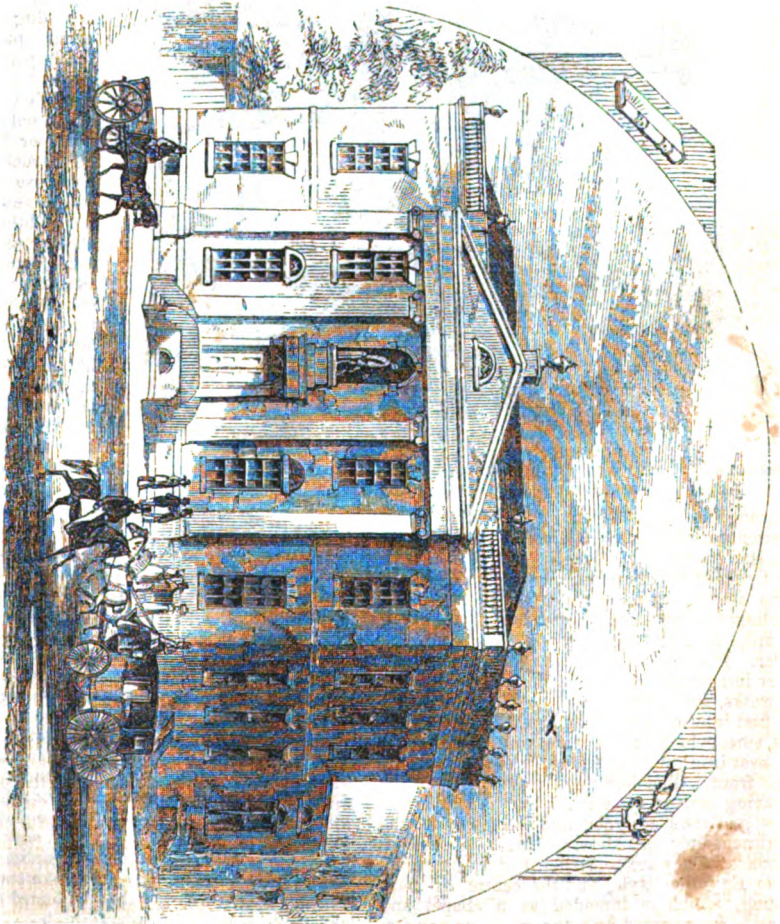
high. The wings are used for carriage-ways and passages for foot passengers. Of the Philadelphia Library, the artist who furnished us with the drawing for our engraving sends us the following notice:—I visited, in company with Mr. Winch, the Philadelphia Library, situated on Fifth Street, below Chestnut Street, which is represented on the next page. The building is a plain, substantial-looking structure of brick, and has a truly venerable and antiquated appearance. Over the entrance, which is on Fifth Street, is a full length statue of Dr. Franklin. The Philadelphia Library Company was instituted in 1731, and is now one of the oldest and most extensive in the country. It owes its origin to Dr. Franklin and the members of a philosophical society called "The Junto." Its first efforts were comparatively feeble, but by the contributions of various public-spirited individuals, and by the addition and consolidation with it of three or four other libraries, its catalogue was increased

to a considerable extent, and it was found necessary to erect a building for its accommodation. Accordingly, the edifice shown in the engraving was erected, and the society took possession of its new quarters in 1790. The corner-stone was laid with appropriate ceremonies on the 31st of August, 1789. Among the most important acquisitions of the society, is the library of the Hon. James Logan, the confidential friend of William Penn, which consisted of nearly 4000 volumes, principally of works in the learned and modern languages of Europe. It is kept in a room appropriated for that purpose, and, by constant additions, has swelled to the number of 10,000 volumes. Combined with the company's library, the whole numbers about 65,000 volumes of the choicest and most valuable works upon every imaginable subject, embracing in their design either reference, instruction or amusement. The income of the society is about \$6000, \$4000 of which is annually expended in additions to the catalogue. The rooms are opened every week day from ten o'clock, A. M., until sunset. On the left of the main hall, as I entered, I no-

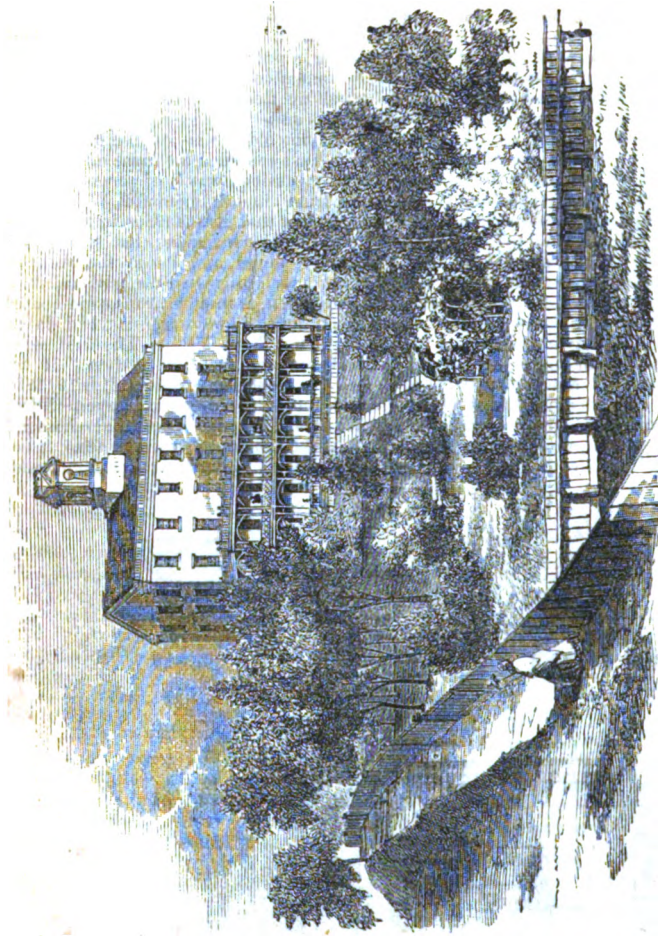
ticed a quaint and venerable time-piece, said to have been the property of the "Protector"—Oliver Cromwell. It is certainly a very antique-looking affair, similar in shape and appearance to those venerable-looking and time-honored clocks which we frequently see in the wide and spacious halls and "keeping-rooms" of Yankee mansions of the olden time, whose monotonous click—click have recorded the lapse of time, and marked the "passing away" of generation after generation from time immemorial. I have no doubt of the fact that it was once in the possession of that lion-hearted man; but still there is great room for doubt, and hence the romance which might attach to it were the authenticity of the fact undoubted, is in a great measure abated.

The next three views were sketched in the City of Syracuse, New York. The first represents the Onondaga Orphan Asylum. It was established 1841, and incorporated May 10, 1845. It is a spacious brick edifice in Fayette Street, Eighth Ward, and occupies a beautiful commanding site. At the time of its erection, 1845, it was used as an academy; but owing to certain causes,

THE PHILADELPHIA LIBRARY.







ORPHAN ASYLUM, SYRACUSE, NEW YORK.

cities of Central New York. Its salt works are extensive and wonderful, giving employment to a vast number of people, and being a rich source of profit to the citizens engaged in the manufacture. The great Erie Canal passes through the centre of the town, while the Central Railroad, running within a short distance of the canal, affords still more extended facilities for enterprise and commerce. The land which contains the salt springs belongs to the State of New York, and the wells are dug and the water pumped at the expense of the State, while the manufacturer pays a percentage of one cent per bushel for all he realizes. But Syracuse is also largely engaged in the building of machinery, steam engines, farming utensils, etc. The present population is estimated at about 50,000. Syracuse, like many others of the towns in the interior of New York, is a beautiful place, and with an enter-

prising and thrifty population, bids fair to remain a desirable location as a place of residence.

was converted into a home for the helpless orphan. At present, and for several years past, it has been under the maternal care of Miss Eliza Clark, who has in a highly satisfactory manner directed the domestic affairs of the institution. The school has been taught by the Misses Frances and Miranda Sloan. John Durnford is president, and Ira H. Cobb is secretary of the institution. Our next view is the Syracuse Market, a brick building, situated in a fine square. The New York Central Railroad passes in the street in front of this building. Our last illustration, sketched for its picturesque appearance, is the Unitarian church, on the corner of Lark and Burnet Streets; Rev. Samuel J. May is the pastor. Syracuse is situated in Onondaga county, about one hundred and thirty miles east of Albany, and is really a very delightful place—thrifty, prosperous and commercially important; its inhabitants are also noted for their habits of industry and sobriety. The streets of the city are regularly laid out, and are fine, broad thoroughfares; and the place is one of the finest and most flourishing

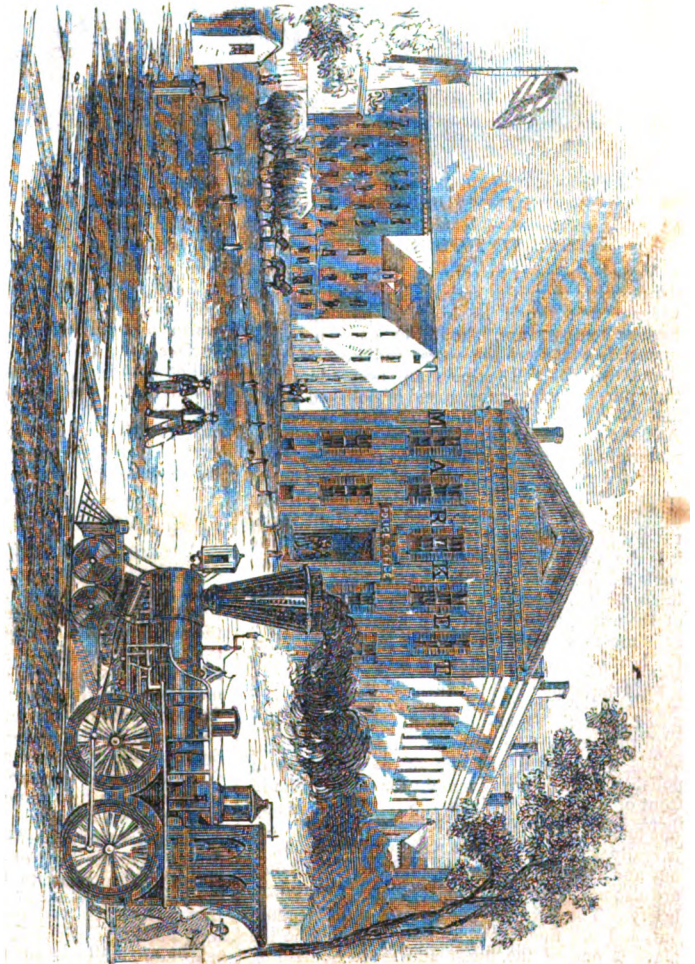
#### THE CROSSING SWEEPER OF ST. JAMES'S.

In Notes and Queries, the Rev. S. Baché, of Birmingham, tells a singular story of the early part of the present century. The late Mr. Simcox, of Harbourn, near Birmingham, was on one occasion in London, when he was obliged, in consequence of a heavy shower of rain, to take shelter under an archway. The rain continued for a long time with unabated violence, and he was consequently obliged to remain in his place of shelter, though beginning to suffer from his prolonged exposure to the cold and damp atmosphere. Under these circumstances he was agreeably surprised when the door of a handsome house immediately opposite was opened, and a footman in a splendid livery with an umbrella approached, with his master's compliments, and that he had observed the gentleman standing so long under the archway that he feared he might take cold, and would therefore be glad if he

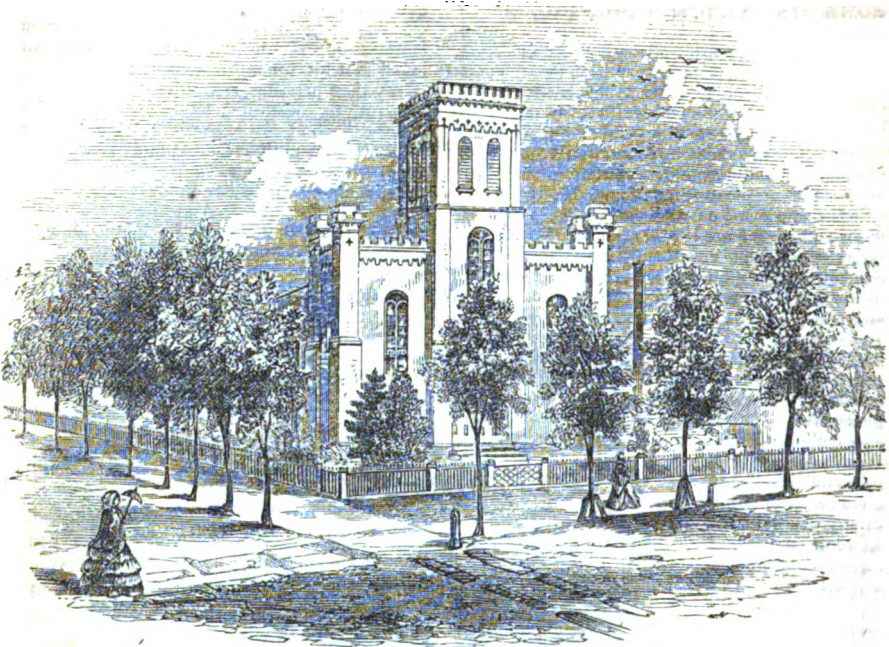
would come and take shelter in his house—an invitation which Mr. Simcox gladly accepted. He was ushered into a handsomely-furnished dining-room, where the master of the house was sitting, and received from him a very friendly welcome. Scarcely, however, had Mr. Simcox set eyes on his host than he was struck with a vague remembrance of having seen him before; but where, or in what circumstances, he found himself altogether unable to call to mind. The gentleman soon engaged in interesting and animated conversation, which was carried on with increasing mutual respect and confidence; while all the time this remembrance kept continually recurring to Mr. Simcox, whose inquiring glances at last betrayed to his host what was passing in his mind. "You seem, sir," said he, "to look at me as though you had seen me before." Mr. Simcox acknowledged that his host was right in his conjectures, but confessed his entire inability to recall the occasion. "You are right, sir," replied the old gentleman, "and if you will pledge your word as a man of honor not to disclose to any one what I am now going to tell you until you have seen the notice of my death in the London papers, I have no objection to remind you where and how you have seen me. In Saint James's Park, near Spring Gardens, you may pass every day an old man who sweeps a crossing there, who stipulates, that whatever be the amount of alms bestowed, he will retain only a halfpenny, and returns to the donor all the rest. Such an unusual proceeding excites the curiosity of those who hear of it; and any one who has himself made the experiment, when he happens to be walking by with a friend, is almost sure to say to him, "Do you see that old fellow there? He is the strangest beggar you ever saw in your life. If you give him 6d. he will be sure to give you 5 l-2d. back again." Of course his friend makes the experiment, which turns out as predicted; and, as crowds of people are constantly passing, numbers

every day make the trial; and thus the old man gets many a halfpenny from the curiosity of the passers-by, besides what he obtains from their compassion. I am that beggar. Many years ago I first hit upon this expedient for the relief of my then pressing necessities, for I was at that time utterly destitute; but finding the scheme answer beyond my expectations, I was induced to carry it on until I had at last, with the aid of profitable investments, realised a handsome fortune, enabling me to live in the comfort in which you find me this day. And now, sir, such is the force of habit, that though, no longer under any necessity for continuing it, I find myself quite unable to give it up; and accordingly every morning I leave home, apparently for business purposes, and go to a room where I put on my old beggar's clothes, and sweep my crossing in the park till a certain hour in the afternoon, when I resume my usual dress, and return home in time for dinner as you see me this day." Mr. Simcox fulfilled his pledge; but having seen the beggar's death announced, he divulged the secret.

MARKET, SYRACUSE, NEW YORK.







UNITARIAN CHURCH, SYRACUSE, NEW YORK.

**HINTS TO HOUSEWIVES.**

Vessels intended to contain liquid of a higher temperature than the surrounding medium, and to keep that liquid as long as possible at the highest temperature, should be constructed of materials which are the worst radiators of heat. Thus, tea-urns and tea-pots are best adapted to their purpose when constructed of polished metal, and worst when constructed of black porcelain. A black porcelain tea-pot is the worst conceivable material for that vessel, for both its materials and color are good radiators of heat, and the liquid contained in it cools with the greatest possible rapidity. On the other hand, a bright metal tea-pot is best adapted for the purpose, because it is the worst radiator of heat, and therefore cools as slowly as possible. A polished silver or brass tea-urn is better adapted to retain the heat of the water, than one of dull brown color, such as is most commonly used. A tin kettle retains the heat of water boiled in it more effectually if it be kept clean and polished, than if it be allowed to collect the smoke and soot to which it is exposed from the action of the fire. When coated with this, its surface becomes rough and black, and is a powerful radiator of heat. A set of polished fire-irons may remain for a long time in front of a hot fire, without receiving from it any increase of temperature beyond that of the chamber, because the heat radiated by the fire, is all reflected by the polished surface of the irons, and none of it is absorbed; but if a set of rough, unpolished irons were similarly placed, they would become speedily so hot, that they could not be used without inconvenience. The polish of the fire-irons is, therefore, not merely a matter

of ornament, but of use and convenience. The rough, unpolished poker, sometimes used in a kitchen, becomes speedily so hot that it cannot be held without pain. A close stove intended to warm apartments, should not have a polished surface, for in that case it is one of the worst radiators of heat, and nothing could be contrived less fit for the purpose to which it is applied. On the other hand, a rough, unpolished surface of cast iron, is favorable to radiation, and a fire in such a stove will always produce a most powerful effect.—*Dr. Lardner on Heat.*

**COMPANIONS IN ARMS.**

A cat, of which the Zouaves could have made a delicious substitute for jugged hare, but which was generously spared, and well deserves the title "companion in arms," has been carried upon the shoulder of a voltigeur during the whole of the Italian campaign. A cock became a great favorite, living under canvass upwards of six months, on intimate terms with the Zouaves. A drummer, named Savignol, had two inseparable companions, a jay, which he carried on his shoulder, and a dog which marched before him. This dog ought to be very proud now, his master having given him two little canteens to carry, each having a laudatory inscription, for they say that as the dog marched before the drummer, and the drummer at the head of the regiment, it was the dog which led them to battle and showed them the road to victory.—*Journal pour tous.*

The wasp attacks the ripest fruit first; so will slander attempt to wound the honestest fame.

[ORIGINAL.]

## SONNETS.—ALBUM DEDICATION.

BY JAMES FRANKLIN JYTS

Blessed these leaves, whereon each glowing heart  
 Hath left its impress, warm with radiant thought!  
 Blessed these lines, from pure affection caught,  
 And shadowed here, true pleasure to impart!  
 Ay, doubly blest—for no fottitious art  
 Dissembles here in holy Friendship's guise:  
 But Friendship's self, all glorious to the eyes,  
 Fills every page, and sanctifies each part.  
 And as when autumn winds have swept the field,  
 And scattered o'er its face the golden leaves,  
 Behold within this treasury revealed  
 The fabric which each friend-magician weaves,  
 The golden leaves of thought—a garner rich with sheaves!

And O, if thou, who by these gifts art blest—  
 Lady, for whom we weave this cloth of gold—  
 Shouldst feel, as haply thou in days of old  
 Hast felt, remorseless Sorrow's stern behest;  
 When hearts which love thee now grow chill and cold,  
 Perchance with death, or, worse, with black distrust;  
 When eyes which laughed with thine are turned to dust;  
 When life itself becomes a story told:  
 Then, while the air is filled with falling rain,  
 And dark the skies with canopy of night;  
 When weary, watching eyes can see no light,  
 Turn to the sunshine here, and yet again,  
 Read, smile, rejoice, and say, "I am not blest in vain!"

[ORIGINAL.]

## ARRESTED FOR MURDER.

BY MARY W. JANVRIN.

In the fall of 1854 I was travelling through the Northwestern States as collecting agent for a mercantile house in New York. The terminus of my journey was St. Pauls, Minnesota; and I had completed my business there, and was on my return by a different route than that by which I had travelled out—taking instead, the railway leading down through the central portion of Wisconsin. A long day's ride had wearied me, and at nightfall I reached the thriving city of B—, on the southwestern line of the State, where I designed to stop one night.

Partaking of an excellent supper at the well-kept hotel which I had made my quarters, I shortly retired to my room, for I was more than ordinarily fatigued with my day's travel. Sleep never folds one so closely in its embrace, as when he has wearied both the mental and physical system with exertion; and never was it more refreshing to me, than during the long slumber into which I shortly fell. It must have been after midnight, when I was awakened by the sound of many footsteps hastening rapidly along the pass-

ges past my door. At first, thinking the sound occasioned by the incoming of some belated boarders, I prepared to sink to sleep again; but suddenly a heavy knock came on my door, and a voice which I recognized as that of the porter who had shown me to my room on the preceding evening, exclaimed in hasty, agitated accents:

"Get up, sir! There has been a murder close by!"

Springing to the floor, I hastily dressed myself and joined the throng swelling through the halls, and down through the office, out the door to a house situated close under the shadow of the hotel.

There were some twenty-five or thirty of the gentlemen boarders and strangers stopping at the hotel, who had been summoned from their beds by the affrighted porter, present at the house when I entered, and already some of the circumstances of the midnight tragedy were being related. It seems that several piercing shrieks, following each other in quick succession, had startled the porter dozing by the office fire, lingering for the arrival of the late night train—and he had summoned the inmates of the house—then hastened to the scene. And it was, in truth, the terrible drama of midnight murder, which he had feared, that we gazed upon. The proprietor of the neat cottage house, Mr. Newhall, a gentleman in easy circumstances, lay on the floor of the apartment adjoining his bedroom, his body stabbed with several dangerous wounds, and a pool of blood on the carpet. He was senseless and speechless, although life was not yet extinct. There were marks of a scuffle in the overturned chairs and disarranged furniture—and in the bedroom, where the burglar had apparently entered through an open window, an open money-trunk stood rifled of its contents, and Mr. Newhall's pistol lay in a distant corner, on the floor. Most probably it had been wrenched from him by the robber when discovered by the awakened man, who must have sprung from his bed upon him, for Mr. Newhall was a man of great courage and personal strength.

There was but one other member of the household present—a Norwegian servant-girl, who was half stupefied with fright and terror, and who had hardly gained the scene of the tragedy before the arrival of the hotel occupants close by, summoned by the few loud screams her master had uttered before relapsing into his insensible state. Mr. Newhall, being a bachelor, had no other family, save a niece whom he had adopted, and who had left him a few days previous, on a visit to some friends in Madison. On looking still more closely about the bedroom, a small dark-lantern,

with the light extinguished, and which had doubtless been dropped in the melee, was found. But this, bearing no name, gave no clue to the murderer. A physician was soon on the spot to dress the wounds of Mr. Newhall, but he gave as his opinion that he could not recover, although he might lie thus several days.

The night was dark and chilly, and it seemed utterly out of the question to attempt the discovery of the assassin till daylight, though the strongest excitement prevailed—for the wounded man had been a much-esteemed citizen of B—. But with the first streak of dawn, the police were on the alert, and bands of private citizens organized themselves together to lend aid. Fresh discoveries were made with the daylight. Spots of blood were found on the sill of the window through which the murderer had probably made his egress in escaping—and on the plank walk over which he must have passed in his exit from the premises, bore also the same sanguinary marks, while up the street, on a small pile of lumber by the wayside, was the print of a bloody hand—as if the assassin had paused a moment to rest, and in rising, had used that hand to assist himself. Further than these, no evidences were found, and these were but slight, whereby to obtain clue to the murderer.

About noon a report was spread that a large pocket-dirk had been found beneath the lumber by Dick Stein, a Dutchman, and a man well known about town as a hanger-on to taverns, as well as a gambler. This proved true. And the startling fact that the dirk bore the name of "J. Sherwood," ran like wildfire about the town. James Sherwood was a young lawyer by profession, who had been in B— about a year—a nephew and favorite of Mr. Newhall, and supposed to be betrothed to his cousin, Miss Newhall. He had always borne a high character—though several citizens (now that the knowledge of the finding of the knife became public) stated that of late he had neglected his business, and had been heard of as a frequenter of Parkhurst's gambling saloon—a noted resort for the fast and moneyed young men of the place.

But here was fearful evidence against him. Doubtless he had worn out the generosity of his uncle—had been refused in his demands for money to refund his losses at the gaming table, and at length driven to desperation, had been tempted to enter the house, with whose precincts he was so well acquainted, in the dark midnight, with intent to rifle the money-trunk, when his uncle awaking, there had followed the fearful and deadly struggle which had ended so tragically. This was the conclusion of all. And though

young Sherwood had rushed from his boarding-house, in a distant part of the city, to his uncle's house about an hour after the tragedy, and had stood all the forenoon like one stupefied with intense grief over the bed whereon his uncle lay, this was only deemed a piece of acting, assumed to cover his fiendish atrocity.

When the officers entered, and arrested him as the murderer, he seemed paralyzed, and then fell in a dead faint upon the floor. In that state of insensibility he was borne away to the lock-up, preparatory to his conveyance to the county jail at Janesville, at which city his trial was to be held—while the people of B— were left with the one exciting topic of the murder as the theme of conversation.

An indictment was immediately got out against James Sherwood for the murder of William Newhall; and the fall term of the court being at that time in session at Janesville, the trial came on within the week. A number of the citizens of B— went up to attend it also. More than ordinary interest for the accused had been awakened in my mind. Spite of the array of circumstances against him, I could not bring myself to believe in his guilt. I was present when the officers took him; and to my mind, the horror-stricken face and paralyzed tongue which hindered any attempt at refutation of the terrible charge, which fastened conviction of his guilt upon others, seemed but proofs of natural surprise and agitation. Surely, I thought, that frank, manly brow never enshrined the brain which conceived the idea of theft—that hand, which had so often grasped his kind relative's in the clasp of consanguinity, never sent home a deadly weapon to his breast. But I was only a stranger, and what was my opinion in face of the great wave of evidence upraised against him? Nothing was left me but to follow the bent of his affairs with painful interest.

At ten o'clock of the forenoon, two days after, the trial came on. The court-room was crowded to suffocation—every niche, window-seat and doorway being packed with an array of human faces. The prisoner was brought in and placed in his box; the judge took his seat; silence was proclaimed; the jury were empanelled, and the indictment read against the prisoner, who sat, pale and haggard, looking years older than when I saw him last. The first witness on the stand was the Dutchman, Stein. He testified that while looking over the lumber, and examining the bloody prints on the boards, on the forenoon succeeding the murder, the knife had dropped down from between a tier of planks where it had been thrust. On examining it, the name en-

graved on the handle met his eye, and he had at once given information of his discovery.

Another witness was then produced—the landlady of the boarding-house where the prisoner had made his home—who testified that on the evening of the murder of Mr. Newhall, the accused had come in very late, long after midnight, and proceeded as usual to his room. He had not breakfasted with her, being summoned from his bed by news of his uncle's murder. When the officers came to inform her of his subsequent arrest for the crime, she proceeded with them to his room, when the premises were searched. A handkerchief stained with blood was found in the lid of his trunk—spots of blood were on the sleeve of a shirt he had removed, and the chambermaid testified that the same were visible upon the towels she had that morning taken from his room; also, there were two or three upon the sink. This concluded the evidence.

The attorney for the prosecution then rose. He was an able man, and well versed in his case. In commencing his address, he spoke of the rapid downfall of the prisoner from the upright walks of life—his neglect of business, which led to evil paths and associates—his love for the gaming table, where, he was prepared to prove, he had passed the evening preceding the murder, and met with heavy losses—his subsequent departure from that resort, in a state of mind which had probably induced the idea of theft to obtain the means to meet those losses—the next scene in the bed-chamber of the wounded man—his surprise and anguish on being roused from slumber to behold his nephew a robber—his exclamations, and the ensuing struggle between the two—the extinguishing of the lantern, and then the terrible stroke which left him wounded unto death, while the assassin fled through the nearest window; not, however, until the life-blood of the wounded man had dripped from his hand, leaving behind the spots which were to go toward proving his guilt. Then came the strongest link in the chain. The evidence of the bloody knife bearing his initials, which had been accidentally found by Stein, and which had been produced in court. What more was needed? The chain of circumstantial evidence seemed complete; but he could furnish more. The handkerchief of the prisoner had been found by the mistress of his boarding-house, covered with blood and concealed in his trunk; and spots of blood were also found upon the sink, and on the towels he had used in washing. These were the facts he had to lay before the jury. And after listening to evidence in favor of the prisoner, if he had such to offer, he would leave them to make their decision.

Every eye was now turned toward the prisoner. He was terribly pale, and his long, wavy, brown hair, brushed back from his temples, revealed a face whose expression certainly betokened anything but the character of a villain. I failed to read upon it that common look of recklessness so peculiar to fast young men, and which one might have expected from the account given of his late associations. Instead, I saw anguish, shame, and a combination of every emotion which would naturally be imprinted upon the countenance of a high-spirited, impulsive young man, who in an evil hour, had mingled with associates and yielded to influences which had tainted his name, and now had brought him to the terrible charge under which he stood arraigned. The lawyer retained for the defence, stated that he had but one witness to produce in favor of the prisoner, but in the estimation of a discriminating public, his testimony would be sufficient to remove the terrible and unjust charge under which the accused was suffering. This witness then took the stand. He was a young man, the most intimate friend of Sherwood, of good standing in society.

He testified that on the night of the murder, he had been with his friend in his office until eleven o'clock, when the two went out together, and, passing Parkhurst's saloon, Sherwood proposed entering for a few moments, but declared he had no intention of playing. A short time after entering, however, Dick Stein bantered Sherwood to a game of billiards. They played out, and for a wonder, the Dutchman lost. Apparently angry at this, he insinuated that his opponent had used trickery, and challenged him to another game. Sherwood refused, and was turning away, using the expression that "he had already forgotten himself in playing at all with a low Dutchman." This enraged Stein, who began a quarrel; and finding that Sherwood took no notice of him, but was passing out, he sprang upon him, and hurled a glass tumbler, which he had caught up from the bar, at his head. Sherwood raised his hand to ward it off, and then turned and collared his assailant. Quite a scuffle ensued, when the Dutchman crying for quarter, Sherwood released him. And after cautioning him to keep out of his path in future, they passed out into the street. His friend had treated the whole affair lightly, laughing it off, and averring that "after all, he had proved the greater fool of the two, in meddling with a drunken Dutchman." He had also expressed his intention of avoiding the billiard saloon in the future, and abstaining from dissipation of all kinds. He had seen him take out his handkerchief and bind it about his

hand, with the remark, "I believe that rascal cut my hand with that tumbler." This accounted for the stains upon it. They then walked up the street, and he left him at the door of his boarding-house. It was one o'clock when he reached his own home. He then retired from the stand.

After he had concluded, the prisoner arose, saying that he had a few words to offer in addition to the testimony given. With shame, he acknowledged that his visit to the saloon had been the occasion of his encounter with Stein, and thus the cause of his implication in the terrible crime which had so shocked the community, but none more than himself. He could only account for the fact of his knife's being found secreted under the lumber, by affirming that the real murderer had placed it there, with the double intention of escaping from the guilt himself, and fastening the stigma upon another from motives of revenge. He had missed his knife after his return from the saloon, but had not thought its loss important until arrested. Then, it flashed over him that it must have fallen, or been wrested from his breast pocket, in the scuffle with Stein, and afterward used as the instrument of his uncle's murder, and then produced as an evidence against himself. He had nothing more to say in self-defence. The evidence already given he believed sufficient to convince the jury, the court, and entire public of his innocence of the terrible crime with which he stood charged.

After Sherwood had ceased, there was a murmur of applause throughout the court. Countenances began to brighten, the tide of opinion was turning in his favor, and whispers expressive of their belief in his innocence, after all, began to circulate through the crowd.

Dick Stein, evidently half-stunned by this new turn of affairs, was creeping silently from the court-room, when a hand was laid heavily on his shoulder, and he was under arrest. Turning doggedly, and with an assumed air of indifference, he affected to laugh at the evidence of the prisoner, but was met with such a stern expression on the officer's face, that he submitted. In his stolidity, or ignorance of our laws, the Dutchman had not counted upon any fact, save that of the knife's being found, as evidence in the case. In a few minutes he was occupying a place near the prisoner's box, awaiting the decision of the court for Sherwood.

At this moment, the physician who had been in attendance upon the murdered man, appeared in court. Haste was visible in his manner, and agitation upon his countenance. At his request, he was immediately placed upon the witness-

stand. He had ridden rapidly to Jamestown to save an innocent man. A singular and unlooked-for change had taken place in Mr. Newhall. As by a miracle, while his niece was watching and weeping over the body of her uncle, he had revived and spoken. It was like an awaking from the dead. Miss Newhall had rushed from the house in terror; then, her alarm over, she had as quickly returned, rejoiced to hear again her uncle's beloved voice. The physician had been summoned, and his surprise was extreme at hearing utterance from lips he had supposed closed forever.

"Have they taken him?" was the first query of Mr. Newhall.

"Who—the murderer?" the physician asked.

"The thief—Stein. He broke open my money-trunk. Have they got him? Why don't James go after him?" was his next question, in faintest whispers. "Have I been hurt? O, I remember, that knife!" he said afterward, putting his hand to his head, and shuddering. Then he had relapsed into an insensible state. The physician could not tell if he would live. He might, nothing seemed impossible now. He would now return to him; he had left him in charge of a brother physician; the court now knew the real murderer, and had but to let the wrongfully-accused go free.

It is impossible to describe the sensation which pervaded the mass of human beings in that great, crowded court-room. A great shout, like the roar of a sea-wave, went up. Then, despising the ceremony of a formal acquittal by the jury, they surged forward, strong men took the prisoner from the box, seated him upon their shoulders, and bore him in triumph from the court-house, through the streets, to the depot, where the afternoon train lay, just starting for B—. With enthusiastic cheers, they gathered about him, escorting him on board the train; and the air was vociferous with shouts till the huge iron steed had borne him beyond their sight. "I sat near him, where I could look full upon his face during that fourteen miles' ride, and never before or since have I ever gazed upon a countenance so literally transfigured with emotions of gratitude as that young man's."

"The last eight-and-forty hours have been like a horrible dream to me," I overheard him say to his friend, as we stepped to the platform of the B— depot, on the arrival of the train, "a horrible dream! Before God, I swear never again to set foot in a gambling saloon!"

And he kept his word. That was five years ago. I have since travelled among the Western States, and have heard of James Sherwood, as

a talented and rising lawyer in Wisconsin, and as upright and blameless in his private life, as he is fair and open in his political career. Shortly after his acquittal he married his cousin, Miss Newhall, to whom he had long been attached, and to-day his home is among the happiest of the many happy firesides at the West.

Strange to chronicle, Mr. Newhall recovered miraculously from his wounds, and thenceforth made his home with his adopted children, who will be heirs to his wealth.

The Dutchman, Stein, who at first was with difficulty kept from the lynch law of the excited populace, was duly put upon trial, found guilty of the crime of burglary, with intent to murder, and then remanded back to prison, to await the recovery or decease of the wounded man, and upon his recovery was sentenced to a term of several years' imprisonment in the penitentiary of the State, where he still serves out the sentence for his crimes.

#### SCENERY OF CEYLON.

Ceylon, from whatever direction it may be approached, unfolds a scene of loveliness and grandeur unsurpassed, if it be rivalled, by any land in the universe. The traveller from Bengal, leaving behind the melancholy delta of the Ganges and the torrid coast of Coromandel, or the adventurer from Europe, recently inured to the sands of Egypt and the scorched headlands of Arabia, is alike entranced by the vision of beauty which expands before him as the island rises from the sea, its lofty mountains covered by luxuriant forests, and its shores, till they meet the ripple of the waves, bright with the foliage of perpetual spring. The Brahmins designated it by the epithet of Lanka, "the resplendent;" the Buddhist poets gracefully apostrophized it as "a pearl upon the brow of India;" the Chinese knew it as the "Island of Jewels;" the Greeks as the "land of the hyacinth and the ruby;" the Mohammedans, in the intensity of their delight, assigned it to the exiled parents of mankind as a new elysium to console them for the loss of Paradise; and the early navigators of Europe, as they returned dazzled with its gems and laden with its costly spices, propagated the fable that far to seaward the very breeze that blew from it was redolent of perfume. In later and less imaginative times Ceylon has still maintained the renown of its attractions, and exhibits, in all its varied charms, "the highest conceivable development of Indian nature."—*Sir Emerson Tennent.*

#### TO A CHILD.

Ere thou wast born "into this breathing world,"  
God wrote some characters upon thy heart.  
O, let them not, like beads of dew empearled  
On morning blades, before the noon depart!

But morning drops before the noon exhale,  
And yet those drops appear again at even;  
So childish innocence on earth must fall,  
Yet may return to usher thee to heaven.

COLERIDGE.

[ORIGINAL.]

#### OF OLD.

BY EDWIN S. LECOMBE.

The scene is an old one—  
It comes but of dreaming  
Of times that have wandered with gladness away,  
When youth had its vigor,  
And young life was teeming  
With joys that were fleet as the sunshine of day.

Where the violet bloomed,  
In its then beauteous blooming.  
'Neath the sheltering shade of a wide-spreading tree,  
My idol of life,  
With heart unassuming,  
Murmured softly her love for the flower—and for me,

The bright bird above  
Hushed its sweet singing,  
Enraptured by music so akin to its own;  
And the rivulet's voice  
Appeared to be bringing  
A welcome to love in its clear, softened tone.

O heart, 'twas a sunbeam  
But given to morning;  
The calm ere a storm oppresses the sea;  
A pure ray of light,  
That enveloped the warning  
Of clouds which ere nightfall would desolate thee!

[ORIGINAL.]

#### THE "LAST OF HIS RACE."

BY DONALD M'CLEURE.

"WHAT is the baron lighting up the old hall so splendidly for to-night?" asked Albert Von Hapsburg of his friend, as the two youths, students of the university, strolled at twilight along the road ending in the grand avenue that formed the approach to Castle Hohenberg.

"It is his birth-night, I believe," said Auguste Meisel, "and he is very particular to celebrate it. I have heard of some prophecy which is to be fulfilled on one of these anniversaries, and that he believes it. Therefore on these days, he surrounds himself with troops of people, in order to dissipate, if possible, the low spirits in which he would otherwise indulge."

"Right! The baron is judicious. To keep off evil spirits by pouring down good spirits, is the very height of wisdom. Commend me to the Baron Von Hohenberg forever."

"By the by, Albert, I have been bidden, but had nearly forgotten it. And as my brother is quite intimate with the baron, I will venture to invite you to go in with me for an hour or two. We can leave the castle long before the university bell calls us to prayers."

"If I thought I should be welcome, I should like nothing better."

"We will go early then, so that I can introduce you to the baron without witnesses."

The two young men walked up the avenue, stopping a moment to admire the effect of the intense light of a hundred wax candles upon the stained window-panes. Through a single diamond pane of clear, white glass, they beheld some one pacing the broad floor of the immense hall.

"That is the baron himself," whispered Auguste.

"That little deformed hunchback, with such long arms like an ape?" asked his friend.

"None other. And some say his mind is as deformed as his body—but my brother says there is yet a spark of the divine within him."

As he spoke, they went up the broad flight of stone steps that led to the flower-wreathed conservatory. This was a vast room, the walls of which were of glass, and completely filled with flowers and plants of the costliest kinds. Passing through these, they entered the vast hall itself, where the baron was still restlessly walking. At times he stopped before the folding doors of the large dining-hall beyond, and chided the servants for some fancied negligence, or careless handling of the superb plate with which they were setting forth the tables. A lackey who was waiting in the entrance, relieved the students of their caps and mantles, and ushered them into the presence of his master, calling out their names in a stentorian voice.

The baron welcomed the young man, but there was still a cold, sarcastic meaning in the dull blue eyes, that said there was no true heart in the welcome. More company arriving on the instant, the two youths fell back into a quiet corner and watched the proceedings with curious eyes. Meantime, the servants were making their own observations in the kitchen.

"Master is in bad humor to-night, Andreas," said the cook. "Nothing but fussing and fretting all this day. One would think he was going to have the king to sup with him, or, at least, a party of women, he is so fussy and particular."

"Women!" echoed Michael Gausrager, the privileged person within it. "Women! it will be long enough before a petticoat angel flies into Hohenberg. Its master has not just the figure, or face either, to attract the lovely creatures."

"Hold thy prate, old Goose-neck," answered the cook. "I doubt me not that even the baron could find a wife—a young and handsome one, too, for all his humpy shoulders."

Michael stretched his long neck, which had

given him his surname of Gausrager (Goose-neck), over the long table on which the cook was preparing the various luxuries of the feast, and said in a significant tone: "Ay, but he cannot marry now, if he would."

"Thou art rightly called a fool, Gausrager—what should hinder him if he be so inclined, I should like to know?"

"Hark! Don't tell, Peter—but the baron wont be alive after to-night."

"What has put that mischief into that foolish head of yours? Mind he doesn't hear you, or I would not give a duck's claw for your life."

"Pooh! that old gipsy told him so. I heard her myself. Didn't the baron turn pale when she said that?"

"Why, did she foretell it for to-night?" asked the cook, his curiosity mastering the dignity which he always tried to maintain towards Michael.

The buffoon executed a grimace. "What would thee give me to tell?" he asked.

"Nothing, nothing," said Peter, assuming his usual stiff and pompous manner. "Get thee out of the kitchen, and don't let me see thee again, until this feast is well-nigh over. Up to thy loft, fellow, and if thou want to see the fun, thou hast naught to do but croon thy long neck over the window-frame, and enjoy the sight and smell as much as the rest."

Michael looked down at the long rows of tempting dishes that were nearly ready to serve, and pleaded with the cook to let him stay, but without effect; so he crept off unwillingly to his eyrie in the roof.

Soon the wassail and tumult began in the grand hall. When the guests were in the height of their enjoyment, and only waiting for the master to name the leading toast, the baron was seen to grow pale. He begged to be excused for a moment. Several of his friends rose to lead him from the room, but he waved them back, and taking the arm of his relative, Baron Von Thalberg, lord lieutenant of the county, he left the room and entered the cool retreat of the conservatory. Here he sat down, while the renewed sounds of merriment from the hall came upon his ear.

"Leave me, cousin," he said. "Go back and play the part of host to them for a few moments. This cool air revives me, and I will soon be with you all again."

Left alone, he threw himself upon a cushioned bench among the flowers and inhaled their sweet perfume. One rare flower had that day bloomed, whose fragrance brought to mind a host of memories long buried. This plant had never bloe-



somed—since the day on which his gentle sister Helena had died. Then came back the gipsey's prophecy—that mysterious and awful warning to spend *this* day in the silence of his own room, in prayerful meditation, and the strange, dark hint that it *might* be the last. As he lay there, a strain of wild, delicious music was wafted to his ear. There was a noble band stationed in the hall, but this did not seem to proceed from thence. It was a softer, more plaintive strain, and seemed to thrill through his very being. When it ceased, he abandoned himself again to memory.

"And this is life!" he mused. "To wear the galling chain of deformity and ugliness for thirty-two suffering years, and then to dread the parting from it! 'Here lies the hunchback,' may be written over me perhaps, or uttered by lips that now flatter me. What said the gipsey? That no woman's love would ever be mine. That, wise and learned as I thought myself, I should lose my life by a fool, and on a birthday, too—perhaps this one. And yet I *could* have loved a woman! Yes, fervently, sincerely loved a woman like my sweet sister. Alas, there is not one in all this vast world who could love the hunchback. Well, I will go back to the table and drown these horrible fancies that are possessing me, in a bumper of my own old Rhenish, pledged by the dear friends who so kindly help me to dispose of it. Friends!" he added, with bitter, biting scorn, "friends! I wonder how many of them would stay with me when my last flagon of wine should be exhausted?"

He rose heavily from the couch and passed through a small ante-room, in which a wood-fire was smouldering into red-hot coals. He had become chilled by the cool air of the conservatory, and now lingered a moment to enjoy the kindly warmth. As he sat there, the decaying sparks renewed his strange fancies. He thought they were types of his vanishing life, and as the heavy brands fell, he seemed to hear the sound of the clods upon his own coffin! With a deep groan of anguish he rushed into the hall, thankful to dissipate his imaginings by the presence of others. Even there, the guests seemed to assume the semblance of mourners, and the red flag that waved over the table wore the hue of black and seemed like a pall.

He rallied when the guests loudly cheered their host, and advancing to the head of the table, he drank off a brimming glass of wine. It was swift and potent in its effects, and it loosened his hitherto powerless tongue. He even related to them the history of the past fearful half-hour—told them of the gipsey Moraima's prediction, and his own foolish fancies in consequence.

"Ha, ha! well said, baron!" echoed from every corner of the wide hall, as the guests lifted the sparkling glasses to their lips, and drank to the health of *the future Baroness of Hohenberg!*

"Good heavens!" said one of the baron's "dear friends," speaking aside to his next neighbor, "good heavens! what a figure for a woman to love!" And, unseen by the host, he twisted his own superb shoulders into an exaggerated likeness of the hunchback.

The tumult still rose. Voices grew louder and mingled with the crash of glasses and the rattling of silver. And when the din was at the highest, some one called loudly for the merry-andrew, Michael Gausrager. The host sent for him, but no one knew where he was to be found. The little maid, Lena, knew well enough where poor Michael had been sent, and she had carried him food and wine secretly. Peter had forgotten that it was by his order that the buffoon had gone away, and the rest of the servants pleaded ignorance of his whereabouts.

No Catholic was ever so reverent to his patron saint, as was Michael to little Lena. He thought her an angel in human shape, and when she ran up to his door and whispered to him not to come down to the drunken crew who were clamoring for him, lest they should now ill-treat him for the delay, he blessed her a thousand times. Visions of weary miles' walking on a wintry road, such as his master's guests had often submitted him to, made him cower into his dark and cold room when she had gone away, and when he heard a noise as of some one ascending the stairs, he longed to call her back to suggest some new hiding-place. His heart beat quicker when he heard the baron's voice calling for a piece of rope. He was to be beaten if he could be found, he well knew. Fear sharpened all his senses, and he heard the trailing of a rope upon the floor near where he was hiding, but still outside his door, which he had contrived to fasten, but which he knew the strong arms of these excited men could easily pull open. Soon he heard the rope applied to the handle of the door, and his master's voice saying: "Let me alone, I can open it." He shuddered, for he knew the rope well. It was a rotten bell-rope, formerly used in the tower, and had been tied in innumerable knots, which in fancy he felt upon his back.

"Huzza! huzza!" resounded from the guests at the bottom of the stairs, as the baron succeeded in tying the rope to the handle of the door.

There was a dead silence after this, then a creaking sound as if the rope were parting, and then a noise of a log of wood being thrown down



the steep staircase. He knew no more. Insensibility had mercifully closed his eyes.

Meanwhile, the guests were suddenly sobered by the falling of their host. With uplifted hands they stood below, as the poor, distorted body came heavily over the stairs and landed on the marble floor at their feet. When they raised the head, death was impressed upon the ghastly features. The gipsy's prophecy had come to pass, and the last Von Hohenberg was gone to his account. A few of the most sober and reflective among the company, stayed to give their presence and assistance to the bewildered servants; but the rest, terrified and amazed, left the castle precipitately. The hunchback lay in state during the following week. All that his diseased mind had suggested, came true. The funeral pall canopied the state-bed, the coffin, with the shield and helmet, which the custom of his family had rendered indispensable to be laid upon it, and the indescribable odor of death which had so pained him in his imaginary struggle the night before, all were palpable to the senses of those who came to look upon him.

It was on the first day of February, 1728, that the last of the race of Hohenberg expired. It was on his birthday, too, and as Moraima had prophesied, he came to his death by a fool!

Trembling, half-fainting, cold and miserable, little Lena found her charge. Gently and considerately, she gradually acquainted him with his master's death, and took him kindly away from the scene of excitement to the home of her own relatives. When she married, she induced her husband, a good-natured, ease-loving German, to allow Michael a home in their pretty cottage. Kindness and care, combined with quiet industry and regular habits, soon changed the buffoon into a healthy and respectable youth. Only in his sleep was he visited with dim fears, and often he would cry out that the baron was falling. When he was just passing over the threshold of manhood, and the hearts of Lena's little children had become securely bound to him, he suddenly wilted beneath the touch of sickness. Like an angel, his kind benefactress hovered about his feverish pillow, wiped the death-dews from his forehead and closed his dying eyes.

In the funeral-vault of Hohenberg, there were two coffins side by side. One bore the inscription, "Charles Joseph Baron Von Hohenberg, the last of his race. Died on his 32d birthday, February 1, 1728."

On the other, more simple in its adornments, was inscribed, "Michael Albert Von Hohenberg, died March 18, 1734."

It was not known until after poor Michael's

death, that he was the baron's brother, and that the inheritance rightfully belonged to him. One person only was partly cognizant of the fact, and the baron had bound him by a solemn oath never to name his suspicion to any living being. When Michael died, he felt absolved from further concealment, and suggested to Lena that her protegee should receive those posthumous honors which had never been accorded to him in life. The castle had stood empty since the death of Charles Von Hohenberg; but the lord lieutenant willed that the body of him who was in reality *the last of his race*, should be carried into the grand hall and laid in such state as had that of his elder brother.

Tears, such as no mortal ever shed over the tomb of the latter, fell upon Michael's, from the eyes of the good Lena and her little ones. When the eldest daughter was sixteen, the emperor bestowed the castle upon a new favorite, and a son of the new family soon after married Claudine Bergen. This gentle girl was a second Lena, following in the footsteps of her mother. She made the young baron happy, and commemorated her attachment to the simple friend of her infancy, by naming her own child, Michael Albert.

A long life and a green old age awaited the gentle serving-girl of Hohenberg, who was now connected, by her daughter's marriage, with the grandest nobles of the land, and when she passed away, she, too, was laid in the same tomb with him she had so generously befriended.

#### LADY FRANKLIN.

Everybody must admit that Lady Franklin is not only an amiable, but a strong-minded woman, yet we have heard an anecdote of her sensibility, which is deeply affecting. A short time since, when her ladyship was waiting most anxiously to learn the fate of the brave men she had despatched in search of her husband, she fell ill, and a consultation of physicians was held at her residence. One of these gentlemen, whilst he felt her pulse, begged her ladyship would open her hand. Her frequent refusal occasioned him so much disappointment in ascertaining the precise state of her fever, that he took the liberty gently to expand the fingers, and he then perceived that they were grasping a small miniature of Sir John. "Madam," exclaimed the gentleman, with deep sympathy, "my prescription must be unavailing if you are determined to keep before your eyes an object, which although deservedly dear to you, serves to confirm the violence of your distressing symptoms." "Sir," replied the noble woman, "this picture has been my sole comfort-er ever since the departure of my husband, and I am determined it shall be inseparable until, if he be dead, I am so happy as to drop after him into the grave."—*European Times*.

Sin and retribution are as the substance and shadow, never far apart.

[ORIGINAL.]  
CHARLIE.

BY MRS. F. E. BARDOUR.

Gently and tenderly lay him to rest,  
Tiny hands folded upon the white breast;  
Sunny eyes closing, their light is all fled:  
Straighten the darling limbs—Charlie is dead!

Fold the robe closer about the still form,  
Press the cold lips which love's kiss cannot warm;  
Tears drop like rain on the beautiful head,  
Wild sobe are bursting, for Charlie is dead!

Dead to the weeping eyes watching him here;  
Dead as ye follow behind the black bier;  
Darkness and silence within the cold grave:  
Have ye forgotten the Hand which can save?

Never like this hath thy mother-heart bled  
With anguish that would not be comforted;  
No sorrow before but thy soul could say,  
"Thy will be done, Father, not mine, away!"

Wait, mother, in patience!—God pitieth thee,  
And watcheth thy struggles all tenderly:  
Till at last from this fearful cloud shall shine  
A beautiful faith in his love divine.

He was needed there, in the home of light,  
Where never is pain, and there is no night;  
He is waiting thee mid the shining band  
Of the ransomed ones in the better land.

[ORIGINAL.]

EVELYN'S WAITING.

BY GEO. D. SHEPARD.

It was a low, cheerful-looking room, with broad beam running across the ceiling, and very small windows with seats covered with chints. There was no lack of furniture, but it was rather substantial than handsome, and somewhat old-fashioned besides. On the wall hung two large portraits—so large that the frames came down far below where they ought to hang, and interfered with the setting back of chairs or sofa. There were two of the latter articles in the room—long and broad, and originally hard and uneasy, like all sofas of an ancient make, but more recently stuffed and covered with greater attention to ease and luxury. The windows were open, bringing in the sweet smell of honey-suckles and damask roses which grew profusely outside. Beyond was a little garden, homely and old-fashioned enough, but still pleasant from the wealth of vines and creeping shrubs that grew all over the stone wall, and the two great pear trees, the low currant bushes, and the profusion of white, pink and crimson hollyhocks,

intertingled with the graceful Belvideres and the stately princess's feather.

The portraits mentioned, were of a man in the full prime and vigor of life, and a woman, young, gentle, and mild-looking. Near them, suspended by a small cord, was the miniature likeness of a very lovely child, fair and fresh as the morning, with bright, wavy hair of golden brown, eyes of a soft hazel, and cheeks and lips that seemed made for loving kisses.

The three representatives of these pictures sat together in the quaint old room, somewhat altered from the time that had passed since they were painted, yet perfectly recognizable. The man's raven locks were sprinkled thickly with silver, the woman's were concealed under a cap, and the child, now grown to fair maiden, wore hers banded plainly over the ears and braided in a Grecian knot behind.

There was another child there, but of a mould and accent so different from the picture or its original, that no one would have thought them sisters. She was just passing the bounds that separate childhood from womanhood. Eyes and hair of the deepest black, a skin where the rose contended with the olive, and a form of fairy proportions belonged to Olive Rayner; while her air and manner were so fascinating, so *spirituelle*, so full of grace, and altogether so charming, that Evelyn had little chance of being admired when Olive was by. Yet, if not admired, Evelyn was loved; and to one of her unobtrusive ways, this was far more grateful. It was pretty to see the black curls of Olive Rayner tossed back in coquettish style, from a forehead that gleamed from under them like Parian marble; but the eye, after all, rested with deeper satisfaction upon Evelyn's plainly banded hair, just parted evenly upon her small and graceful head, with the thick, glossy knot behind, at the very spot which showed best its beautiful shape, and set off the rare beauty of the neck and ears.

Evelyn held in her hand a shell, upon which she was cutting an exquisite cameo likeness of her sister. This was Evelyn's art—her one and only trait of genius, shining out from amidst the calm beauty of her daily life. She had taken it up without instruction, and at first even without proper instruments, and her success was as admirable as it was surprising. Her father, immersed in business, did not wake up to the fact that his daughter was bidding fair to distinguish herself, until a reverse of fortune showed him how truly talented she was. He had leisure through a severe fit of ague, to observe how much she was capable of doing, and congratulated himself that whatever awaited him, Evelyn

would be sure to be independent. He was troubled thenceforth only for his gentle and amiable wife, and the wild, impetuous child, who needed a parent's ceaseless watch and ward. How would these two helpless beings bear to be poor and desolate? He might have known that Evelyn's heart was "open as day to melting charity," and that, when everything else had failed them, Evelyn would be all the world to them. But he did not think so, until he saw the beautiful cameo in his daughter's hand. He had been regarding it some time before he made out what it was. The light was not favorable, as he sat, and he fancied her merely toying with some article of jewelry from which she had taken the setting. But as she moved it forward, and took long and earnest looks at Olive, and then applied herself fervently to her work again, he cast a scrutinizing glance at what he now saw was a resemblance to his other daughter.

"What have you there, Evelyn?" he asked, with a degree of emotion very different from that which he had experienced half an hour before, when, dwelling on his own pecuniary troubles, so hard to be borne, because involving so many, he had almost shed tears.

"Olive's face, papa," she answered, in a low, sweet, silvery voice, extending it towards him.

He looked at it steadily, until happy tears came into his eyes, not so much called out by the perfect beauty of the face, as the thought that Evelyn could have done this, without his suspecting that she was an artist, and that she could have done it so admirably.

He passed it to the silent little woman opposite, and the wet tears were dropping upon it as he put it from him. Evelyn thought her father was growing weak and nervous. Her mother knew better how to interpret his emotion. It was midsummer, and Evelyn had forsaken her little hot room at the top of the house, where she usually worked, for the cool parlor below. But she now conducted her father to that retreat, where shells and casts and medallions lay around, and one or two figures moulded in clay and covered with wet cloths, were standing in the coolest corner of her studio.

"Naughty child, to conceal this from your father!" he said, tenderly kissing her cheek. "And yet it makes me happy, for now I shall feel safe in your ability to preserve yourself from want and poverty."

"Is it then so bad, dearest father?" asked Evelyn.

"Nothing can look much worse now, my child. I fear that this pleasant old place, which was my father's and grandfather's, and which

I fondly hoped to bequeath to my children, free and unincumbered, must now be sold to meet the demands of my creditors."

"Do not think so, father. Look at me! I am strong and well. I can do much, believe me. I have heard of many lately who require a good music-teacher. I can give lessons; and surely, if I am successful in Olive's head, I can do something more in that way."

Mr. Rayner shook his head, yet Evelyn could see that he was really made happy by her hopeful talk, and she continued her encouragement and cheerfulness.

"Olive is so beautiful, dear father, she must make many friends. Every one loves her so much, you know. My talents—(am I really talented, father?) If I am, her beauty and my talents must draw around us some who will surely patronise us in a school, or in some branch of professional art. Let us forget, father, that we have been very well off heretofore, and only remember that we have something to perform. We will begin directly." And the charming girl actually drew her father down stairs, to draw up a list of friends and acquaintances who might be likely to entrust their children to the care of Evelyn and Olive Rayner. Somehow, Olive did not seem so enthusiastic as she might have done. Her assent to Evelyn's proceedings was very languid, and she did not suggest anything of her own. Evelyn looked disappointed, and was ready to make any alteration in her plans that would suit her sister. All was received coldly; and Olive at length flatly refused having any voice in the matter at all.

"Do your own planning, Evelyn. I have no head for details. Besides, I cannot be supposed to be wise like you. And you really think we have strength and patience to teach music to Mrs. Barnard's two overgrown girls, who have not a particle of melody in their whole being—and to that poor, puny child of Mr. Ratford, who, I am certain, does not yet know a violin from a piano."

"Hush, Olive!" said Mrs. Rayner, who had hitherto remained silent. "Your sister's resolution is too noble to be treated with such levity. I am glad that one child, at least, has the good sense to appreciate the trials of her father, and the cheerful spirit which teaches her to help him to overcome them."

Olive's eyes filled with tears. "Say no more, dear mother," she said, brokenly; "depend on it, I shall be as ready as Evelyn to do all that I can to relieve poor papa from his embarrassments. I will keep school, or I will marry some rich old man, if that will do better, and make him allow

me a vast income, and you shall all share it with me. Will that do?"

"I trust you will have no such unpleasant sacrifice to make for us, Olive," said her father, smiling for the first time for many days. "Time may prove more lenient to us all than we expect. The first misfortune is always hardest to be borne."

The autumn saw the Rayner family still living in their own home. A large and flourishing school was already established in the cheerful old parlor, and Mr. Rayner and his wife were the principals. It was thought to be better thus, than for the two girls to meet such a responsibility alone. Each had a separate department, and the novelty and *éclat* which attended their efforts, reconciled Olive to the great change in their life. She was daily acquiring lessons, which in the lap of affluence and luxury she could never have learned, and in time she might make a noble character. Evelyn saw with delight, that Olive did not shrink from the task which she had so dreaded, and she drew a pleasant augury for the future from her own hopeful spirit, which saw all things rose-colored. Blessed quality of cheerfulness! which lights up the dark places of life with a sunny glow, and lines every cloud with silver. Evelyn had these thoughts often; but mingled intimately with them, was a remembrance, which, to say the least, was tinged with bitterness. Rising above all her hopes and aspirations, coming even between her and her filial love, and bringing a shade over her cheerful face, was the image of one who had fluttered in the hour of her sunshine, but had seemed to be missing in her day of trial.

Richard Delamere had been her childhood's dearest friend. In later years, he had never seemed to lose the memory of their childish hours and although he had never talked of a nearer tie than that of friend and brother, his words all had an import of tenderness, that would compel the most faithless to believe that Evelyn Rayner was to be his wife. In the day of their vicissitude, even common friends came to speak a word of cheer to the kindly old man, whose goodness and benevolence had endeared him to all—but Edward Delamere came not!

Gentle as Evelyn's nature had ever been, she was yet too proud to ask where he had gone—and from the time of her knowing his departure from town, she never spoke his name, even to Olive. Olive, awed by Evelyn's seriousness when anything relating to her friend was mentioned, was lost in wonder at the change which had come upon their social circle; and perhaps

nothing could have tended to sober the wild girl more than the thought that Evelyn might be unhappy. Otherwise, Evelyn's life flowed on the same as before. To all appearance, the chasm which he left, was filled up with new and engrossing cares; and only in the silence and darkness of the night watches, was Richard Delamere arraigned at the bar of Evelyn's judgment. Then every tender word and look, every allusion to the time when they should be more than all the world to each other, came back upon her heart with a meaning she had never attached to them at the time.

The school went on. Whether its success was owing to the mild and wise discipline of Mr. Rayner, or the loving and motherly care of his wife—to the gentle, winning ways of Evelyn, or the dashing, off-hand ways of Olive, so fascinating to the young girls under their instruction, and which insensibly they all imitated enough to put a dash of spirit and energy into the tamest of them—we do not know. But certainly, no school was ever more popular with the parents as well as the children. The Rayners reaped golden wheat from their experiment, and the harvest was the possession of the dear old home, bought back, with its pleasant surroundings, without foot of stranger having ever entered therein.

It was a day of crowning joy when it passed back again into their own hands. There was a pleasant gathering of friends and pupils; and Olive's rich beauty was the theme of every tongue, while Evelyn's goodness was in every heart. As might be expected, beauty won the day; for that night, Charles Trever bowed before the influence of Olive's attractions, and when the next golden autumn gathered in its sheaves, the wild and careless girl had gone to make new sunshine in another's home.

They missed her playful rattle, and the old house seemed lonely when she was away. But a sadder interruption than that, broke up their school, and consigned Evelyn and her father to a deeper loneliness. Mrs. Rayner died—so gently and peacefully that her death seemed only another phase of her calm and beautiful life. Evelyn was now all in all to her father, and they sat down together to comfort and console each other. They were able now to give up all care, and with Mr. Rayner's growing years and infirmities, Evelyn felt that she had no right to seek for further gain, except in the quiet employment which had preceded her school-keeping days.

So the two sat in the beloved room, now their own, and doubly sanctified by the presence

which they *felt* but could not see. Mr. Rayner, after the first great burst of grief was over, went back to his early love of reading; and Evelyn took up her dreamy work of cameo-cutting.

One face of remembered beauty—the face that alone had ever worn the look she coveted—was reproduced again and again, when no eye was upon her work. In the day time, she wrought out fair and beautiful heads, that brought praises from her father's lips, very dear to Evelyn; but in the night, when Mr. Rayner was asleep, she worked to trace out features that were dearer still.

Years rolled on—and Evelyn's locks of golden brown were threaded here and there with silver. Her full, round figure had thinned, and there was a slight drooping that told of too little exercise in the open air. Yet she was not sad nor sorrowful. Least of all, was she fretful or morose. But life *did* sometimes seem tamer than her youthful imagination had pictured it, although, after an incursion of the Goths and Vandals, as Mr. Rayner playfully called a visit from Olive and her noisy, tearing children, her comparative quiet seemed very pleasant to her again.

Olive had just left them, and Mr. Rayner was indulging in the first sound nap which he had had for a whole week; and Evelyn, although it was afternoon, was still in her morning dress, making good the furniture which the little invaders had injured. It was an old habit of Evelyn's, that of singing at her work, and she had not at least forgotten or laid aside this instance of a cheerful and happy heart. She was singing now, in a low, musical voice, glancing now and then at her sleeping father, to see if she disturbed him, and at the same time, rubbing the stains of childish fingers from the old piano, until her cheeks glowed with the unwonted exercise.

A shadow passed the window, and she hushed her song. She turned, but saw no one near, although a dim, undefinable sensation of some presence unseen oppressed her. She pursued her work, and soon the same melting, soul-fraught melody issued from her lips. It was a song of long ago—one that she had often sung in her early youth. All at once, her thoughts went back to that youth, and as she glanced at her father's long white hair, the time seemed very long since she was young. Her heart went back to her early dream, and she took from a small box which was carefully locked, the carved likeness which memory had assisted her to fashion, and gazed long upon the well-remembered features.

Ye, who never knew what it was to lose the first bright hopes of youth, may laugh, if you please, at the gentle kiss which poor Evelyn be-

stowed on the chill white lips that met her view, and the brief sigh which she gave to the strange mystery of the past, so long unsolved! Laugh on! for a few fleeting moments will turn the scale, and she who wins may laugh! For there, within the room, alive, radiant with health, and looking with eyes of love upon the gentle spinster stands Richard Delamere!

"Forgotten you? no, Evelyn! not for one instant; but I was poor when the heavy stroke fell upon your father, and I took a vow that I would yet make him rich. I would not see you, for I knew that I could not bear the separation—so I left quietly the yet sleeping town, on the very morning after his heavy losses were known. I stood for two hours before dawn, beneath your window, and watched the fluttering of the white curtain in the morning breeze; but I dared not await your uprising. I hurried away to the vessel, and in two hours we were off in the rising sun. I have trodden the burning sands of India for years, to bring back to you the yellow gold so worthless to me unless shared with you; and when I once possessed it, I staid not for friend nor foe. Yonder white hair tells me how long I have been gone, and how much may have been suffered since my absence; but I am here again, and with a true heart to offer you, Evelyn; and if rejected—why India will take me to her warm bosom once more and until death. But you will think of me kindly, Evelyn; and we will watch over the gray head yonder together—you and I! You and I! How often I have lain on the hot sand, and turned my eyes heavenward, and longed to say those three simple words in your ear; to feel that I was not alone. Toiling for wealth, I longed to tell you that there was a time coming when those toils should be rewarded, and we might yet be happy. It rests with you, Evelyn, to banish me to India or not?"

There was no audible response to Richard Delamere's words, but she did not unlock the arms that held her; and it was evident enough that Evelyn acquitted him of all wrong or forgetfulness.

The old parlor was lighted up as if for a festival, and Olive's children were wandering about the floor, waiting impatiently for their mother's footstep on the stairs. It came at last—and then came Aunt Evelyn in bridal garments, her rich hair lying in soft braids above a forehead still white and pure as in her early youth; and, clasping the folds of her satin robe, was a beautiful brooch. It was a cameo of rare beauty, and the head of Richard Delamere, true to life, as if he

were standing before the artist when she carved it, was easily recognized by all present.

The old house still stands in its ancient steeple-ness. Careful hands have kept it in repair, and Evelyn's children play in the fields where so many generations of children played before. A new Evelyn and a new Olive walk those leaf-strewn paths, and are so like to their predecessors, that another Rip Van Winkle, awaking from a thirty years' sleep, might fancy them the same.

The little attic where Evelyn worked stealthily in olden times has been raised and enlarged. Against the walls, now painted of a sober, quiet hue, are ranged various figures of her moulding, in different states of progress, and in a little ebony cabinet, are kept beautiful specimens of the art she loves so well; but which she makes subservient to her duty as a wife.

#### KING OF HEARTS.

Comte was gallant towards sovereigns. At the end of a performance he gave at the Tuileries, before Louis XVIII., he invited his majesty to select a card from the pack. It may be that chanced the king to draw his majesty of hearts; it may be, though, that the conjuror's address produced this result. During this time the servant placed on an isolated table a vase filled with flowers. Comte next took a pistol, loaded with powder, in which he inserted the king of hearts as a wad; then turning to his august spectator, he begged him to fix his eye on the vase, as the card would appear just over it. The pistol was fired, and the bust of Louis appeared among the flowers. The king, not knowing how to explain this unexpected result, asked Comte the meaning of this strange apparition, adding in a slightly sarcastic tone, "I fancy, sir, that your trick has not ended as you stated." "I beg your majesty's pardon," Comte replied, assuming the manner of a courtier; "I have quite kept my promise. I pledged myself that the king of hearts should appear on that vase, and I appeal to all Frenchmen whether that bust does not represent the king of all hearts?"—*London Journal*.

#### HOW TO BE HANDSOME.

It is perfectly natural for all women to be handsome. If they are not so, the fault lies in their birth or in their training, or in both. We would therefore respectfully remind mothers that in Poland a period of childhood is recognized. There, girls do not jump from infancy to youthfulness. They are not sent from the cradle directly to the drawing-room, to dress, sit still, and look pretty. During childhood, which extends through a period of several years, they are plainly and loosely dressed, and allowed to run, romp, and play in the open air. They take to sunshine as does the flower. They are not loaded down, girded about, and oppressed in every way with countless frills and superabundant flounces, so as to be admired for their much clothing. Plain, simple food, free and varied exercise, abundant sunshine, and good mental culture, are the secrets of beauty in after life.—*Ladies' Newspaper, London*.

[ORIGINAL.]

HELEN.

BY EDWARD L. HERTON.

Her life was one sweet music-strain,  
I ne'er shall know the same again;  
Where'er her spirit's impress dwelt,  
The keenest thrill of love was felt.  
What rays of pure, indwelling truth,  
Glance from the soul and heart of youth,  
To bless surrounding hearts with heaven,  
Were gifts by her unbounded given.

Dear gem of sacred youthful time,  
Of cold, but genial Northern clime,  
Much, much of fond idolatry  
Sweils sweetly from within towards thee.  
Life may in painful wanderings pass,  
And loneliness the soul harass;  
Still, dearest gift of summer day,  
Thy impress will forever stay!

[ORIGINAL.]

#### THE DOCTOR

— AND —

#### THE DOCTOR'S SON,

BY ANNIE M. LOVERING.

Now for school-teaching I was no better fitted than for the ministry—I mean as far as patience was concerned—yet it came into my head very suddenly one morning, as I sat in the broad old kitchen of my father's house, with my little brothers and sisters about me (and, indeed, there was a goodly array of them), that it was about time for me to be doing something in the world; something outside of the monotonous round of household duties which I performed day after day; something, perhaps, to relieve my father, in a small way of the burden that rested upon his shoulders. By this I do not mean that he was in debt, or that his goodly farm failed to give his large family a comfortable, happy support. Not at all. But let that question go without further discussion, and suffice it by saying that for very good reasons of my own, I resolved, as old people say, "to make a start in the world."

And so I started. How that was brought about, it would be tedious enough to relate; but this much I will say, that because of the idea born to me so suddenly on that spring morning, I was chosen—of the numerous applicants—teacher of some forty scholars at a distance of twenty miles from Cranston. I need not add that this was a source of great gratification to me, and that because of it I entered into a vast number of vague, happy speculations as to how

the summer would glide away—how the days, the long summer days, would seem as short as the shortest of winter ones—how I would teach the little children to love me, and by that means find a readier way of interesting them in their books. Dear me! it would fill a good-sized volume to write out all that I imagined and dreamed of the summer which I was to spend in the little village of Lester.

But "a change came o'er the spirit of my dreams;" not before I left home, because in such a case I might never have found courage to have left it; but just before I arrived at the scene of action.

"You are to teach in Lester village this summer, if I understand you rightly?" said the most gentlemanly of gentlemen before I left the cars at Lester.

The question was not an impertinent one after our brief, morning acquaintance, and so I answered it in all good faith, a little pompously, perhaps, for I was greatly impressed with the importance of my calling.

"Yes, sir, and I anticipate a very pleasant summer of it," I said.

"You do?"

He spoke in a quizzical tone, while the wisest and most inexplicable of smiles crossed his face.

"Yes, sir, and why not?" I asked, forgetting that my question was abrupt, and my manner somewhat disturbed.

"Nothing, only to realize your pleasant anticipations, you must meet a different fate from your predecessors for years back."

"And why, sir?" I questioned, my face getting redder and redder every moment.

"Because of all children under the sun, those of Lester village are the most unmanageable. In the course of a summer they usually succeed in dethroning two or three teachers."

He was a very handsome gentleman, as I said before, and as he said this in a pleasant, laughing way, displaying a set of perfect teeth, he grew handsomer than ever. But I did not think much of that, only of the thread of quiet exultation that I thought I detected running through his remark. I grew piqued in a moment, and answered him with a show of spirit which must have been quite amusing.

"They will not dethrone me!"

"Ah?"

He was, indeed, much amused, for he looked in my face for a full moment, as if to gather from it food for his merriment. At that I grew queenly, or at least what I thought to be so, and drew myself up as though there was a question of honor to settle. Just then the cars came to a

full stop, and the conductor gave his call—"Lester!"—so that I did not have a chance to answer—not his words, for they were simple enough in themselves—but his manner.

"I wish you much success," he said, as I left the cars.

"Thank you; your wish shall prove a prophecy."

That was the first that I heard of my Lester school, and I need not add that my spirits were somewhat dampened. But that I should conquer the unruly set of masters and misses I did not doubt for a moment.

"They'd do well enough if it warn't for the doctor's boy," my good-natured boarding-mistress said when I questioned her concerning my pupils. "He is the ringleader of 'em, and always has been."

That was enough for me to know. I would make friends with the doctor's son at the beginning. But that was easier said than done, I may as well confess at once. There was mischief enough in him to have stocked a little million of commonly roguish boys. Gain an advantage over him in one way, and he was doubly sure to gain one over me in another. If I attempted to reason with him, his answers would set the whole school in a hubbub, and if I threatened to punish him, a look of sheer defiance settled upon his bright face. He troubled me so deeply that I could not rest night or day, in school or out. That I grew pale and thin is not to be wondered at.

When my trial was at its height, I chanced to meet my acquaintance and prophet of the cars. Who he was, or what he was, I did not trouble myself to think. I did not even care. I had hoped to meet him again, but I preferred to have it at the time of my victory, not at my vanquishment.

"And how are you pleased with your school?" he asked, walking by my side in an easy, careless way, as though he was an acquaintance of years.

"I am delighted," I answered. "I cannot express to you how much so."

He laughed heartily. Looking into his face at that moment, I thought I could trace a very strong resemblance between him and the doctor's son, Frank Eldridge. A most unpleasant truth dawned upon my mind. A little angered I determined to make the most of it.

"The scholars are very well," I said, half maliciously. "I suspect that the trouble lies with their parents. The ringleader of all the mischief seems to have grown up in a most unhealthy atmosphere. I should say that his father was not

a very devout friend of Sabbath schools, and that would be a mild saying, indeed, and a charitable one on my part."

My words took immediate effect. A little flash of color appearing suddenly upon the gentleman's face, spoke plainer than words could have done. Seeing my advantage I continued, in a tantalizing way :

"People tell me that this Eldridge boy has not known a mother's care since his earliest infancy. That is self-evident. I have been more lenient, remembering this. But if it is a mother's care that he needs, I would advise his father, most heartily, to make an attempt to secure to him the care of some good, true woman."

"You would?"

He looked me fully in the face as he asked the question. I was not equal to the ordeal. I grew suddenly confused, and trying to answer him, stumbled upon three or four answers at the same time.

"Your advice is most excellent, Miss Lakin. I hope the unfortunate gentleman will be able to act upon it."

"So do I, most sincerely," I answered, blushing beneath his strange, questioning glance. "For the boy's sake, he would do well to make the matter one of importance until he succeeds," I added, more because I would not allow myself to be silenced by his gaze, than because I cared to speak.

"Perhaps you would be willing to aid the gentleman in question, since you were the first to suggest the idea? Would you?"

"I am no philanthropist," I answered, curtly, believing that he was making an attempt to quiz me. "I think too much of my life—"

I hesitated. I saw that I was going too far. The gentleman smiled. We were close by the school-house door, and the conversation could not go further. With a "good morning" he turned away, while I entered the school-room.

"Who was that gentleman?" I asked of a child, standing by the door.

"Dr. Eldridge, Frank Eldridge's father," was the reply.

I knew that well enough before, but hearing it verified by the child's lips sent my blood throbbing and beating loudly at my heart.

The day that followed that morning was not a pleasant one to me. Not that my scholars were unusually rude or boisterous—to the contrary, they were quieter than I had ever before known them; but somehow my conscience troubled me. Thinking of the motherless boy before me, I saw that in dealing with him I had put away from my heart that blessed charity which suffereth

long and is kind. I had called anger justice, and by it dealt with him. I had forgotten how warm, human words sink through the congealed surface of the heart, touching and stirring its purest depths.

I had blamed the father. And there I was wrong again. Of the world, I a woman, had the best right to look straight through his indulgence, to the fatherly tenderness that could not give birth to a reprimand or rebuke; to the love that could not, because of the mother resting in the grave, mete out the justice that the child merited.

How the tender hands of pity brought these overlooked truths before my eyes, until blinded by tears I could not see!

The next morning I met Dr. Eldridge again, and again he kept me company to the very door of the school-room. His tantalizing humor had not left him, and with a sly look in his clear, gray eyes, he assured me that the father of my unruly pupil had, indeed, taken my sage advice to heart. Was I glad to hear it?

"O, yes," I answered, in a sober, quiet way.

"Let one fact console you, Miss Lakin," he said, earnestly, "you have succeeded admirably with your school, and quite to the satisfaction of the villagers. There is a talk of having the summer term continued into the fall, since there is a stout fund of school money on hand."

"Dear heavens," I said, "I shall go crazy!"

"No, I hope not, unless you will consent beforehand to engage me as a medical adviser."

I did not answer him. I was in a poor mood to bear his teasings. Indeed, I could hardly keep back the tears at the thought of the many weeks of torture that they were planning out for me. For six weeks (half of the summer term) I had been trying to keep down the rebellion, and I had hoped to worry through the rest of my allotted time without a serious outbreak. But now, I could not hope for it. "War was inevitable, it must come." Before the thought, my good resolutions of the day before vanished like empty air. If to be mistress of the school-room I must use stick, whip and rule, then I would wield them. I would conquer or be conquered. I did not resolve upon this fully until I was informed that the school would be lengthened out six weeks into the autumn, allowing a vacation of one week in the meantime.

So the days dragged along, not one passing without Dr. Eldridge making his appearance somewhere in my way. Sometimes I was pleased to see him, perhaps always; but he had a strange, mischievous way with him that worked against my temper constantly. I think he liked



my little fits of passion, however, or he would not have provoked them continually.

And the school! Dear me, what a school it was! The trial of it wore me thin as a shadow. But affairs came to a climax one day. This was the way it was brought about. While hearing a recitation, one hot, sultry afternoon, I drew my chair into the middle of the floor, where there was a faint show of a breeze. I was directly in front of one of the aisles, and so seated that I could not see what was going on behind me. After dismissing the class, I made an attempt to rise, when to my utter dismay and horror I found myself, or my dress made fast to the chair. I tried to be very cool and collected, as I released myself, but my hands trembled violently, and I knew that my face was white with anger.

"Can any one tell me who pinned my dress to the chair?" I asked.

There was a dead silence. I repeated the question. Still no answer. I could interpret that easily enough. Not a scholar in school dared tell a tale of Frank Eldridge.

"You may walk this way, Frank," I said.

As though marching to a military drum, he came to the middle of the floor.

"I shall bear your impudence no longer," I began. "Either you or I must be at the head of this school. If my arm and ruler are as trusty as I think, I shall be mistress here."

"You don't dare ferrule me; my father—" he began.

"Let your father come here, and I will ferrule him too," I said, interrupting him.

"I'll tell him of that," he cried out.

"Do so, by all means," I answered.

And so I thrashed Frank Eldridge, soundly and smartly, till he begged for mercy like a three year old baby, and promised as humbly as I could wish to do better. There was a great uproar, in consequence of it, both in school and out. But what made the matter ludicrous in the extreme, was that the fact of my threatening to whip Dr. Eldridge (handsome, idolized Dr. Eldridge, the awe of the whole village, and the pride of the whole town) was noised about. At last it reached the doctor's ears, and as I had feared, he came just at the close of school, the next afternoon, to remind me of my threat.

"I have come for my whipping," he said, in a low tone, as I answered his loud rap at the door.

I do not know why, but the tears sprang to my eyes at this. It seemed unkind in him, almost cruel. I was afraid that he would notice how I was moved, and so I turned my head away, as I answered:

"I am very busy now, can you come in and wait?"

"Until after school, do you mean?"

"Just as you please—I have no time to spare now—I suppose you have come to undo my work of yesterday."

"Not I, believe me—"

"Walk in, if you please," I said, interrupting him. He was speaking so pleasantly and kindly that the tears were coming to my eyes again.

"Now my whipping, Miss Lakin," he said, after the last class was dismissed, and we were alone together in the old school-house.

"Dr. Eldridge, how unkind of you," I said.

"But I insist upon it," he answered, passing me my rule.

How exceedingly foolish I felt. How wretchedly he teased me. But there was no escaping from him, so I said, laughing and crying all together, "Give me your hand?"

"The right, I believe, is the one always claimed by ladies. But are you serious, shall I really give it to you?"

"Yes," I answered, coloring.

Taking the tips of his fingers in my left hand, I gave him a quick blow.

"A kiss for a blow," he said, raising my hand to his lips. "Strike away, dear, I shall never weary."

So I struck him again, once, twice, thrice.

"See which hand will get blistered first, yours or mine," he said, in high glee. "How happy you make me, and how good I am getting."

"And how bad I am growing every day," I cried, bursting into tears, and dropping my head upon the desk.

"Heaven forbid, Lizzie," he said, tenderly, the mockery going quite away from his voice. "I know that I have worried and troubled you, but my heart has been, and is, all right, my child. Do you remember what you said to me a long time ago, about marrying again? And do you know, that in spite of reason and prudence (for you are young and pure-hearted yet), I have hoped and prayed that sometime you might be the light and love of my bad, darkened heart, my darkened home? I love you, that is all I can say in pleading my case."

And that was enough. That blessed knowledge for a moment expiated all my sufferings in the turbulent school-room; ay, all that I had known in life, even.

"Then you meant it, in a small way, when you asked me to give you my hand?" he said, archly, as I held out my hands to him.

And I said "yes" in one breath, and "no" in the next. Which was right?

(ORIGINAL.)

## TWILIGHT MUSINGS.

BY MARY PERCIVAL.

I love at morning's early dawn,  
 Ere Sol's bright beams impart  
 A dawning radiance to the scene,  
 To bless creative art.

I love to gaze on Nature's works,  
 And see her stores unrolled:  
 To mark the blessings of the year,  
 Its varied scenes unfold.

I love at twilight's pensive hour,  
 To wander forth alone,  
 When the gray mist of eve precedes  
 Pale Luna's gentle beam.

At this calm hour a halo bright  
 The gift of memory lends;  
 And pleasures past, and present, too,  
 A happy influence blends.

I love the springtime of the year,  
 When Nature smiles around;  
 When birds renew their gayest songs,  
 And flowerets strew the ground.

And summer, too, with all its charms,  
 Which tempt us to repair  
 To shady groves and forests green,  
 And quiet valleys fair.

I love to hear the autumn wind,  
 As sighing through the trees,  
 The harplike melody it bears,  
 And the cool, refreshing breeze.

And dear to me is winter, too,  
 Though icy fetters twine;  
 The frozen stream and snow-clad hills  
 Proclaim a Power divine.

(ORIGINAL.)

## TWICE A LOVER.

BY E. F. LAWRENCE.

It was an afternoon in the Indian summer,  
 the briefest and most beautiful of the seasons.  
 For many a golden day, from the fair sunrise  
 to the royal sunset, the wonder-working forces  
 in the great laboratory of Nature had wrought  
 unceasingly, gradually developing the multitudi-  
 nous forms and hues of loveliness that every-  
 where garland the earth in her bridal time. In  
 the June days died the roses; the later blossoms  
 faded too, the cricket chirped no longer in the  
 wayside grass—but while decay lingered close  
 by, hardly staying his hand from his fell work,  
 the summer came back, warmer and ruddier from  
 her sojourn in the glowing South, and wander-

ing musingly in her old-time haunts, brooding in  
 the still woodlands and climbing the forest-  
 crowned slopes, irradiated them with her  
 presence.

I had undertaken my journey in no cheerful  
 mood. Young, enthusiastic, ambitious of a high  
 place in my profession, it was hard to pause on  
 the threshold of a career which my imagination ar-  
 rayed in brilliant colors, and curbing my eager  
 spirits, devote my energies to the establishment  
 of my health. But the necessity was imperative,  
 and reluctantly I had mounted my horse and  
 turned my back upon the scenes where I fondly  
 imagined distinction was to be won, and the  
 coveted glory attained. I had chosen to accept  
 my father's advice, to repair to the residence of  
 Judge Morgan, an early friend of his own, not  
 because he dwelt in a region rich in wild and  
 picturesque scenery, whose charms might tempt  
 forth the too industrious student, but I pleased  
 myself with the thought of the large library,  
 whose ponderous tomes I looked forward to  
 reading, while I lay quietly in the south piazza,  
 passively submitting to the ministrations of the  
 autumn sunshine and bracing air. I knew, too,  
 that Judge Morgan had a clear, acute intellect,  
 and a thorough knowledge of the theory and  
 practice of his profession, and I reflected that  
 the society of such a man must advance me in  
 those legal studies which I had been forced tem-  
 porarily to abandon. Yet the disappointment  
 lay sore upon my heart, and it was not until I  
 had left far behind me the neat suburban towns,  
 with their stylish, city-like air, and had been for  
 many hours in the open country, in the silence  
 and serenity that always dwell there, that I be-  
 gan to grow calm and content, and to feel myself  
 in harmony with the tranquillity of nature. The  
 shadows that lay across my path, as I skirted  
 along the boundaries of some orchard, whose  
 trees cast a portion of their fruitage into the  
 highway, had grown longer, and the sun was far  
 on his course, when I arrived in the vicinity of  
 Judge Morgan's home.

I could see its white chimneys gleaming from  
 the tall elms that rose above them, as upon gain-  
 ing an ascent I gave my steed a moment's rest,  
 and let my eye roam over the landscape. West-  
 ward the country rolled away in long, undulating  
 sweeps towards the horizon, dotted with white  
 villages and brightened by forests resplendent  
 with the gorgeous hues of the season, until its  
 waves were stayed by the Adirondacs; to the  
 northwest the blue, misty veil was half-raised  
 over the waters of Lake Champlain, and on the  
 east, close at hand, the mountains rose far up  
 into the sky, clothed with the bright-hued maples

from base to peak, like pyramids of blazing gold. It was the fruition of summer—the serene close of the perfect day. Its strange beauty stole over my spirit, as if some sweet melody my childhood had loved were floating through the sunset air, awakening the better feelings and resolutions that had lain dormant in the exciting struggles of the previous busy months, and stirring old memories that were hidden deep in my heart—the voices now hushed forever, the dear joys of home, and all the precious things which boyhood embalms for the solace of later years. Rousing myself from my reveries, I pressed forward, and just as the sombre twilight shadows crept over the distant hills, I galloped up the avenue and dismounted at the steps of my friend's mansion. I remembered the place well, and my first hasty glance around assured me that it was unchanged. On re-visiting some fine old country house, redolent of antiquity and having an individuality of its own, I dislike to find it modernized, and all its distinctive features obliterated. There was a movement within, and presently the front door was thrown wide open and Judge Morgan appeared on the threshold. It was the same figure, a little less erect perhaps, that I had known in my childhood, and the same frank, genial manner. Peering into the fast-gathering darkness, he asked, in a tone whose slight uncertainty could not disguise its cordial kindness:

"Is that Philip North?"

At my quick response in the affirmative, he made a step forward, checked himself, and waited until I ascended the steps.

"You are welcome, welcome, Mr. Philip!" And he gave my hand a hearty grasp. "You'll excuse my not coming down to meet you—a touch of my old enemy. So you are Philip North," he continued, as we entered the pleasantly lighted parlor. "Your father said I need not expect to find him reproduced in you, but you are like him. Yes, I should have known you anywhere. And so, you have overworked yourself in your making haste to be wise. Very foolish, Philip. It takes all summer for wheat to grow in, and if a blade or two happens to get ripe before the rest, what is it good for? Mere husk. It takes time to fill out the kernel. But we will build you up. Alice and Delia will show you all the lions in the neighborhood, only you must look to your horsemanship, or Alice will rob you of your laurels."

Until thus reminded by my friend, I had forgotten that the little girl who had been my childish playfellow, must have grown to womanhood. I had scarcely heard her mentioned, since one morning when I drove away from her father's

house, in all the pride of a boy first permitted to journey alone. I recalled her now, as she stood with one hand on the head of a huge Newfoundland almost as tall as herself, and shading her eyes with the other, while she watched the coach bowl away down the hill.

"But I do not know Delia, do I, Judge Morgan?"

"No—she came to us only a few years ago. She is my ward."

Tea was presently served, and the ladies appeared. How could I have ignored so quietly the existence of the graceful young girl who stood before me? She was about the medium stature, but the peculiar carriage of her finely-shaped head, and the proud dignity of her whole bearing, produced the impression of greater height. There was something in her movements that fascinated the eye—a mingled grace and queenliness. For the rest, her face was not beautiful, I thought. Her features were too irregular, her color too faint, but the heavy braids of lustrous dark hair were drawn away over a brow both intellectual and serene. The brown eyes were not brilliant, but you could discover in them a large capacity for loving and for suffering, too. The same expression characterized the mouth. It was mobile and sensitive. Now and then there crept about it a smile so strangely sweet that you longed to see it there oftener. But she was chary of it. It curved her lips once or twice as a little by-conversation went on between her and her father; then, too, the eye softened and the cheek flushed.

Delia had far greater pretensions to beauty. A blonde complexion, sunny brown curls, soft blue eyes, a charming figure, *petite*, but exquisitely moulded. Add to this, winning manners, not too vivacious to be gentle, and a low, coaxing voice.

"Alice," said Judge Morgan, "you must put your little Bessie through her best paces to-morrow morning. Mr. Philip is prepared to expect great things of your equestrian performances."

"I fear I shall not be able to prevail on Bessie to exert herself in order to justify your commendation, papa. She is indifferent to praise," returned Alice, gravely.

"I trust her fair mistress is not so insusceptible," I remarked.

She looked at me a moment.

"Applauses are easily won and are usually worthless. Besides," she added, more playfully, "Bessie is my good friend, and sometimes differs from me in opinion, and shows it frankly, as I like to have my friends do; consequently it happens that we sometimes come home in half an

hour, when I have made up my mind to a whole morning's ramble."

"And do you encourage such rebellion?" I asked, laughingly.

"Bessie has a will of her own, and I like her the better for it," answered Alice, abruptly.

The next morning, when we were cantering briskly along the road in the fresh, breezy air, I thought Miss Morgan really beautiful. The exercise had given her a fine color, and in the varied play of emotion which was constantly changing her expressive face, you forgot the irregularities of feature, if indeed you did not think them positive charms. Her style was original and striking. Lovely as Delia was, she looked tame and insipid beside her. We soon became excellent friends. Unaccountably to myself, I lost all interest in Coke and Chitty, and grew strangely reconciled to my involuntary exile from active life. We passed the mornings on horseback, exploring all the picturesque places near and remote; the evenings fled too quickly with reading and merry talk, and when Alice and I were alone, in long, confidential conversations.

I never met with such sympathy as she gave me. Without echoing my sentiments, or concealing her own, which she maintained was destructive of real friendship, always uttering herself frankly, sometimes even *brusquely*, she yet encouraged me to reveal to her thoughts, aspirations, dreams, which I had never before disclosed to any one. Was I haunted by any half-formed doubt? She had known the same uncertainty, and could indicate its cure. Did any emotion waver tremblingly on my lips? She had precisely the words to complete the broken sentence. These conferences grew exceedingly pleasant to me. They were the golden threads in the plain web of my daily life. I only caught glimpses of her character. I felt that beyond what was revealed were greater charms, and this drew me on. I knew that she had faults—she was proud, impulsive, too exacting, perhaps, but she showed these qualities in such a way as only to make me love her more.

I liked to see her turn away in indignant scorn, when I had given utterance to some sentiment she deemed unworthy. And then, when I repented and sought her forgiveness, it was a delight to see the fire die out of her eyes, and the tender light come back to them, and to watch that rare smile relax the lips just now pressed together in anger. She was extremely independent. No one ever cared less than she for what Mrs. Grundy might say. Perhaps it was the grand natural scenery about her home that had developed this leading trait in her character. The

society of mountains and forests helps to make the soul free and strong. She was motherless, too, and although always carefully taught, her position as mistress of her father's household at that susceptible season verging upon womanhood, had doubtless encouraged habits of independent thought. It had given her a maturity transcending her years, but this was beautifully relieved by her simplicity and a childlike freshness of sensibility. There was withal, an occasional shyness about her that removed her beyond my sphere. I scarcely dared hope for her love; sometimes I even doubted her friendship. She was like a bird, that with a sweet reluctance approaches close to you, and just as you think you are sure of him, he is beyond your reach.

It is now later in the autumn. The glory of the Indian summer has passed away from the earth, the trees have given up their brilliant garniture, and the dry leaves lie thick upon the ground. Alice and I are sitting at the foot of an oak-tree, which terminates one of the pleasant forest-paths in the vicinity of her home. A brook wanders along close by, and its low singing, the rustle of the leaves, and the loud caw of the lonely crow, are all the sounds that interrupt our talk. A few late asters are growing at her feet, and Alice is carelessly playing with the starry blooms. There has been a silence, which is broken by Alice.

"Did you ever think that women are like flowers?" she said. "There is little Mrs. Lewis—you know how bright and gay she is; but she has had a world of trouble and sorrow. Every one thought when her last child died, that she would never be herself again. Yet she seems to enjoy what there is pleasant in her autumn-like life, just as these cheerful-looking flowers do the November sunshine. She always reminds me of the asters."

"It is a pretty fancy," I replied. "What is Delia like—a honeysuckle, clinging to something strong for support?"

Alice looked grave for a moment, and then answered very quietly, "No."

"No—indeed?" I returned, surprised. "What then?"

Alice was silent. I had seen that she did not esteem Delia, but she never alluded to her faults.

"Will you tell me what you resemble, Alice?"

She laughed and blushed. "Papa says I am like sweet-brier."

I do not know how it came to pass. I had steadfastly resolved that I would return to the city and prove my affection by a long waiting, before I revealed to Alice the hopes which had be-

come so dear to me. But somehow the secret escaped my lips, and a few words told her all. She did not turn timidly away from me—it piqued my foolish vanity, I remember, to see that she was not even surprised. She listened in silence, and when she spoke the clear tones came forth unflatteringly.

"I am sorry you told me this, Philip, because it grieves me to cause you even a moment's mortification. I am sorry you should associate me with anything that may pain you ever so slightly. You would have remembered me as a pleasant companion, and though you will not love me long, we might still have been friends."

I interrupted her. "Do you doubt my sincerity?"

"No, Philip, I believe you are in earnest. If I should give you now the affection you ask me for, you would try to conceal from me the change that will take place in your feelings, and you would keep your pledge."

"How could she talk to me so?" I asked.

"What had she seen in me to make her think me so fickle? I loved her truly. I was sure I should love her always."

She shook her head and smiled a little sadly.

"You do not love me *enough*. Do you know how exacting I am? Do you know what constancy and fervor I should demand? I have never loved many people. My nature is slow to respond to affection. Love is a growth with me, not the inspiration of a moment. But all my life I have known how I *could* love. There would be no wavering or shadow of change in me. And you ask me to give all this to you—who do not even understand me."

I tried to convince her that I, too, could be true. I asked her if she could be indifferent to an affection as deep as it was fervent—that should anticipate every thought, that should lie in wait for the slightest word of the beloved.

"Your theory is beautiful, Philip, but I have no faith in your practice."

"Only give me time to prove my devotion. You would learn to love me, Alice."

"Very likely I might," she answered, shortly.

I sat down on the turf at her feet. "Give me some hope, Alice."

"I must not love you, Philip. I must put far away from me all thought of it." She stopped a moment, then went on hastily. "We are not suited to each other. You are ambitious, you seek worldly renown. I ask only love. You are eager for popular fame. I do not care for applause. You have studied, and I have dreamed. Do not seek to awaken me from my dream."

"Alice, you are more precious to me than any renown I can win. Your love would give a sweetness to every triumph," I said, impetuously.

She drew her hand resolutely away.

"You are mistaken in yourself. You prize intellect above affection. You will never love as you *can* love, until you have tried fame and seen how unsatisfactory it is. You will never value constancy as you ought, until you have known faithlessness."

"Alice," I exclaimed, almost bitterly, "you are cold and hard."

I remember how her eyes kindled. I recall the impetuous movement with which she flung away the asters and clasped her small white hands together.

"You know I am not, Philip," she said, passionately, "but you do not know, you cannot appreciate such a love as I could give you. You would misunderstand and weary of me, and it would break my heart."

I had been unjust, I knew. I began to get a fuller look at the treasure I could not gain. I was silent a moment. She put out her hand.

"Do not let us quarrel any more," she said, her eyes filling with tears. "We have been very happy together."

Ah, if I had but understood her then!

I am on my way to the city. A bleak storm darkens the air, and a tempest of baffled affection and wounded pride is raging in my heart. Delia is beside me. She takes advantage of my escort to make a journey to town. I can scarcely find any pleasant words to say to her. Her very gentleness exasperates me. I gaze out of the car-window in moody silence. I am only alive to one feeling.

Now, my longing to enter upon active life was gratified. It was not hard for me to throw myself into my work with an intensity that left no room for any fruitless regrets, or vain aspirations. I strove to forget Alice. I believe I was proud to prove myself as fickle as she had foreboded. I said I would not again sue for preferment at the court of love. I crushed down my heart, and kept my mind hard at work. I found pleasure in the exciting contests in which I engaged with all the ardor of a novice. I had a keen relish for intellectual sparring. I liked, too, to hunt up obscure points in support of my position. In a word, I had found my niche, and for a while was satisfied with my labor and its results. I was willing now to admit that Alice might have been right in saying that we were unsuited to each other. Perhaps I could not have withdrawn from my professional cares enough to have re-

sponded to such a nature as hers. I realized now that congenial as were our tastes, there was a broader ground of sentiment and feeling, where we might not always have stood together. Sympathetic as she had been, well as she had understood me, I know I had never fathomed her. It was best that she had seen the matter in the light of cool common sense. At first, I said this bitterly. Afterward the thought lost its sharpness, and I said it sincerely. Do not think I had no stability of character. I was at a period of life when everything is transient. The emotions of youth are like the waves of the ever-restless sea—maturity is the quiet inlet unvisited by storms, serene and deep.

It is no new thing to speak of the unsatisfactoriness of success. It is but a repetition of the sentiment of the Preacher—"vanity of vanities." No one ever towered above his fellows but to find a colder atmosphere, a more ungenial clime. I only reached, in my progress, the same unwelcome goal which every other eager aspirant for fame has attained. I grew at last weary of the rude encounter with those as ambitious of distinction as myself. I tasted the satiety of success, and popular applause became hateful to me. There came a time when I did justice to the worth of affection. I learned that of all things in the universe love is the greatest and best. I use the word in its widest signification. I longed now to escape from my restless, troubled life, and thirsted for repose, and for those tender ties that should make that repose sweet.

All this was not the work of a brief space. Years had passed since in that drear November day I turned away from Alice's home and hurried swiftly toward the theatre of my ambitious exertions.

Delia was now a resident in town. With her beauty and ample fortune, she found the gayeties of the city more attractive than the quiet enjoyments of country life. I often met her in society. Her manner was always the same to me—gentle and kind, and touched by a slight familiarity that proved she remembered our old acquaintance. Some business affairs brought me into intimate relations with the family where she made her home. I was lonely, eager for real companionship and the delights of a home, and I found the pleasant domestic circle of the Sandfords very attractive. The intercourse which the household maintained with society did not destroy its repose. It was exactly calculated to tempt my weary spirit. I began now to wonder that I had so easily overlooked Delia's charms. I had acknowledged her personal loveliness, but I believed I had not appreciated her vivacity, her gentleness

and good temper. I observed indeed, the absence of intellectual superiority, but I did not miss it. In truth, in my present mood, I think this very want made her seem more lovable to me. I was prepared to be enchanted with goodness and amiability, and could very well dispense with intellect. After a day's work among musty folios, I liked to sit in the sunshine of her presence, to watch the color come and go in her transparent cheek, and to listen to the ripply flow of her graceful talk.

"What is it to-night, *ma chere petite ami*?" I said, as just at dusk one winter's evening I entered the drawing-room of the Sandfords. "Is it for party, opera or play, that I have the honor to proffer my escort?"

Delia was nestled in one corner of the sofa, and with the freedom of intimate friendship I ensconced myself in the other. She shook back her curls, and replied, in her playful, winning way:

"We are not in need of your valiant courtesy, Sir Knight. We don't propose adorning either with our presence. We prefer a quiet evening at home, so please you."

She looked very beautiful as she sat there in the twilight, the delicate contour of her face taking a yet more ethereal loveliness, and the exquisite fairness of her round white arms contrasting with the soft crimson of the robe whose folds swept so gracefully about her. When I left Delia that night it was as her betrothed lover.

And now the great want of my life existed no longer. The tranquil happiness I had sighed for was within my reach. The home for which I had longed, made beautiful by the tender ministries of love, was no more a dream, but a prospective reality. Enriched by the affection of one so gentle and lovely, what more could I desire? Why was it, that as the months rolled by, the turrets and pinnacles of the castle I had built for myself, the fair structure that sprang so proudly into the blue sky, and caught the sunlight on its many spires, dropped away one by one, despoiling the edifice of its beautiful proportions, till even the foundations crumbled, and only an unsightly ruin remained? It was not that the remembrance of Alice now came to haunt me. The thought of her was laid up in my memory, as one puts away a bunch of withered violets—a faint odor lingers around them yet, but their fragrance and beauty are fled.

"I received a letter from Judge Morgan to-day," said Delia to me, once. "It appears that Alice is to become Mrs. Dr. May."

"Indeed!" I said carelessly.

"Do you know," continued Delia, laughing,

"I once thought you had a *penchant* for Alice. Tell me, was it really so?"

I put her off with light words, and shut more closely the secret chamber where the memory of my first love lay hidden.

No, it was not any thought of Alice that unsealed my eyes to the unloveliness of Delia's character. It was not the remembrance of her earnestness, her truth, her constancy, that revealed to me the frivolity, the insincerity, the fickleness which I now found in Delia. It was not because I recalled the look I had into Alice's deep and loving heart, that I grew dissatisfied with the superficiality which Delia now daily betrayed. Those qualities must have repelled me, had I never known their opposites. The discovery thrilled me with inexpressible pain. It was as if the beautiful drapery which has been supposed to enshroud an exquisite statue, upon being removed, should disclose a hideous skeleton. I wilfully shut my eyes to the truth.

"These are venial faults," I said. "She is very young, I will mould her."

But this was not very easy. With a singular fickleness in matters pertaining to the conscience and affections, she was inflexibly pertinacious in her own fancies and opinions. Hers was no wax-like character; no clinging, dependent vine was Delia. She grew capricious—I was indifferent. She tried to excite my jealousy—her shallow acts only awoke my contempt. Then she became weary of me. I saw it, and the sting inflicted by faithlessness was not the less sharp, that I saw the idol to be clay. From being tiresome, I became disagreeable to her, and yet I waited for her to cast me off. It came. I was grateful to her for having spared me the pain of pulling down my palace with my own hands. I did not think she had played the hypocrite intentionally. She had loved me to the extent of her narrow capacity, but it was a poor, flickering flame that soon died out—not the star that beams on through night and storm with quenchless light.

I went back to my work, humbled in my own estimation for having cherished this pale shadow of a passion, for having stooped to love unworthily. I tried to think that happiness is not the end of life, and I labored to grasp its right meaning. The soul is always made strong by noble endeavor, though it may not fully attain its object, and so I, too, found peace at length. Sometimes the thought of Alice floated across my mind, as, to the mariner sailing shoreward over the wide sea—waste, worn by tempests and homesick for rest, come the songs of birds and the sweet fragrance of fields and flowers.

Three times the splendor of the Indian summer had shone over the mountains, the woodlands and the lake, since the sad waking from my last wild dream, when I again turned my face in the direction of Judge Morgan's residence. From time to time some slight news of my old friend had come to me. I had learned that he was gradually sinking under the repeated attacks of a disease which must ultimately prove fatal. I knew, too, that Alice watched over him. They had not failed to praise her tireless devotion, her saintly patience, and they spoke, too, of Dr. May, the physician who had attended the invalid through all the fluctuations of his malady, the efficient friend and counsellor, and the lover, who as yet forbore to press the claim which was not denied. The judge had desired my services to arrange some business which had become complicated by long neglect. I looked again on the same beautiful scenery, the magnificent blending of the autumn colors, the blue mist veiling its splendor, the same serene, perfect beauty which filled my soul in the olden time—but how was I changed!

*"The youth embarks upon the ocean with a thousand sails,  
Sadly the old man drifts to port on a boat saved from  
the wreck,"*

says Schiller. I had sailed far enough over the sea of life to know how rough and fierce its waves were.

I found Alice scarcely changed. The piquant freshness of manner that had so charmed me in the olden time, was a little subdued, but there was the same proud carriage of the head, the same deep, tender eyes, and, though the rare smile was a little sadder than of old, it had lost none of its sweetness. She was very kind to me, and we were soon upon the old intimate terms. Daily I met Dr. May at the bedside of the invalid. I saw that he had an earnest purpose, and a strong, bold heart. He was a man who might well have won the love of such a woman as Alice Morgan. That he was dear to her I knew at once. She could not help loving him, I thought. I knew now the full value of the treasure I had lost. If I had but been worthy of her—if I had understood her that morning when we sat together in the oakwood.

Judge Morgan was grateful for my coming. I endeavored to hasten the completion of the visit which brought me there, for I was warned by the anxiety and sorrow in Dr. May's face, that the end was not very far off.

At midnight there was a hurried passing to and fro in the house. I was in Judge Morgan's room in a moment. Alice was leaning over her father. One glance at the sick man, and I saw

that the mysterious change had come over his face that forebodes the speedy coming of the death angel. Alice saw it too. I shall never forget the agony which was in the eyes that looked up to mine.

It was over, and the terrible season that comes to all sometime in life, when the loved one is carried away from our sight, and we have again to take up the burden of living, while the sense of loss is still fresh and sore, came now to Alice. There was no bitterness in her grief, but as day after day she reclined on the sofa in the parlor, and submitted to be petted and taken care of—for she was very weak and worn—the frequent quivering of the lips, and the low, half-suppressed sigh, told how deep was her sorrow. I had never loved her so well as now—had never known anything like the strong, tender, unselfish affection which I now felt, and I knew that its fire would burn on until my heart itself became dust.

During Dr. May's long and frequent calls I withdrew to the library, and busied myself among deeds of settlement and the various testamentary documents which my appointment as executor had put into my hands, consoled somewhat by thinking it was all for her. It was now almost enough to love her. I could almost yield her to another—almost—but there were times, when looking into her loving eyes, and hearing her sweet "thank you," for some trifling service, it was hard not to clasp her in my arms and tell her what she was to me.

There was no excuse for lingering now. It was best that I should go before the pain of doing so became too bitter.

"Alice," I said, abruptly, one night, "I am going away to-morrow."

She dropped the light work she had been holding and looked at me. I could not bear the look, and I rose and walked away to the window.

"Yes, Alice, I am going away to-morrow. I dare not stay here any longer. Years ago, Alice, when you refused my love and sent me away from you, I thought you were cold and unjust, but you were right in your judgment of me. I confess it with shame and sorrow. You knew me better than I knew myself." I went back, stood by her side, took both her hands and looked down into her face. "I did not understand you then, Alice, but I loved you; yet not as I do now. I was not good enough for you, dear. But if I ever do anything that shall make the world better, I shall owe it to you. I shall have more faith in the worth of women always for your sake. You have taught me how unselfish

love can be. Can I put the lesson to a better use, than to go away now and give you up patiently to one who deserves you more than I?"

I held her hands close for one moment, and then I turned away. I had reached the door. She put out her hand with an eager movement:

"Philip!"

O, the love and tenderness in that low, tremulous tone! Every nerve in my body thrilled at that call, and there was such a strange, rushing sound in my ears that I almost lost the whispered words I bent to hear.

"I have never loved any one but you, Philip."

"Alice! Alice! I was untrue to you. Can you love—can you trust me?"

"I love you, and can trust you now."

I held my darling in my arms at last, and kissed away the tears from her glowing cheeks. And I did not go away the next day, after all, for we were very, very happy.

#### THE SHADOWS WE CAST.

In this great world of sunshine and shadow, we are constantly casting shadows on those around us, and receiving shadows from them in return. There is no pathway in life which is not sometimes in the shade, and there is no one who walks over these paths, it matters not which way they tend, who does not, now and then, cast his shadow with the rest. How often do we, by a mere thoughtless word or careless act, cast a shadow on some heart which is longing for sunlight. How often does the husband, by a cold greeting, cast a gloom over the happy, trusting face of his young wife, who, it may be, has waited anxiously for the first sound of his footsteps to give a joyous welcome to his home. How often has the parent, by a harsh reproof, chilled the over-flowing spring of confidence and love which is bubbling up from the fountains of the heart of the innocent prattler at his knee. How often are the bright rays of hope torn from the clinging grasp of the souls of those worn out by poverty and the never-ending conflict of life, by the stinging ridicule or the sordid avarice of those whom the world honors—ay, loves to honor. How often does the child—even after it has grown to the full bloom of manhood, and is clad in garments of strength and beauty—bring sorrow to the parent already tottering on the brink of eternity. Then beware, lest you cast a deeper shadow over those which are already darkening his happiness. The shadows we cast—can we escape them? Can we look back, as we walk on in life's journey, and see no shadowy marks about our footprints?—*Home Monthly.*

#### HOLY FAMILY.

O child of beauty rare!  
O mother chaste and fair!  
How happy seem they both, so far beyond compare!  
She, in her infant blest,  
And he in conscious rest,  
Nestling within the soft warm cradle of her breast!  
What joy that sight might bear  
To him who sees him there,  
If, with a pure and guilt-untroubled eye,  
He looked upon the twain, like Joseph standing by.  
GOSSET.



(ORIGINAL.)

## A TIME FOR EVERYTHING.

BY WILLIE WARE.

There is a time to laugh,  
There is a time to sing;  
There is a time to soar away  
On fancy's painted wing.

There is a time to mourn,  
There is a time to weep;  
There is a time to dance,  
And glittering pleasures seek.

There is a time to toil,  
There is a time to rest;  
There is a time for everything  
That is for us the best.

There is a time for sleep,  
There is a time for prayer—  
When we may thank the Lord  
For kind and watchful care.

There is a time to love,  
And time that love to tell;  
There is a time to whisper  
The parting, sad farewell.

There is a time to meet  
The loved ones gone before,  
When we shall pass death's stream,  
And reach the heavenly shore.

(ORIGINAL.)

## THE RECLAIMED.

## A STORY OF REAL LIFE.

BY A NEW CONTRIBUTOR.

THE reader who, with Byron, "likes to be particular in dates," can consult the file of the London Times in the Boston Athenæum, if he desires to ascertain the exact date of the first performance of "Benedict" by Macready.

After witnessing that performance I walked towards home, talking with a friend of the excellencies of the witching Mrs. Waylett as "Beatrice," and measuring and comparing the mimic scenes of the drama with their actual prototypes in real life. Near the Bank I parted with my companion, whose residence was in Finsbury Square, and I crossed London Bridge alone.

The clock of "St. George's in the East," struck one as I passed on the other side of the street, and as my head was turned looking across the road, and up at the church tower, I was suddenly accosted by a female who, stepping before me, asked me if I would tell her the way to London Bridge.

Her voice was filled with melody, and as the

light of the gas lamp behind me streamed full upon her countenance, the extraordinary loveliness of her features and complexion almost startled me, and I did not immediately reply to her question. The girl—she was quite a girl, and little more than a child—observed my surprise, and throwing back her graceful head, and, shaking her golden tresses, her white teeth absolutely sparkling in the gaslight as she laughed, she said:

"Do you think me pretty? Would you like me for a sweetheart?" And at the same time she quickly came towards me, and adroitly placed her hand upon my waist.

Every doubt as to her character at once vanished, and I stepped aside and endeavored to pass on. The girl nimbly kept her place before me. I felt her fingers in my waistcoat pocket, and I caught her wrist. She uttered a sharp, low, plaintive sound. It was not the whistle of a man, nor the scream of a bird, nor the cry of any animal. It was a clear, ringing tone, that would be heard in the thunder of a tempest, the roar of a waterfall, or the rumbling of all the wagons in London. I knew it. It was the call of the London female pickpocket to her male confederate. In the stillness of the night it reverberated from side to side, and from roof to basement of every house, along the four roads that met each other at St. George's church.

I saw that my watch was in the girl's hand. In the short instant that she had delayed me, she had separated the watch from the chain that held it. If she had been dexterous in her profession, she would have taken the watch from my pocket without exciting my suspicion, and without disturbing the watch-guard. I perceived that she was only a beginner at the trade of "naming and foisting."

Some minutes are occupied in the description of thoughts that do not fill a second. The imagination of the reader must measure the actual time. I remembered that I was near the dwellings of the worst characters in London. In the alleys and courts and dens of Kent Street on one side of the road, and Mint Street on the other, the refuse of the dregs of the population of modern Babylon have their miserable homes. Then close to the great thoroughfares, one of the main arteries to the great heart of commerce, through which Kent and Surrey and Sussex pour their traffic and their trade, here is the modern "Alsatia" of London; and here, driven from Rattcliffe Highway, by the construction of the Blackwall Railway, and from the "Slums" of St. Giles, by the improvements in New Oxford Street; here—the modern Ishmaelites whose hand

is against every man, and every man's hand against them—here herd like wolves.

There was no policeman near, and I perceived that I must either lose my watch or enter into a personal conflict. Still holding the girl's wrist, I drew a pistol from the breast pocket of my coat, and watched for the approach of the pick-pocket's confederate. I had not to wait long. If I had been superstitious, I should have fancied that an evil spirit had sprung from the ground, as a tall, large man, mysteriously and suddenly started up before me. The wall of houses on my right hand did not appear to offer any opening from which he could have emerged. And yet it was certain that from that wall of houses he must have come. Doors and window-shutters were there in the long regularity of respectability, that marks a rich street in a populous city; yet I felt assured that in that long row of respectability, there must be some opening for rascality; and even whilst I was waiting and watching for the expected assault, I wondered whence the attacker could have so suddenly precipitated himself. I had walked by daylight many hundred times along that great public thoroughfare, yet I had never observed any lane, alley or opening from the main street near where I was standing. There was no appearance of poverty in the apparel of the man, or in that of the girl. Both were well dressed, and with a neatness that had nothing of the "flash" or the "swell." And as my glance travelled rapidly from one to the other, I called to mind many stories of gentle highwaymen and illustrious pickpockets.

But in the immeasurably short instant that sufficed for what has taken some time to narrate, I observed a pale and scarcely perceptible gleam of light, only a little less dark than the high walls of the houses on my right hand, that evidently marked a doorway, and I formed a conclusion that the man was employed in one of the large warehouses or stores. This idea lessened my dread of a desperate attack.

Retaining the girl's wrist firmly in the grasp of my left hand, I jerked her sharply to one side and stepped forward towards the man, who, surprised at seeing his confederate detained, hesitated and drew back. My advance placed me opposite the opening to which I have referred, and I then perceived that it was a long, low, narrow, and covered passage, on a level with the shops, and under the first floor of one of the houses; and that it led into a labyrinth of wretchedness, known as "The Den."

The disagreeable reflection caused by this discovery was interrupted by the man, who brand-

ished a short bludgeon, as he exclaimed with a great oath:

"Now, then, young man, what do you want with that young woman?"

I held the girl fast in my grasp, and kept her at arm's length, as I raised my pistol to a level with the man's breast, and drew back the hammer with my thumb. The click of the tumbler of the lock sounded sharp and clear, and the girl exclaimed:

"O, do not fire here, sir! Take your watch, and let us go."

The man not expecting and not prepared for such a resistance, threw up his hand, as men do to defend the face, and in the sudden movement knocked off his hat. As he was facing the street lamp, which was behind me, I saw his features plainly, whilst mine were concealed in the shade from him. I recognized a man who only two years before had been my fellow-student at Oxford, and I exclaimed in astonishment and sorrow: "Henry Sterling!"

At this instant, the iron heel of a policeman, stamping with a slow and equal pace upon the stone flags of the pavement, was heard approaching. I uncocked my pistol, returned it to my pocket, and dropped the wrist of the girl, who quietly returned my watch to me. Neither of us spoke, until the policeman, turning the shade of his bull's-eye lantern, which was strapped to his waist, threw the glare of its bright light upon each of our faces alternately. He said "good-night," walked on a few steps, stopped, and drew himself up in the attitude of a soldier at "attention."

"This is very dreadful, Sterling," I said.

"Hush," he replied, "here comes the police relief, let them go by, and I will speak to you."

The sergeant's party of police approached in single file. The policeman was relieved by another, and the party marched on. As they were passing by Henry Sterling, a man in plain clothes who accompanied them, stepped sharply up to him, caught him by the collar, and said:

"Hulloa, Nimble Ned, you're wanted."

"Halt," the sergeant exclaimed, and the police stopped.

"What's up now?" said Henry Sterling.

The man in plain clothes answered, "We have nibbed Springheeled Jack—he has split. You have had a short run, but it has been a merry one. Your time's up."

"The dence it is! Well, what can't be cured must be endured. He who lies down with dogs, gets up with fleas. Come and see me in the jug, sissy, will you? Good night, Mr. Jones. I always said that I would see the world, and now

my grateful and considerate country will pay the expenses of my voyage to the antipodes. I suppose it's a case of New South Wales, eh, sergeant?"

Whilst Henry Sterling, known to the police as Nimble Ned, was speaking, a policeman had slipped handcuffs on to his wrists. There was no fuss on one side, and no resistance upon the other. The policeman was quiet, and Henry Sterling was unruffled. At a sign from the sergeant, two policemen put each an arm under the arm of Henry Sterling, the word, "Quick march," was given, and the police marched away with their prisoner. The girl and I were left together.

"You are very young; do you like the life you are leading?" I said.

"Ah, no, you would pity me if you knew my story. And perhaps—yes, I think, O, yes, I am sure—that if you can you will help me. My home is in the direction that you are going. If you will let me, O, do!—do let me walk by your side, and tell you my short history?"

The girl's large, dark blue eyes were filled with tears, and she clasped her hands together in earnest entreaty.

"Come, then, poor wanderer from virtue, and may Heaven bless my efforts, and enable me to save you. I will hear your story."

Side by side we walked together towards Kennington.

"Tell me your name?"

"Isabel Ranson. Do you know Northampton?"

"No, I have not been in that part of England."

"There is a great trade in shoes, and many hundred hands are employed at work for the London market. But very low wages are given, and the people there, as in other parts of England, look to London as the great pay office, where good wages are always to be obtained. Country girls now-a-days know very well that London is not paved with gold, but they believe that gold is to be gained by the same labor that in the country brings in only coppers. The wish of every country drudge is that she may see London. Do you understand?"

"Perfectly. Go on."

"So that when a woman—her name is Offal—came to our village to engage shoe-binders, she easily induced half a dozen of the prettiest girls—alas, I know that I am pretty!—to accept her offers. I, with others, came to London; with them I was deceived, betrayed and ruined. Mrs. Offal did not want us for shoe-binders! Do you understand?"

"Yes, my poor girl, I understand too well. But were not you yourself to blame?"

"I was, I was, and Mrs. Offal defends herself by telling me that all I have done, I have done willingly. Alas, sir! like a man who willingly starts to run down a steep hill, I am now unable to check my headlong descent. O, help me, sir! Stay me, do not let me tumble into the horrible abyss of shame and guilt and misery, that I see yawning before me. Help me, sir! I am young, not eighteen, only just seventeen, sir. Sir, can I not be saved? I would be honest."

"Why do you not return home? A parent's love can never die. Affection bursts the chains of anger. Upon a mother's breast, and in a father's arms, the tears of a repentant child fall like dew upon a fading flower. Why do you not return home?"

The girl drew herself up proudly and stopped.

"Sir, I am too proud! Flaunting and boastful I left home, full of hope for myself, and of scorn for my less enterprising companions of the village. How can I return there? I had better die! Heaven has mercy, when earth gives only punishment. What can such a wretch as I have to do in the virtuous village of my father? How can I look into the faces of my little sisters, who have knelt and learned their prayers from me? No, sir, I will return successful, or I will die unrecognized, if not unremembered!"

"Poor girl, poor girl! Such is human nature—proud and humble, weak and strong! And where is Mrs. Offal?"

"I am lodging with her. O, she is very respectable!" The girl's lip curled in mockery. "O, she is very respectable! She has a respectable lodging house, and her lodgers pay their rent regularly, or else she takes their clothes, and then there are the streets, and the unions, and the jails! Do you understand? I owe her rent, and if it is not paid to-morrow, she will take all I have, and then I—I—I—"

Isabel clasped her hands upon her forehead, and cried:

"O, sir, help me! You do not look at me as other men look at me. You do not think me lost? Not altogether lost? I am not left without hope, am I? Ah, I am very young. I may yet save myself. Again an honest girl I may look into my father's face, and lay my head upon my mother's breast, and then I will weep and they will welcome me."

I took her hand in mine, and between mine I held them up to heaven, and there in the open street, I, a Christian clergyman, and she a night-walker, as our tears fell together, prayed to him who never turned away an earnest prayer. We walked on in silence, until at the corner of a street, Isabel said:

"Here is Mrs. Offal's, it is No. 30 in this street."

"Can I see her?"

"Have you money? I do not know anything that money cannot do in London."

"Good-night! I will be at Mrs. Offal's at 10 o'clock to-morrow."

Isabel Ranson took a situation as housemaid in a gentleman's family. Mrs. Offal gave her a character! Four years passed. I travelled in many countries, but although I often thought of Isabel Ranson, I did not hear of her.

Four years after I had met her opposite St. George's church, I was staying at the Royal Hotel, Plymouth, during a contested election. The town was in great excitement, and frequent street fights occurred between the supporters of the rival candidates. It was said that prize-fighters were brought from London, and many of the worst characters of the metropolis took an active part in the proceedings.

One day one of the waiters told me that a servant in livery wished to deliver a note to me. The servant came into my room, and said that his mistress, Lady Underwood, requested an answer to the note which he had given me. I read the note:

"Lady Underwood presents her compliments to the Rev. Josiah Jones, and requests an interview at Mr. Jones's earliest convenience. Immediately, if possible."

"And pray," said I, "who is Lady Underwood?"

"The widow of General Sir George Underwood, who died nearly a year ago."

I accompanied the servant. A handsome carriage with a splendid pair of horses waited for me. I was taken to a large house, and was shown into a beautifully-furnished drawing-room. Presently a lady in black, but not in a widow's cap, entered the apartment. She was so beautiful that I could have fallen at her feet, as at the realization of a long dream of female loveliness.

"Isabel Ranson!" I exclaimed.

Isabel came to me, took my hand in hers, raised it to her lips, kissed it, and as she sat down on a footstool beside me, murmured, as a tear fell on my hand:

"My preserver and my friend!"

Reader, Isabel was not twenty-two years old, and I was not more than thirty. Was not this recognition pleasant? Heaven knows that I do not expect gratitude. When I perform a good action I do it because it is my duty, and because it affords me pleasure. I do not sell kindness for a price. I give it, a free gift, to be registered, if

at all, not in the debtor and creditor account of this world, but in the record of human frailty and the register of forgiveness in another. Let a man once feel the tear of another's gratitude on his cheek, or upon his hand, and he will never do an unkind act again.

Isabel Ranson was Lady Underwood. Old General Underwood had fallen in love with his pretty housemaid. Isabel was prudent, and the old general had married her. The world calls this an honorable match, the church sanctions it, the law allows it, and if—O, that *if*—if the conditions of the contract are fulfilled, Heaven ratifies it. During the six months that she had been a wife, Isabel did perform her part of the contract, and when the old general died, he left her his fortune.

"And now," said Isabel, throwing herself into a large arm-chair, "now I must tell you why I sent for you. Do you remember Henry Sterling—Nimble Ned?"

"Of course I do."

"He is in Plymouth. He was sentenced to three years' penal servitude. He has served his time. He has recognized me, and he insists that I shall marry him."

"And do you love him?"

"Love him? Ah, no! To him I owe the degradation from which you rescued me. I never loved him. He betrayed me treacherously, and deceived me devilishly. How can I do otherwise than hate him?"

"Then do not marry him."

"He threatens me."

"Hand him over to the police."

Isabel drew a long sigh, and after a few moments' silence, she rose from her chair, and said:

"I will follow your advice. Come, have some luncheon. Do you admire my taste in furniture?"

And then her white and perfect tapering fingers, loaded with jewels, rested upon my arm. I felt flushed, heady, and bewildered, as I was led along that magnificent drawing-room by Isabel, the night-walker of St. George's in the East.

That evening I had an engagement at the Yacht Club, and I walked round by the lime-stone quarries. The moon was near the full, but dark masses of clouds floated heavily in the heavens, and threw their gloomy shadows upon the rocks and stones that lay irregularly in heaps about the quarries. The beauties of the scenery were obscured in gloom, and my own feelings took a melancholy tone from the sombre night, as I mused over the chances against the happiness of Isabel, Lady Underwood.

My reveries were interrupted by a sharp cry—I remembered it—it was the call of the female pickpocket to her confederate, and I looked round with that sort of sweet titillation of ill-natured pleasure that one feels at seeing another suffer the ills that one has one's-self undergone. The cry was repeated, and was followed by a call for help, in a woman's voice.

Gazing steadily in the direction of the sound, I perceived two figures near the edge of the limestone quarries; and there was sufficient light for me to distinguish that there were a man and a woman struggling together.

I ran forward, and before the man was aware of my approach, I seized him by the throat, and got my knuckles between his neck-handkerchief and neck, and under his ear. The man turned his face towards me at the instant that the clouds passed from before the moon, and I was again face to face with Henry Sterling.

He instantly grappled me, and with a furious oath wrenched himself clear of his neck-handkerchief, which came off his throat and remained in my hand. Henry Sterling was a larger and a stronger man than I.

"Always my evil genius, Jones!" he exclaimed, again swearing. "Always my evil genius, and an omen of disappointment. Ha, ha, my fine fellow, to-night shall settle our account, and wipe out a long score. You shall not leave this place alive."

We were near the brink of the quarry, which was cut away some eighty feet perpendicularly. Towards this terrific precipice he tried to drag me. Inch by inch and foot by foot I perceived that I was approaching a dreadful death. I did not dare expend my breath by screaming, and I doggedly and in silence resisted his fierce endeavors to destroy me. He had dragged me within five feet of the brink. Then with his strong arms round me, he lifted me and threw me from him. I fell with my head over the edge of limestone, and in an instant his knee was upon my chest, and his long fingers round my throat. My eyes were starting from their sockets, my temples were bursting, respiration was suspended, and I looked up into the bright, clear moon, as I believed, for the last time. An opaque substance passed before it, and crashed on Henry Sterling's head. His hand relaxed its hold upon my throat, he fell forward over the brink of the quarry, threw out his long arms, slipped down, and dropped heavily upon the rocks below me. A soft hand grasped mine, and with the assistance of Lady Underwood, I raised myself from my perilous situation.

Then Isabel told me that, anxious to avoid a

public scandal, she had given Henry Sterling a private meeting, in the hope that she could induce him to leave the country. But Sterling, maddened by drink, had rudely assaulted her, and Lady Underwood had saved my life by hurling the mass of limestone that had killed Henry Sterling.

The next day the body was found, and a coroner's inquest brought in a verdict of accidental death, supposing that Sterling had fallen into the quarry. It has been said that

"Every fault a tear may claim,  
Except an erring sister's shame."

But Isabel, no longer young, yet in the full ripeness of womanly beauty, with a heart softened by a grateful recollection of her own revival to virtue, exercises an honest benevolence towards her fallen but not altogether guilt-crushed fellow-creatures.

#### THE CALIFORNIA VINEGAR PLANT.

Dr. E. J. Coxé has favored us with a bottle of beverage tasting like spruce beer, made from a plant handed him by a lady from Texas, and originally from California, where it is known as the "vinegar plant." By mixing a certain quantity of water and molasses, or golden syrup with a small portion of the plant, in a bottle well corked, in a few hours the beverage above-mentioned is produced. Allowed to sour, it becomes good vinegar. Its strangest quality, however, is that it feeds on the syrup and water, and grows with such rapidity as to furnish an inexhaustible supply. Dr. Coxé informs us that from the small portion of the plant handed him only a few weeks ago, thousands of bottles of this delightful beverage have been made and used in many families, and still the plant grows on its simple food in such quantity as to furnish all who wish for it. Dr. Coxé says it is harmless and possesses no intoxicating qualities. We tasted the beverage last night; and if not otherwise informed, would have thought we were sipping the ordinary spruce beer familiar to every one.—*New Orleans Picayune.*

#### DIAMONDS.

Diamonds are not used exclusively as articles of ornament or luxury. They are frequently employed with great advantage in the arts. Bad, discolored diamonds are sold to break into powder, and are said to have a more extensive sale than brilliants, with all their captivating beauty. In many operations of art they are indispensable. The fine cameo and intaglio owe their perfection to the diamond, with which alone they can be engraved. The beauty of the onyx would yet remain dormant, had not the unrivalled power of the diamond been called forth to the artist's assistance. The cornelian, the agate or cairngorm cannot be engraved by any other substance. Every crest or letter cut upon hard stone is indebted to the diamond.—*Scientific American.*

#### MEMORY.

Memory watches o'er the sad review  
Of joys that faded like the morning dew.—*CAMPBELL.*

[ORIGINAL.]

## AFAR ON THE SEA!

BY M. T. CALDON.

Afar on the sea—O, afar on the sea,  
There's a ship that is speeding away from me!  
Around it the foam-wreathing billows arise,  
And above it are bending these same blue skies;  
But the sun that looks faint on our snow-clad hills,  
Shines bright on the sail that the monsoon fills.

Afar on the sea—O, afar on the sea,  
A heart there is yearning and sighing for me;  
A form on the deck borne along by the tide,  
For aye, on this earth, should be here at my side.  
O Wind of the West, hasten on and bestow  
This kiss to the brow, whose caress it will know!

Afar on the sea—O, afar on the sea,  
Where perils arise, and where shipwreck may be—  
O, boy in my arms, with his smile in thine eye,  
Clasp thy innocent hands, as I lift to the sky  
Petitions to save him—return him to shore;  
The contest triumphant—no gammer no more!

[ORIGINAL.]

## A STORM ON THE LAKES.

BY MARY W. JANVRIEN.

## CHAPTER I.

"White as a white sail on a dusky sea,  
When half the horizon's clouded and half free,  
Fluttering between the dun wave and the sky,  
Is Hope's last gleam in man's extremity."

THE night was dark and tempestuous. The winter wind roamed in wildest fury over land and sea—now whistling and shrieking, like a thousand fiends, over hill, through valley, and among the forests along the shores of Lake Michigan.

The lakes—those inland seas—felt the power of the gale on that winter's night. From far away, over leagues and leagues of water, it hurried on its mad career, piling up wave on wave and bearing them wildly on toward the shores; struggling in terrible might with many a gallant bark—tossing them hither and thither like the pebbles cast up on the low, rocky beach.

In the city of Chicago, the hurry and bustle of the busy day was over. The deserted streets were free to the sweep of the storm, which came with loud cries alike to the draped windows of the rich and the unsheltered casements of the poor. Within, groups gathered around blazing hearthstones; without, the glare of the street lamps cast a cold gleam on the black night. The shivering watchman was fain to seek the shelter of his box; and anon, some late home-

ward goer hastened onward, buttoning his coat collar closely about his throat, breasting the sleet that was beginning to pierce the cold wintry air.

The city clock had struck eleven, when a young man emerged from the door of a large limestone warehouse near the wharves, and, drawing his furled collar about his fate, proceeded rapidly towards his home in another quarter of the city. Threading the deserted streets, he turned into a narrower one, and, entering a court, he gained the steps of a neat brick house at its head, where his summons at the bell-pull speedily was answered, and he shook the snow from his feet in the hall.

"O, George, I am so glad you have come!" was his mother's greeting, as she opened the door of the parlor. "Do you hear anything of the schooner? You are so late, I thought she might have got in!"

"O, mother; no news yet. The despatch I received this morning stated that she had left Buffalo, and would probably be here to-night; so I waited at the wharf, in hopes she would arrive. But the storm has probably beaten her off!"

"O, my son, on the coast to-night, in this dreadful storm! And Mrs. Mallory shuddered and covered her face with her hands, while her son walked the floor of the little parlor in agitation.

"O, heaven! If Paul is on the lake to-night, in this driving northeaster, only One can save him! What do you think, my son? Your father surely knows the dangers of a gale on the lake too well to tempt its fury!" And Mrs. Mallory laid her hand appealingly on her son's arm, arresting him in his rapid walk.

"Let us not fear, mother!" he replied, calming himself by a strong effort of will, and conquering his own alarm, from regard to her fears. "Certainly, father knows the dangers of such a trip, and, I dare say, he has put back, or has managed to keep off shore. It is indeed a terrible night; but we will not borrow trouble. We shall smile at our fears to-morrow night, when, I trust, he will be with us. Calm yourself, mother!" And he drew her to a seat by the glowing grate.

The furnishing of their little parlor was simple, yet tasteful. No gilded mirrors, or costly furniture shone in the firelight; but neatness, comfort, and a certain degree of elegance prevailed. In the centre of the room stood a small table covered with books, and with a cheerful solar lamp lighting up the bright carpet and crimson curtains and a few choice engravings on the wall.

Mrs. Mallory was a lady-like and delicate woman, with traces of early beauty still visible in her face. She had married Paul Mallory when young. In her childhood, he had been her playmate; in later years, he was her protector. They had removed from the east when Chicago was still a young city; and, though he had met with many vicissitudes of fortune, yet affluence seemed likely to crown his efforts. The schooner in which he sailed, was his own vessel; and he was engaged quite largely in the transportation of lumber from the northern extremity of the lake to Buffalo for the eastern trade.

George Mallory was scarcely twenty-two, the only son of his parents. Yet his frank and manly countenance, the firm and decided curve of his lips, the keen expression of his eyes, showed that already he had matured beyond his years. And this was the case; for the cares of his mother's household, devolving upon him during his father's long absences, had given him the experience of one far older.

As the mother and son sat in silence, listening to the storm which shook the house and brought the hoarse murmur of the lake waters up to their ears, the parlor door opened, and a young and lovely girl of eighteen, clad in a wrapper, and bearing a night-lamp, glided in.

"What, Annie! up yet?" said George Mallory, rising and drawing a chair for her near the grate.

"Yes, George. I could not sleep in this storm. The thought that perhaps uncle's vessel might be on the shore, was constantly before me. You will let me join your anxious vigils?" And his young cousin and betrothed, Annie Bradley, sat down near the two watchers.

The young man's heart thrilled at this manifestation of tender feeling in the young and care-free girl; but he affected to smile at her uneasiness, and bade her seek her slumber.

"No; if you and aunt persist in watching the night through, I must be permitted to be with you. God grant that uncle's vessel is not on the lake to-night!" And she shuddered as a wild blast shook the windows and howled away down the court.

"Amen!" said Mrs. Mallory, fervently; though her pale and anxious face revealed her fears.

But few words escaped the young man's lips; but when, an hour later, he sat beside the fire, with sweet Annie's young head drooping drowsily on his shoulder—gazing thoughtfully into his mother's pale countenance—by the anxious lines about his lips and the expression of his eye, as, ever and anon, when a fiercer blast whirled

by, he raised his head to listen, might be read his solicitude for the parent who, perchance, even then, might be at the mercy of the midnight tempest. And many a fervent prayer arose from that fireside to Him who holds the seas in the hollow of his hand, to guard and guide the beloved one safely to their arms.

But still the storm raged more wildly; and the northeaster tramped like a giant over the chill waters of Lake Michigan, and hurled angry billows high up on the line of the low and marshy shore.

## CHAPTER II.

"The ship works hard; the seas run high;  
Their white tops, flashing through the night,  
Give to the eager, straining eye  
A wild and shifting light."

Hard at the pumps! the leak is gaining fast!  
Lighten the ship! The devil rode that blast!"

THE day was drawing to a close, when a large and trim-built topsail schooner, with all sails set, went ~~cattering~~ across the waters of Lake Michigan. Two-thirds of the expanse had already been traversed, and she was hastening on, eager to find a port before the fierce gale from the clouds which all day had been gathering thick and dun in the sky, should burst upon her. As darkness came down and blotted out the line of the horizon, the black pall gathered thicker, and the chill northeast wind, wet with spray, came ploughing up the waters, heaping them into great billows like the waves of the ocean.

Nothing had escaped the watchful eye of the captain, as he walked the deck—now glancing up to the brooding sky, now turning his anxious gaze to the southwest, straining his vision to discern some trace of the low shore-line. Sail after sail was hoisted, fluttering out to catch the full force of the stiff wind; the masts creaked and bent; and the gullant vessel left a foaming, snowy track behind, as she clove her way through the waters.

It had been a more than ordinarily successful trip—that last which Captain Mallory had performed from Green Bay to Buffalo; and now, with the profits of his voyage, he was returning to the harbor of Chicago to lay by during the winter months, when the lake would be encased in its solid sheathing of ice. And now that his last trip of the season was made, Captain Mallory was anxious to gain port before the northeaster should break.

Night brought down the long delaying, sullen storm upon the waters. Squalls of sleet and snow struck the schooner; still she kept on her course, the captain expecting every moment to make some port.

"No land ahead?" he queried anxiously of one of the men he had sent aloft.

"No, sir. Nothing but Egyptian darkness!" was the reply.

"How is the bearing?" he cried, turning to the man at the wheel.

"West so'west, sir."

"Does she carry herself good?"

"Ay, ay, sir! good and full."

Captain Mallory paced the deck in deep thought. For a short time he revolved the chances of their safety, with the schooner driving along before such a gale.

"It will not do to drive ahead at this rate," he murmured. "We shall all go to destruction together, on some reef or island. I must alter her course. Call 'em up to shorten sail!" he shouted to the officer on deck. Then going forward, he again sought to pierce the thick darkness for the outline of land.

The cries of "Call the watch! All hands shorten sail!" rang along the deck.

While Captain Mallory still leaned over the rail, and before his orders could be executed, there came the startling cry: "Breakers ahead!"

"Where away?" rang out the captain's voice, in thunder tones.

"Dead ahead, sir!" was borne on the voice of the driving wind.

"Good heaven! this will never do!" And then, above the tempest, sounded the captain's voice through his trumpet: "Stand by to 'bout ship!"

Then followed the prompt execution of the order, as every man sprang to his station, and the heavy sails were swung round on the masts.

"All ready, forward!" sounded from the fore-castle.

"Helm's a-lee!"

And now the vessel followed the lead of the helm, and slowly veered round from her course. But her sails were stiffened with sleet; and, after struggling a few moments, she began to lose steerage way.

"What's the matter? wont she come up?" thundered the captain from the quarter deck.

"No, sir. Every sail and block is frozen, and the yards wont swing!"

The schooner was now too near the surf to wear, and time would be lost in clearing away the frozen yards; and it was probable that, even then, the sails would not work. The captain therefore gave orders to the man at the wheel to head the schooner toward the shore, hoping to keep along at a safe distance from the breakers until he could discern some lighthouse signal—for, surely, they must be near some port. And

now on dashed the vessel—parting the waters with its prow, and leaving a snowy wake behind.

There suddenly came a lull in the storm, and silence seized upon those on deck. The helmsman was tugging hard at his station; the sleet was fast congealing, and forming an icy carpet for the deck; the captain stood at the weather rail, watching the bow of the schooner as it ploughed along.

"We'll weather it yet, if we are as far south as I think we are!" he said to the mate, who came and stood beside him. "Or," he continued, in a lower tone, "if worst comes to worst, we must try our luck at a midnight swim in the Michigan!"

Again the gale rose, and with redoubled fury. Between its voice and the hoarse rushing of the waters came the creaking of the overstrained wheel, the bending and swaying of spars, the rattling of frozen cordage and the icy sails as they flapped together, and the almost human groan of the vessel's timbers as some giant wave-blow struck her sides. But still the embracing billows carried her along in the grasp of their strong arms; still she swept on—to her doom!

"Breakers ahead! close under our bow!" was shouted from the fore-castle.

"Hard a-port! Harder, for heaven's sake!" thundered Captain Mallory.

"Ay, ay, sir."

But hardly had the words escaped the sailor's lips, ere, like a mad steed urged on by its rider, the schooner rushed to her fate. There was a terrible shock. Her timbers stove, the masts were snapped like reeds, every man was prostrated on deck, and it was with difficulty that they retained their hold, while a great wave made a complete breach over the vessel.

But amid this peril, Captain Mallory bore himself like a true sailor. Encouraging his men, the small gun which the schooner bore was loaded, and report after report went rumbling toward the shore on the wings of the wind, startling men from their dozing by their cottage fires, and carrying a story of distress and shipwreck in its booming tones.

### CHAPTER III.

"Riaeth the winter's sun  
Over the sea;  
All white and pitless  
Down looketh he;  
Still comes the winter wind  
Howling and free;  
Still thunders the surf,  
And the ice lines the shore;  
But again shall that gallant ship  
Sail never more."

"'Tis a wild night—a dreadful night!" exclaimed old Farmer Benson to his wife, as they



sat by a blazing wood fire in their little cabin, near the lake shore, listening to the sound of the wind and the beating of the waters against the foot of the cliff upon which their cottage stood.

"Yes, that it is!" said good Dame Benson, laying down her knitting and removing her spectacles. "This is just such a storm as we used to have down on the seacoast of old Maine; the water roars just as the ocean used to. I declare, I hope no vessels are on the lake to-night! What do you think, father?" And an anxious look overspread her placid face.

"They'd make harbor somewhere before night-fall; the storm's been brewing this six-and-thirty hours," replied the farmer. "No captain would risk it—but hark! Martha, that's a gun, as sure as I live! A vessel's on the reef!" And the old man sprang to his feet, as a dull, heavy boom came up to the cabin.

"Yes. The good Lord help the poor crew!" cried Mrs. Benson, going to the window. "Another gun—and another! O, father, can't something be done to save 'em? Can't you send up a light, or something to keep up their poor hearts? And if their vessel keeps afloat till morning, they may be saved!"

"That's what I have thought, Martha!" said Mr. Benson, putting on his storm-coat and taking down his lantern and tarpaulin from the wall. "Call up the boys, while I get things ready, and signal 'em some way—though, God knows, their chances for rescue are small enough such a night as this!"

And while Mrs. Benson was arousing her two sturdy sons, who slept in the little loft of the cabin, the old man brought from his cellar a few rockets, and, taking his lantern, went out on the cliff. The boys appeared almost immediately—for they, too, had heard the guns from the lake—and joined their father outside the cabin; and presently a vivid and ruddy light was sent streaming up into the sky from the summit of the bluff.

The signal was undoubtedly seen by the wrecked men, for in another moment their gun again sent forth its sullen roar; and again a streaming rocket from the shore bade them not despair. But each party well knew that no help could come till the morning broke; nor even then, if the gale should not abate—for no boat could outride the mad waves—and their only hope lay in their vessel's capability of enduring the night through.

"Well, lads, it's no use standing here, as I can see," said the farmer. "We've let 'em know we heard 'em—and when mornin' comes, if our boat can stand the sea, we'll pull out to their

help, if their vessel's to be seen. Let us go in, now!"

The surf thundered at the foot of the cliff; and every now and then the wind, tearing off the white caps of the waves, tossed them high up to the very spot where the farmer and his sons stood. Nothing appeared in the thick darkness save the white flashing of the line of foam below.

"Yes, father, I suppose we'd best go in and wait till morning, though it's hard to leave the poor fellows to this storm!" answered one of the farmer's sons, as they retraced their way to their cabin.

"The vessel may stand it; the reef is low. Or, if she should go to pieces, the men may be washed among the rocks. Some of 'em will escape, I have faith to believe," said the farmer. "Here, Martha, put all your lamps in the windows! The sight of their shine may kindle hope in them poor fellows' hearts!"

And so the lamps were blazing in the cabin windows, their cheerful flame shining far out on the darkness, and the dwellers in the cabin sat down to await the tardy dawn; while amid the long hours of blackness, cold and storm, the half-frozen crew of the schooner sent the voice of their gun over the lake, realizing the while, as every fresh wave-stroke beat against their maimed vessel, that but a few planks lay between them and eternity.

"If she holds together till daybreak, we shall be saved. And she may—for the schooner is staunch and strong as iron!" said Captain Mallory, outwardly calm and firm, encouraging his men. "I know where we are—on the reef; and I believe the gale is going down. It doesn't blow so hard as when we struck. Keep up stout hearts, my men! I believe we shall be saved! Let us pray that we may see our homes, our wives and children again!"

And there, amid the winter storm, the voice of prayer mingled with the hoarse notes of the wind; and the husky "amens" floated out on the waters of Lake Michigan.

The morning broke bright and clear. The gale had abated, and the waves had spent their fury; but still a heavy swell came rolling in from the northern waters, offering resistance to any boat which might put out.

Farmer Benson and his sons were early on the cliff. Upon a low chain of rocks, at about a quarter of a mile's distance, lay the hulk of a large schooner. The waves were beating upon it, breaking it up piece by piece; the masts had been washed away, and the dismantled rigging

hung over the wreck. Far up on the forecastle, farthest from the water, were seen huddled together the shivering forms of the crew.

A consultation was held between Farmer Benson, his sons, and their neighbors who had been summoned to render assistance. Two large and stout fishing-boats were dragged down to the shore; and the two young men, with others, volunteered to put out to the reef. But the swell was too strong; and as often as they ventured, were the boats hurled back upon the beach again.

The shipwrecked crew were now seized with despair. Their vessel was fast breaking up—no boat could come to their aid—within sight of land, they must perish! Although advised by the captain to patiently abide their time, and put their trust in Him who had brought them through the perils of the night and would not surely desert them now, two of the crew resolved to endeavor to gain the shore by swimming, and cast themselves into the waves—alas! only to meet a speedy death on the freezing, icy flood, and to be cast ashore, stark and stiff, at the feet of the men who would, how gladly! have gone to their relief.

The day advanced. The winter sun stood higher, casting a flood of glorious beams over the lake and shore; but his rays could not warm the benumbed men on the wreck in whose hearts hope was near dying out.

"I believe we are doomed, Grant!" said the captain at last, speaking in a low voice to his mate. "They dare not put out for us in this heavy sea. But it won't do to let the men know it. We must keep up a show of courage before them!"

"I believe, sir, they are trying to launch the boat again," said the mate. "*They are, sir! They may reach us!*"

"Impossible, in this heavy swell!" replied the captain, gloomily, eyeing the boat which, just then, had entered the surf, propelled by the strong arms of Farmer Benson's two sons, who had avowed that "with freezing men under their very eyes, they could not stand there and see them die."

"You can't reach the wreck, boys!" said Mr. Benson and his neighbors.

"We'll try it!" they answered, hopefully. "At least, we can but make the attempt."

God sometimes favors the most daring undertakings, as he did that of those two noble young men. With hushed breath and beating hearts, the gazers on the shore and the men on the wreck watched their buffetings with the waters—now hurled back among the angry surf, now

beating over the high billows, fighting their way by the sheer force of nerve and will.

At last, thank God, the reef is gained! The boat navigates among the low, jutting rocks—the oar-strokes of those athletic arms bring it up close under the dismantled wreck—and the benumbed men, with husky voices and heavy heart-throbs, slide down, one after another, till all are there, and then they put back for the shore.

This passage is far less perilous—the swell of the incoming waves favors the heavily freighted boat—every oar-stroke tells—and now they rush through the surf, the boat's keel grates upon the hard sand, and, thank God, they are saved!

Kind and busy hands were ready to administer food, bring warm apparel, and kindle fires for the nourishment of those rescued men, in Farmer Benson's cabin on the cliff; and, certainly, no king upon his throne, or princes of the blood royal line, ever bore prouder hearts than the farmer and his two stalwart, noble sons, as they listened to the tearful expressions of gratitude which were rendered by Captain Mallory and his men.

And you may be sure, reader, that never more thankful tears gushed from human eyes than those with which Mrs. Mallory and her son greeted the return of the rescued husband and father, on the next night, when he stood among them at his own fireside.

"And now we will have a festival! The wedding need no longer be deferred—hey, Annie? What! blushing?" he said, playfully, as the young girl, who had crept near his side to listen to his recital of the dangers of the storm, blushed rosy red at this remark, and shyly withdrew her hand from George's earnest clasp. "Yes, the wedding shall come off New Year's night, Annie!" said the captain, good-humoredly. "I believe all you were waiting for, was father's safe return! And here he is again with you, thank God!"

Annie escaped from the parlor, whence she was soon followed by her lover; and the captain and his wife were left together.

"O, Paul, such a terrible night!" said Mrs. Mallory, still shuddering at the thought of his recital, and sobbing on his breast.

"Yes, Mary, 'twas terrible! I thought I had known danger before; but I never came so near death as to only feel that a plank lay between me and eternity. I thought the matter over, coming up in the cars to-night; and I have decided that we can live comfortably, without my following this life any longer. I shall live at home with you, in the future. I have had my last STORM ON THE LAKES."

[ORIGINAL.]

## KITTY CLYDE.

BY ARTHUR L. KESERVE.

Have you seen sweet Kitty Clyde  
Sailing over the river's tide  
In her light canoe,  
When the stars above are beaming,  
And the silver moonlight streaming  
From the ether vault so blue?

Have you seen the self-same maiden,  
With her strawberry basket laden.  
On some golden afternoon,  
When the sparrow and the thrush,  
And the robin on the bush,  
Swell a glad some tune?

Have you never by the brook,  
Or in some quiet sunny nook,  
Seen this maiden  
Angling with a line and hook,  
Or 'haps with a pleasant book,  
Like a fay in Alden?

Good angels guard Kitty Clyde,  
As sailing down life's ruffled tide,  
She heeds not danger near;  
May they ever cast their spell,  
Ever guard the maiden well,  
That her life may never sere!

[ORIGINAL.]

## BESSIE MILTON :

— OR, —

## THE PRESS GANG.\*

BY AN ENGLISH ATTORNEY.

On the sea-shore about half a mile distant from the ancient town of Dover, in the county of Kent, England, there stood a few years ago, and perhaps still stands, a small, neat farm-house, which had for many generations, and until some forty years since, been tenanted by an honest family—half fishermen—half farmers—named Milton. The cottage had been built by an ancestor of the last tenant's, some time about the beginning of the eighteenth century, and had been occupied by his descendants down to the period of which I write.

Some forty years ago, the farmer who occupied it, had but one child—a daughter—so fair and gentle, that despite her lowly condition she was known for miles around as the Dover belle. Farmer Milton grieved sorely that he had not a son—for, though he dearly loved his daughter—and was proud of her, and with good reason, he regretted that when he was gone, there would be no descendant of his name to inherit the home-

\* This sketch is historically true.

stead of his ancestors. The old man's great desire, since he had not a son of his own to inherit his name as well as his humble estate—was that his daughter Bessie should marry just such a man, as, according to his ideas, would prove himself worthy of such a pretty, gentle affectionate wife as Bessie would make, and of such a snug little farm and homestead as Milton's Grange.

Now the beauty of Bessie had brought numerous admirers to the farm, not only from amongst the sons of the neighboring farmers—but from Dover and the adjacent towns—the sons of respectable tradesmen and professional men; even the young squire from the Hall had shown the fair girl many attentions, and while many of her female friends were envious of the notice she attracted, there were some among them, who did not hesitate to say, that if Bessie played her cards well, she might become the lady of the Hall.

However, while Bessie was friendly and cheerful in the society of all who visited her father's farm, she showed no marked partiality to any one; and if on any occasion one who fancied himself to be a greater favorite than the rest, ventured to speak of love, he was certain never to find himself alone with her a second time. This occurred with the young squire, who, notwithstanding the disparity in the social positions of himself and Bessie, one day offered her his hand and heart. The young man was politely informed that she had not, at present, any thought of giving up her freedom, and that, though she esteemed and respected him as a friend, she could never become the wife of a man whose friends would consider that he had descended from his own position to wed her. From that day Bessie was civil to the young gentleman, but she was never again so lively and unguarded in her conversation with him, as she had been in times past.

Farmer Milton was not sorry to witness his daughter's apparent cautiousness, in guarding herself from any rash engagement. He was decidedly opposed to an ill-assorted marriage, by which his child would be lifted from the social sphere in which her fathers had moved for many consecutive generations—as would have been the case had she listened to the impassioned addresses of the young squire, and he thought her good enough and pretty enough to choose from among the most favored by nature and fortune, and the most deserving of the youths of her own condition; yet, when years passed away, and Bessie had reached the age of twenty-three, without making choice of a lover, the old farmer began to think that his daughter was far less desirous of marrying than the young women of his

youthful days had been, and to become anxious, as he was getting into years, to see her settled in life, the happy wife of a loving and deserving husband, before he should be called away.

He at length determined to speak to her seriously on the subject, and to propose to her consideration the offers of three or four young men, whom he considered worthy of her. Then it was that the old man found out that it was neither cautiousness nor coldness of temperament, which had led Bessie to hold herself for so long a time aloof from the addresses of her admirers. She had chosen secretly for herself years before, and had resolved to wed the husband of her choice, or to remain single for life.

The old farmer was surprised, and perchance somewhat disappointed. The lover his daughter had chosen was not one of those he would have selected for her; still, as he was a young man of irreproachable character and good family, he made no serious objections, but telling her that she had his consent, he rallied her upon keeping her engagement a secret from him.

"Dear father," said Bessie, "I will tell you the reason of my silence with respect to my engagement. I am aware that James Edwards is not the young man you would have preferred for a son-in-law, and we therefore agreed to wait and to keep our engagement a secret until he had obtained command of a ship, when he would be in a position to maintain a wife independent of the farm. He is now first mate of the *Minerva*, and expects to get the command of the vessel after making a few more voyages."

"That needn't have hindered thee, lass," said the old man. "To be sure, James never came into my head, while counting over the likely young men in the parish; but that was, first because he is a sailor, and I should wish my Bessie's husband to remain on shore with her; and second because though the boy's poor enough now, thou knowest he belongs to a family considerably above us in the world. If his father had lived, he would have been by this time rector of the parish, and the equal of any of the gentlefolks, and though he died only the curate, and the boy went to sea—still there is what I call too much of the quality stamp in him to suit my ideas. But, Bessie, if so be as he loves thee, lass, and thou loves him, why, I see no need of his waiting to get command of a ship. Let him quit the sea, settle down on the farm with me, and when I die, I fancy you'll find quite enough left to provide you both with a comfortable support."

This conversation between the father and his daughter occurred only a few weeks before James Edwards's return from the West Indies, in

the ship *Minerva*, of which, as the reader has been informed, he was chief mate. The hope of marrying at once the object of his many years' secret love induced the young sailor to listen readily to the arrangements of the farmer, and to consent to quit the sea, of which he was not very fond, and promise to settle down on the farm. He had, however, bound himself to go one more voyage, and it was arranged that he should marry Bessie before he sailed, and when he returned should give up the sea forever.

The wedding took place shortly after the young man's return home, where he remained four or five months before his ship was again ready for sea. His next and last voyage it was calculated, would occupy six or eight months, and Bessie, when she bade him farewell, and walked back to the farmhouse, already began to look forward to the day of his return, when he would remain at home and trust the treacherous element no more.

Four months after James Edwards's departure, Bessie gave birth to a son, and now she looked forward with redoubled anxiety to the period of her husband's return. She pleased herself with fancying how delighted he would be, when for the first time he took his first-born in his arms, and she formed many plans for their future comfort and happiness.

Soon after the birth of her child, the first great sorrow that Bessie had ever experienced occurred in the sudden death of her father, who was killed by a fall from a cart loaded with hay, which he was bringing from the field; she had been too young when her mother died to feel her loss—but she loved her father dearly, and grieved sorely at his death—and now she longed more earnestly than ever for her husband's return.

The ship in which James Edwards sailed was detained going from one island in the West Indies to another in search of cargo, much longer than had been anticipated. Ten months elapsed from the period of his departure before she read in the newspapers the notice of the ship's arrival in London. However, she was thankful that he had come at last, and as soon as the vessel was discharged, James mounted the Dover stage-coach and hastened homeward. He was met at Dover by his wife, who had gone thither with her babe to welcome him, and though the young sailor lamented with Bessie the sudden death of her father—then first made known to him—they were too happy in their re-union to allow sorrow for the dead wholly to engross their thoughts.

"You will not leave me again, James?" said Bessie, as the husband and wife rode home together in the farm wagon.

"Never, Bessie," was the reply. "I am weary of the sea, and now it is war time, sea voyages are so tedious and uncertain, there is no knowing how long they may last. No, I will turn farmer, and I trust, my love, that there are many years of mutual happiness in store for us, though I could have wished your father had lived to share our delights."

"I am afraid," replied Bessie, "that he left his affairs in some confusion. You know he invested largely, all his ready money, I believe, in an East India speculation, which promised well. The vessel was captured by the French in the Bay of Biscay, and as the insurance takes no risks of capture by the enemy, I understand that he lost all. He never spoke to me on the subject, but I could not help noticing that he looked very serious and uneasy after he heard the intelligence of the capture, several weeks before his death."

"Never mind, Bessie," said the young husband, hopefully, "we will work the harder, and set matters to rights again."

They reached the farmhouse. The neighbors came in to congratulate the ocean-wanderer on his return, visits were made in return, and for several days nothing but festivity was thought of. The youthful husband was exceedingly proud of his child, and all was happiness and joy. However, the round of visits over, it became necessary to attend to business, and in the first place, Edward resolved to go to Dover, and learn from the late farmer's lawyer, exactly how his affairs stood at the time of his decease.

As I have explained already, it was war time, and the government was troubled to procure men for the naval service. Impressment was then in vogue, and at the period of young Edwards's return the press-gangs were more than usually active. It was late in the day when the young man reached Dover, and the lawyer had quitted his office and returned to his residence, a villa on the seashore—Edwards determined to call on him at his, as he was anxious to return that night, knowing that his wife would expect him.

He had proceeded about a mile by a short cut on the beach beneath the cliffs, and had just entered a rabbit-warren, overrun with bushes and brushwood, when, suddenly two men attired as man-of-war-men, sprang, armed with cutlasses, from behind a clump of blackthorn, and called upon him, in the king's name, to surrender.

"To whom?" said the young man, raising his cane and placing himself in a position of self-defence, though he knew too well who his rough assailants were.

"To his majesty's officers," replied a young

lieutenant, who now made his appearance at the head of six other sailors, who with the two who had first spoken composed the press-gang, lying *perdu*, on the lookout for stragglers between Dover and the adjacent towns and villages. "I hold you as a seaman to serve on board his majesty's ship Thunderer, whose tender now lies at anchor in the Downs."

Resistance against such a force, all armed with pistols, and with naked cutlasses in their hands, was of course, out of the question; but as Edwards knew that mates of ships in actual service were legally exempt from impressment, he put forth his claims.

"What ship?" demanded the officer.

"The Minerva, West Indianman."

"Where does she lie?"

"In the River Thames."

"Phoo!" exclaimed the officer. "Those only can claim exception from impressment who are actually on duty on board their ships. Your ship is in London. What are you doing here?"

"I am on a visit to my friends and my native place. Indeed, I have quitted the sea service," replied Edwards, forgetting himself.

"Ha, ha!" jeered the lieutenant. "You have quitted the sea, have you? and yet you say you are the mate of the Minerva! Come, no subterfuge, my fine fellow. It's a shame for an active, able, good-looking chap like you to give up the sea. You don't know what's good for you. We'll teach you better, and find you a snug berth on board a man-of-war, where you will have the honor of serving your king and country. Come, no nonsense," he added, observing the young man to struggle in the clutches of his captors, and endeavor to shake them off.

Edwards pleaded that he was just married, and that his wife depended upon him solely for support, but he might as well have talked to the wind, as to have entertained a hope that anything that he could urge would soften the heart of the officer, or of the rude men under his command, inured to scenes of cruelty, and used to witness the despair of their victims, and the agony of the friends from whom they were ruthlessly torn. His words only called forth taunts and unfeeling and brutal jests.

He was told that he would have an opportunity to send prize money to his wife; and his hands having been bound behind his back, he was marched between two sailors, like a criminal or a deserter, to the beach and placed on board a boat, the crew of which immediately rowed him off to the tender, where he was placed in a wretched dungeon in the lower hold, in company with some dozen other unfortunates like himself,

the greater portion of whom had been striving successfully to drown their sorrows in drink. With difficulty he obtained permission to write to his wife and inform her of his misfortunes, and urge her to come and see him immediately, in order that measures might be taken to endeavor to procure his release.

The poor young woman came at once, and the meeting of the youthful, loving and unhappy couple in the dark hold of the tender, was most distressing to witness. Beattie was permitted to remain but for a short time, but it was arranged that she should at once visit the rector of the parish, and the lord of the manor, both of whom had known Edwards's father, and endeavor to get them to write to the lords of the admiralty, and use their influence to procure her husband's discharge.

This, both these gentlemen did immediately, though they bade her not to anticipate success; and their doubts proved correct. During the first five years of the present century, it was next to impossible to procure the liberation of an impressed seaman, so great was the demand for sailors, and so difficult was it to man the navy—the men preferring the merchant service, notwithstanding its harder labor, to the severe discipline, the long cruises and the small pay on board the king's ships. Many gentlemen of good standing, who had never been at sea, were impressed and carried off, without having been able ever to inform their friends of their fate. The letters sent by the rector and lord of the manor were not even noticed, and in the course of a week Edwards sailed on board the Thunderer, to the East Indies. Poor Beattie was left in a terrible condition of terror and despair, and to add to her distress, in a few weeks after her husband's departure, she was waited upon by bailiffs, who informed her that they had come to take possession of the farm, at the instance of her late father's creditors.

It was thought at the time that there was some villany somewhere, and that a brutal advantage had been taken of her unprotected and distressed condition—but who was there to interest themselves in behalf of the poor, young, widowed wife? The clergyman and the gentlemen of the parish raised a small sum of money by subscription, when they heard that she was to be turned out of her father's homestead, and this was all! She had heard her father speak of a cousin who resided in London, and this, so far as she knew, was the only relative she had in the world. To London she determined to go, and there to seek out this relative whom she believed to be in comfortable circumstances, and to beg him to pro-

cure her some employment by which she might support herself and child until her husband's return—at some indefinite period.

Beattie had never in her life been in a larger town than Dover. She had no idea of the vast size of the metropolis, and fancied, though she knew not her relative's address, that she could find him as easily as she could have found him had he resided in a small country town. She wandered about the crowded streets until her brain was bewildered, and she was so wearied she was ready to drop, and at length procured a humble lodging for herself and her babe. Day after day she spent in searching for her father's cousin, in vain, until she gave up the search in despair. Then she sought for employment with like ill-success. She could not go out to service, she could find no employment at which she could work and at the same time take care of her child, while her exceeding beauty and the neatness, and even elegance of her appearance—for she always dressed well, though plainly—led to frequent annoyances and insults, as she wandered unprotected through the streets.

At length the small sum of money she had brought with her from her old home was expended, though she had observed the strictest economy. She could no longer pay for her lodgings, and she was told that she must go elsewhere. Go where? Without money or friends, and with an infant child in a large city! She wandered the streets all day, hungry and penniless, and at night was fain to beg food and shelter at one of the watch-houses. Both were afforded, but even here she found herself exposed to insult. The very fact of her having her babe with her led to suspicions prejudicial to her character, and such observations were made, and such remarks addressed to her, that she resolved at no hazard to seek a lodging in the watch-house again.

All the next day amidst storm and rain, she walked the streets without food. Urged by hunger and fatigue, she at length humbled herself to ask charity. But most of those she addressed passed on, eager to gain shelter from the storm, merely telling her that there were proper places for such as her to apply to, and that they never gave to street beggars. Others offered her assistance, but their offers were coupled with such conditions that she turned away with scorn and indignation. Again, others who listened impatiently awhile, evidently disbelieving her story, gave her a halfpenny and hurried homeward. She obtained three halfpence in the course of the day. It was now dark, and she had neither food nor shelter, while to add to her distress, her babe,

wet through with the rain, and wearied with his long confinement in his still more wearied mother's arms, began to cry violently. She felt that she could not exist an hour longer without rest.

"O," she thought, "if I had but a shilling to purchase a lodging for the night!"

She was passing through Oxford Street. The gay shops, brilliantly lighted, with tempting wares exposed to catch the eyes of the passers-by, afforded a tantalizing contrast to the dark, wet, cold, dreary street without. She mustered up courage to enter a shop, with the intention of telling her sad story and asking for temporary assistance. She was immediately ordered out by the shopman, who was indignant that such a rain-soaked, mud-bedraggled creature should have the impudence to enter so spruce a shop.

Dejected and broken-hearted, again she wandered on. Her babe was now screaming, apparently with pain, and she was so faint she could scarcely bear his slight weight. In the doorway of a large, handsome shop, several valuable silk handkerchiefs were exposed for sale. One of these would procure her and her child a night's lodging. Such a thought crossed her mind involuntarily; and she shuddered and passed on, though the tempter whispered in her ear: "The night is dark, nobody will see you take it. Among so many one will never be missed, and some day you can call at the shop and pay for it." But conscience whispered in the other ear: "It will be an act of theft nevertheless!"

Just then her infant gave utterance to a sharp wail of agony, to which the mother's heart responded. She looked around. If any one approached she would insist upon assistance. Her babe must not—should not perish in her arms! But that stormy night even the usually crowded Oxford Street was deserted, save by a few houseless wanderers like herself. She turned back again, passed the shop, looked stealthily within, and the next moment a large India silk handkerchief was in her possession. Trembling in every limb, now from fear and shame more than from cold, wet and weariness, she hastened away. But she had proceeded only a few yards when she felt a rough hand laid on her shoulder, and the proprietor of the shop from which she had snatched the handkerchief, said in a savage, yet sneering and triumphant tone of voice:

"So, you thief—you villain, I've caught you, have I? I saw you looking at my goods as you passed the shop a few minutes ago, and I thought what you were after, and concealed myself near the door. But it shall be the costliest handkerchief ever you had in your hands. You shall

swing for it, if I can bring it about, as sure as my name's Higgins."

He dragged her rudely back into the shop, and refusing to listen for a moment to her story, to her appeals for mercy, or to her assertions that she knew not what she was doing, for she believed her babe was dying, and she had no place to shelter it from the storm—he sent one of his shopmen for a constable (there were no policemen in those days), and had her arrested for the theft.

That bitter, rainy, stormy night, the unhappy young woman found herself the second time an inmate of the watch-house. But she was no longer exposed to the insults of the watchmen, for she was alone with her babe in a dark cell, and so thoroughly worn out, that despite her wretchedness and hunger—despite her shame and sorrow, she soon fell fast asleep on the rude, damp straw pallet, and the innocent infant who had only cried in consequence of the cold and rain, slept quietly by his wretched mother's side.

What were poor Bessie's feelings, when after a few hours of sound, death-like slumber, broken at length by strange, and sometimes fearful dreams, she woke just as the bright sunshine without, which had succeeded the night of storm, was struggling in vain to shed a portion of its light into the dark cell, but only succeeding sufficiently to make darkness visible, and feebly disclose the grim horror of the prison. Hunger and thirst had flown and left a death-like languor behind them, but the mind was active, and mingled sensations of shame, remorse, fear and desperation crowded her brain and almost drove her crazy. Her babe woke and uttered a faint cry. That cry restored the mother for a moment to herself. Tears flowed from her eyes, and perhaps preserved her from madness—madness that would have been welcome, that would have been mercy. She took the infant in her arms and placed it to her breast. Alas! she could no longer supply it with the simple nutriment it needed. The infant cried long and loud, but it was weak, and soon fell asleep again. Hours passed away, how many she knew not, for she sat in a state of stupor, when at length the cell door was opened, and a turnkey said, in a rough voice:

"Come, missus, take up your squaller and come with me. I guess you'll be had up afore the 'beak' at ten o'clock."

Silently she lifted the babe from the straw pallet, and followed the man into a large room with iron-bound windows, in which were seated some half dozen of the late occupants of the adjoining cells—all females, and all more or less worn and

haggard with the effects of debauchery, exposure and crime. The wife of one of the keepers entered the room for a moment, and chanced to fix her eyes upon Bessie's face. Her very different appearance from the hardened females around her, attracted the notice of this woman, hard-featured and coarse-minded as she was, and used as she was to scenes of wickedness and misery. Eager for the slightest signs of sympathy, especially from one of her own sex, Bessie quickly noticed the passing expression of interest and pity in the woman's face. Tremblingly she advanced toward her, and faltered out, in a whisper:

"My child is starving, and I have no food to give him; and I"—looking down at her clothing—"wandered through the streets in the mud and rain till I was brought here. Can you give me food for my babe, and supply me with a little water? God will bless you for your kindness."

The woman lifted her finger, as a sign for the poor young creature to follow her.

"Hilloa, Molly! Where are you going with that ere young 'oman?" cried her husband.

"I'm going to take her to my room. I'll bring her back afore the prison van comes."

"You know it's agin the rules," said the man.

"Hang the rules!" replied the woman. And taking Bessie by the arm, she led her to her own apartment.

In a few minutes she heated some bread and milk for the child, and poured out a cup of hot tea for the mother, and also set some bread and butter and cold meat before her. Then taking the babe in her arms, she fed him herself, and then hushed him to sleep. Bessie could eat but little, though she had not tasted food on the previous day, but she contrived to swallow a few mouthfuls and to drink the tea, and felt much refreshed.

"You don't eat nought," said the woman.

"I have no appetite," replied Bessie; "but I feel better, and I thank you sincerely."

"This is a fine little chap, this babe o' yours," continued the woman. "And you"—looking Bessie in the face—"look as though you weren't used to the tramp long."

She spoke in such a way as led Bessie to think that she wished to know what had brought her to such a fallen condition, and briefly and hurriedly she related the outline of her sad story. The woman listened, evidently interested, for her coarse features were softened by pity and sympathy.

"It's hard," she murmured, "ter'ble hard. Them as makes the laws has much to answer

for." Then, as if unwilling to hurt Bessie's feelings, she added: "But what brought you—how came you here?"

The young woman's pale face crimsoned with shame and her voice faltered, as with downcast eyes she told, how, to procure shelter and food for her child, she had been tempted to steal a silk handkerchief from a shop-door, in order to sell it for a shilling or two, and how she had been detected and arrested by the shopkeeper. The woman's face assumed an expression of deep interest and commiseration. She gazed earnestly into the face of the young mother, and at length said:

"That's bad, very bad. I was in hopes you had on'y been tuk up for vagrancy. But," she added, lowering her voice to a whisper, and speaking as it were to herself, "you're young and han'some, and that goes some ways with a jury."

Still she shook her head, and continued to gaze pityingly into the young woman's face. Presently she aroused herself, as if from a painful reverie, and said:

"You'll be wantin' soap and water, and a clean gownd. You'll be up afore the magistrate at the Hall this morning, and you must look as neat and spry as you can."

"Thank you kindly," said Bessie. "I will wash my face and hands, and smooth my hair, but I have no change of clothing. All, all is sold—all but my wedding ring."

"Never mind, poor dear," said the woman. "I guess I can fit you with a gownd of mine—plain, but clean. I'm real sorry for you."

Bessie burst into tears. Pity was a stranger to her. Almost the first words of sympathy she had heard since she had come up to London, were those addressed to her by the coarse-featured, hard-visaged wife of the turnkey, who had passed beyond middle life within the walls of Newgate, inured to the sight of misery and crime!

The woman bustled about, and soon produced soap and water, a brush and comb, and a coarse, but clean and complete change of clothing, which she insisted upon Bessie's wearing. Then, leaving the room for a while, she returned with a complete change of baby clothing, and without speaking a word, lifted the infant from the settee where she had laid it, and proceeded to dress it.

"I've kept this suit o' baby clothes for many a year," she said, when having completed the dressing of the child, she kissed it and held it up, crowing and smiling, to its mother, for her inspection. A tear stood for a moment in her eye, and rolled down the furrows of her rough visage, as she added, with a sigh:

"I never thought to part with 'em. I had a baby once myself. It died when it was about the



age of this un. Ah, that was when I lived in the country, afore we came to this drefful place! They was all I had to remind me of my own smiling boy. But never mind, I shall think that I seed 'em last on jest sich a babe as he, and it'll make me think the child is still living."

Poor Bessie's heart was too full to allow her to thank her kind benefactress. She took the woman's hand and looked into her face, while she strove in vain to express her gratitude. The woman stooped and kissed her forehead, and then kissing the child, restored it to its mother.

"Come," she said, "we must go back to the waiting-room. God bless you, and be on your side!"

Several turnkeys were in the room when they re-entered it, and Bessie and the child looked so different from what they appeared on the previous night, that a murmur of admiration passed around among those rude men.

"She's a right good looking gal," said one, to his comrades. "Pity one sich as she should be scraggled."

The prison van had by this time arrived, and Bessie and her babe, with a dozen other women, were ordered to get inside. And in the course of a few minutes they found themselves awaiting examination before the lord mayor and the recorder at Guildhall.

It soon came to Bessie's turn. The shopkeeper, a keen, Jew-visaged, sharp little man, was in waiting, with the officer who arrested her.

"What is this case, constable?" said the recorder.

"A case o' shop-liftin', your worship."

"Ah!" exclaimed the recorder, while the lord mayor lowered the newspaper he was reading, and looking Bessie in the face, glanced at his brother-magistrate, and said:

"Pity—so young, and so good-looking!"

"State the particulars," said the recorder.

The shopkeeper related how he had noticed the young woman the night before, looking suspiciously into the different shops as she passed up and down Oxford Street, and suspecting her object, he had secreted himself near his shop-door, when, just as he expected, the woman made a grab at a handkerchief and carried it off. He followed, brought her back to the shop, and sent for a constable and had her arrested. He hoped, he added, that his lordship, and his honor the recorder would have her committed, as the goods were found upon her. He and his brother-shopkeepers were great losers by that kind of business, and the thefts were always committed by young, good-looking women, who were least likely to be suspected. They always pleaded

starvation and a first offence. But he was determined to prosecute in all cases. It was the only way to stop such depredations.

"You are sure that this ~~was~~ the woman?" said the lord mayor.

"Sure, my lord? Why, I took the handkerchief from her pocket with my own hands."

"It was not slipped into her pocket by some one who wished to escape detection?" said the recorder. "Such tricks are done. This young woman appears to be respectable."

"There was no one else in sight, your honor, not within half a mile. The night was so stormy all honest folks were indoors."

"I did take the handkerchief, gentlemen," sobbed Bessie. "I was sorely tempted. My babe was starving. I thought he was dying. I had no home to go to—no food for him, nor for myself. I regret now that we did not both die." And she briefly told how her husband had been seized by the press-gang, and how she had been turned from the home of her childhood, and had come up to London to seek the only relative she knew of, and had sought in vain.

"I am sorry, very sorry," said the lord mayor. "But by your own confession you are guilty. No amount of destitution can excuse theft. The crime of shop-lifting has increased very much of late, and the courts are determined to visit it with the most extreme severity. Examples must be made. It must be put a stop to. You stand fully committed for trial."

Bessie, sobbing bitterly, was removed by the officers.

"Poor young thing!" said the lord mayor, shaking his head. "Here is a hard case. I am really sorry for her."

"She is very handsome," said the recorder. And the magistrates passed to the examination of the next case.

Within a few weeks the Quarter Sessions came on. Bessie was arraigned at the criminal court of the Old Bailey for shop-lifting, found guilty by her own confession, but was recommended to mercy by the jury, on account of her youth and the hardships of her case. The judge, in sentencing her to die, told her that the recommendation of the jury should be attended to. But he warned her not to hope for mercy, but to prepare herself for death.

It seems impossible to us of the present generation, that such insignificant crimes could be so terribly punished. Now-a-days the people would not permit such judicial murders to take place. Such deeds of horror would cause a revolution. But it is true, that even thirty-five years ago, more than one young woman was hanged for

stealing the most trifling articles from a shop, though it was proved to be a first offence, and that starvation was the cause. This case of Bessie Milton's is true in its general details. And in one instance, a young girl of seventeen was hanged for stealing a pair of socks worth two shillings—the shopman who caused the arrest having been a discarded lover, who it was almost proved had laid a trap for her out of sheer revenge!

No notice was taken of the recommendation of the jury by the Home Secretary, notwithstanding many persons who had witnessed the trial, signed a petition in the poor girl's behalf. She was left for death with half a dozen others—among them two hardened burglars who had committed a horrible murder, and a youth of sixteen who had stolen a pair of shoes from a room-mate!

Bessie left a letter for her husband, should he ever return, and the compassionate wife of the turnkey promised to adopt her child. She would not, however, part with the infant until the last moment, and she appeared on the scaffold with the babe at her breast, only handing it to the chaplain when the hangman had adjusted the fatal noose. A dead silence prevailed among the vast multitude who had assembled to witness the shocking spectacle, and when the drop fell, and the innocent, ill-used girl hung suspended in mid air, a groan of indignation relieved the pent-up feelings of the horrified spectators. Many females fainted, and strong, stern men shed tears. The turnkey's wife proved as good as her word, and adopted the babe, having promised the mother to restore it to its father, if he ever returned and demanded it.

Twelve months after this tragedy, the Thunderer arrived at Spithead. James Edwards was boatswain of the ship. The frigate had captured several of the enemy's vessels, and the crew had a large amount of prize money due to them. Edwards's share was sufficient to purchase back the old homestead. He was paid off, and coming ashore his first care was to hasten to S—, where he supposed his wife and child were still living. His agony, his horror may be imagined, but cannot be described, when he learned the sad history of his wife's death. For some weeks he acted like a madman. Then he hurried up to London, and sought out the wife of the turnkey who had the care of his child. From her lips he learned the sad particulars of his wife's last moments.

"Have you come to claim the boy?" asked the woman, with as much dread lest he should

answer "yes," as if he had been her own child.

"No," replied the grief-stricken man. "I have placed my pay and prize-money, to the amount of five hundred pounds, in H—'s bank for his benefit. The interest is to pay for his education, and the principal he will claim when he is twenty-one years of age. Be a mother to him. I am away to sea again, and shall return to England no more."

He wrung the kind-hearted woman's hand and quitted the prison.

The next morning the city was thrown into a state of intense excitement in consequence of the mysterious murder of Mr. Higgins, the linen-draper of Oxford Street. He was found dead in his counting-room, pierced to the heart by a pistol-bullet. All that was known of the affair, was that some of the neighbors had heard the report of a pistol at eleven o'clock on the preceding night. The first supposition was that he had committed suicide, but no pistol could be found, and in searching for the weapon a letter was picked up from the floor. It was written in a good hand, by a person of education, though the writer had evidently labored under terrible mental excitement. It ran as follows:

"Murderer of the innocent Bessie Edwards, this night you shall meet your fate! You are doomed. Her manes shall be avenged, and your soul shall be sent, red with her blood, to the place of eternal torment. 1—her husband, will be the instrument of vengeance. And the deed of sacred justice done, I fly my accursed country forever—her sworn, bitter enemy! That she may be blasted and destroyed forever. is the sincere prayer of the betrayed

"JAMES EDWARDS."

Of course the murderer was now known, but all efforts to secure him proved fruitless, and the affair was forgotten in the course of time.

Some years afterwards, the war broke out between England and the United States, and several English vessels were captured by the Americans. During the terrific combat on Lake Champlain, which proved so disastrous to the British squadron, there was one seaman—a boatswain on board one of the American vessels, who particularly distinguished himself by his courage, and by his vindictiveness. He gave no quarter, and being at last struck down by an officer, while boarding an English brig, he refused quarter for himself. He was slain; and after the engagement, his mangled body was found covered with gore—the features retaining their stern, savage expression in death. Before he was thrown into the lake, his person was searched, and a locket was found on his breast which contained a long lock of silky brown hair.

Pasted inside the locket was a piece of paper on which was written :

"Bessie Edwards—basely murdered by the laws of England, January 19, 18—."

The singularity of this inscription led to investigation, and the particulars of the trial and execution of Bessie were resuscitated. The seaman had been several years in the service of the United States, and had been entered on the ship's books as James Wilson, but there existed no doubt that he was the veritable James Edwards, the husband of the innocent, murdered, and fearfully avenged Bessie.

#### THE POWER OF SILENCE.

A good woman in New Jersey was sadly annoyed by a termagant neighbor who often visited her and provoked a quarrel. She at last sought the counsel of her pastor, who added sound common sense with his other good qualities. Having heard the story of her wrongs, he advised her to seat herself quietly in the chimney-corner when next visited, take the tongs in hand, look steadily into the fire, and whenever a hard word came from her neighbor's lips, gently snap the tongs, without uttering a word. A day or two afterwards the woman came again to her pastor with a bright and laughing face to communicate the effect of this new antidote for scolding. Her troubler had visited her, and, as usual, commenced her tirade. Snap went the tongs. Another volley. Snap. Another still. Snap. "Why don't you speak?" said the termagant, more enraged. Snap. "Do speak; I shall split if you don't speak," and away she went, cured of her malady by the magic of silence. It is hard work fighting a Quaker. It is poor work scolding a deaf man, it is profitless beating the air. One-sided controversies do not last long, and generally end in victory for the silent party. —*Evangelist.*

#### BURMESE CIGAR HOLDERS.

One custom, however, which struck me as being comical in a high degree, was that of boring in the lobe of the ear a large hole, in which (according to an individual's wealth or position) he or she stuffs a gold, silver, paper, gilt, or wooden ornament; and invariably, when the aperture is not otherwise occupied, men, women, and boys, use it as a cigar holder; that is, suppose they're interrupted in the enjoyment of the cigar, they as instantly clap the unburned portion within the ear as a butcher, when making use of both his hands, places his knife in his mouth. Then, although none wear shoes, boots, or stockings, and not always sandals, few are to be seen without the tee, or umbrella, the color and material of which (white being exclusively royal) marks the rank or office in every class of society.—*The White Elephant, by William Dalton.*

#### PITY.

What gem hath dropped, and sparkles o'er his chain?  
The tear most sacred, shed for others' pain,  
That starts at once, bright, pure, from pity's mine,  
Already polished by the hand divine.—*BROOK.*

#### THE LAST HOURS OF SCHILLER.

His head remained entirely unaffected until the sixth day. On the evening of that day he began to speak in broken accents, but was never wholly insensible. When Karoline came to him on the seventh evening, he wished, as usual, to commence a conversation on subjects for tragedies, and on the mode in which the loftier powers of man must be cultivated. Karoline did not answer with her usual vivacity, because she wished him to be quiet. He felt this, and sorrowfully said, "Well, if no one any longer understands me, I had better say no more." He soon fell into a doze, but rambled much in his sleep. "Is this your hell? Is this your heaven?" he exclaimed, just before he awoke, looking upwards, and gently smiling, as if a consoling angel met his sight. On the 8th of May he wandered a good deal. Toward evening he expressed a desire once more to see the setting sun. The curtain was drawn aside, and gazing with a cheerful and serene air at the bright rays of evening, nature thus received his last farewell. When Karoline went up to his bed and asked how he felt, he said, "Calmer and calmer." During the night he talked of Demetrius in his wandering fancies. The servant said that he repeatedly prayed to God to save him from a lingering death. At nine o'clock in the morning, he became insensible. The dying man only uttered some unconnected words, chiefly Latin. In the afternoon the solemn moment of dissolution drew near. When his noble nature at last succumbed, and a convulsion disturbed his features, Lotte strove to put his head in an easier position; he recognized her, smiled, and his eye had already a glorified expression. Lotte sank down close beside him, and he kissed her. This was the last symptom of consciousness.—*Life of Schiller.*

#### THE POET COWPER.

"If there is a good man on earth," Lord Thurlow was wont to say, "it is William Cowper." From his childhood, he possessed a heart of the most exquisite tenderness and sensibility. His life was ennobled by many private acts of beneficence; and his exemplary virtue was such, that the opulent sometimes delighted to make him their almoner. In his sequestered life at Olney, he administered abundantly to the wants of the poor; and before he quitted St. Alban's, he took upon himself the charge of a necessitous child, in order to extricate him from the perils of being educated by very profligate parents; this child he educated, and afterwards had him settled at Oundle, in Northamptonshire.—*Life of Cowper.*

The foundation of knowledge must be laid by reading. General principles must be had from books, which, however, must be brought to the test of real life. In conversation you never get a system. What is said upon a subject is to be gathered from a hundred people. The parts of a truth which a man gets thus, are at such a distance from each other that he never attains to a full view.—*Johnson.*

(ORIGINAL.)

## FORMALITY.

BY ISA. ANKRD ESTERHAZY.

I wandered o'er a cold and desert land.  
The white earth rang beneath my feet; the frost  
Wove jewels in my beard, and all around  
I saw huge icebergs pierce the sky, and send  
A shiver through the air. A freezing crowd  
Was pressing on, besieging these cold peaks  
With bitter cries.

I learned these icebergs were  
The homes of living men—that far beneath  
The icy shell there glowed a genial warmth.  
Hope flashed within my heart, and gave my limbs  
A giant's strength. I rushed along, and struck  
A peak with wild, resistless force. The shell  
Was shattered—through the opening crevice gleamed  
A flash of leaping, laughing fire. The crowd  
Filled all the air with shouts of joy, until  
The cold peak quivered with the sound—but he  
Within seemed stung with shame, to show the world  
That warmth was found beneath his icy shell.

He closed the crevice—closed each door of air  
Until the fire grew dim and died; and then  
He lay and shivered till his limbs grew cold  
And stiff as death.

I heard a voice.  
A light flashed through my brain. A truth  
Had been revealed—a lesson taught.

(ORIGINAL.)

## THE HOOD AND CLOAK.

BY LIZZIE E. BREWSTER.

It was two days before Christmas, chilly without, but warm within; and so, negligently reclining upon a sofa, I read—contented to let the world manage its own holidays, so long as I was sure of mine. But just then I was disturbed; a note had been left for me at the door. Quickly my eyes ran over the tiny sheet, so closely filled with its delicate running chirography; but the news I wanted was not there. Vexed, I tossed the gilt-edged messenger to the opposite end of the lounge, and sank into a half true, half improbable speculation, upon the inconsistency of man.

"Of all the unsatisfactory creatures upon the earth, young doctors stand *par excellence*." This was my exclamation; and for a while, I rather encouraged the disappointed feelings the note had aroused. "Taking the entire class, I do think they are the most stupid set in existence." But here I paused; for, looking up, I met the clear, calm depths of Aunt Martha's eyes. I did not like the rebuke they silently conveyed, so continued, determinedly: "But, auntie, I really do think so!"

"What?"

"That the graduates from every medical college in the land are a set of heartless heathen—only fit to take their own drugs."

• But she gently shook her head.

"You don't include *him* in that sweeping assertion, do you?"

"Indeed I do, then; he is the most heartless of them all, and what's more—"

"Hush, hush, child! Don't say what you may live to regret."

"Regret!" There was all the contempt of my nature accented upon that one word. Good Aunt Martha seated herself beside me.

"Now, Hattie, what is it so provoking?"

"It's enough to provoke any one. Wait, though, till I tell you." And I continued growing more vexed, as I recited my troubles. "Last week Dr. Hope invited me to the sleighing party for to-morrow night, which is Christmas eve. Everything is splendid, all our set are going, and we never had so fine sleighing before. But the doctor is not to be found; he has left town, without a word to any one—gone, nobody knows where; and what is worse, there is not one bit of an apology for me."

"But you are unreasonable—he might have been called unexpectedly!"

"Yes, there it is; unexpectedly, or suddenly, or some other excuse, covers all the shortcomings of these sons of Esculapius. I'm heartily tired of it. As to waiting for his return, I'll not do it, but accept Ned's invitation this evening."

"O, I wouldn't!" broke in Aunt Martha, upon this tirade. "You may be sure he'll come, if he can; and even if he shouldn't, I would stay at home."

"Yes, and have it said I didn't join the party because the doctor was away."

"And 'twould be the truth, wouldn't it?"

"It sha'n't be, for I'm going!" And I picked up the note and threw myself back upon the luxurious cushions, more troubled than ever—less because I had spoken words I did not believe of a good man, than that I was sorry for them as soon as uttered.

Aunt Martha laughed; this was the drop in the overflowing cup, and my slipper beat an angry note upon the carpet. After a few moments' silence, she left the room; while I, for appearance's sake, lifted the open volume still lying face downward beside me, and feigned to read. Soon some one entered.

"Hattie dear," it was Aunt Martha's gentle tones, "I'm going out now; if you have purchases to make, I'll attend to them."

The memorandum I had already prepared;

so springing lightly up the broad steps, from my room I brought my portemonnaie and dropped it over the balustrade into the hands upturned to receive it.

"You'll not see me again till tea-time. Good-by! I'll try to find the doctor." And then the street door closed, and I was alone.

Walking back to my chamber, I paused before Aunt Martha's door. It was unfastened, and pushing it open, I entered. There was something of the owner's spirit pervading this room. I always felt more calm and quiet here, and now its gentle, sunny influence soothed the inward chafings. I walked to the window; but the still falling snow brought too vividly the memory of my disappointment; and, turning away, my eyes fell upon the writing-desk, wherein lay secrets I longed to see revealed. The drawer was fastened, but upon the floor, with the draught of the register rustling its unclasped leaves, was the treasure I had so long coveted, Aunt Martha's journal. She had evidently been writing, for the still undried ink accounted for its appearance. Four hours were safely mine. Bounding to the hall, I ordered that no one should be admitted, that I was engaged until tea-time. Then locking the door, I took this diary of a woman's hopes and fears, and with a feeling almost of veneration, I thought of those leaves whereon lay the working of a human heart—the hidden mysteries of a human life. And opening the book, I read:

"Nov. 1st.—Eighteen to-morrow. Herbert says I am not dignified, because I helped Charlie fasten his windmill to the gate post. He inquired if it was my new bonnet, or the new minister, which made me so anxious to attend church to-morrow. I did not tell him—though both had a share, apart from really wishing to go the day I am eighteen. I am glad it falls upon the holy Sabbath.

"Nov. 2nd.—What a day of excitement it has been! When I arose, the morning was beautiful; the whole air seemed redolent of the sacred Sabbath. I thought to spend the hours quietly, that I might look into my heart, and on this, my eighteenth birthday, root out the evil and uphold the good; but the morning, like the budding promise of womanhood, deceived us. Herbert took me to church with his new colt. The sermon was suited to my wants; it refreshed and strengthened the spirit. Coming home, Herbert was as merry as ever, though I fancied he did not like me to praise so highly the handsome young minister, for he asked me abruptly what I thought of Dr. Grove, whom he presented. And when I replied I scarcely noticed him, he

said I was like the rest, and struck the colt. But just then, we were turning to the house; and the wind striking Charlie's windmill, the noise and whip gave Pedro a start, and he upset us over the gate post. Dear Herbert was taken up much stunned; and for awhile, the death angel hovered over our dwelling. Fortunately Dr. Grove had seen the accident, and came to our assistance. I do not think papa was pleased to have so young a physician; but Herbert is his friend, and will have no other. He remains all night, for fear of fever.

"Nov. 7th.—Herbert is slowly improving; the fever has at last abated, and the immediate danger is past. Dr. Grove scarcely leaves his side, and has almost become one of the family. It is to his exceeding care we owe our brother's life. Mr. Dalton, too, has been very attentive, coming every day to inquire for the sick, and offer assistance. Indeed the whole village seems alive in kindness towards him.

"Dec. 10th.—Now that Herbert is out of danger, I almost dread his gradual recovery; for with his returning strength, we shall see less of the doctor, who is preparing to leave us. I wish Herbert would not tease me so much about Mr. Dalton, especially in Dr. Grove's presence, for he is sure to look so at me, that the crimson blood will mount, regardless of every effort; and Herbert always adds, 'that blush confirms it.' This morning, when he asked me to delay my walk that he might accompany me, Herbert coolly remarked, 'Dalton will be in;' but as I readily acquiesced, he seemed satisfied, and answered, 'then both can be better spared.' We went to the mill race; for once I could be myself in the doctor's presence, and never did I enjoy his company so well. He seemed equally pleased, and we agreed to go to the pond to-morrow. When we reached home, Mr. Dalton stood at the gate, waiting our return. I did not notice, at the time, that the doctor hardly returned his quiet bow. For me life was so bright, that I would have met any living object kindly; and I stood, for a moment, and spoke with him. He gave me a bunch of late chrysanthemum, and I passed into the sick room, still holding them in my hand. Herbert noticed them, for he laughed, exclaiming, 'that it was too bad to go to walk with one gentleman, and wait till I got home for another to give me flowers.' The cloud gathered in the doctor's face; this time I dispelled it. Taking a glass, I placed them in water by the bedside, saying we would all enjoy their beauties. When I looked up, the smile had come back, the shadow flown.

"Dec. 11th.—A rainy day! Nothing but rub-

ber boots and oil suits could venture out. Our walk, of course, was given up. This morning, while in the breakfast-room alone, Dr. Grove entered. He came and stood beside me in the window, both watching the storm without. I said, hardly above my breath—'Isn't it too bad?'

"The earth wanted the rain," he answered.

"But I wanted my walk." I felt very much like ponting.

"How the sunshine swept over his face!

"Do you really feel disappointed?" he questioned.

"Indeed I do, and this ugly rain has come."

"In a moment he said, slowly—'I am glad it rains.'

"O—' I began; but something in his eyes taught mine to fall.

"Then, as steps approached, he added: 'It tells me you enjoyed our walk yesterday, even though you gained no flowers.' And he passed from the room.

"Why will Herbert tease any one that is so sensitive?

"Dec. 14th.—What has come over Herbert? To-day he taxed me with flirting—and flirting, too, with the Rev. Mark Dalton! When I asked if the cloth was exempt from such follies, he said he didn't care, but 'it troubled Frank.' Troubled Frank Grove! It is good to me if any art of mine is remembered by him.

"Dec. 15th.—Herbert is certainly turning to an old maid. Mr. Dalton brought me a long wished-for poem this morning, and because I told him how much I thanked him, Herbert has taken me to task for it.

"You expressed more than you felt, because Frank was here," he said.

"Very true," I replied.

"O, Mattie!—these are his very words—'why will you do so? Frank is so sensitive, he will never declare his love while you are so perverse.'

"I laughed. 'If he don't dare to face the *lady faire*, he has an able advocate. Do tell me, Herbert—is the doctor really interested?'

"Here mama came in. I imagine she saved me a lecture. That boy, I really believed, thought I would at once make an acknowledgment, and forever give up all gentlemen's attention; at least, he looked so. I could never bear his teasing, were he to know the truth.

"Dec. 18th.—To-night we are to have a grand sleighride. Well for me I have a slight cold, so that I could consistently refuse Mr. Dalton's invitation. As to Herbert's opinion of Dr. Grove's admirations, it surely is false; for, according to all stories, he being the starter of the

enterprise, should at least ask if I were going. But we have neither exchanged a word on the subject, nor has Herbert mentioned it. My mind is well exercised as to whom is the favored lady. After tea, I took my netting up stairs, and released mama from her attendance upon Herbert. He seemed surprised, when I told him I should remain at home; but a peculiar smile rested within his eyes. That look I understood a half hour later, when the opening door admitted Dr. Grove. He seemed astonished at my presence, while Herbert's curiosity gained complete victory, and he would know why we both were at home.

"'Never mind me,' the doctor answered; 'all could not leave you. But I can't account for Miss Mattie, unless Mr. Dalton forgot to prepare his next sermon, or is unexpectedly called to some wedding.'

"But I answered, gaily: 'It's more probable he enjoys a sleighride to-night.'

"After a moment of thought, Dr. Grove said to me:

"'I understood you were to go with Dalton. Indeed, he told me he had invited you.'

"Very quietly I answered:

"'He had not probably received my answer, when he told you.'

"But it was a good evening, withal, and we enjoyed it.

"Dec. 19th.—Herbert teased me not a little, to-day, for remaining at home last night. He said the doctor staid, because he thought I was to go with another. Very foolish in him, but it turned much to my enjoyment. What spirit possesses me, sometimes, to trouble him? To-day, for instance, when Mr. Dalton called, he alluded to my absence, and was pleased to say I was much missed. I said it was indeed to be regretted, but that I might have added to my cold. Did Frank Grove believe that my real excuse? He appeared to.

"Dec. 23d.—For the past three days, the storm has raged with mad violence. Neighbors are parted by fac simile representations of the Arctic lands. Everything not of reasonable height is lost beneath the soft, still covering. Here, we have spent delightful days. Dr. Grove was never half so entertaining as now. I should be less a woman did I not know, though no word has confirmed it, that the love of his heart is mine. Those charming little attentions he pays me are certainly calculated to make one self-satisfied. Papa and mama exchange knowing glances I don't much like.

"Dec. 24.—Herbert is down in the sitting-room. Dr. Grove expects, every mail, to be

summoned to join his sister's wedding-party, with which he travels south. Yesterday, when he left, he asked if I were engaged this afternoon at four; I was not, and he said he could not call again till then, and he hoped much I would be at home. This morning, Sus sent me a note; she was going with Annie and Mr. Dalton to visit old Miss Marrows. Would I take the extra seat? we should be home by two. This is our annual Christmas visit; still, but for the look in Herbert's eyes, I would not have gone. It was past the appointed hour, when we started. Herbert persisted that I ought not to go; but they promised to be back, and I would not give in. The road proved bad. There was more than we expected, to be done for the poor soul. Hours slipped, and when we re-entered, the broad street lamps brightly burning shone from the tall posts, and the clock struck six, as I hung my blanket shawl on the hat-rack. Herbert looked grave when he saw me; but it was mama who told me Dr. Grove had been punctual—that he seemed disappointed at my absence—and had called twice at the door, anxious for my return.

"Dec. 25th.—Christmas, with its green garlands and happy faces, is with us. To me, it comes with no merriment. This morning, mama brought me a package; I knew the writing, and opened it in my own room. It proved to be a book, and on the fly-leaf was written—'A merry Christmas and a kind farewell to Miss Mattie. F. G.' Then I knew he had left us. I turned the leaves, but the letters mingled, and I read no word. A note slipped from between its pages, and there I read of the heart I had lost—no, thrown away. And now he had left us, never to return. Called to take the night train, while I, with merry mingling of bells, had entered the village, he, with a sad heart and the shriek of whistle, had passed out. One sentence I did not like. He writes: 'I shall have no correspondent in the village, for I could not bear to hear your name connected with another; yet I will wish you all happiness.' He is a good friend, and a worthy man. And he adds: 'Our life walk will unite no more on earth. May I only so live, that in heaven I may meet you!' These words shall be my polestar; there, where no suffering comes, we will not be parted. On Christmas eve will I search my heart, to bind the good in sheaves and cast out the chaff. May I be able to say, each year, 'this has been better than the last.' Afterwards, I went down to Herbert, and placed the letter in his hand. When he had read it, he drew me to him.

"My poor Mattie," he said, "we must try and forget him."

"No," I answered, "rather let his name be sacred between us."

It was growing dusk, and I turned the leaves to close the journal, when my glance rested upon the darker ink of that day. These sentences seemed to rise up and meet my eye:

"Nine years ago to-morrow, my trial came to me. Dear Hattie trembles upon the brink whereon I slipped. May she be spared the sorrow that has chastened and humbled this heart! May her life be one of greater happiness and beauty!"

I laid the volume as I had found it; but within my heart dwelt a clearer knowledge of life's duties, and of woman's mission. I trembled at the sameness of our destiny, and determining that the gay party should go without my presence, I descended to the parlor.

As I carelessly swung backward and forward, in the comfortable rocking-chair, waiting Aunt Martha's return home, Cousin Kate entered. As we exchanged greetings, I saw that she was troubled, and asked what it was that annoyed her.

"Not much," she answered. "I've brought home that nubia you sent me for to-morrow."

"But you'll need it, if it's like to-day?"

But she shook her head.

"I'm not going."

All summer, Kate had been confined to the bedside of an invalid mother, deprived for the season of all our amusements, and the party was entirely on her account; and so I told her.

"Don't, Hattie!" she said; and the tears filled her eyes. "I know it all, and I want to go so much! But there's no one to stay with mother."

"Where's Susan?"

"Her brother is to be married. No, I can't go!"

"Yes you can." Glad was I of any excuse for remaining at home, and here offered a golden opportunity for doing good. "I'm not going," I answered her look of wonder. "Tell Wilson to call for me, as the party passes, and he can bring me back in the same way."

"But Hattie—"

"No buts—run home and get ready!"

I pushed her toward the door; but not before I saw another tear-drop glisten on her cheek, this time for gladness.

The next day was what such days should be—the crowning efforts of a dying year. I had not told Aunt Martha my intentions; but as I saw her anxious look, I answered it.

"No, I'm not going. I sit with aunt, that Kate may go."

She nodded her approval, and I knew she was contented. The hours, like all hours, whether laden with pleasure or pain, passed evenly onward, and evening greeted us. I was all ready, when Wilson called. Aunt Martha kissed me, as she clasped my furs, and murmured:

"You are right now, my child." Ah, little did we imagine how a jealous love could pervert the act.

"Not ready yet!" That was my exclamation, as I entered aunt's chamber, for Kate stood by the grate as quiet as though sleighrides were tabooed. "Hurry, child! where are your things? Here, take my cloak! it was made for such occasions." And I threw the warm plaid over her shoulders.

As I drew her hood and eyes together under her rosy chin, she said:

"It isn't right leaving you here."

"Yes it is; it's always a privilege to stay with aunt. So hurry off, and give us a long evening!"

When the stillness of the night air brought to us the last cadence of the chiming bells, I told aunt how it came that I wished to remain, and of reading the journal.

"Martha has been true to her first love," she answered; "and Christmas eve is devoted to his memory and the review of her heart's progress in its predestined work of good. By much suffering, has she been purified; meekly she accepted her cross, and great must be her reward."

Then we talked of other matters, and the evening gliding unconsciously away, brought the return of the party. A merry word here and there to the occupants of the sleighs, and again seated by my gallant conductor, we sped onward towards home. With much ado over the shortness of our ride, he assisted me to alight; and with merry adieus, we parted. As I turned to answer with saucy retort the worded bonbon he had thrown me, I saw the dark outline of a man beneath the opposite trees. The shadow upon the snow seemed the figure of the doctor. Was I right?

Two miles from Wellfleet, was the railroad station; and here, on Christmas eve, alighted weary travellers homeward bound. Sleighs stood in readiness for passengers, and many a John cracked his long whip, in expectation of the Christmas fee. As two gentlemen stepped upon the platform, the slight form of a lad attracted their attention, while the younger of the two addressed him.

"Ah, James! I hardly expected you."

"I've been to the train, sir, every night since you left."

"Glad to see me, then? That's right. Get the trunks, now, while we stow-away."

A moment more, and they were gliding over the icy road, leaving far behind the lights of Wheatly station. Near to the town, the passing current brought to their ears the dashing sound of bells; and carefully James turned aside his horses, cutting new tracks on the pathless snow, and waited their approach. Gaily the party came on, and as they passed, kindly salutations greeted the occupants of the doctor's sleigh. With a smile to all, he returned their cordial welcome; save once, when, for a moment, he thought he recognized the hood and cloak of Hattie Morris. But as quickly came the remembrance how like one to another all ladies' apparel seemed, and the momentary pain vanished.

"Hurry home, James! I'll overtake them yet." And soon the noble steed stood quietly at the hotel steps. Here, turning to his silent companion, he asked—"When shall you call?"

"Not to-night; leave me alone, and to-morrow, God willing, we will go together."

Ushering him into his own quiet parlor, with a "good night," Dr. Hope left him; and bounding down the long stairs, once more drew the buffalo robes around him. Taking the reins in his own hands, he passed to another street. As he drew his horse's prancing step into a moment's quiet gait, before a plain stone building, a companion hailed him.

"Too late, doctor."

"Why?"

"They were off half an hour ago."

"I could overtake them, if an hour ahead."

"I know your Hero can't be beat, but where's your lady?" He saw the doctor's glance, as it rested upon the windows opposite, and he answered it. "Hattie Morris went with the rest."

The doctor started; he remembered the hood and cloak.

"You didn't suppose she was going to lose the ride on your account? Come take me in! I'm the one left."

"No!" answered the young man. "I sha'n't go; but you are welcome to the sleigh." And handing him the reins, he stepped upon the pavement.

With a "much obliged, you'd better go," the other drove off; while the doctor, torn with jealousy, determined to watch the return, and with his own eyes verify the report. Hours—long, dreary hours to him—had passed, when the



mingling of merry laughter and merrier bells proclaimed their approach. All but one swept past the ~~stone~~ house. Well he knew the girlish form that bounded so lightly to the door, and in her own clear, ringing tones, he heard her answer to the remark of her companion.

"You are much mistaken; I never enjoyed an evening better."

"Not one regret for me," he thought. "Well, it is better to find it out so, than to have been refused to-morrow." And the doctor passed homeward, in vain trying to rub out from his heart's tablet the face and form so long engraven there.

It was nearly eleven, and on Christmas morning, that Aunt Martha and I, as we talked cosily in the parlor, were somewhat startled by the announcement of two gentlemen callers. One was the doctor, the other a fine-looking man of thirty-seven. My aunt must have seen differently, for she turned deathly pale, and sank back in her chair. Only this I saw, for obeying the doctor's motion, I followed him to the study. Then I asked—"Who is he?"

"My uncle, Frank Grove; who apparently procured me an office in Wheately, that I might practice medicine, but in reality to find if Martha Morris had ever married."

With the name, a rush of memory swept my heart, and I knew this to be her reward; that henceforth her trials were ended. For himself, Dr. Hope was on his dignity; nor once did he unbend all that evening. He asked how I enjoyed my ride, and I answered, "greatly."

"I saw you when you alighted," he said.

"Ah, then that was you opposite! When did you come?"

"In the last train. I *could* have gone to the sleighing!" How coldly, and with what an accent this was said!

"Did you call?" I asked.

"No. I knew you had gone."

After this, we talked in monosyllables until summoned to the parlor, where I was presented to Dr. Grove. It was a merry Christmas dinner we enjoyed that day, for, in spite of Dr. Hope's grave face, I could not but sympathize in the calm, deep happiness of the elder members of our party.

As we sat together, the next evening, Dr. Grove called me to him.

"Hattie," he said, for already we had become fast friends, "we want a wedding at New Year's. Can you get Aunt Martha ready?"

"Yes, indeed I can."

"That is right," he continued. "Martha and I have lost some of our best years by foolishness,

just as I am afraid that nephew of mine is doing now. If you can help him out of those blues, do."

"Shall I?" I said, roguishly; for very well I knew what the doctor believed.

"Yes, go."

So half in fun, half in earnest, I advanced; and holding out my hand, said demurely:

"Dr. Hope, I didn't go to that ride on Christmas eve."

He took my hand; I think he would have said I saw you, but I added:

"I sat with aunt, that Kate might go, but returned home with the party."

He looked pleased. Then said slowly:

"But the hood and cloak?"

Half provoked, I ran back to Dr. Grove.

"See!" I said; "I've done my best, and yet he questions me."

Later in the evening, as I passed the doctor's chair, I bent down and whispered—"Kate wore them!"

How those words lifted the dark clouds, and sent the sunlight of love flooding his whole heart, I knew afterwards, when, standing together in the library window, we talked of a double wedding at New Year's that should have for its grooms two doctors.

#### WASHINGTON'S APPOINTMENT.

On Thursday, the fifteenth of June, two days before the battle of Bunker's Hill, George Washington was chosen commander-in-chief of "all the continental forces raised, or to be raised, for the defence of American liberty." The appointment was officially announced to him on the following day, and modestly accepted; and on the eighteenth he wrote a touching letter to his wife on the subject, telling her he must depart immediately for the camp; begging her to summon all her fortitude, and to pass her time as agreeably as possible; and expressing a firm reliance upon that Providence which had ever been bountiful to him, not doubting that he should return safe to her in the fall. But he did not so return. Darker and darker grew the clouds of war; and, during more than seven years, Washington visited his pleasant home upon the Potomac but once, and then only for three days and nights. Mrs. Washington spent the winter in camp with her husband; and many are the traditions concerning her beauty, gentleness, simplicity, and industry, which yet linger around the winter quarters of the venerated commander-in-chief of the armies of the Revolution. For many long years she was remembered with affection by the dwellers at Cambridge, Morristown, Valley Forge, Newburgh, and New Windsor. —*Mount Vernon and its Associations.*

#### SPEECH.

Speech is the morning to the mind;  
It spreads the beauteous images abroad,  
Which else lie furled and clouded in the soul.—OTWAY.

[ORIGINAL.]

## DESIRE.

BY EDGAR S. LORING.

Blest Spirit of our Lord, come down,  
And dwell within my troubled heart;  
Drive hence the chilling earthly frown,  
Perfect in grace the heavenly crown,  
And gems of Jesus' love impart!

Long have I sought to look through thee  
Upon my Master's glorious face;  
To live by faith, and joyous see  
The path to blest eternity,  
As gained by his unbounded grace.

O Spirit, cast thy glowing rays  
Unto my lingering, longing soul:  
End sweetly now the darksome days;  
Tell to the heart its Saviour's ways,  
And how to reach the heavenly goal!

[ORIGINAL.]

## THE MANIAC SKATER:

— OR, —

## MY GRANDMOTHER'S STORY.

BY HARRY HARRWOOD LEECH.

AND as we all brought our chairs closer to the fire, my grandmother said:

"Well, girls, you cannot expect from me any romantic story, such as Mary gave us last night; but what is better, I shall give you a history which shall be terrible enough, and only too true—too true," she added, as though looking back, back through the long years.

"When I was a young girl I lived in Milford, beautiful Milford, with its straight streets and pretty cottages, and gardens in front, and the tall elms in regular rows on both sides of Main Street. Our house stood back a greater distance from the street than most of the dwellings, and the garden was my particular delight. The paths were regular, rather too prim perhaps to be graceful, but the box was always neatly trimmed, and I fancy a Quaker could not have arranged with more orderly neatness the various pots on the different stands scattered around.

"One evening, as I was watering as usual my favorite pots containing geranium and heliotrope, I was startled by the voice of a stranger at my side:

" 'Miss, is this the residence of Roger Brooks?' he asked.

"I looked up in surprise, and beheld a short, graceful looking young man, who had just alighted from the stage at the door, and found that the driver was quickly unloading a large trunk and

some boxes, and I knew in an instant that he was a visitor my father had long been expecting, so I replied:

" 'He does, sir, live here. You are Mr. Stewart, I suppose, whom he is expecting—walk in, sir.'"

"Morris Stewart was the son of my father's oldest friend, who had now come to Milford to complete his law studies, and had written to my father several weeks before to request him to recommend him to a boarding-house, so that he could at once settle when he arrived. By return of mail an answer was sent back by my father, 'that the son of William Stewart should find a welcome and a home from Roger Brooks as long as he liked to avail himself of them.' Thus did Morris Stewart become an inmate of Roseleaf, as we called our home. Dear Roseleaf!" And grandmother sighed.

"Ours was quite a monotonous life before the advent of Morris Stewart, but from the instant he became an inmate of our house, it was as if some cheery music had suddenly been introduced into every room, and struck up new chords and exquisite harmonies with the sound of his ringing laugh and sweet voice. He was not what people would call handsome, but his was one of those generous, open faces, with bright, beaming eyes, and mouth with a woman's sweetness lingering in the smile, that captivates and makes one trust the owner ere he speaks; and he had not long been an inmate of Roseleaf, ere I learned to watch his coming and going, his words and looks, as if my life depended on his actions. You smile, girls, and think I loved him. Yes, I did—with all the truth and warmth of a woman's first affection, ere I acknowledged the fact to my own inquiring heart.

"Two months of perfect happiness, which fled by on wings of love, two months of sweet delirium, ere the rosy air was charged with the heavy breath of sorrow. He said he loved me, and so he did, I know, and those words contained all of happiness to me. But my beautiful cousin Amy Howard came, and as her slight figure, with all its willowy grace, moved beside mine, and her floss-golden curls shaded a face of perfect classic beauty, and her eyes of deep blue glimmered out from beneath the long brown lashes, and her merry laugh, so full of music, rippled forth from her beautiful mouth, I watched him whilst the spell was upon him, and I saw her stealing his heart from me, and I knew in my soul he was mine no more, for she was binding a chain round his heart, each link was formed of flowers, and she drew him slowly but surely from his allegiance to me. He might have broken the bonds, but the witchery of her many

charms soon taught him the effort to do so would be fruitless.

"I have often tried to think, my children, that Amy Howard was not aware of my love for Morris, or that I was too cold, and did not make him feel how much he was to me, but after weighing all her actions I have rejected all these conclusions, and believe her heart was bent on conquest, and she cared not how mine was wrung so her vanity was satisfied.

"The full weight of misery was thrust upon me one night, when I caught a few words of theirs, as they sat in the embrasure of a deep window, the moon shedding her silver light full upon them, as its slant beams struggled through the leaves and branches which almost covered the porch in whose kind shadow I was sitting, Morris Stewart said:

"I thought I loved her, Amy, but O, how was I deceived when I contrasted my calm affection for Margaret with the flood of passion which bathed my soul in joy, when I first learned that I was not indifferent to you."

"Dear Morris," was the soft reply. And then the sound of kisses reached me.

"I was maddened then, and had my life depended on it, I could have remained no longer. I strode right into the window where they were sitting, with the light of misery and scorn burning in my eyes, my heart thumping against my bosom, like the huge muffled clapper of a large bell beating against its sides. They rose up in confused haste, muttered something in an embarrassed tone, but I passed on without a word to my chamber. That night of agony, girls, of over sixty years ago—that night of accusations, lamentations and prayer—my sweetest joy and only dream stolen from me, leaving not even hope behind—those hours of sorrow, which continued till nature was almost exhausted, and I sank gasping, fainting upon the floor. When I awoke, I felt hard and cold, as though I could take pleasure in some monstrous cruelty. God help me! I was wicked, unforgiving then.—Yes, over sixty years ago, and this grief comes back to me now with a fresh force." And grandmother rocked to and fro in her high-backed chair, painful reflection giving an emphasis to her words, which was far from usual with her.

"Poor grandmother!" we murmured, but our young minds could hardly grasp the story of that love over sixty years ago. Alas! perhaps we shall some day.

"Well, two months ran on, and Amy Howard and Morris Stewart felt the disagreeableness of their position in our house. I know Morris could not help feeling that he had acted in a way

to earn the contempt and scorn of one so high-spirited as myself, but the enchantress, Amy, in her caresses, soon made him forget his annoyance. It was decided that on the following Monday, Morris was to leave our house for New York, whither he was to escort Amy home. And when my father, in his warm, blustering manner, said:

"Well, well, Morris, boy, I am sorry you are going. You've been a light and joy in the house since you came, and I know Maggie here will miss you. But we can't expect to keep the eagle here, where he can soar no higher than the crow's nest's, he must find his eyrie, eh? Well, well."

"But Morris Stewart was overwhelmed by his baseness on such occasions as these. He would blush and stammer, look at me desperately, only to find my quiet eyes animated with the light of cold contempt, and finally leave the room precipitately.

"It was on the Saturday previous to the Monday on which Amy and Morris were to depart from Roseleaf. We had experienced for about a fortnight previous very cold weather, and Bush Lake was frozen over, and large parties had been skating there daily. It was proposed by my father that we should all go out upon the lake and view the skaters, and observe the skill of Stewart, who was reputed to be the finest skater in the neighborhood. So on Saturday morning I bundled up in my large cloak, and took my father's arm in the hall, whilst Amy and Morris walked on before. A deep snow had fallen a few nights before, but the walking down the main street of Milford was quite good. On we trudged to the huge covered wooden bridge at the end of the town (that is a picture of Milford Bridge, girls, up stairs over my mantelpiece), and then walked down the banks on to the ice.

"The morning was quite cold, but there was no wind, and the sun shining warmly gave an air of cheerfulness to everything. When we got upon the lake it was a beautiful sight, and I will try to describe it to you in my poor way. Stretched out before us was Bush Lake, nearly a mile wide at a point above the bridge, its surface frozen almost without a ripple. From the shores which environed it, the high banks arose, with the tall trees skirting the edges, festooned with the pure drapery of ice and snow, each branch with its row of icicles, each leaf with its falling spray of snow, whilst the trunks were coated with the protecting ice which glistened as the morning's sun flashed upon them. The high, uneven banks covered by the white glazed surface, with the straggling roots interlacing each other, twining, twisting in and out like massive

ropes of ice, now embracing a tiny fallen cedar, now locking in their icy embrace a huge chestnut which had tumbled with the bank years before—the bark all off, its jagged branches reaching out like arms, as though imploring a rescue from the cold embrace of the ice-coated roots. Then across the water, the pillars which fronted the State Lunatic Asylum loomed up grandly on the banks, with its splendid façades, and Corinthian arches whose architectural beauty was the wonder and delight of all visitors. Opposite, the village with its regular streets, neat cottages, and church spires glistening in the sun, and the merry jingle of the sleigh-bells heard every few moments, as the wind bore the sounds to the hundreds upon the ice.

“Amy Howard stood by my side. She was watching with pride the graceful evolutions of her lover, and he had not long been upon the ice before all eyes were attracted towards him, for his superiority was manifest. Up and down, with the ease and grace with which such a man as he always invests the slightest action—backwards and forwards, flying like the wind, then suddenly wheeling, whirling right and left at strange angles, or in peculiar circles. The sleds were stopped when he first began to skate, and the ladies stood up in them to watch the motions; then, gradually a large circle was formed around him, and whilst eclipsing all his competitors, at each new fantastic action a shout of applause would spring up from the growing crowd. And his eyes sparkled, his cheeks were as rosy as the first blush of dawning day, and at each shout of admiration which he inspired, I saw Amy smile, and as he passed by where we stood, he waved his hand, and in an instant was gone; but when he came near me, I seemed to be blinded, the great lumps would rise in my throat as if to choke me, my temples throbbed, and the cords would swell and beat as though instinct with a hundred bitter lives, and each life a serpent to hiss into my ears, and sting into my brain, ‘False! false!’ And gazing still at Amy, I began to hate her, and curse her in my heart for all the ruin of its hopes. But while my thoughts were in the greatest whirl of agony, a voice spoke to a stranger at my side—a man’s voice, yet soft and sweet as a melancholy sigh, first trembling into music. That voice seemed to startle me with its unearthly sweetness. I looked around at his words:—

“‘Sir, will you please favor me with your skates for a few moments?’

“‘Certainly, sir,’ said the courteous lender.

“‘Thank you, thank you!’ were his only words, but they seemed in the earnestness with

which they were uttered, like the thanks of a man who had just received the dearest boon.

“I gazed in wonder upon this man, and felt as though there was something terrible about his musical voice, and brilliant, glittering eye, something wild and unearthly in his actions. He fastened on the skates, and when he stood upon them and made for the circle upon which Morris Stewart was skating, he sent up such a shout; it seemed full of exultation; it was full of melody, but such music as would woo to death. I shuddered as I heard it.

“Now alongside of Morris Stewart he stood in the midst of that circle, and I had an opportunity to examine him. His appearance was startling. He was a man of medium height, slenderly built, with a sort of serpent’s elasticity in his winding motions. His face was cadaverous and pale, but lit up with a pair of dark, sparkling, defying eyes, which seemed to flash out an unearthly light. His hair was as black as midnight, long and straight, and hanging in coarse, unkempt profusion over his shoulders. Not a sign of a collar or handkerchief was visible about the neck, but the single-breasted coat he wore was buttoned closely up to the chin. The moment he joined Stewart, eager voices inquired:

“‘Who is the stranger?’ ‘Who is the rival of Stewart for the honors?’ While not a few remarked, ‘He looks as though he might be the devil,’ but none offered a solution of his identity.

“And now the two skaters commenced to glide over the ice, and the crisp rumble, rumble was heard, as their sharp skates cut tiny channels over its glassy surface. But no sooner had a few circuits been made around that circle, than the assembled hundreds in the crowd were aware that the mysterious skater was as superior in the art to Morris Stewart, as the latter was to the common bystanders. His form swayed to and fro like the graceful motions of tiny waves in the summer, on this very lake; he seemed scarcely to touch the ice, he never looked where he was going, but whirled stars and names and flowers in the ice with his dexterous blades, more quickly than they could have been stamped in hot wax. He would jump high into the air, alight, and in an instant be spinning like a wheel—in another, dart off like an arrow from the bow, and before the eyes could take in his position, be back again, carving the ice, and performing fantastic and wonderful gyrations. Shout after shout was given by the delighted people; but I looked on in mute surprise, and felt a sort of despairing dread, as if I were gazing at some festive scene, the end of which would be a tragedy.

“Gradually this strange being rushed towards

the crowd, widening and enlarging it and at last opening avenues through it right and left. He seemed to be in the wildest excitement, his long hair flying, his angular body swaying, waving, stooping, his limbs crossed, straight or curved, and his wild laugh echoing amongst the hills. But now a stranger scene was about to dawn. This man seemed to be environed by about half a dozen men who scattered themselves around him at different distances. This I did not notice until Morris Stewart had come to the shore and was removing his skates, when an elderly gentleman addressed him :

"Mr. Stewart, we will have to be very cautious; that man yonder, is an escaped lunatic from our asylum over the river. He came out of the gate this morning hanging to the springs of a carriage. I wish to ask of you a favor. Keep your skates on, and try to approach him so as to secure him; my men will all then come to your assistance."

"There had been a few listeners to this disclosure besides ourselves, and when Morris started off again, there was a thrilling whisper through the crowd: 'A maniac! A maniac skater!'"

"Morris Stewart was quickly by his side, and laid out his hand to grasp the maniac's shoulder, when the other turned as quickly as lightning and eluded him. Now it seemed to dawn upon the mind of the lunatic that he was pursued, and you are aware how preternaturally acute all their faculties seem to become under such circumstances. So it was now a race indeed—up and down, turning back and front with the agility of rope-dancers, over towards the 'Whirlpool' they both skated. This place was never known to be frozen solid on account, as it was supposed, of numberless springs which bubbled up from this one spot, and the great yawning hole was open, and the piles of cracked ice were thrown up all around it to the height of about two feet, layer upon layer. As Morris Stewart approached the dangerous hole, he veered suddenly, but the maniac skater, with a loud, discordant laugh, went up to its very edge, and the ice cracking, smashing, like weights falling into and crushing glass, seemed to make merry music for him. Then, as the crowd murmured their horror, out from the spot he darted again, with Stewart in full pursuit.

"Now that the lunatic seemed aware that all the efforts were concentrated upon his capture, his excitement seemed to become more intense, and his energies increased with his peril in and out among the crowd, who involuntarily shrank from his touch. As he passed by Amy and myself in his mad career, he shouted defiantly in our

faces, 'Ha, ha! Ho, ho!' and the hills seemed in mockery to shriek, 'Ha, ha! Ho, ho!' But Stewart was now almost upon him; he had grasped his arm, but he writhed from him again. Then the fearful race continued on, on towards the Whirlpool once more. Its edge was almost gained. Morris Stewart made one fierce effort, and caught the maniac around the body, but instead of giving up to his captor, he turned quickly and grasped Morris in return, while his eyes glared into his, and his hot breath blew upon his face, as if almost scorching it with his horrid maniac laugh, 'Ho, ho! Ha, ha!' It was now a desperate struggle. Morris felt that the maniac was possessed of giant's strength, and was dragging him slowly but surely to the yawning pool. He struggled, resisted with all his power, but at last sent up a fearful cry, 'Help! help!'

"The asylum keepers were hastening to his assistance—the crowd seemed paralyzed, appalled, save a few stragglers who were hastening towards them. As for me, I stood with eyes distended, watching the dreadful scene, and my heart seemed to stand still. I could scarcely realize the horror of their positions, but I could hardly restrain the cry which was bursting from my lips as I saw his danger—'Morris, dear Morris—O God, help him!'

"They were now upon the very edge, down, wrestling upon their knees, then up again, then with backs curved and breasts out till they almost fell backwards. Panting, tugging for life was Morris Stewart in those moments when assistance seemed to be so tardy. Now I heard the ice around the edges breaking, like a hammer splintering glass; but the maniac was ruthless, his strength was superhuman, and whilst his keepers were rushing towards Stewart's rescue, not ten feet from him, the maniac dragged him to the edge—one gasp, one desperate effort for life, and with a feeble cry from the one and an awful laugh from the other, over into the Whirlpool both went.

"There were many efforts to save the doomed. But I only saw in the splashing water the uplifted arms of my former lover, and heard his last despairing cry, ere he sunk from sight, and beside him, the pale face and burning eyes and elf locks of the drowning maniac, who shouted gleefully, though but a second's time was his of life. That instant I staggered back blind with agony, when I heard a low wail at my side. But there was deep misery in that cry. I almost laughed then at the baby Amy's frenzy, and thought of my great load of woe. But she uttered one feeble cry which caught my ears :

"My husband! my husband! And Amy Howard sunk to the ground in a swoon."

[ORIGINAL.]

## THE MAIDEN BY THE SEA.

BY LESLIE MORSE.

In a little cottage, by the heaving sea,  
There a fairy maiden is watching now for me;  
We parted in the springtime,  
When roses were in blush,  
And waves, they sang an ancient rhyme,  
In twilight's holy hush.

Mid her raven tresses the winds they sang in glee,  
While she gently whispered, "O, love, remember me!"  
The tears were wildly streaming  
From out her midnight eyes,  
And her coral lips were gleaming,  
And fragrant with her sighs.

Many times I kissed her upon the rosy cheek,  
The tears were hotly gushing where'er I tried to speak;  
And when at last we parted,  
We whispered ne'er a word:  
Afresh her sobbings started,  
And her heart-beats loud were heard.

In my dreams I see her beneath the flowering tree,  
With starry eyes outlooking upon the foaming sea:  
While flowerets that she crushes  
Beneath her tiny feet,  
Look envious at her blushes,  
So fair she is and sweet.

[ORIGINAL.]

## THE CLOTHES-HORSE:

—OR,—

## LADY ROSAMOND'S REFUGE.

BY EVA MILFORD.

I AM an old lady now, but I remember as if it were yesterday, the times when I, a little girl in pinafore and sash, sat upon my old nurse's knee, and begged for stories. Old Rachel possessed a great fund of these, and never failed to interest me—indeed so much so, that I often prefer even now to remember one of these old tales to reading a new one.

"Now, nursey," said I, chiming into her lap one winter twilight, as she sat knitting before the fire, "now, nursey, for a story, a real nice story, about something you did yourself once."

"About myself, darling? Sure I've told you all there ever was to tell about old nursey, haven't I? Yet stop, I believe I never told you about Lady Rosamond and the clothes-horse, did I?"

"O that sounds splendid! Tell quick, do, dear nursey."

"Well, dear, when I was a little girl like you, I lived in London (where I was born) alone with

my dear mother. We were very poor, I remember well. Sometimes we had not even enough to eat, but we were very happy for all that, because we loved each other so dearly. My mother used to do whatever work she could get to do, either at home or abroad, and when she went out, she always took me with her. I liked those days best, because the people where we went generally gave us enough to eat, and sometimes would put a bit of cake or a penny into my hand when I went home. I was such a little wee thing, I suppose they pitied me.

"Well, one night—it was in the autumn, and there was a miserable chilly fog in the air I remember, just as mother and I were going to bed, there came a little low knock on the door of our room. Mother went close up, and said low:

"'Who's there?'

"A woman's voice answered softly, 'It is I, Clara.'

"Then mother opened the door quick enough, and the woman, all muffled up in a cloak and hood, came in, and she and mother kissed each other over and over. Then they began to talk very fast and low, so that I could hear nothing, except once in a while the stranger would say 'my lady' a little plainer than the rest of her talk, and mother cried a good deal. At last, the woman, who had sat down, got up to go away, and mother, opening the door, said:

"'To-morrow night, then?'

"'Yes; I will come for you. Good night.'

"'O, stop a minute. I must bring Rachel.

"'Rachel! Who's that?'

"'My child,' said mother, pointing to the bed, where I lay awake watching them.

"'But can you trust her? You know'—and here the woman began to whisper so low that I could not hear a word.

"Mother nodded when she had done, and said, softly, but aloud:

"'I know—I know, but Rachel never sees any one to speak to except when I'm about, and besides she has sense beyond her years, and we can trust her.'

"The woman seemed satisfied, and after a little more whispering, they said good night.

"When mother came to bed, I put my arms round her in a coaxing sort of way (something as you do by me, Miss Nelly, when you want a story), and I said:

"'Now, mother, tell me all about it.'

"'There's nothing to tell,' said mother, kind of short, 'except that a lady I used to live with before I was married, has just come home from abroad, and wants me to come and wash for her to-morrow night.'

"What, in the night! That's funny!"

"Well, child, I know it is, but you see, for reasons she has, she don't want to have a soul know that she's at home, and so don't have any fire in the daytime, lest folks should see the smoke. But now, Rachel, mind what I am going to say to you. This lady, as I said, has very particular reasons for not letting it be known that she is at home, and only let me know because she was sure I could be trusted. Now, child, promise me (and don't forget it) never to mention to any person at all, either that Miss Clara came here to-night, or that we are going to my lady's, or anything you may see or hear there."

"No, mother, I won't," said I, "but just tell me what the lady's name is, and who is Miss Clara?"

"Her name is Lady Rosamond—no matter for the last name, and Miss Clara is her dressing-maid, and the only servant she brought with her from abroad. That's the reason they want me to wash. Now, child, go to sleep."

"I shut my eyes and pretty soon slept. But all night long I was dreaming strange dreams of Lady Rosamond and Miss Clara, her bower woman."

"The next evening at about the same hour, there came a tap at our door, and mother opening it a little way, said:

"Is it you, Clara?"

"Yes—are you ready?"

"All ready," said my mother, taking her little bundle and leading me by the hand.

"As soon as we were outside, and mother had locked her door, Miss Clara set off at a great pace, we following on behind. We went through a great many streets, and at last turned down a dark and narrow lane leading to the river (the Thames, you know, Miss Nelly.) About half-way down, Clara, who was still in front, stopped, and unlocking a gate, let us in to a great garden, stretching from the river to the back of a large house which loomed up dimly in the starlight. There were no lights or signs of life to be seen as we approached the house, and mother said, softly: 'Sure, they don't sit in the front rooms.'"

"No, in the little study at the back. But before I light the lamps, I draw the curtains close, and the shutters are never opened. All the light they get in the daytime, is through the little round holes at the top."

"While Miss Clara was speaking she had unlocked a door at one corner; and now we went in, groping our way along a dark, narrow entry, till we got into a room at the end of it. Then Clara said: 'Stand still till I get a light.'"

"So she felt about till she got hold of the tin-

der-box, and struck the flint and steel together till she got a spark by which she lighted some candles that stood ready. Then I looked round and saw that we were in a smallish room, fitted up for a laundry, with a great copper kettle, and a pot for burning charcoal, to heat the irons over, and some heavy oaken frames standing out from the wall to hang the clothes on when they were done—very much like our clothes-horses, only heavier and fastened to the wall. There was a great pile of soiled linen ready, and as soon as the fire was kindled my mother began to wash, and Miss Clara went up stairs to undress her lady, she said, and we saw no more of her that night. In one corner of the room was a bed spread upon the floor, and after a while I lay down and went to sleep on it, nor did I waken till my mother called me a little before sunrise, and said it was time for us to go home. We went again the next night and the next. Miss Clara had given mother the key of the garden gate the first time, and we always found her waiting to let us in at the laundry door.

"The third night my mother was ironing, and had nearly finished. I did not feel sleepy, but stood beside her table watching and admiring both her skill, and the beautiful clothes upon which she was employed. There were a great many fine linen shirts, I remember, all with broad ruffles at the bosom and hands, and all the ruffles trimmed with elegant thread lace. Then there were neck handkerchiefs and pocket handkerchiefs, all fine and delicate as cobwebs and all trimmed with lace. What I particularly admired though, was the exquisite embroidery upon all the garments belonging to my lady. I never have seen anything since to equal it, and I don't believe the queen herself has anything more beautiful. Upon every article, either of my lady's or her husband's, was an embroidered crest and initials, such as I remembered to have seen on the silver plate of a gentleman's house where my mother often worked. And I suppose this was one reason why my mother had been engaged to wash them, instead of their being sent out."

"Well, mother was plaiting some of the last ruffles, and I was beginning to gape, for it was very late, indeed almost morning, when we heard the sound of light footsteps running very fast down stairs, and presently Miss Clara rushed into the room followed by a lady more beautiful and graceful than any I have seen before or since. She was very small and delicate in figure, and did not look to be over twenty years of age, but yet she had an air as grand and noble as a queen. My mother went down on her knees and kissed her hand."

"My good Sarah," said the lady, in a kind, but hurried voice, 'how glad I am to see you again (my mother had been under-nursery-maid to Lady Rosamond years before, and had stayed in the family till after my lady was married), but O, Clara, what are we to do?'

"What is it? Clara, what is the matter?" asked my mother, softly, while my lady peeped carefully out between the curtain and the shutter.

"They have found us out," said the maid, in a frightened voice. 'The street is full of soldiers, and I brought my lady down thinking to escape through this door to the water, but looking out at the last staircase window, I saw them leaping the garden wall—'

"Yes, and they are coming up towards the house," cried my lady, running from behind the curtain, her face as pale as ashes. 'Good heavens, what am I to do? Thank God, Lord George is gone!'

"Will his lordship be out all night, my lady?" asked Clara.

"Yes, and to-morrow night. O what a blessed chance! And he has taken most of the papers with him—all the worst, at any rate. The rest are here, and will not be taken till they are wet with my heart's blood!" said my lady, putting her hand upon her bosom, and looking like an empress.

"But where shall we hide your ladyship? O dear, what will become of us all?" whispered Clara, beginning to cry.

"God only knows! We can die but once," murmured my lady, growing still paler as a loud knock was heard at the door.

"Suddenly, my mother, who had been wringing her hands and looking from one to the other through her tears, cried out:

"I've got it—the clothes-frame!"

"Clothes-frame?" asked Lady Rosamond.

"Pshaw! they'll look behind that the first thing!" exclaimed Clara, partly guessing my mother's meaning.

"Yes, but not on it," said my mother triumphantly, and snatching off the clothes from one of the frames. 'Now, my lady,' said she, in a great hurry, 'if you will step up on this lower bar and hold to the upper one, so, with both hands, I can cover you up so you can never be seen or suspected.'

"Do you think so?" asked Lady Rosamond, doubtfully. 'Such a ludicrous position, if I am discovered! What say you, Clara, have you anything better to suggest?'

"No, your ladyship," sobbed Clara, glancing wildly at the door, which shook under the heavy blows, which now followed the raps.

"Very well, my good Sarah, you shall try," said my lady, calmly, as she stepped upon the lower bar, and clasped the upper one with her little white hands.

"What a blessed thing that we had such a wash!" said my mother, half-laughing, half-crying, as she began to hang the clothes over Lady Rosamond, whose white dress helped out the plan.

"Run up stairs, Clara, pull the clothes off my bed and hide them," whispered her ladyship, suddenly. 'Then you can say we went away yesterday, you don't know where, and they won't wait so long looking.'

"Clara wiped her eyes and hurried up stairs, while my mother, who had completely covered Lady Rosamond, went on to hang some skirts and dresses each side of her, so that the projection caused by her slight figure was soon entirely concealed. Just as she had put the finishing touch, Miss Clara ran down stairs, and catching my mother and me in her arms, dragged us with her into a corner, and bid us do just as she did. So when in another minute the door was burst open, the men who rushed in found us all sobbing and crying together, as if we were too frightened to speak or move.

"The first man, a big, rough fellow in the dress of a soldier, came straight up to us and held his lantern in our faces.

"She aint neither of them, is she, sir?" asked he, of a tall, slender person, who followed close behind him, whose face was covered by a mask.

"This person shook his head without speaking, and turned away to follow a party who rushed up stairs, while others went into the cellars and to other parts of the house. The big fellow remained in the laundry with two or three others, peering into the wash-boiler, up the chimney, under the tubs, and everywhere else they could think of. Each one looked at different times behind and among the clothes-frames, and the leader even thrust aside the clothes in two or three places to look among them. As he did so, I plainly distinguished at one spot the folds of Lady Rosamond's white cambric wrapper, but the man apparently saw no difference between that and the other white things hanging there, and let the clothes alone. Just then Clara, wishing perhaps to distract his attention entirely from the dangerous vicinity, and perhaps unable to hold her tongue any longer, called out:

"You haven't looked in there yet, captain!" pointing as she spoke, to a box about a foot square, which hung against the wall, over the boiler, for the purpose of holding soap.

"The captain, as she called him, glanced at the box, and then coming up to where we still



crouched, seized Clara by the arm and pulled her up, swearing at the same time a dreadful oath at what he called her impudence.

"And why didn't you open the door, when we knocked, instead of giving us the trouble to batter it down?" asked he, with more oaths than I should dare to repeat.

"It's likely we should open the doors to a great rude party of soldiers, two lone women and a little girl. We were only too glad to keep you out while we could."

"Where's your master and your mistress?" growled the man, eyeing her with great dislike.

"Well, I can't say exactly where, but if they keep on at the rate they set out last night, they must be many a mile away from here."

"Last night! Lord George was seen and recognized entering this very house last night," said the man doubtfully.

"Well, and being conscious of that, don't you think he showed his wisdom in flitting before sunrise?" asked the crafty waiting-woman, immediately. "Not that I mean to say he did either. I was ordered to say nothing at all about him; but I don't think I've given you much clue as yet, have I?" asked she, as if really anxious lest she had betrayed a secret.

"The captain looked at her with an expression of great perplexity and dislike, and asked:

"And where are you to meet them with all this gear?" pointing, as he spoke, to the clean clothes.

"I didn't say I was to meet them anywhere, did I?" asked Clara, innocently.

"The man turned away and stamped once or twice up and down the room. Clara, without appearing to speak or move, whispered to me quick and fierce:

"Say Highbridge, to-morrow night."

"So when the man came near us again, I said aloud, but in a low voice, as if I thought she had forgotten, and wished to remind her:

"Why, Lady Rosamond told you to meet her at Highbridge to-morrow night, with the clothes."

"Hold your tongue, you little fool!" cried out the maid, pinching my ear, and pretending to be very angry. But the captain heard, and darting forward, seized me by the arm, and called out:

"What's that, sissy? Say it again; she sha'n't hurt you, and I'll give you a silver penny."

"I only said," whimpered I, "that Lady Rosamond bid Clara meet her at Highbridge to-morrow night with the clothes. I didn't know it was any harm to say that."

"No more it wasn't. You're a good little girl, and shall marry a soldier when you grow up," said the horrid man, laughing, and giving

me a penny. 'Now tell me, when did they go? In the first place, who went?'

"No one but Lord George and Lady Rosamond, and they went very late last night—it was almost sunrise."

"And what did my lady say about Highbridge?" asked the trooper, standing me between his knees, so that I could not see Clara, who, mother told me, kept making signs, and pretending to be in a great fury.

"Why," said I, gaping and looking very stupid, "she only said, 'We are going to Highbridge, and you must follow with the baggage and clothes night after next.'"

"O, you little viper! O, you horrid child!" shrieked Clara, trying to get hold of me, while mother screamed out:

"O, you miserable child, you've betrayed your master and mistress to their death!" and began to cry and wring her hands. They both made such a fuss and noise that I got frightened, and didn't know at last but they really meant it, and that I had done wrong. So I began to cry in good earnest, and the trooper, pushing me away, called me 'a squalling little fool!' Then turning to one of his men, he said, impatiently:

"Go up, and call them all off. Tell the gentleman in the mask, that I have got a clue, and we must be moving."

"In a few minutes the whole troop were assembled, and the captain calling me, made me say over all that I had told him (Clara had whispered to me that it was all right), so that the masked man, who seemed the real head of the party, might hear. When I had finished, they whispered together a few moments, and the captain gave me a crown piece (I suppose the other told him to do so), and said to one of his men:

"Gregory, you are to stay here as guard over these women till you are relieved. I suppose there are provisions in the house, eh, you jade?" added he, to Clara.

"Provisions enough," said she, sulkily.

"That's right. And don't you be hard on this little fool (pointing to me), for she's done the king good service to-night."

"A few minutes more and the whole troop had clattered out as they clattered in, leaving us alone with the man called Gregory, an old weather-beaten soldier, with a rough, but not a wicked looking face.

"Clara waited a few minutes, and then began to sigh and moan and lean back against the wall, as if she felt sick.

"O dear," said she, at last—"O how faint I feel—goodness me, I believe I am dying. How I wish I had a bottle of wine out of the cellar!

Good Gregory, you won't object to my getting one, I know," she said, coaxingly.

"No, I don't know as I shall," replied the soldier, gruffly, 'not if you get me one at the same time, I sha'n't.'

"You shall come with me and get as many as you want," answered Clara, blithely. And taking one of the candles, led the way into the cellar just behind us.

"The best is out this way," we could hear her say. 'I always get a bottle of this when I want a drop for myself. Wait a moment though, till I fetch a cup and let you taste the port in this great butt.'

"Setting down the light, and not giving the soldier time to object, Clara tripped lightly along the brick floor, and as she reached the door, sprang through it, and in another minute had turned the great key and shoved home the monstrous bolt which secured it.

"Quick now, my lady," cried she, breathlessly, pulling aside the clothes and lifting down Lady Rosamond, who, faint and exhausted, could not have clung a moment longer to her singular perch. 'Quick, we have another hour before light, thanks to this November fog. The boat is at the foot of the garden. I can row it. We will reach the city in half an hour. You shall hide with Sarah till night again. I will find his lordship, and to-morrow will see us far away.'

"Lady Rosamond, too much exhausted to speak, nodded with a faint smile, but looked timidly at the cellar-door, upon which Gregory was now pounding furiously, swearing all the time.

"O never mind him, your ladyship," resumed Clara. 'He can't get out, if he kicks his feet off, and he's got a whole candle and more wine than he can drink—he won't suffer. Besides, he'll be relieved to-night. Sit here a minute, till I run for your ladyship's hood and mantle, and take a little sup, just one, of this wine I brought out with me. Poor Gregory didn't get the whole.'

"Lady Rosamond drank a little of the wine with some water, and we all did the same. Then Clara, having wrapped up her lady in a cloak, drew the hood over her face so that no one could see it, and stole out through the garden. My mother insisted on loading herself with a bundle of the nicest of those beautiful fabrics which I had admired so much, and which she declared should not be wasted on those vile soldiers.

"We reached home safely and unsuspected, and in the course of the day, Clara contrived to see Lord George and tell him where his wife awaited him, and that very night he came and carried her off with Clara. They left us a great

sum in money, and a promise that when it was safe to do so, they would send for us to come and live with them. A few months after we got a letter from Clara, very carefully written, in case it should be opened by the wrong hand, in which she said: 'Those friends of yours came safely to port, and are living in great peace and contentment.' This was the last we ever heard, for a little while after, my father came home from sea, and he and my mother emigrated to this country, which was then just beginning to be spoken of as a good place to live in. Years after, I asked my mother who Lady Rosamond was, and why the soldiers wanted so much to find her and her husband. But though it was so long gone by, mother seemed afraid to say much about it. She told me, however, that Lord George was concerned in a plot against the king, and had come over from Holland with letters from the Pretender, as he was called, to the leading men of his party in England.

"All had gone well, until one morning as he was entering his own house, he was seen and recognized by a cousin of Lady Rosamond's, who had been a disappointed suitor for her hand. This man, actuated by revenge towards his cousin, and hatred to Lord George, had immediately lodged information against them, and was probably the man in the mask, who accompanied the party."

"And what became of Gregory, nurse?"

"Indeed I don't know, child. Probably he kept on drinking and kicking at the door, until the next night, and then was released by some of his companions. At any rate, I never heard anything more of him, or indeed of any of them. And now it is little Miss Nelly's bed-time."

So ended my nurse's tale, or rather one out of many of them.

#### A SMART FOX.

In a recent lecture upon his experience in Arctic life, Dr. Rae said:—"On the journey I saw a very curious instance of the sagacity of the Arctic fox. Conscious that I was aiming at him, he tucked his tail under his legs, cocked up his ears, and endeavored to look as much like a hare as possible (which is an animal comparatively worthless). Another fact of this kind occurred to me whilst being detained at a particular place, where our favorite amusement was trapping wild animals. Our mode of doing this was with a spring gun connected with a bait, which when touched, produced the explosion. One instance showed us that a fox, either from observation of a companion's fate, or from hard-earned experience, had gone up to the gun, bit off the cord connected with the bait, and the danger being averted, went and ate the meat in undisturbed comfort."

## ROSA BONHEUR.

She has already made a fortune, but has bestowed it entirely on others, with the exception of a little farm a few miles from Paris, where she spends a great deal of her time. Such is her habitual generosity, and so scrupulous is her delicacy in all matters connected with her art, that it may be doubted whether she will ever amass any great wealth for herself. Her portfolios contain nearly a thousand sketches, eagerly coveted by amateurs; but she regards these as a part of her artistic life, and refuses to part with them on any terms. A little drawing which accidentally found its way into the hands of a dealer, a short time since, brought £80 in London. Rosa had presented it to a charity, as she now and then does with her drawings. Demands for paintings reach her from every part of the world, but she refuses all orders not congenial to her talent, valuing her own probity and dignity above all price. The award of the jury in 1853 (in virtue of which the authoress of "The Horse Market" was enrolled among the recognized members of the brush, and as such exempted from the necessity of submitting her works to the examining committee previous to their admission to future exhibitions) entitled her, according to French usage, to the cross of the Legion of Honor. This decoration was refused to the artist by the emperor because she was a woman! The refusal, repeated after her brilliant success of 1855, naturally excited the indignation of her admirers, who could not understand why an honor that would be accorded to a certain talent in a man, should be refused to the same in a woman. But though Rosa was included in the invitation to the state dinner at the Tuileries, always given to the artists to whom the Academy of Fine Arts has awarded its highest honor, the refusal of the decoration was maintained, notwithstanding numerous efforts made to obtain a reversal of the imperial decree. In person she is small, and rather under the middle height, with a finely-formed head, and broad rather than high forehead; small, well-defined, regular features, and good teeth, hazel eyes, very clear and bright; dark brown hair, slightly wavy, parted on one side and cut short in the neck; a compact, shapely figure; hands small and delicate, and extremely pretty little feet. She dresses very plainly, the only colors worn by her being black, brown and gray; and her costume consists invariably of a close-fitting jacket and skirt of simple materials. On the rare occasions when she goes into company (for she accepts very few of the invitations with which she is assailed), she appears in the same simple costume, of richer materials, with the addition merely of a lace collar. She wears none of the usual articles of feminine adornment; they are not in accordance with her thoughts and occupations. Rosa Bonheur is an indefatigable worker. She rises at six, and paints until dusk, when she lays aside her blouse, puts on a bonnet and shawl of most unfashionable appearance, and takes a turn through the neighboring streets alone, or accompanied only by a favorite dog. Absorbed in her own thoughts, and unconscious of everything around her, the first conception of a picture is often struck out by her in these rapid, solitary walks in the twilight.—*Mrs. Elliot on Women.*

## A MOURNING CITY.

The number of ladies dressed in deep mourning, which one now meets daily in the streets of San Francisco, is truly remarkable and solemn. In walking through Montgomery Street, the other day, we counted not less than forty-five, in the short space between Bush and Washington Streets. Were the cause not explained, this fact might lead to the presumption that our city was unhealthy; but nothing could be further from the truth. It results from the uncommon number of deaths from scarlatina, or scarlet fever, which has prevailed the past year to an extent hitherto unknown in California. The averages of this scourge have, however, not been confined to this city. It is remarked in Sacramento, San Joaquin, Nevada, San Louis Obispo, San Diego, Shasta, and Butte counties.—*San Francisco Herald.*

## REPARTEE.

"I once heard Lord Broadlands, who was a fast man, ask dear old Mr. Justice Mellow, of convivial memory, if there was any truth in that old saying, 'As sober as a judge.' It was a good hit, and we all laughed heartily at it. 'It is perfectly true,' replied the judge, 'as most of these old saws are. They are characteristic, at least, for sobriety is the attribute of a judge, as inebriety is of a nobleman. Thus we say—'As sober as a judge,' and 'As drunk as a lord.'" Mellow was the readiest man I ever knew; he went on to say—'I know there are men too fond of the bar to sit on the bench, and that there are peers who richly deserve a drop. The first are unworthy of elevation; the last seldom get what is their due.'"—*Dublin University Magazine.*

## SHORT TRUTHS.

A "retiring" disposition is appropriate only to those who have money to fall back upon.—The worst sort of *I-dolatry* is egotism.—A mental reservation is that which underlies a statement.—A draughtsman must lead a checkered life.—When a gentleman is seen often with a young lady, his attentions are apt to be misconstrued.—Life is an auction, where we hear little less than "going, going, gone;" but he does not always get the best bargain who makes that "last bid"—namely, farewell!—The winds are responsible for many an unlucky blow.—A broken engagement is always the precursor of a crisis.—Individual contributions make up the commonwealth. The government's favor, however, secures un-common wealth.—*London Punch.*

## TIME AND SUBSTANCE.

Time is but a flame; it is what is done in time that is the substance. What are twenty-four centuries to the hard rock, more than twenty-four hours to man, or twenty-four minutes to the ephomera? "Are there not periods in our own existence," writes an ingenious thinker, "in which space, computed by its measure of thoughts, feelings and events, mocks the penury of man's artificial scale and comprises a lifetime in a day?"—*Bulwer.*

(ORIGINAL.)

## OUR CHASTENING.

BY MRS. E. B. EDSON.

Last night, when the sun went down to rest,  
In a fiery, molten sea,  
Wore never a monarch's couch, I ween,  
Such regal canopy.

And still, in the warmth of the crimson glow,  
And still, in the golden gleam,  
Came the sickening thought that ne'er again  
Should we watch its fading beam;

For he who had made that dear old home  
Welcome and warm and bright,  
We knew, by the weary pain in our hearts,  
Was going home that night.

The shadows lay close to the old hearthstone,  
And across an old arm-chair;  
But changed to a flood of golden light,  
As it fell on his snowy hair.

The stars came out in their quiet light,  
And we fancied that they could feel,  
And tried to shut their pitying eyes  
To the grief they could not heal.

And all through that solemn eventide,  
And all through the livelong night,  
We watched with an anguish before unknown,  
For the parting spirit's flight.

And when the new day with a bounding step  
Came up o'er the eastern hill,  
The hand we had pressed, the lips we had kissed,  
Were lying cold and still.

And a shadow lay on the garden path,  
And lodged in the trees above;  
But we knew, and we tried so hard to feel,  
"It was only done in love."

(ORIGINAL.)

## THE MARTINET.

BY ARTHUR L. STONE.

CAPTAIN MEACHEM, master and part owner of the ship Whirlwind—little Bob Meachem—small in stature, and in intellect, but a great man in his own opinion, was in the strictest sense of the term a martinet, a fussy, fretful, over-nice fellow, in short a perfect "old Betty."

He was not usually tyrannical or overbearing, and always gave his men an abundance of good food; but his uncomfortable disposition was so widely known that he frequently found considerable difficulty in shipping a crew, for of all captains, your true Jack Tar most dislikes a martinet, a man who would experience more real vexation at the sight of a spot on his white decks, or a rope hanging loose, than at the loss of a

mast, or the destruction of a whole suit of sails.

On one occasion, after remaining longer than usual in port, from this very cause, he succeeded in shipping an excellent crew, consisting of twelve able and four ordinary seamen, all fine-looking, stout-built fellows, good sailors and brave men, who would cheerfully obey any reasonable command, however difficult or dangerous of execution, but were not to be imposed upon, or "worked up" without remonstrance.

The ship was bound to Havana, and for a day or two after leaving port, everything progressed smoothly. All hands were kept at work until the decks were cleared up, running rigging set up, and everything made shipshape. This labor was accomplished by the afternoon of the second day out, when the watch was set below, and the regular routine of sea life began.

On the following afternoon an incident occurred which gave the men their first insight into their commander. After dinner, as the weather was very fine, Captain Meachem took an arm-chair, a book and a cigar on deck, and seated himself by the side of the binnacle, where the spanker formed an awning over his head. By the time his cigar was consumed he felt the need of a more potent stimulus, and called to the steward for a glass of brandy. One of the captain's faults, which we had forgotten to mention, was his love of ardent spirits. He was always strictly temperate while in port, but invariably balanced this compulsory self-denial by a free indulgence at sea. Instead, however, of drinking deeply enough at any one time, to make himself completely intoxicated, he imbibed almost constantly, but in such quantities as to keep him continually fretful and peevish.

The steward promptly brought the brandy, and presently a second glass was called for, which soon followed its predecessor down the captain's throat. By this time the old man began to grow restive, and after pacing several times across the deck, cast his eye around him for some pretext for finding fault, and thus relieving his mind.

Geordie McDonald, a burly, good-humored Scotchman, stood at the wheel, thinking, no doubt, of the "land o' cakes and brither Scots," and perchance of some pretty Bessie, or Highland Mary he had left behind him. Suddenly his wandering thoughts were recalled to the actual world by the captain's voice.

"How does she head?" he snarled, somewhat after the manner of an ill-natured cur.

"South by east," replied Geordie, forgetting in his abstraction to add the "sir."

"What's that? What do you say?" growled his majesty.

"South by east," repeated Geordie.

"O, you impertinent scoundrel," shouted the captain, shaking his fist at Geordie, who could not for the life of him imagine in what manner he had offended his superior.

"Relieve the wheel," continued Meachem, in a loud voice. One of the watch immediately came aft and took the wheel from Geordie's hands.

"Now!" cried the captain, dealing the Scotchman a violent blow in the face which sent him into the lee scuppers, "take that! Henceforth remember that there's a handle to my name."

"Ay, sir," replied Geordie, as he picked himself up. "But, do you ken we have handles to rum jugs in my country!" And he started forward.

"Mr. Wilcox," roared the captain, addressing himself to the mate, "send that impudent Scotchman to slush her down fore and aft, then let him scrape the rust off the anchors till supper time."

"Ay, ay, sir," replied Wilcox; and poor Geordie was "worked up" for the remainder of the afternoon.

During the second dogwatch that evening, this incident was freely and fully discussed in the forecabin, and it was unanimously resolved that a captain who would knock a man down for simply forgetting to add the "sir" to his name, was unreasonable, and furthermore, that Captain Meachem had got the wrong boys aboard if he expected to play the bully.

The next day passed without any striking exhibition of the captain's peculiar characteristics, with the exception of a severe lecture which the officer of the deck received upon the occasion of Meachem's finding a piece of ropeyarn nearly three inches long upon the quarter-deck.

"Why, sir," exclaimed the captain, in the course of his remarks, "the officer who would permit a ropeyarn to encumber the deck, and offend the eye of his superior, would not scruple to go to sleep in his watch on deck, steal the chain cable in port, and sell it for old iron, or cut his captain's throat. Neatness, sir, is as far ahead of godliness, as the flying jib-boom is ahead of the taffrail. If you go on in this way, I predict that you will end your days upon the gallows, and bring the gray hairs of your aged parents in sorrow to the grave."

"That can't be, sir," interrupted the mate, who was something of a wag in his way. "My father is bald, and my mother wears a wig."

"Silence!" thundered the captain. "I am perfectly astonished at your depravity. Next to a want of neatness, the habit of indulging in un-

seemly levity is most criminal. I have but very little hope of you, although the Bible (?) says that

"While the lamp holds out to burn,  
The vilest sinner may return."

Captain Meachem was very fond of quoting the Scriptures, and the foregoing is a fair specimen of his correctness. A famous Bible quotation of his was Pope's well-known line:

"An honest man's the noblest work of God."

"Now," continued Meachem, "remove that unsightly object from my quarter-deck, and if I ever again find a just cause for anger, there will be trouble between you and I!" And the pompous little fellow stuck his thumbs in his vest pockets and strutted aft.

"Come this way, a couple of you, with handspikes," exclaimed the mate.

Two men immediately hastened aft with capstan bars, procured from the rack around the mainmast.

"Now, then, get a purchase under that Irish pennant, heave it alongside the rail, then get a heavy tackle and hoist it overboard," commanded the mate, who was not a little amused at the absurdity of the captain's conduct.

"Do you mean to insult me, sir?" demanded Meachem, turning abruptly as he heard the mate's commands.

"By no means, captain, I only wished to get this terrible encumbrance into the sea with all possible despatch."

"Drop your handspikes, you lubbers, and one of you chuck that ropeyarn overboard quicker'n lightning, or there'll be a row," exclaimed the captain, addressing himself to the men, without deigning to notice the mate.

Upon this, the "Irish pennant" was quietly thrown overboard; but the mate had succeeded in placing the captain in a most ridiculous position, and all the circumstances of the affair were soon reported forward.

This happened on Saturday, the third day of the passage. During the first and second days out, the decks had been thoroughly holystoned, and there was not yet so much as a spot to mar their purity, for they had been carefully washed down in the morning, swept at noon, and again washed off during the first dogwatch. The next day being the Sabbath, and the ship being now at sea, the men, of course expected to be on that day released from all labor except the necessary operations of trimming the yards, and making or shortening sail as might be required.

Consequently the morning watch were not a little surprised at being aroused from their com-

fortable nooks in which they had stowed themselves, at six o'clock, by these orders from the quarter-deck :

"Lay aft here the watch. Man the force pump and draw buckets. Call the other watch to holystone."

This was not only an unexpected but a most disagreeable commencement of the appointed day of rest ; but there was no alternative but to obey, and the port watch tumbled lazily aft, while the third mate opened the fore-castle door to call the starboardlines.

"Starboard watch ah-o-o-y ! Turn out, ye sleepers ; this is Sunday morning, and you must take a turn at your Bibles and prayer-books." (Large holystones, which are drawn along the decks by ropes attached to ringbolts inserted in the end of the stone, are called by the sailors, Bibles ; while the smaller hand stones, which are used for scrubbing—the scrubee kneeling on deck, and plying the stone with both hands—are called prayer-books.)

With many strong expressions of disgust, the starboardlines tumbled out of their bunks, jumped into their clothing and proceeded to take out the Bibles and prayer-books from the boatswain's locker.

"It's too bad, boys," exclaimed the mate, coming forward. "It's altogether too bad, but I can't help it. It's the old man's orders."

"He be *somethinged* !" exclaimed one of the men.

Another added a violent imprecation upon the old man's optics ; but the mate pretended not to hear these polite remarks, and continued :

"I shouldn't think a man that has the Bible at his tongue's end, like Captain Meachem, would forget the commandment in regard to the Sabbath."

"I reckon he reads it like this, sir," interposed the man who had so unceremoniously consigned his skipper to perdition :

"Six days shalt thou labor, and do all that thou art able,  
And on the seventh, holystone the decks and scrape the iron cable."

"I guess he does, Jack," replied the mate, laughing. "But come, come boys, turn to and have a bad job over as quick as possible."

Accordingly the men hastened aft, with their holystones, buckets of sand and bars of soap, to give the already snow-white quarter-deck a fresh scouring.

"Don't scrub too hard, boys, so as to wake the old man up," said the mate, as they commenced operations, giving at the same time a sly wink to Jack Ratline.

"Ay, ay, sir," responded Jack, seizing a prayer-book and squatting down upon the deck directly over the captain's stateroom. As the mate observed Jack demurely apply the water, soap and sand to a piece of the deck about three feet square, exactly over the head of the old man's berth, and roll up his sleeves for vigorous exertion, he turned away and walked forward to conceal his laughter.

Then Jack proceeded to "spread himself" on scrubbing, viciously shoving his prayer-book back and forth with great force and rapidity, creating a sound not unlike rumbling thunder, or the roar of heavy artillery. The perspiration ran down his face, as he labored, but he steadily continued his exertions, being determined, as he said, "to make his part on deck as white as any on 'em," and if he had been allowed to remain long in that particular spot, it is quite probable that he would have succeeded in doing what one of his shipmates advised him to do ; that is, scrub a hole through the deck, and drop the prayer-book on the old man's head.

He had been at work scarcely five minutes, however, when Captain Meachem made his appearance at the head of the companionway, partly dressed, and evidently in a great rage.

"What do you mean, you villain, by scrubbing right over my head before I had turned out?" exclaimed the irate little skipper.

"I didn't know but what you had turned out, sir," replied Jack, with amusing nonchalance. "I thought this was the place where you ginrally sot when you was on deck, and I took it becase I reckon I kin holystone a deck whiter than any other man aboard."

"It's quite likely you can, judging from the energy which you have just displayed, and which has been the means of waking me from a pleasant dream of home," replied Meachem, somewhat mollified by the implied consideration for his comfort which Jack had exhibited, and scarcely knowing whether to be angry or gracious.

"I hope I haint offended you, sir," continued Jack, "cos I was only trying to do what I thought would please ye."

"You are perfectly excusable, Jack," replied the captain, whose wrath had now entirely disappeared. "It seems it was your zeal o do that which you thought would please me, nat caused you to scrub so energetically above my head?"

"Zactly so, sir," replied Jack, puching his cap.

"Very well, then, you may continue to scrub the after part of the quarter-deck until the job is finished ; but before you go below you may stop

at the pantry, and the steward will give you the wherewithal to splice the main brace."

"Thank ye, sir," responded Jack, resuming his labor in great glee, and "laying the flattering unction to his soul" that he had not only made the "lazy bugger" turn out, but had earned a glass of grog by his scrubbing operations.

After two hours of hard labor, the quarter-deck was thoroughly holystoned. The port watch, meanwhile, had washed down the main-deck, and now, breakfast being ready, all the men were sent below, except two ordinary seamen, who were kept on deck to finish their labor of polishing the brass work.

While the breakfast was discussed in the fore-castle, the morning operations were also *discussed*, minus the first syllable of the word. Scarcely had the men finished their after-breakfast pipes, when again the order of:

"All hands on deck," fell upon their astonished ears.

"Turn out here," cried the second mate, poking his head into the fore-castle. "Tauten up the running gear fore and aft. Get hold of the fore-tack, everybody."

The fore and maintacks and sheets were hauled taut, and then the same operation was performed upon the sheets, braces and halyards of the other sails. When all this was done, the men supposed that they would surely be allowed to go below in peace; but Captain Meachem was not yet satisfied.

"Pump ship, sir," said he, addressing himself to the mate, and accordingly the "old skiff" was pumped out.

"Now then, men, lay the ropes in Flemish coils, and then you may have the rest of the day to yourselves," continued Meachem, in a tone of gracious condescension.

"No thanks to you; you send us below cos yer caa't find nothin' else to work us up on," muttered an indignant tar, loud enough for the captain to hear him.

"Wha's that, sir?" demanded the skipper, the words coming forth in a similar manner to the yelps of an angry cur. "Do you dare to growl aboard of my ship? Crawl up into the main-togallant cross-trees, and stay there till I call yowdown."

The poor fellow was obliged to obey, and crawling slowly up the rigging, he perched himself upon the cross-trees, and amused himself by shaking his fist at the captain, whenever his back was turned, to the great delight of the mate, who observed these demonstrations of hostility. He was not called down until his shipmates had finished their dinner, and was obliged to make the

best meal he could upon the cold fragments remaining in the pans.

During the afternoon, a council of war was held in the fore-castle, and it was finally decided that there should be no more Sunday holystoning on board the Whirlwind, that voyage, in spite of the old man. A method of abolishing this institution of Captain Meachem's was proposed and accepted, and two of the men were chosen to do that which should make future holystoning an impossibility.

On the mornings of Tuesday and Friday following, the Bibles and prayer-books were again brought in requisition, and the quarter-deck faithfully scoured. After this labor was finished on Friday, the captain was overheard to say to the mate:

"Next Sunday morning, sir, we will holystone the main-deck fore and aft."

This was promptly reported in the fore-castle, and the unanimous opinion was expressed that "the old man would find himself slightly mistaken in that respect, when Sunday came."

At length the eventful morning arrived; the bell had scarcely chimed the four strokes which denote six o'clock, when again the order was passed forward to call the watch and get ready to "scour her down." The watch were out of their berths and dressed in an incredibly short time, and as they emerged from the fore-castle the second mate came forward with the key of the boatswain's locker. But to his astonishment, he found upon opening this depository of holystones, marline-spikes, etc., that he was in that unpleasant position in which old Mother Hubbard found herself when she

—"went to the cupboard,  
To get her poor dog a bone,  
But when she got there, the cupboard was bare,  
And so the poor dog got none."

For lo! the holystones were *non inventis sunt*; and, as Paddy would express it, when he looked where they were they wa'n't there!

"Here's a go!" exclaimed the officer. "Boys, the holystones are missing, do you know where they are?"

"Gone?" echoed the men, in well-feigned surprise. "No, sir, we don't know anything about 'em."

"You needn't tell me that. I know you've put 'em out of the way yourselves to get clear of using 'em."

"Vell, hi'm blessed hif that haint too bad, sir," exclaimed a cockney tar, who stood next to the second mate, "to haccuse hus hof 'ooking the 'olystones, ven you knows that we loves to 'olystone better'n we does to heat hour wittles."

"That are aint according to the principles of our great free and enlightened republic, to accuse men of anything till yeou've got some proof agin 'em," added a Yankee.

At this moment the mate came forward, and the second mate informed him that the holystones were not in the boatswain's locker.

"Then I think they must be in another locker," replied the mate.

"What locker do you think they're in, sir?" asked the second dickey.

"Davy Jones's," drily replied the mate.

"So I think, sir, and these villains have chucked 'em overboard; but I'll go and tell the old man, and I guess he'll fix 'em." And off he posted for the cabin.

In a few minutes the old man came on deck in a terrible rage, declaring he'd flog the whole ship's company if they didn't instantly tell what they had done with the holystones. All hands were called aft and questioned, but one and all denied knowing anything whatever of the missing Bibles and prayer-books, and at length the captain came to the wise conclusion that it wouldn't be safe to punish the whole crew for what might have been the fault of a single person.

"Never mind," said he, "if you have thrown the holystones overboard, you sha'n't get clear of scouring. Mr. Wilcox, unship the two grindstones, and let them be used for holystones; then take that soapstone slab in the galley and saw it up into hand stones."

This was done immediately, and the work of holystoning was performed as usual, the grindstones serving as Bibles, and the blocks of soapstone as prayer-books. Of course it was more difficult to scour the deck white with these rude contrivances than with proper stones, and the men unanimously decided at breakfast time that they had "shot their granny" that time!

However, it was not too late to remedy this unforeseen difficulty, for if holystones could disappear so mysteriously, why might not grindstones also vanish? A hint to this effect was sufficient to inspire all with a belief that some of these fine mornings the extempore holystones would be found to have followed their predecessors. Nor were they mistaken. On Tuesday morning, search was made for the grindstones and soapstone slabs, but they too were missing.

At this discovery the old man raved till he could hardly speak from hoarseness, and cursed till the air was blue; but without effect.

"Ah, you scoundrels," he at length exclaimed, "I'll fix you for this. You shall now begin to scrape the masts, and as you have thrown the grindstones overboard, you must do it with dull

knives; but by Heaven you shall make every inch of the masts as bright as a new dollar!"

Accordingly all hands were set at work to scrape the masts, which were unpainted, from the royal trucks to the deck. Next to "slushing down," scraping is one of the most disagreeable tasks that a sailor is ever called upon to perform. To be obliged to sit in the bight of a rope, swinging about the mast, and scrape the hard wood bright, is decidedly unpleasant at any time, but tenfold worse when your knife is dull, and long before night the crew of the Whirlwind began to fear that they had a second time destroyed their venerable maternal ancestor.

There were but two men, it will be remembered, who knew what had become of the missing stones, and they kept their own counsel. As the men went forth, next morning, to renew their labor of scraping, they were surprised to see the two grindstones restored to their places in the frames, ready for use; but their surprise did not prevent them from taking advantage of their recovery, to sharpen their knives and scrapers.

When Captain Meachem came on deck, he was informed that the grindstones had mysteriously re-appeared.

"Very well," said he, "before night I will have them taken into the cabin, and to-morrow morning we will holystone the decks again."

The work of scraping progressed rapidly now, and before night the scrapers had got as far down as the lower mastheads. About five o'clock in the afternoon the steward placed the grindstones in the half deck and locked them up.

At the usual hour next morning the men were ordered to turn to and holystone; but before the second mate could bring out the grindstones, the port watch had come aft with the proper holystones in their hands.

"Where in thunder did you find those stones?" asked the second mate.

"In the boatswain's locker," was the reply.

The second mate looked incredulous, but said nothing further about the subject, and bade the men go to work at once. After the decks were thoroughly scoured, the holystones were placed in the half deck, and the grindstones were again brought on deck. Captain Meachem now flattered himself that the holystones were beyond the reach of the men; but his curiosity was not a little excited to know where they had been kept since their disappearance.

The work of scraping was finished by Saturday night, and on Sunday morning again the work of holystoning was attempted, but strange to say, both holystones and grindstones had again disappeared.



This time the captain's rage knew no bounds. After cursing the men to his heart's content, he ordered strict search to be made for the missing stones in the fore-castle, between decks and hold; but after the whole forenoon had been spent in this hopeless task, during which every chest and bunk in the fore-castle, and every nook and cranny of the hold had been explored, without finding the stones, he concluded that this time they must have been thrown overboard, and retired below to plan some means of punishing the crew.

Something in their appearance, however, warned him not to go too far, and at length he concluded to say no more about the matter, but to work the men up as much as possible during the remainder of the voyage. The officers were ordered to keep every man awake in his watch on deck at night, and various eye-openers were specified as proper to be used for this purpose, among which was the ingenious one of hooking the two blocks of a tackle to ringbolts in the deck several feet apart, and making the men swing away for hours together upon the fall, without, of course, gaining a tenth part of an inch.

The officers, however, did not obey these orders, and the men continued to enjoy their stolen naps as usual. On the following Tuesday morning the second mate had occasion to go to the boatswain's locker for a marline-spike, and upon opening the door discovered that the holystones had been again restored to their proper place.

It is needless to describe the many mysterious disappearances and re-appearances of the holystones during the remainder of the voyage. Suffice it to say that they were never to be found on Sunday, and only once a week on a week day. Captain Meachem had them stowed in various places, but put them wherever he would, they were sure to disappear until the following Friday. At length it became so well understood that on this day alone the holystones could be found, that no attempt was made to scour the decks at any other time.

In due time the Whirlwind reached Havana, took in her cargo, sailed for home, and arrived at New York, hauled into the dock and discharged her crew. On the following day the men came aboard to be paid off, and as they received their wages, one after another departed. At length only one of the crew remained upon the ship. As he pocketed his "spondoolicks," he turned toward the captain, saying:

"I suppose, cap'n, you'd like to know where them holystones are?" (The stones had again been missing since the preceding Friday.)

"Yes, I should. Where are they?" replied Meachem.

"Well, cap'n," said the man, backing toward the cabin door, "they're under the lower bunk in your stateroom!" And he made a hasty exit.

The captain could scarcely credit this; but he hastened to his stateroom, and there indeed were the missing holystones, snugly stowed beneath his berth—probably the only place on board which had not been explored in the search for the stones after their second disappearance.

The man exhibited to the mate before he left the ship, the manner in which the stones had been placed there. It seems he had first carried them down between decks through the fore-castle, then walked aft, and standing on the transom, raised a small hatch in the after cabin floor, through which he gained easy access to the cabin. Then, first making sure that the old man was asleep, he slipped into the stateroom, and deposited the holystones in their novel place of concealment.

The captain could scarcely help smiling at the ingenious manner in which he had been outwitted, and as he had no longer any authority over the rascals, the subject was immediately dropped, and from that time forth nothing more was heard about the lost holystones.

#### PICKLED CORPSES.

It is not generally known that at Coppet, on the Lake of Geneva, the residence of the late Madame de Stael, and her father and mother, the celebrated Monsieur and Madame Necker, the latter are not there buried, but are preserved in a huge vat of spirits of wine. The curious—and they are not few—rush there to see this most painful as well as disagreeable of sights. It was so much the desire of Monsieur Necker that he and his wife should be pickled in this strange manner, that, fearing his own family might not carry out his wishes, he left a certain sum to be paid yearly to the town for the supply of a certain quantity of spirits of wine for that purpose. The vat is placed in the grounds close to the house, and partially hid by trees which his grandson, Monsieur le Baron de Stael, had planted round it.—*Court Journal*.

#### THE JOURNEY OF LIFE.

Ten thousand human beings set forth together on their journey. After ten years, one-third at least have disappeared. At the middle point of the common measure of life, but half are still upon the road. Faster and faster, as the rank grows thinner, they that remain till now become weary and lie down to rise no more. At three-score and ten a band of some four hundred still struggle on. At ninety these have been reduced to a handful of thirty trembling patriarchs. Year after year they fall in diminishing numbers. One lingers, perhaps, a lonely marvel, till the century is over. We look again, and the work of death is finished.—*Economist*.

## The Florist.

Winter, shod with fleecy snow,  
Who cometh white, and cold, and mute,  
Lest he should wake the Spring below.

BARRY CORNWALL.

### Seedling Verbenas.

The best way of raising verbenas from the seed is to procure of some reliable florist half a dozen of the finest varieties, from white to dark purple. These seeds should be sown in shallow pans, which must be kept in a warm room near the stove. The pans should be filled with rich, light, loamy soil, and kept well moistened, but not too wet. As soon as the plants are of sufficient size to transplant into pots, do so—but with great care, keeping the plants warm, but out of the sun. If the plants are destined to be trained to frames, prune out the weakest stalks; and when spring comes, you will find you have a vigorous, healthy plant, which will be covered with bloom during the summer months. Those destined for bedding out should be trained rather differently, being allowed to fall over the sides of the pot; and to prevent the shoots from becoming weak, they should be supported by a light framework, hanging outside of the pot, made either of wire or reeds.

### Charcoal.

It has been spoken of, that cuttings have been struck in charcoal in Germany; but it has now been ascertained that all kinds of plants will grow in charcoal better than in anything else. At Biston, near Sidmouth, the seat of Lady Rolle, bananas and other stove plants are grown of a most extraordinary size and vigor, by the use of charcoal mixed with loam; the whole being put loosely into the pots, without breaking the compost into small particles. Under this treatment, bananas only two years old grow to a very large size and bear fruit. Greenhouse and hardy plants are grown in the same manner, and with similar success.

### Coccus.

The scale-insect. These insects are troublesome on many woaded plants, such as the lemon and orange tree, and camellia; but more so in the kitchen-garden, on the vine and pineapple, than on flowering plants. One species of coccus infests the opuntia, and is what we call cochineal; and another, on a kind of fig-tree in India, produces the substance we call shell-lac, which is used in making sealing-wax. The only cure for these insects is brushing them off, and washing the branches with soft soap and water.

### Griffinia.

Handsome bulbous-rooted plants, which require the heat of the stove, and which should be grown in equal parts of white sand, loam and peat. They should be allowed a season of rest, complete rest, in winter, and abundantly supplied with water when they begin to grow after re-potting in the spring. They should have plenty of air; and they are increased by offsets, which should be taken off when they are re-potted. They flower in autumn.

### Saponaria.

Sampwort. Very beautiful little plants, annual and perennial, greatly resembling all kinds of lychnis. All the kinds of saponaria look well on rock-work, covering it with a profusion of beautiful little pink flowers. The handsomest kinds are *Saponaria Ocyroides*, *S. Calabrica*, for the perennials; and *S. Vaccaria*, and *S. Perfoliata*, for the annuals. They will grow in any kind of garden soil.

### Noisette Roses.

These roses are not as sensitive to bad air and improper soil as the teas; yet a few more of the delicate varieties, such as the *Isabella Gray*, the *Jaune Desprey* and the *Chromatella*, will repay the cultivator for a little extra care. Plants of these, established in a conservatory, in good soil, and trained to the arches or trellis-work, form splendid festoons of rich flowers. Much discussion has taken place respecting the *Isabella Gray*, and several prominent rose fanciers in England, whose opinions our American writers are but too ready to re-echo, have spoken disparagingly of its blooming properties. Like many other novelties which sell at a high price, the plant has been so excessively propagated, that little cuttings with just root enough to make them plants are sent abroad, to be nursed instead of planted to produce bloom—mildewed and sick like a little *Rebecca* grape. Give an amateur a good, vigorous plant, and with proper treatment his *Isabella Gray* will prove the queen of *Yellow Noisettes*—at least little inferior to the favorite *Chromatella*.

### A few Hints.

*Palargoniums* require some especial attention; re-pot all the plants intended for early bloom, and carefully train out the branches, so as to make bushy plants; nip off the end of the growing shoots; keep in a light and airy part of the house, near the glass, and fumigate often so as to keep down the green fly. *Asiaticas* will show signs of fresh growth, and as soon as they do, water more liberally. *Cinarias* will need another shift, if growing rapidly; keep them near the glass, and practise fumigation regularly, as the green fly is destructive to the beauty of plants, and these especially. *Achimenes* and *gloxinias* may now be re-potted, placing them in the warmest part of the house, and water sparingly for a week or two.

### Common Daisy (*Bellis Perennis*).

Those who are now filling their greenhouses or windows with plants for winter flowering, should not forget to procure a dozen or two pots of this sweet little flower. Placed near the glass on a shelf in a warm greenhouse, they flower early in the winter, and continue till spring is fairly opened. There are several varieties in cultivation, as the red, white, bluish, mottled, red-quilled, white-quilled, and hen and chicken daisy. The latter is a singular freak of one stem supporting a quantity of flowers, instead of one, the normal type.

### Manettia.

Climbing plants, some of which require a stove, though one species, *manettia cordifolia*, which has very bright scarlet flowers, is generally grown in a greenhouse. It is a native of Buenos Ayres, whence it was introduced in 1831, and, like many plants from that country, it will very probably stand the summer in the open border. It should be grown in a mixture of sandy peat and loam; and when kept in a pot, be allowed plenty of room for its roots, and abundance of fresh air as often as possible. It is propagated by cuttings, which must be struck in sand, with bottom heat.

### Osyris.

The poet's cassia. A pretty little shrub, a native of the south of Europe. It bears delicate white flowers, and should be grown in loam and peat, and is propagated by cuttings.

## Curious Matters.

### Wonderful Machines.

The common clock, it is said, beats in ticks, 17,100 times in an hour. This is 411,840 a day, and 159,424,800 a year, allowing the year to be 365 days and six hours. Sometimes watches will work with care for one hundred years—so we have heard people say. In that case they would last to beat 15,042,456,000 times. Is it not surprising that they should be beat to pieces in half that time? The watch is made of hard metal—but there is a curious machine which is made of something not near so hard as steel or brass. It is not much harder than the flesh of your arm, yet it will beat more than 5000 times an hour, 120,000 times a day, and 43,890,000 times a year. It will sometimes go on beating like the watch for one hundred years. That "curious machine" is the human heart. Is it not

"Strange that a harp of thousand strings  
Should keep in tune so long?"

### Curious Re-Union.

In November, 1860, Mr. Erastus Salisbury, of Liverpool, Ohio, was married to Miss Helen Pritchard. About a year afterwards he took his departure to California, where he toiled in the mines until a few months ago. The correspondence between him and his wife was in some way interrupted, but rumors reached her that he had proved unfaithful, and she therefore procured a divorce. This step was taken after her husband had been absent eight years; but Mrs. Salisbury had been Miss Pritchard again but a few months when her former husband returned. Overwhelmed with surprise at finding himself a bachelor, he took immediate steps to reinstate himself in his former position. The charge against him he proved to be untrue; and after a courtship in due form, the couple were again married.

### A singular Death.

The New Haven Journal says:—"Mr. Elihu Blakeslee, of Prospect, a hard-working and forehanded farmer, was taken ill a few weeks since by the swelling of his arm. Although the most eminent physicians were called to his assistance, it continued to grow worse, until it was thought amputation was the only way to save his life. The arm was taken off, but from that time he continued to sink very rapidly until he died. His age was about 70. Before his death he made his will, leaving three of his children \$10 each, and the other three the balance of his property, which is said to be quite extensive. There is probably not a man who has labored more earnestly and continuously to amass wealth than Mr. Blakeslee for thirty years past."

### Remarkable Appearance.

A very curious phenomenon was observable from the steamer Sonora, as she entered the Gulf about twilight on a recent voyage, and it continued for some fifteen miles. The sea was the color of milk as far as the eye could reach: The paddles on the rudder even did not discolor it, nor turn up a single point of the luminous phosphorescence with which the ship's path had been marked for several preceding nights. Captain Baby mentioned that patches and streaks of this "milky sea" he had occasionally seen, but never anything of the sort on so large a scale before. In drawing a bucketful of water, it presented no unusual appearance; under a powerful glass, however, it was found to be all alive with animalcules.

### Ingenious Mechanism.

The Norwich (England) Mercury says that "after years of mechanical labor and many mathematical tests, Mr. James White, of Wickham Market, has completed, and has now in active operation, a self-winding clock, which determines the time with unflinching accuracy, continuing a constant motion by itself, never requiring to be wound up, and which will perpetuate its movements so long as its component parts exist." As this would be nothing more nor less than perpetual motion, it would require more than a simple statement of this kind to prove the truth of the existence of such an instrument.

### Scientific Fact.

Burning-fluid explosions are not generally caused by contact of the flame with the fluid itself, but with the gas that is always escaping from the fluid when open to the air. People not understanding this fact, think they may safely fill lighted lamps, if they do not allow the flame to touch the fluid itself; but the invisible gas rises, touches the flame, the lamp explodes, and the consequences are sad, perhaps fatal. Never bring a lighted lamp within a foot, at the very nearest, of open fluid.

### Historical Incident.

Sir Walter Raleigh, who was the first discoverer of the value of the potato as a food for man, one day ordered a lot of dry weeds to be collected and burned. Among these was a lot of dried potatoes. After the bonfire, these potatoes were picked up thoroughly roasted. Sir Walter tasted and pronounced them delicious. By this accident was discovered a species of food which has saved millions of the human race from starvation.

### Natural Oil.

Petroleum, or rock oil, engages the attention of the Pennsylvania people. In Crawford county the excitement is especially great; and everybody is digging wells to find the oil, or investing money in it. A great reservoir of it has been tapped at Titusville; hundreds of wells show it in other parts of the county, and the excitement is spreading. Except that it wants purifying, it resembles the kerosene or coal oil now in use.

### Remarkable.

The New Orleans Delta reports that Joseph Wheeler, who had been deaf and dumb for about four years, lately ventured very near the mouth of a cannon—and when it was fired, he was knocked down senseless by the concussion. On recovering, to the surprise of all he spoke as fluently as anybody, and heard and answered all questions put to him, and is up to this time retelling language out in large doses.

### An old Stager.

Abram F. Seranton, of Madison, Conn., who is now 76 years of age, has never ridden in a railway car in his life, and has determined that he never will. He invariably walks from Madison to New Haven, when business calls him; and performed this feat one day, lately, returning the next, a distance of twenty-one miles, in about five hours and a half, without serious fatigue.

### An aged Negro.

A negro woman, named Clara Wilson, died near Alton, Illinois, December 18, 1869, at the age of 120. She settled in Alton, in 1840, being then nearly one hundred years old. The Alton Courier says:—"She was born and raised in South Carolina, and her earliest recollections were of Charleston, in that State, which she remembers as a smart village, instead of the great city it now is."

### How to find Water in the Desert.

When the water begins to run short, and the known fountains have failed (as is too often the sad hap of these desert wells), fortunate is the man who owns a tame Ohamca, or "Babian," as it is called. The animal is first deprived of water for a whole day, until it is furious with thirst, which is increased by giving it salt provisions, or putting salt into its mouth. This apparent cruelty is, however, an act of true mercy, as on the Ohamca may depend the existence of itself and the whole party. A long rope is now tied to the baboon's collar, and it is suffered to run about wherever it chooses—the rope being merely used as a means to prevent the animal from getting out of sight. The baboon now assumes the leadership of the band, and becomes the most important personage of the party. First it runs forward a little, then stops; gets on its hind feet, and sniffs up the air, especially taking care of the wind and its direction. It will then, perhaps, change the direction of its course, and after running for some distance take another observation. Presently it will spy out a blade of grass, or similar object, pluck it up, turn it on all sides, smell it, and then go forward again. And thus the animal proceeds until it leads the party to water, guided by some mysterious instinct, which appears to be totally independent of reasoning.

### Singular restoration to Hearing and Speech.

The New Orleans Delta relates that a young man of that city named Joseph Wheeler, who had been deaf and dumb for four or five years past, was suddenly restored to his hearing and speech under the following circumstances: During the firing of a salute in front of Jackson Square, he went up very near the mouth of the cannon, and before those around could interfere to take him away, the cannon was touched off, and the concussion knocked him down, throwing him fifteen feet. He was picked up senseless and conveyed to the police station, where some water was sprinkled in his face. To the utter surprise and astonishment of all around, as soon as he opened his eyes he spoke as fluently as anybody, and heard and answered all questions put to him, and has evidently fully recovered the power of speech.

### Autophagy—the Act of eating Oneself.

At a late meeting of the French Academy of Medicine, a very singular paper was read on "Autophagy, Spontaneous and Artificial." M. Anselmier, the author of the paper, bases his theory on the fact that the body, when deprived of its ordinary nutriment, consumes itself, until, as its substance wastes away, its temperature falls and death ensues. He had proved by experiments that the most economical method for this self-consumption is to keep up the ordinary processes of nutrition by slight bleeding and drinking the blood. Of two animals in a similar condition, one of which he starved, and the other fed upon its own blood alone, the latter lived several days longer than the former.

### Very Curious.

There has recently been presented to the Museum of the Medical College, Mobile, a beautiful specimen of legumns or lace-wood tree. The peculiarity of it is in the fibrous nature of the bark, which is about an eighth of an inch thick. From this bark has been dissected more than twenty coats of apparently real crape or lace, most of them large enough to serve as a small handkerchief. It can be washed and ironed like ordinary muslin. The tree is a native of the West Indies, and is very rare.

### Curious Experiments.

Some curious experiments have recently taken place at Paris, to test a new contrivance for protecting firemen from the action of the flames, and enabling them to resist a strong heat. It consists of gloves made of amianthus, a kind of filamentous mineral—a helmet of the same material fitting into another of wire gauze, and a shield one metre in length and eighty centimetres broad, besides other garments of the abovementioned material. Three men having put on the gloves were enabled to carry iron bars at a white heat for three minutes, without being obliged to let go their hold. Straw was afterwards set fire to in a large cast-iron cauldron, and continually kept up, while a fireman, wearing the double helmet abovementioned, stood above the flames, which he warded off with the shield. Although they rose at times above his head, he was able to keep his post for a minute and a half. Numerous other experiments were tried, which demonstrated the success of the materials used.

### Railroad Timepieces.

The conductors on the Swiss, French and Italian railroads carry a watch of ingenious construction, designed to lessen the danger of accidents. The aperture by which the watch is wound up is accessible to the conductor; but that by which the hands are regulated can be opened only by an official, whose business it is to set all the watches by a common standard. Thus the time of running the trains is rendered uniform, and no accident is excused on the ground of mistake. The aperture by which the dial is regulated is closed by an application of a system of permutation, such as is employed in some permutating locks.

### Strange Tragedy.

A singular and dreadful occurrence took place at San Juan de los Remedios, Cuba, recently. A woman, who had never exhibited any symptoms of madness, suddenly, it is supposed, became insane, and taking four pieces of rope, during the temporary absence of her husband, suspended them to the ceiling of her house, hung a favorite game-cock with one, her youngest child, three months old, with another, her other child, four years old, with the third, and herself with the fourth rope. Her husband returning, found the woman and the eldest child still struggling, cut them down and they were restored; the youngest child and the fowl were dead.

### Origin of the term Mualin.

The city of Mosul stands on the western bank of the Tigris, opposite the site of ancient Nineveh. "All those cloths of gold which we call 'mualins,'" says Marco Polo, "are of the manufacture of Mosul." It is probable that the city of Mosul, at that time one of the principal entrepôts of Eastern commerce, may have given the appellation to various products of the loom, conveyed thence to the Mediterranean.

### Transfusion of Blood.

A successful case of transfusion of blood into the veins of a woman was performed lately in Kilmarnock, Ayrshire, Scotland. The woman, although in the prime of life, had become so weak from the loss of blood, that pulsation was at times imperceptible. The blood of a friend was injected into a vein in one of her arms, and the most cheering results were immediately manifested. She continued to improve rapidly, and at last accounts was considered beyond the reach of danger.

## The Housewife.

### Egg Sauce.

Boil the eggs hard, cut them into dice, and put the pieces into melted butter. The yolk may, however, be crushed to a powder, and used to thicken the butter. Or, if a more savory sauce is required, boil two eggs hard, mince them very fine, add a third portion of grated ham or tongue, a very little white pepper, and the juice of a lemon; warm it up in melted butter. It is chiefly used for roast fowl and salt codfish; and if the butter be sound, the salted will be found quite as good for all these purposes as the fresh.

### Cool Rooms.

In fevers a cool room frequently does as much good as medicine; blinds coated with the following composition, and placed *outside* the window, are both sun and rain-proof. The greatest heat will not affect them. Boil well together two pounds of turpentine, one pound of litharge in powder, and two or three pounds of linseed oil; the blinds are to be brushed over with this varnish, and dried in the sun. Umbrellas, light linen coats, and covers of hats, may be so treated.

### Game Pudding.

Game of any description can be made into puddings, and when partly boned, well spiced, with minced truffle or mushroom, mace, and a clove of garlic, and boiled within a rich paste, they are very rich, and the paste particularly fine, as it absorbs so much of the gravy; but the boiling deprives the game of much of its high flavor—and a woodcock or a snipe should never be so dressed, as they lose all the savor of the trail.

### Potato Pie.

As many potatoes washed and sliced as will fill a pie-dish, a little salt and pepper, a sprinkling of finely chopped onions, a teaspoonful of cream (or good milk), a bit of butter the size of a walnut, cover with a meat pie crust, and bake till the potatoes are thoroughly done. If crust is not approved it is good without.

### Bread Cheesecakes.

Slice a penny loaf as thin as possible, pour on it a pint of boiling cream. When well soaked, beat it very fine, add eight eggs, half a pound of butter, a grated nutmeg, half a pound of currants, a spoonful of brandy or white wine. Beat them up well together, and bake in raised crusts or patty-pans.

### Mince Pie.

One cracker and a half, three spoonfuls of melted butter, a cup of vinegar, one cup of molasses, raisins and spice to your taste. Melt the butter and vinegar, then add the rest, and fill your paste. Cover as usual. This, if well made, can hardly be distinguished from a minced pie of meat and apples.

### Lemon Pudding.

Half a pound of flour, half a pound of suet cut very fine, half a pound of crushed sugar, the rind of two lemons, and the juice of one or two eggs; boil it four hours in a shape. Served up without sauce it is excellent.

### Egg Pudding.

Take any number of eggs, their weight in flour, brown sugar and butter, and a few currants or chopped raisins, as preferred. Mix well together by means of the eggs. Bake in buttered moulds; serve hot with wine sauce.

### Oyster Patties, or Pies.

As you open the oysters separate them from the liquor, which strain; parboil them after taking off the beards; parboil sweetbreads, cut them in slices, lay them and the oysters in layers, season lightly with salt, pepper and mace; then put half a teaspoonful of liquor and the same of gravy; bake in a slow oven. Before serving, put a teaspoonful of cream, a little more oyster liquor, and a cupful of white gravy, all warm, but not boiled. If for patties, the oysters should be cut in small dice, gently stewed and seasoned as above, and put in the plate when ready for the table.

### Sponge Cake.

A quarter of a pound of lump sugar, three-quarters of a pound of flour well dressed, the rind of a lemon grated, seven eggs, leaving two of the whites out; do not beat up the eggs; boil the sugar in a quarter of a pint of water, and pour it boiling hot on the eggs, whisking them very quickly while the sugar is poured gently on them; continue to whisk it for twenty minutes; stir in the flour, but do not whisk it after; put it into moulds, well buttered, and bake it in a quick oven. Be careful to have the oven ready, or the cake will be heavy.

### Jumbles.

Take a quarter of a pound of flour, a quarter of a pound of powdered loaf sugar, two ounces of butter, rubbed in the flour, two ounces of currants, two eggs, and a small quantity of brandy. Drop them on tins.

### Gingerbread.

Three-quarters of a pound of butter (dissolved), two pounds and a half of treacle, three pounds of flour, half a pound of moist sugar, two ounces and a half of ginger, and a quarter of a pound of candied peel.

### Caledonian Oream.

Two teaspoonfuls of white sugar, one teaspoonful of raspberry jam, two whites of eggs, juice of one lemon. Beat for half an hour; serve up sprinkled with fancy biscuits.

### Block Biscuits.

Half a pound of butter beaten up to a cream, half a pound of ground rice, three-quarters of a pound of flour, half a pound of loaf sugar, four eggs, and a little sal volatile.

### Cup Cake.

One cup of sugar, one of butter, three and a half of flour, four eggs, half a cup of cream, and half a teaspoonful of saleratus.

### To Stop Mouse-holes.

Stop mouse-holes with plugs of common hard soap, and you will do it effectually. Rats, roaches and ants will not disregard it.

### Cure for Warts and Corns.

The bark of the willow tree burnt to ashes applied to the parts, will remove all corns or excrescences on any part of the body.

### Rice Cake.

Three eggs and the same weight of ground rice and sugar, mixed and beaten well. Bake quickly in a mould.

### Salted Fish.

A glass of vinegar put into the water you lay your fish in to soak will fetch out most of the salt.

**Picture-Varnish.**

The picture, whether wood engraving or steel, must be stretched upon a common wooden frame. It can then be varnished in this manner:—Best pale glue and white curd soap, half an ounce of each; hot water, a quarter of a pint; dissolve, and then add a quarter of an ounce of alum powdered. Or else, make a solution of isinglass in water, and cover the print with it; then, when dry, apply with a camel's-hair brush a varnish made of one ounce of Canada balsam and two ounces of spirit of turpentine, mixed together.

**Panada.**

A glass of white wine and an equal quantity of water, with a little nutmeg and lemon-peel, should be set over a clear fire, in a very nice saucepan; the moment it boils up, throw in a large tablespoonful of very fine bread crumbs; stir it for a minute or two, until it is well mixed and thickened. If wanted for an invalid, where wine might not be proper, make as directed, only putting more water instead of the wine; and when it is nearly ready to take off the fire, add the juice of a lemon or orange.

**Short, or Luncheon Cake.**

Put into a basin sufficiently large to hold the whole ingredients, half a pound of fresh butter, and set it in the oven to melt. In the meantime mix well with one pound of flour two teaspoonfuls of Borwick's baking powder, a quarter of a pound of pounded loaf sugar, half a pound of currants washed and dried, two ounces of candied peel, a little mixed spice, with salt to taste. Mix three well-beaten fresh eggs with the butter, then add the whole. Bake in a quick oven.

**Cold Cream.**

Oil of almonds, one pound; white wax, four ounces; melt, pour into a warm mortar; add by degrees, rose water, one pint. It should be light and white. Or else, take oil of almonds, one ounce; white wax and spermaceti, of each, one drachm; rose water, one ounce; orange flower water, a quarter of an ounce.

**Perfume-Bags.**

Take of cloves, caraway seeds, nutmeg, mace, cinnamon and Tonquin beans, each half an ounce; then add as much Florentine orris-root as will equal the other ingredients put together; grind the whole well to powder, and put it into little bags among your clothes, etc.

**Caper Sauce, white.**

Put whole capers into melted butter, adding a little of the vinegar they are pickled in, a pinch of salt, and sufficient cream to make it white. This is used principally for boiled mutton.

**Caledonian Cream.**

Two teaspoonfuls of white sugar, one teaspoonful of raspberry jam, two whites of eggs, juice of one lemon. Beat for half an hour. Serve up sprinkled with fancy biscuits.

**Rice Buns.**

Take a quarter of a pound of loaf sugar, and beat well with two eggs; then add a quarter of a pound of ground rice, and flavor with any essence preferred. Bake in drop tins.

**Mouldy Ink.**

One and a half dozen cloves (more or less, according to the size of the bottle,) bruised with gum Arabic are to be put into the bottle.

**Portable Balls for removing Grease Spots.**

Dry fuller's earth so as to crumble it into powder, and moisten it well with lemon-juice; add a small quantity of pure pulverized pearlsh, and work the whole up into a thick paste; roll it into small balls, let them completely dry in the heat of the sun, and they will then be fit for use. The manner of using them is by moistening with water the spots on the cloth, rubbing the ball over, and leaving it to dry in the sun; on washing the spots with common water, and very often with brushing alone, the spots instantly disappear.

**Apple Sauce.**

Pare, core and slice some apples, and put them in a stone jar, into a saucepan of water, or on a hot hearth. If on a hearth, let a spoonful or two of water be put in to keep them from burning. When they are done, bruise them to a mash, and put to them a piece of butter the size of a nutmeg, and a little brown sugar, if required; but it destroys the slight acid flavor of the apples, and its corrective to geese and pork.

**To make Lemon Syrup.**

Take two pounds of loaf sugar and put it to two pints of water, and boil gently for half an hour. Put it in a basin till cold. Then take one ounce of citric acid beat to a powder, and half a drachm of essence of lemon, mixed together before added to the syrup. Put two tablespoonfuls of the syrup into the tumbler, and fill up with cold water.

**Hilton Pudding.**

Take some thick slices of bread, cut off the crust, and soak it well in milk; remove it into a dry dish, and wash it over with egg, and grate a small quantity of nutmeg on it. Boll some lard, and put in the prepared bread; fry it of a light brown. When served up, pour white wine sauce and scatter powdered sugar over it.

**Sauce for Rump-Steak.**

Take equal parts of ale, red wine and catsup, a piece of butter and a little pepper, with a teaspoonful of garlic vinegar; stir these over the fire in a small saucepan, and pour it very hot upon the steak. It will form a pleasant addition to the gravy of any roast meat, and can be made in a few minutes.

**Indian Meal Puffs.**

Into one quart of boiling milk stir eight tablespoonfuls of meal and four spoonfuls of sugar. Boil five minutes, stirring constantly. When cool, add six well-beaten eggs. Bake in buttered cups half an hour. Try them with a little butter and maple molasses, and see if they are not good.

**Lemon Pudding.**

Half a pound of bread crumbs, quarter of a pound of suet, quarter of a pound of brown sugar, one lemon, juice and rind, and one egg; to be baked in a mould one hour. Serve with a little wine sauce, if approved.

**Rats and Rat-Holes.**

It is better to stop rat-holes with pieces of sticks or chips chopped up into lengths of one or two inches, saturated with coal tar and rammed into their holes, than to pour it into them.

## Editor's Table.

MATURIN M. BALLOU, EDITOR AND PROPRIETOR.

### THANKSGIVING PUMPKINS AND GIRLS.

A foreign correspondent of the New York Times says: "A private letter from Berlin gives an account of the American Thanksgiving dinner on the 24th of November. About seventy Americans sat down to a substantial repast of American viands—turkey, mince-pie and pumpkin-pie (the latter supplied by a New England lady). My enthusiastic epicure of a correspondent says of the pumpkin-pie: 'It was not exactly the same as it used to be in America, but formed, after all, as M—— says, "a very good translation!"' It lacked only that thin brown skin, which we children used to delight to peel off, and eat first!' Notwithstanding the absence of the thin brown skin, our countrymen made themselves very merry with toasts, and speeches, and jokes. Among other comical sayings, a gentleman from Massachusetts spoke for the ladies, claiming it as his privilege, since he came from a town that once received General Jackson with *five miles of girls*; but was somewhat disconcerted by the remark of a gentleman from Virginia, who said that 'if a miss was as good as a mile, that meant exactly *five girls*.'"

**COASTWISE STEAMERS.**—The coastwise steam commerce of the United States is yet in its infancy, but is destined to become an interest of the first importance. Steamers of medium size, probably iron propellers, must before many years ply between all ports on the Atlantic coast and in the Gulf of Mexico, as they do now on the coast of the United Kingdom.

**MATRIMONIAL.**—A man in Johnson county, Iowa, sixty-five years of age, forgetting that

"Crabbed age and youth  
Cannot live together,"

was lately united in matrimony to a girl of thirteen.

**ORIGIN OF A WORD.**—A literary gentleman, of London, claims that the word whig was derived from the initial of the party motto, "We hope in God."

**MAPLE SUGAR.**—Our maple sugar crop in this country amounts to nearly \$34,000,000—thirty-four millions of dollars a year!

### THE SKY AND THE WEATHER.

The color of the sky, at particular times, affords wonderfully good guidance as an indicator of the weather. Not only does a rosy sunset presage fair weather, and a ruddy sunset bad weather, but there are other tints which speak with equal clearness and accuracy. A bright yellow sky in the evening indicates wind; a pale yellow, wet; a neutral gray color constitutes a favorable sign in the evening, an unfavorable one in the morning. The clouds again are full of meaning in themselves. If their forms are soft, undefined, and feathery, the weather will be fine; if the edges are hard, sharp, definite, it will be foul. Generally speaking, any deep, unusual hues betoken wind or rain; while the more quiet and delicate tints bespeak fair weather. These are simple maxims; and yet not so simple but that the English Board of Trade has thought fit to publish them for the use of seafaring men.

**BEAUTY.**—Socrates called beauty a short-lived tyranny; Plato, a privilege of nature; Theophrastus, a silent cheat; Theocritus, a delightful prejudice; Carneades, a solitary kingdom; Domitian said that nothing was more grateful; Aristotle affirmed that beauty was better than all the letters of recommendation in the world; Homer, that 'twas a glorious gift of nature; and Ovid, alluding to him, calls it a favor bestowed by the gods.

**A GOOD HINT.**—If, in instructing a child, you are vexed with it for want of adroitness, try, if you have never tried before, to write with your left hand, and remember that a child is all left hand.

**CORRECTION.**—In speaking of the weight which Dr. Winship the strong man could lift, the types made us say in our last number of the Magazine *two* hundred pounds in place of *ten* hundred pounds.

**QUESTION AND ANSWER.**—Why is an Englishman like nineteen shillings? Because he is under a sovereign.

**EXPERIENCE.**—Experience is the best teacher in the world; but then her charges are higher than those of any other school-ma'am.

### SUCCESS IN LIFE.

Every one wishes to succeed in life, and success—of course we speak of success attained by honorable means—is a duty. The goals of the travellers who start upon the highway of life are as various as the tastes of man: one seeks political distinction, another military renown, a third literary fame, a fourth the laurels of the artist, a fifth, perhaps, aims at attaining pre-eminent skill in some handicraft. Too many pursue wealth, not as a means, but as an end. At first, and to the eyes of youth, the attainment of each of these objects appears easy. In the mirage of life's young dream each favorite object looms up distinctly and near at hand, and it seems as if it required but a few rapid strides to grasp them. But as mile after mile is passed and hour after hour glides away, we see the phantom recede before us, as Mt. Blanc recedes before the approaching tourist. We see that there are flinty paths, and deep ravines, and wild, whirling streams to be traversed before we reach the prize, and the faint-hearted come to think that the coveted good is unattainable. But the mountain comes not to Mahomet, Mahomet must go to the mountain. To drop allegory and figurative expression, success is attainable, but only through persevering labor which involves an iron will. In our copy books at school we are taught to write over and over again the dogma, "Labor conquers everything;" but personal experience, or that of others only can teach us that "Nothing is impossible with him who wills." Will and labor are more than a match for "those twin-jailers of the heart, low birth and iron fortune."

A young French officer was often heard to say to himself, as he paced his narrow quarters, "I will be a great general, and I will be marshal of France." And he became both. The Duke of Marlborough, as he sat shaking in his saddle on the eve of a terrible battle, was wont to exclaim, "See how this little body trembles as what this great soul is about to achieve." This was not the frothy boast of a vain man, but the declaration of one who knew that his iron will would override every obstacle, and in the might of its inflexibility, reach the goal of victory at last. The determination to succeed works miracles. It gives the man apparently most unfit to succeed in any given walk, a mastery over adverse circumstances, and a triumph over rivals favored by nature. "It is quite alarming," says Victor Hugo, "to see the catalogue of preparatory studies marked out for the apprenticeship of the general; but how many excellent generals there have been who could not even read! It would seem the first condition, the *sine qua non*

of every man destined for the war, that he should have good eyes, or at least that he should be stout and active. Sure enough. But a crowd of great generals have been one-eyed or crippled. Philip was one-eyed, lame, and maimed of one hand; Hannibal was one-eyed; Bajazet and Tamerlane—the two thunder-bolts of war, in their age—were, the one lame, the other half blind. Luxemburg was hunchbacked. It seems even that nature, in ridicule of all our calculations, had wished to show us the phenomenon of a general totally blind, guiding an army, marshalling his troops for battle, and winning victories. Such a man was Ziska, chief of the Hussites."

One would think that to be a distinguished painter hands at least were necessary. But there is an excellent European artist, born without hands, and who manages his brush and crayon with his feet more dexterously than many a professional painter endowed with flexible fingers. And a more surprising case yet was that of an English lady who had neither hands nor arms, was a mere trunk, in short, who held her pencil in her teeth, and yet painted well. There is a case on record of a crippled shoemaker in Essex county, so unfortunate as to be able to move about only on his hands and knees, yet who drained, reclaimed and cultivated one acre of land, stocked it with fruit trees, and raised from it six hundred dollars' worth of produce in a year. After such examples, who of us need be discouraged?

It is this disbelief in impossibilities which has rendered our own beloved country the wonder of the universe. Never before were a whole people imbued with such a zeal for labor and such a determination to succeed. Look at the result!—a continent cleared of primeval forests; thirty-three great sovereignties established, peopled, supplied with churches, schools, roads, libraries, manufactures, arts; the deep-rooted oaks and pines of centuries building a magnificent mercantile marine that bears our flag and our wealth to every quarter of the globe; a net-work of railroad and canals and telegraphs, linking the whole territory between the Atlantic and the Pacific, the lakes and the gulf together in body and mind; and all this accomplished in less than two centuries and a half by the invincible force of united will and labor!

MYTHOLOGICAL.—When your hair gets into disorder, what heathen deity should it name? Comus (Comb us).

TAX.—The theatres of New York pay an annual tax into the city treasury of some \$8000.



## THE INDIANS OF NEW ENGLAND.

Who that looks upon one of those dusky specimens of humanity, that are occasionally seen about our railroad stations, peddling small wares, can realize that he belongs to the same race which produced the princely Uncas and the royal Philip, the warrior sachem of Mount Hope? Yet the same blood that coarsed impetuously through the veins of the once lordly possessors of the soil on which we dwell, filters sluggishly through the handful of red men yet huddled together, or sparsely scattered in Massachusetts and in Maine. And the more intelligent among these people must experience many a bitter pang, as they contrast their present condition, their restricted limits, the restraints which they suffer, with the eminence, the wide range, and the independence of their ancestors. "I have been looking at your beautiful city," said an Indian chief to General Knox, at New York, in 1789, "I have been looking at your beautiful city—the great water—your fine country, and see how happy you all are. But then I could not help thinking that this fine country, and this great water, were once ours. Our ancestors lived here—they enjoyed it as their own in peace. It was the gift of the Great Spirit to themselves and their children. At last, the white people came here in a great canoe." He proceeded to describe in brief, but eloquent terms, the conduct and progress of the whites, ending: "They brought spirituous and intoxicating liquors with them, of which the Indians became very fond. They persuaded us to sell them some land. Finally, they drove us back, from time to time, into the wilderness, far from the water and the fish and the oysters. They have destroyed the game—our people have wasted away, and now we live miserable and wretched, while you are enjoying our fine and beautiful country. This makes me sorry, brethren! and I cannot help it."

To a man who feels thus, and appeals thus to your own feelings, it is useless and cruel to reply with arguments that pass current only among the civilized, viz.: That land belongs of right only to those who can use, not to those who possess it; that a territory which supports thousands of men, cannot be abandoned to a handful; or, that the land owned by the aborigines was transferred to the whites on the usual conditions of purchase and sale. In fact, the purchase of the Indian lands was a mere farce; the whites giving what they knew to be an unfair equivalent, taking undue advantage of ignorance of value on the part of those with whom they dealt. Our fathers indeed gave these poor children of the forest what they asked, but they should have

given more. Step by step the Indians of New England found themselves stripped of their land, burthened, moreover, with vices acquired from the whites, and certainly in many cases foully wronged, though by individuals, and not by the colonists generally.

The Indians of New England, if they labored under disadvantages, possessed also all the higher qualities of savage nature. If they were poor, they were generous and hospitable; if they were ferocious, they were brave; if they were revengeful, they were generous; if they exhibited cruelty, they also displayed fortitude. They were, until their ruinous contact with civilization, temperate and chaste as they were necessarily frugal. If their highest ambition was to excel in war, can we wonder at it, when war is the idol of brilliant and refined France in the days in which we live?

Winslow, who at first asserted they had no religion, changed his opinion, saying: "Therein I erred, for as they conceive of many divine powers, so of ONE, whom they call *KEINTAN*, to be the principal and maker of the rest, and to have been made by none. He, they say, created the heavens, earth, sea, and all the creatures therein; also that he made one man and one woman, of whom they, and we, and all mankind come; but how they became so far dispersed, they know not. At first, they say, there was no sachem or king but *KEINTAN*, who dwelleth above in the heavens, whither all good men go when they die, to see their friends, and have their fill of all things."

We have said that these Indians were occasionally foully wronged. Let us take an example: "*Miantonomo*," says Elliott, in his *New England History*, "the chief of the Narragansetts, and one of the most capable Indians in New England, the friend and favorer of Roger Williams, was taken prisoner by Uncas, who referred the matter to the ministers at Hartford; they decided that he ought to be put to death—not for what he had done, but because they feared him—so he was murdered in cold blood." The ministers justified themselves, we are told, by quoting Agag and "sundry other cruel doings of the Jews towards unarmed enemies." "This," says Governor Hopkins, was the end of *Miantonomo*, the most potent Indian prince the people of New England ever had any concern with; and this was the reward he received for assisting them, seven years before, in their war with the Pequots. Surely a Rhode Island man may be permitted to mourn his unhappy fate, and to drop a tear on the ashes of *Miantonomo*, who, with his Uncle *Canonicus*, were the best friends and greatest benefactors the colony ever had;

they kindly received and protected the first settlers of it when they were in distress, and were strangers and exiles, and all mankind else were their enemies; and by this kindness to them, drew upon themselves the resentment of the neighboring colonies, and hastened the untimely end of the young king." Thirty years afterwards, when Philip of Pokanoket took the war-path, the colonists had reason to remember the fate of Miantonomo. It was a bloody drama of crime and retribution.

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#### THE RULING PASSION.

A person having occasion to visit an old couple at Durham, England, of extremely penurious habits, found them holding counsel together upon a matter which apparently weighed heavily on the minds of both, and thinking it was respecting the probable dissolution of the wife, who was lying dangerously ill, proceeded to offer them all the consolation in his power; but was cut short by being informed that that was not exactly the subject they were discussing, but one which afflicted them still more deeply, viz., the cost of her funeral; and, to his astonishment, they continued their ghastly calculations until every item in the catalogue, from coffin to night-cap, had been gone through, with much grumbling at the rapacity of "the undertakers," when a bright thought suddenly struck the husband, and he exclaimed: "Well, Janet, lass, you may no' die after all, ye ken." "'Deed, an' I hope not, Robert," replied his helpmate, in a low, feeble voice, "for I am quite sure that we canna afford it."

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**VICE, FOLLY AND VIRTUE.**—Vice and folly may feel the edge of wit, but virtue is invulnerable; aquafortis dissolves the base metals, but has no power to dissolve or corrode gold.

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**A LADY PATRONESS.**—Niebuhr, speaking of a lady who had patronized him, said, "I will receive roses and myrtles from female hands, but no laurels."

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**SHORT SAYINGS.**—The little and short sayings of wise and excellent men are of great value—like the dust of gold or the least sparks of diamonds.

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**THE TRUE AND FALSE.**—True friends are like true diamonds—scarce but precious. False ones, like the leaves of a forest, without number.

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**THE PORT OF SAFETY.**—The place of greatest safety is the place where duty calls you.

#### SMOKE-CONSUMING LOCOMOTIVE.

It has always been a desideratum to construct a locomotive capable of consuming the smoke that issues from its iron lungs. Various attempts have been made to accomplish this object, but without success. It now appears, however, that Mr. Grier, superintendent of the workshop of the Pennsylvania Railroad, at Altona, has constructed a new locomotive, of which the *Pittsburgh Chronicle* says: "It is regarded by those competent judges of such matters as one of the most powerful and complete engines of the class ever constructed anywhere. In appearance it resembles the ordinary 'camel back,' or coal burning engines now in use on the eastern division of the line, with the exception that it is far more highly finished, and seems built for greater speed. Its chief recommendation, however, lies not in its attractive appearance. It has other qualities, which give it far more interest in the eyes of railroad men—improvements which have long been desired in locomotives. It consumes its own smoke, so that, instead of the vast volumes of smoke which the ordinary locomotive belches forth at each revolution, a little steam only is seen escaping from that of Mr. Grier's invention. In consuming the smoke, a great saving of fuel is effected. She made the run from Altona—a distance of one hundred and seventeen miles—upon twenty-five bushels of coal, maintaining a high rate of speed all the time, and evincing the possession of extraordinary power."

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**"THE WELCOME GUEST."**—Nearly seventeen hundred of the subscribers to our Magazine have thus far, since the first of January, enclosed us \$1 50, and so become subscribers to our new mammoth paper, *The Welcome Guest*—thus making that paper the cheapest in the world, as our Magazine is the cheapest monthly ever published. The new paper contains more reading matter than any other weekly in America. Remember *The Welcome Guest* and the *Dollar Magazine*, together, we send for \$2 50 a year, and that any subscriber to the Magazine has only to enclose us \$1 50, and mention that he is on the subscription list of our Monthly, to receive the new mammoth paper for that price.

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**PHILOSOPHY.**—Inherited fortunes, like ready-made clothes, seldom fit those who get them. To spend money properly requires as much brains as to acquire it.

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**REMEMBER.**—Four things come not back: the broken word, the sped arrow, the past life, and the neglected opportunity.

**ADULTERATED LIQUORS.**

Dr. Hiram Cox, the Cincinnati inspector, has published many deeply interesting facts of his experience in testing liquor sold in that city. In seven hundred inspections of stores and lots of liquors of every variety, he found that ninety per cent. were impregnated with the most pernicious and poisonous ingredients. Nineteen young men, all sons of respectable citizens, were killed outright by only three months' drinking of these poisoned liquors. Many older men, who were only moderate drinkers, died within the same period of delirium tremens, brought on in one quarter the time usual, even with confirmed drunkards, by drinking the same poison. Off four hundred insane patients, he found that two-thirds had lost their reason from the same cause. Many of them were boys under age. One boy of seventeen was made insane by the poison, from being drunk only once. Seeing two men drinking in a grogshop, and that the whiskey was so strong that it actually caused tears to flow from the eyes of one of them, the doctor obtained some of it and applied the tests. He found it to contain only seventeen per cent. of alcohol, when it should have had forty, and that the difference was supplied by sulphuric acid, red pepper, caustic and potassa, and strychnine. A pint of this liquor contained enough poison to kill the strongest man. The man who had manufactured it had grown weakly by producing it. These alarming facts do not apply to Cincinnati alone, but are of equal force in New York, Philadelphia, Boston, and our American cities generally. It is a matter of wonder to us that people will deceive themselves and believe that they are drinking pure liquors, when there is not one pure gallon sold for every ten thousand that is consumed!

**FEMALE CHARMS.**—The ladies in Japan paint the face white and red, the lips purple, with a golden glow; the teeth of a married lady are blackened, and her eyebrows extirpated.

**PHILOPENA.**—An exchange says this word signifies, in its common use, "friendship's forfeit." It is a Greek and Latin compound, and literally interpreted, signifies, "I love the penalty."

**EXPRESSIVE.**—A late English writer, in speaking of the United States, says: "It is the land of large farms and thinly peopled graveyards."

**THAT'S THE WAY.**—To get a duck for dinner—jump into the river.

**HUNTING IN ENGLAND.**

Everybody knows how passionately fond of hunting the British are—

"Contusion, hamstring of neck and spine,  
Which English gentlemen call sport divine."

Now we in this country are fond of hunting also, but the game must be worth the candle. An elk or a moose or a bear is worth something, and explains the ardor of the Nimrod. But observe that in England the game is worth nothing; the object of pursuit is only a fox. And the motive is not to exterminate a nuisance, for had that been the case, the island would long ago have been cleared of foxes. No, the fox is but an apology for riding and leaping, dining and drinking. Sometimes the English sportsmen course hares. Now let us see what the hunting of England costs, and perhaps we shall be astonished at the sum total. It is said that in Yorkshire, there are ten packs of fox hounds, one pack of stag hounds, or fifty couples each, and five or six harriers, equal in all to thirteen or fourteen packs of fox hounds. Thirteen packs of fox hounds, or fifty couples each, that is 1300 hounds, consume annually 200 tons of oat meal, at a cost of £2600, or \$13,000, besides the carcasses of about 2000 dead horses. There are at least 1000 hunting men in Yorkshire, keeping, upon an average, four horses each. Four thousand horses cost £209,000, at an average of £50 apiece, and their keep at £50 per annum each, makes £200,900 more. Four thousand horses employ 2000 men as grooms, and consume annually 4000 quarters of oats, 2900 quarters of beans, and 8000 tons of hay.

**PRECIOUS STONES.**—The first question from one lady to another in Paris, at present, is: "My dear, what diamonds have you got?" The rage for these lumps of light is beyond that of any former day. The wealthiest ladies look as if ornamented with decanter stoppers, so monstrous and many are the glittering jewels on neck and wrist, brow and stomach.

**A SCULPTRESS.**—Miss Hosmer is not the first lady who has excelled in sculpture. The finest bust ever made of Peter the Great was executed by M<sup>lle</sup>. Collot, a French lady, who was deeply enamored of the emperor.

**QUEER.**—One of the Texas papers says there is no water in the vicinity of Austin, nearer than two miles, and the people are obliged to swim their horses over the river to get it!

**WONDERFUL.**—An individual has been fined \$1 and costs, at Norwich, for stealing an umbrella.

## ABUNDANT RICHES.

The silver discoveries in California promise to be of far more importance than the discovery of gold in 1848, inasmuch as the product of the lighter metal will now be more abundant, and its comparative appreciation in value, growing out of its relative scarcity, will cease, thus removing the apprehension of a troublesome change which has given so much uneasiness to political economists. The samples of silver-bearing quartz, now at the Assay Office, fully justify the reports heretofore published. The ore is worth in its richest developments about \$5000 per ton, and the field of discovery appears to be a solid mine of this wealth thirty miles in length. These silver mines were first discovered on the 20th of June last, by Captain McLaughlin, of Angels Camp, Calaveras county. The principal part of the ore is taken out forty feet below the granite surface. The lead is from four inches to two feet in width. Washoe Valley is one hundred and eight miles from Nevada, via Downieville Pass, and about thirty miles from Genoa, Carson Valley. Virginia City is the name of the camp in the vicinity of the mines. Claims have been taken up for miles upon the supposed continuation of the lead. Some are sinking shafts, and others are running drifts. Population is rapidly increasing. Capital and labor are required, as silver mines do not yield an immediate return like the gold placers. What an Aladdin-like age we live in!

**WELL TO REMEMBER.**—Any persons residing in New England, having sheet music, magazines, newspapers, or serial works of any kind, which they desire to have neatly bound, have only to address them to this office, enclosing directions, and hand the package to the express. The works will be bound in the neatest manner, and at the lowest rates, and returned in *one week*. Godey's Magazine, Harper's New Monthly, Harper's Weekly, Peterson's Magazine, Atlantic Monthly, London Illustrated News, Punch—in short, all and every serial work is bound as above.

**HOPE.**—Hope is a pleasant acquaintance, but an unsafe friend. He'll do on a pinch for a travelling companion, but he is not the man for your banker.

**HASHEESH.**—The use of hashesh, in nervous affections, is getting quite common abroad. Rather a dangerous remedy, we should think!

**QUERY.**—What kind of a boat resembles a knife? That's easy enough—a *cutter*.

## THE LADIES' HEARTH-STONE CLUB.

The New York correspondent of the *Charleston Mercury* says some very saucy things about the discussions of this "institution," for which he ought to have his ears pulled by a committee of the ladies. Hear the wretch: "One week the all-absorbing topic is pumpkin pies, and how to make and cook them. Another week the engrossing theme is 'cod-fish balls.' Elaborate essays are read on 'the use of the bottle in nursing,' 'taking up and putting down carpets,' 'removing stains from kid gloves,' and a hundred other tiny domestic topics. Twelve members speaking at one time is a common occurrence, and the general effect on an outside listener is very much like the garrulous twitter of a flock of blackbirds. At the last meeting the dominant theme was dolls. It is needless to say that the rag-baby advocates were crushed and humiliated in the discussion, and that the presidentess, who is clothed with the awful power of deciding all controversies, settled the question for all time in favor of painted India rubber, both on artistic and utilitarian grounds."

**A FAMILY NECESSITY.**—A public journalist who recommends a useless quack medicine is guilty of a great wrong to the public, but he who makes known the virtue of a truly valuable specific, is equally to be commended. In private, and in the papers we issue, it has always been a pleasure to us to endorse the *Oxygenated Bitters*, which form the best tonic medicine ever produced. They contain no spirituous compound, but afford the invalid the much desired strength, without the reaction that follows the use of other tonics. This pleasant preparation is the natural enemy of dyspepsia.

**A CHANCE.**—As we are now closing out the stock of Ballou's Pictorial, we will sell the bound volumes at *half price*, that is less than the cost of the white paper! These volumes contain thousands of brilliant engravings, tales, novelettes, sketches, biographies, adventures; in short, each volume is an illuminated library in itself. Call and see.

**"THE WELCOME GUEST."**—This new literary journal is a credit to Boston. Without meddling in politics, or sectarian matters, it is yet intensely interesting, crowded with original matter, and treating upon a great variety of subjects. No handsomer newspaper comes to our table, nor any one that is conducted in a more scholarly or agreeable manner. Messrs. Ballou and Durvage, the editors, are gentlemen of great experience and good taste.—*City Item*.

**AN ARTIST'S STUDIO.**—A portrait-painter's studio reminds one of a street during a row—it is full of *striking likenesses*.

## Foreign Miscellany.

Small pox has been raging in Paris, and a lovely countess was a victim.

Lord Clyde's share of the India plunder is stated by an English paper at £120,000 sterling.

The governments of France and Spain have ordered a combined fleet to Vera Cruz.

The male births in Europe surpass the female four millions every year, but are balanced by the greater number of accidents to males.

Prescott's History of the Reign of Philip II. has been published by Messrs. Firmin Didot Freres, Paris.

Coolies from China still continue to arrive at Demarara, though nearly half of those who start die on the voyage.

Lonis Napoleon has secured a newspaper organ in London, it is stated, by purchasing the Morning Chronicle for about \$50,000.

The shares of the Great Eastern continue to decline in England. Old junk dealers are said to keep a sharp eye on the vessel.

So great is the pressure to obtain divorces in England, that before long additional judges must be appointed to the court. It is stated that there is now an arrear of six hundred divorce cases.

Since the alteration in the newspaper stamp duty, no less than 411 penny publications have been brought into existence in Great Britain, of which 372 have already become extinct.

In consequence of the enlargement of the area of Paris, the government has ordered the opening of three hundred and nineteen new bakers' shops. Eight new theatres are also to be constructed.

Experiments, attended with great success, have recently been made in France, with steam as a fire annihilator; and what, at the outset, threatened to be severe conflagrations, have, in several instances, been extinguished by its use.

The Emperor of Russia has ordered the establishment of six schools in six different places in Caucasus, and has decided that the Russian language, writing, arithmetic, geography, history, and drawing shall be taught in them.

Nearly \$2000 have been subscribed for the statue to Dr. Isaac Watts, in the public park at Southampton, Dr. Watts's native town. Mr. Lucas, the sculptor, has commenced the statue, which will be above life-size, and, with the pedestal, will stand nearly twenty feet high.

Some years ago, Madame Goldschmidt raised £2000 for the purpose of adding a wing to the Southern Hospital in Liverpool. A suggestion is now made that the bust of that generous lady be purchased by subscription, and be placed in the hospital as a memorial of her services.

The amount of Australian gold received in London is annually and regularly decreasing, and has been since 1855. The best authorities in the Victoria Colony, and those interested in keeping up expectation on the subject, admit that the amount of the precious metal is unquestionably limited, and that it will in a comparatively brief period dwindle to moderate limits.

The latest Parisian bonnets are long, round, and advancing well over the head.

Nineteen Chinamen were lately beheaded in Canton for the crime of kidnapping coolies.

Almost all the European governments are a little short of money just about this time.

Lord Macaulay was buried in Poet's Corner, Westminster Abbey, with appropriate honors.

The stud of the Emperor Napoleon consists of about 303 horses—saddle, carriage and post horses.

Dr. Livingstone, in the course of his new explorations, has "seen the elephant," at the rate of 800 of the huge animals in one flock.

Seventeen hundred and sixty-eight children were born in London during the last week in December.

A submarine telegraph cable has been successfully laid between the Channel Islands and France.

Letters from Vienna fully confirm the assertion that Austria has abandoned all idea of renewing the war in Italy.

The Pyne and Harrison troupe were playing Mellon's Opera of Victorine at Covent Garden at last dates.

A cargo of two hundred and thirty-seven tons of human bones lately arrived in England from Sevastopol, which are to be used as compost.

It is stated that Macaulay's History is to be completed by Sir Charles Trevelyan, who is, we believe, his brother-in-law, and a very superior man.

The number of births in Paris for the last year, so far as they are made up, is 37,000, out of which near one-third (11,000) are illegitimate, so declared on the civil registry.

A proposition requesting the home government to grant to the Australian colonies their independence, created quite a hubbub in the Legislative Assembly of New South Wales, lately.

The monthly returns of the Bank of France show a decrease in cash of 45,000,000 francs, and an increase in discounts of very nearly 46,000,000.

Mr. Tom Taylor has dramatised Dickens's last serial story, "A Tale of Two Cities," and it will be produced by Madame Celeste at the Lyceum Theatre, London.

At the London Westminster Police Court, lately, a woman was brought up on a charge of being drunk; this was her 107th appearance before the magistrates for the same offence.

M. Borne, a Dutch astronomer, has published a pamphlet to announce that the famous comet of Charles V., which was seen in 1558, will reappear in the month of August next.

The stud of horses now owned by the Emperor Napoleon is the largest and most valuable in the world. It consists of 320 of the finest animals ever seen together.

It is stated that when the twelve hundred clerks employed in the Bank of England leave the building in the evening, a detachment of troops march in to guard it during the night, although a burglar could not penetrate the solid vaults in six weeks.

## Record of the Times.

Spectacles and windmills were invented in the year 1299. Great institutions, both!

Moses, an English tailor, has retired from business on \$900,000!

In 1547, his majesty, the King of France, first worked a pair of silk stockings.

The Mercantile Library, of New York, comprises about fifty-four thousand volumes.

There's a rare animal in Australia called the laughing jackass—very common here, though.

The total number of votes in the next Electoral College will be 306.

The draw of the railroad bridge, across the Cumberland River, weighs 640,000 pounds.

The total valuation of real estate in the city of New York is \$400,000,000.

A French farmer estimates that draining has increased his wheat crop 70 per cent.

The corn crop of Kentucky for 1859 is estimated as worth \$130,000,000.

In Baltimore 2800 persons are employed in opening, packing and sealing oysters.

The tea plant is cultivated in Louisiana without any difficulty.

The fishing bounty paid in Belfast (Maine) District, for the past year, amounts to \$33,732 96.

The fur trade of Minnesota has grown into consequence. A St. Paul paper estimates it at over a quarter of a million of dollars.

The lottery system in Maryland will be broken up by the "new code" adopted by the Legislature. The fact has caused, it is said, general rejoicing in Baltimore.

The water in an artesian well in rear of the Bay State House, Worcester, rises and falls at nearly uniform periods from day to day, the fluctuation being 11 1-2 feet—a phenomenon which no one seems able to explain.

A man in New Fairfield, Conn., named Stevens, recently bid off at an auction sale a package of old papers for a trifling sum, in which he found a soldier's land warrant, located in what is now the village of Batesville, Arkansas, and he sold it to a gentleman of that State for \$48,000.

The Auburn State Prison is overflowing. There are now in it 943, while the prison accommodations are intended for but 775. The cells are all occupied, and several rooms have been fitted up in which convicts are placed during the night, with a guard in attendance.

There are in Pennsylvania 11,485 public schools, 14,071 teachers, and 634,651 pupils. Including Philadelphia, the cost of tuition was \$2,047,661 92; of building expenses, \$531,413 81, and the whole expense of the system for the year, \$2,579,075 77.

To illustrate the facilities of travel which mark the present age, an Englishman said that during the present year he had eaten a sandwich on the top of the great pyramid in Egypt, drank the health of Queen Victoria on the verge of the crater of Vesuvius, and been rather sharply scolded by his wife on the summit of Mount Blanc.

The population of Canada is estimated to be exactly 3,000,000.

Active measures are being taken in Baltimore towards establishing an asylum for inebriates.

It is proposed to establish a line of steamers between Portland and Philadelphia.

The present style of ladies' dress—the low and behold style!

Mr. Wise makes a balloon ascent from Kingston, Canada, May 24th, the queen's birthday.

It is said that many capitalists are turning their attention to Minnesota as a wool-growing State.

The number of Methodist Episcopal communicants in the United States and Canada is 1,880,260.

Iowa had a large sorghum crop last year, and syrup of the value of over a million of dollars will be manufactured from it.

There are in New York ninety insurance companies, with a nominal capital of eighteen millions.

The valuable coal mines of Arkansas are now being extensively worked, and measures are in progress to transport large quantities of the coal to the New Orleans market.

Mr. David A. Demarest, who had been a subscriber to the New York Commercial Advertiser for sixty-three years, died at Nyack lately. He was ninety-six years of age.

Fifty years ago, not a pound of fine wool was raised in the United States, in Great Britain, or in any other country except Spain. In the latter country, the flocks were owned exclusively by the nobility or by the crown.

The Gonzales (Texas) Enquirer says that not less than one-fourth of a million of sheep have been brought into Texas from Mexico since the first of January, 1859, exclusive of those imported from Tennessee, Illinois, Missouri and Arkansas.

The income of the Aetna Fire Insurance Company at Hartford, for the past year, was about \$2,000,000, which is a large increase over any previous year. The losses sustained within the forty years which the company has been in existence are \$13,000,000.

The crop of grapes in California was less, last year, than in any previous season since 1853. This diminution was caused by unfavorable weather, the winter and spring frosts, the ravages of the cut-worm, and a generally unfavorable summer for the growth of fruit.

Twelfth Night cakes are mentioned in a public document of the year 1311, signed by the Bishop of Amiens. In those good old times, when the substantial cake was cut, a large portion was set aside for the Divine Infant and the Holy Mother, which was distributed among the poor.

The importation of rags into this country for the purpose of paper-making, is an extensive item. During the year 1857, we imported 44,482,080 pounds, valued at \$1,447,125, and making 69,461 bales; 35,591 bales were from Italy, and more than one third are entirely linen, the rest being a mixture of cotton and linen. About 200 bales were also imported from the cities of Hamburg and Bremen.

## Merry-Making.

The Time that tries men's souls—Winter.

Second class base ball players are called Muffins, probably because they are dough heads.

The most unpopular of all postal arrangements—the whipping post.

Managerial axiom for the consideration of dead heads—"every seer is not a profit."

The arctic regions are well guarded by pole-ice everywhere there.

What book is it that is all bunions? Why, "Pilgrim's Progress?"

The Flight of Genius. Too frequently, the flight is the Attic.

Those periodicals are most likely to explode which haven't a spark of fire in or about them.

A rainy day for the production of long faces is equal to a dozen funerals and five bank panics.

A country editor translates the execution of a *grand pas* to "The execution of a grandfather."

The followers of Calvin found peace in their amens, and Europe found peace in its Amiens.

Remedy for fits. Buy your clothes at a slop-shop, and you will never have a fit afterwards.

Why is a miser like seasoned timber? Because he never gives.

"He is the greatest liar on (H) earth"—as the cockney said of the lap-dog he often saw lying before the fire.

What were the feelings of the Minotaur after devouring the king of Athens daughter?—He suffered from a lass-he-chewed.

Who was the fastest woman mentioned in the Bible? Herodias. She got a-head of John the Baptist, on a charger.

What is the difference between truth and eggs? "Truth crushed to earth will rise again," but eggs wont.

Before you buy "Port from the Wood," endeavor if possible to ascertain that the wood whence the wine is derived is not log-wood.

Some sharpers seem to act upon the assumption that, if they cheat a poor fellow out of his land, he has no *ground* for complaint.

Bald-headed men take a joke the more easily, because they are not at the trouble of getting it through their hair.

Some bachelors join the army because they like war, and some married men because they like peace.

The philosopher Frazer says that, "though a man without money is poor, a man with nothing but money is still poorer."

It is very well that the youth of our country should get high, but they should do so as the oaks do—by drinking water.

Byron was disenchanted when he saw his innamorata eating. In other words, he faltered when youth and beauty were at steak.

One of our exchanges, intending to be severely classical, has a compositor who made it say in a late issue: "The rubicund was crossed, and rum was fluid no more."

Dobbs says tailors would make splendid dragoons—they *charge* so.

"A crack shot"—a marksman shooting through an aperture in a board fence.

Prentice contends that inveterate laziness is the best labor-saving machine ever invented.

A man may generally expect a domestic "breeze" when his wife begins to put on "airs."

The wrath of soldiers is greatest, we imagine, when it is in tents.

Fast youth are now called young gentlemen of accelerated gait.

Consumptives who swallow the cod-liver theory, are dose-ile creatures.

Why is a butcher's cart like his boots? Because he carries his calves there.

Be careful how you talk to a woman about bonnets, nurses, puddings, parsons, or babies.

To make a handsome profit on boarders furnish them with strong butter and weak tea.

What occurs once in a minute, twice in a moment, and once in a man's life? The letter M.

It is equally severe to say of a speech that it is wordy, as of music that it is Verdi!

Why is John Smith like a badly cooked buckwheat cake? Because he isn't Brown.

"Jim, how does the thermometer stand today?" "Ours stands on the mantel-piece, right agin the plastering."

Why should potatoes grow better than other vegetables? Because they have eyes to see what they are doing.

Red-haired men ought to make the best troops, because they always carry their firelocks on their shoulders.

The last place in which one should look for the rail of human kindness is within the *pale* of civilization.

Holmes, after telling that a dog was shot for biting a woman's leg, said it was a pity to shoot a dog with such fine taste.

The difference between a lion and a boatman is very slight—the one has a roar, and the other is a rower.

Why is the first chicken of a brood like the foremast of a ship? Because its a little for'ard of the main-hatch.

Why is a blacksmith constantly deserving of confinement in a penitentiary? Because he is a forger by trade.

The first swallow-tail coat that old Sourby got, so displeased him that he starched the tails and used it for a boot jack.

Given the street and the hour, to find at once the number of children in the street. Beat a bass drum, or grind a hand organ.

A rascally old bachelor says a man frequently admits that he was in the wrong, but a woman never—she was "only mistaken."

If you want to have a man for your friend never get the ill will of his wife. Public opinion is the average prejudices of womankind.

A married lady being asked to waltz, gave the following appropriate answer: "No, thank you, sir; I have just as much hugging at home as I can attend to."

# The Progress of Young America.



Tom's early efforts for independence delight his fond parent;



As also his strength and courage.



But his taste for decorating is not a source of joy to his mother.



His attempts to adorn himself in his aunt's dismay.



Thomas's method of coloring his father's meerschaum, although rapid, is injudicious.



He exhibits too early a genius for art.



# BALLOU'S DOLLAR MONTHLY MAGAZINE.

THE CHEAPEST MAGAZINE IN THE WORLD.



Whatever his faults, he is incapable of dissimulation.



His natural playfulness is sometimes exhibited on the help;



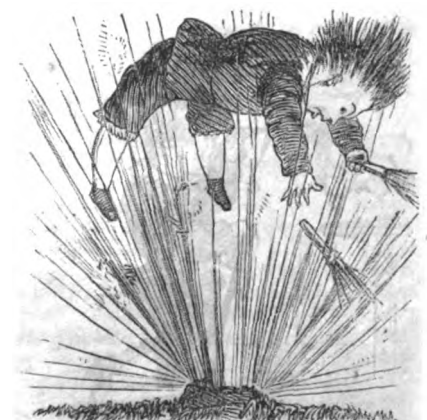
Also on the best customers of his father, who begins to think something must be done with the boy.



Having made himself master of his father's accoutrements, he fires at the word—much anxiety on part of his mother.



Attempts the manual in the drawing-room—both parents seriously deliberate.



Poor Tom says when all business is over, he is naturally very much of a soldier.

# BALLOU'S DOLLAR MONTHLY MAGAZINE.

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BOSTON, MAY, 1860.

WHOLE No. 65.

## PERSIA AND ITS PEOPLE.

In our opening illustrated article for the present month, we propose to take our readers far from familiar scenes, and penetrate, with them, a kingdom of Asia, whose scenery, religious customs and manners are widely different from ours; a land whose history goes back to remote ages; a land haunted by strange traditions; a land of romance and poetry, the country of the genii, the home of the fire-worshipper. Iran or Persia, though not free from occidental influence, is still rich in the most striking features of Orientalism, and as such, is invested with peculiar interest.

Persia is bounded on the north by Trans-Caucasian Russia, the Caspian Sea and Independent Tartary; on the east by Afghanistan; on



THE SHAH OF PERSIA'S DRUMMER.



A MAN OF GHILAN.

the southeast by Beloochistan; on the south by the Indian Ocean, the Strait of Ormuz, and the Persian Gulf, which separates it from Arabia, and west by the eastern provinces of Asiatic Turkey. Its area is estimated at 526,812 square miles. Physically, it consists of an extensive table-land, with lofty mountains encircling the interior portion of it. Some of the soil is fertile and productive, but a large-portion is sterile and arid. The rivers, considering the extent of the kingdom, are few and insignificant. Not one of them is of any navigable importance except the Euphrates, and that can hardly be called a Persian river, as it only waters a small portion of the southwestern frontier. There are some remarkable salt lakes, and rock-salt is everywhere abundant. Among the most celebrated mineral products of Persia is the turquoise, the most valuable mines of which are in the vicinity of Nishapoor to the west of Meshed. Among the metals, iron, argenteriferous lead, copper, and antimony, are said to be abundant. The extremes of heat and cold are most sensibly felt in the central plateau, where the winters are as severe as the summers are sultry. On the north side of the mountains the climate resembles that of the tropics. A large portion of the kingdom is destitute of trees, but on the north side of the lofty ranges which overlook the Caspian Sea there are fine forests of oak, beech, elm, walnut, interspersed with box-trees, cypresses and cedars. Wheat and barley are cultivated at an elevation of several thousand feet above the sea level, while in the rich plains vegetation of every kind is remarkably luxuriant.

The most remarkable wild animals are lions, seen in Farsistan and some other places, leopards, including the beautiful chetah, used for hunting, tiger-cats, lynxes, bears, wild boars, hyenas, wolves, jackalls, porcupines, argali or mountain sheep, and booz or mountain goats. Birds in numerous flocks are only found in particular spots. Pheasants are found in the plains on the southeast corner of the Caspian; pelicans and bustards along the sandy shores and in the deserts; blackbirds, thrushes and the famous bulbul or eastern nightingale. Fish abound only in the Caspian and along the shores of the Persian Gulf. The population of Persia is variously estimated at from 8,000,000 to 12,000,000. The people of Persia are divided into two classes, the

fixed and the wandering, or the Sheheroes and Eilants or Iliyats. The former are a mixed race of Turks, Tartars, Arabians, Armenians and Georgians, ingrafted in the stock of the ancient Persians, and their general language is a mixture of Arabic with the ancient Persian. These inhabit the cities, and are a fine race, tall, and in general strong and active. Their complexion varies from a dark olive to a pure blonde. The highest class, from which ministers of state are usually selected, are called "mirzas," and are highly accomplished. Sir John Malcolm says: "Speaking generally of the Persians, we may describe them as a handsome, active and robust race of men; of lively imagination, quick apprehension, and agreeable and prepossessing manners. As a nation they may be termed brave, but their vices are still more prominent than their virtues."

The religion of the Persians is the Mohammedan, but the people of the several provinces profess it in various forms. Jews are met with in all the great towns; Armenians and Nestorians are also to be found, and a few Sabæans or star-worshippers. The clergy consists of several orders, the highest of which is that of Mushtehedo, of whom there are seldom more than three or four. Next in rank is the Sheik-ul-Islam, who is the supreme judge of the law. Besides these there are in every city, and connected with all seminaries of learning, a crowd of Mollahs, who have little priestly character but the name, and are generally a licentious set. The only remains of the ancient fire-worshippers, or followers of Zoroaster, called Guebres or Infidels by the Moslems, reside principally at Kerman, Shiras, Ispahan, and Cashan, but they are very few in number, there being only about 2500 families of them in all Persia.

The Persians received their arts and sciences from Arabia, and still exhibit all the characteristics of their origin. Modern science is to them yet a dead letter; and although every mosque has its college, and schools are thickly distributed over the whole country, nothing approaching to the character of a liberal education is open to the people generally. Great progress has,



CIVIL COSTUME

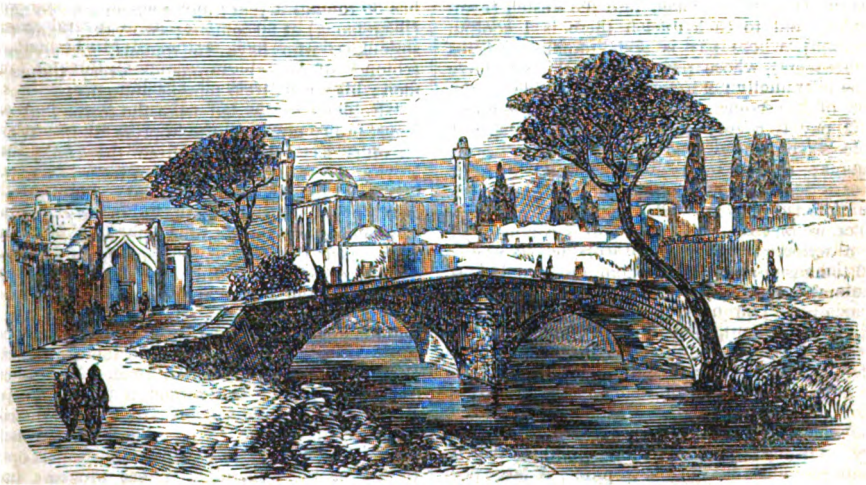
however, been made in this respect during the last sixty years, and since the commencement of the present century Persian literature has been decidedly on the advance, and a spirit of intellectual refinement is beginning to influence society, with the exception of the lowest peasantry and paupers; indeed, there is now scarcely a mechanic or laborer who does not send his children to school. The higher branches of education are taught at the universities, which are well spoken of by all as efficient, but the great object constantly kept in view by teachers is the Koran, which is the chief study of the learner. The introduction of the printing press, however, has been effected, and must work a great intellectual revolution.

The government is despotic. The shah is regarded as the vicegerent of the Prophet, and as such, is entitled to implicit obedience. The Koran is the foundation of civil and criminal law. Each of the large provinces has at its head a *czarena*. The income of the shah, derived from

Elburz chain, where luxuriant meadows are often seen, considerable attention is paid to the dairy. Sheep and goats are extensively raised. Among the domestic animals there are fine camels and an excellent breed of horses.

The manufactures of Persia are more numerous than important, though in a few articles they retain their former celebrity. Among them may be mentioned various kinds of silk goods, taffetas, velvets and brocades, the carpets and felts of Khorassan, shawls from the wool of the goats of Kerman, the fire-arms of Keomashah, the swords and cutlery of Ispahan, Shiraz and Meshed, the copper-ware of Kashan, and the gold brocades of Ispahan.

As a verbal description of personal appearance, costume and architecture is always incomplete and unsatisfactory, we have illustrated our text by engravings made expressly for us from authentic drawings, and they will enable our readers to appreciate correctly the people and places of the far land to which we have invited their



BRIDGE OF MEIDAN AT TABRIZ.

taxes, and so forth, is \$10,000,000 a year. The arms is small and consists chiefly of irregular troops.

In the lowlands and southern plains of Persia, the sugar-cane and orange come to perfection; the pomegranate grows wild, the cotton plant and mulberry are extensively cultivated, large tracts are occupied by the vine, and orchards loaded with exquisite fruits, figs, apricots, peaches, plums, cherries and apples, occur in every quarter. Even the swampy shores of the Caspian are covered with a tall growth of saline plants and canes, available for building and many other domestic purposes. In these low plains the only grain under extensive and regular culture, is rice, and the principal auxiliary crops are cotton, indigo, sugar, madder and tobacco. Irrigation is well understood and extensively practised, and on lands apparently of no great fertility, good crops are thus obtained. In the more pastoral districts, and more especially on the fertile slopes and plains at the foot of the northern side of the

attention. That our verbal comments on Persian matters may also be reliable, we shall make an ample compilation from the journal of a recent English traveller, Robert B. M. Binning, of the Madras civil service, who spent two years in Persia and Ceylon, a keen observer, with a good memory.

The first of our engravings represents quite an important character—the drummer of the Shah of Persia, on a camel magnificently caparisoned and draped with flags. At the close of the article will be found a picture of a camel artilleryist; in this case the camel is also splendidly decorated. We also present several sketches of Persians—a man of Ghilan, a Kurd, an Affghan, the head of a Persian warrior, with his light, graceful helmet and lappets of chain mail, a mounted officer of the household, with his chain armor, long gun, little round shield and sabre, a muleteer smoking the Persian pipe, and a Kurd of Saultz-Boulak. These are all interesting studies of Persian physiognomy and costume, and contrast with the

European type we have given, in the person of an officer of the French embassy, on horseback.

"The Persian army at present consists of about fifty regiments of serbaz (infantry); twelve troops of suvara (cavalry), besides the body guard; toopchee (artillery) to the amount of two thousand men; and zamboorekchee (camel-artillery) about two hundred individuals. The zamboorek is a swivel-gun carrying a ball of a pound weight and upwards, mounted on a camel. The rider sits on a saddle behind the gun, which he works without difficulty; and guides the animal by a long rein.

"Each fowj, or regiment of infantry, contains 1000 individuals, including 800 serbaz (privates) and 200 others, of whom 159 are considered as sahebi manseb (officers or men of rank and station), while the remaining 41 belong to the band. The pay of each serbaz is no more than seven tomans a year, and this he sometimes does not get for two or three years together; and his jeera (rations) are, or ought to be, half a Tabreez man, or rather more than three pounds, of bread daily. Every regiment is divided into ten dusteh (companies), and to each dusteh there is 1 sooltan (captain), whose pay is sixty tomans; 2 naibs (lieutenants), whose pay is from thirty to forty tomans annually; 2 begzadehs, who ride in the rear of the regiment and look after the men: their pay is twenty tomans each annually; 4 vakeels (sergeants), who get from ten to twelve tomans; and 4 serjoukas (corporals), at eight tomans yearly. The sooltan, naib, and begzadeh are mounted officers, while the vakeel and serjouka are on foot. The regiment is commanded by a serhang (lieutenant-colonel), whose pay is 500 tomans; and under whom are two yavers (majors), who receive from 150 to 250 tomans. Over every two fowj (regiments) is a sersteep (full colonel), with a salary of 1000 tomans a

year. The regiment has besides, a moshriff (head accountant) at 50 tomans, and four clerks or writers, at from 30 to 40 tomans each. The members of the band get from 8 to 15 tomans.

"The cavalry is of two kinds—the gholami rikabee, or body-guard attendant on the Shah and princes—and the gholami suvar, or ordinary cavalry. The first of these resemble Louis XI.'s Scottish archers, described in Quentin Durward. About four hundred individuals constitute this favored guard, who receive each 60 tomans and upwards yearly; being obliged to keep a servant and three horses. Their daily rations are a man and a half of bread; with 4 1-2 mans of barley and 9 of straw, for the horses. To every ten guardsmen there is a dehbashce, or commander of ten; and to every hundred a yoozbashce or centurion, whose pay is 500 tomans.

"The gholami suvar or ordinary cavalry have, each man, from 10 to 15 tomans pay, and daily rations of half a man of bread, a man and a half of barley, and three of straw. Every fifty horsemen are commanded by a sooltan (captain), who has 50 tomans a year: under whom are two naibs (lieutenants) at 30 tomans; two vakeels and two serjoukas, who have 15 tomans. A serkerda (colonel of horse) commands every thousand men: his pay is 1000 tomans annually.

"Soldiers are levied from the towns and villages, pretty much on the impress plan. When an order has been issued from the capital, for levying a certain number of men from any place, it is usual for the villagers to subscribe and pay four or five tomans annually, to any of their own people who do not object to serve. When these leave the village, this sum is paid to their families or relatives. Numerous abuses exist in this army besides that of irregular payment. I have heard of the rank and salary of a colonel being conferred on an infant just born!



THE SHAH'S HORSE AND HIS CELODAR.



"Military tactics on the European system, engineering, &c., were introduced by Abbas Mirza, the present Shah's grandfather, who employed English officers in organizing and disciplining his forces. These officers, who came chiefly from India, have spoken in terms of high praise of the Persian soldiers; who, when properly commanded, drilled, fed and paid, are excellent troops. When officered by their own countrymen, their condition is sufficiently bad. The Persian officer is destitute of every necessary quality for his post.

He never drills his men, maintains no kind of discipline, does not attend to their wants, and his only care is to swindle them out of as much of their hard-earned, badly paid wages, as he can manage to embezzle. To such officers, the men can have little attachment; and it is for this reason that Persian troops have so often behaved badly in the field. The Shah has lately dismissed the European officers (most of them Frenchmen) who disciplined his troops, finding them expensive servants; and in consequence, the entire Persian army is rapidly falling into the primitive condition of a disorganized collection of gangs of beggars and banditti. Some show of discipline is kept up at the capital, where the troops there stationed are regularly drilled, and I believe regularly paid; but away from Tehran, all such matters are neglected entirely. A French officer, once in the Shah's service, thus describes the present state of the Persian troops: 'The soldiers have neither discipline, nor respect, nor obedience for their leaders; these last have no appreciation of their rights, duty or dignity, and are incapable of suitably directing or checking their subordinates.'

"There exists no commissariat in the Persian army; and no provision is made for supplying troops on the march. The men accordingly pilage, selling their stolen goods to the purveyors who follow the camp; and who, in turn, dispose of this plunder in the market. The march of Persian troops is a dreadful calamity to the inhabitants of the places through which they pass. The men without food or pay, are obliged to plunder, both by stealth and by open violence. This is not the poor soldier's fault—he must live, and cannot quit his regiment—but the blame rests with the despicable government he serves, and the neglect and villany of his commanding officers. Punishment is sometimes very severely inflicted: this depends upon the commander, who can do as he pleases; and often allows the greatest license to run on unheeded, and the worst conduct to pass unnoticed; and then suddenly punishes some trivial fault in the most cruel manner. Great severity is often exercised, without any attempt being made to maintain a regular and proper restraint on the men's conduct and actions. Desertion is a crime usually visited with the most rigorous penalties: deserters are sometimes flogged to death, or even burned alive.



GUEBRE TEMPLE AT ISFAHAN.

"The Persian costume," says Mr. Binning, "consists of the following articles of attire: a peer-shun or shirt, resembling a chemise without a collar—a pair of zeer-jameh or light, loose trousers, fastened by a running string round the waist—over these, the arkhalek or under coat, and above that the caba or outer coat; both fitted close to the body as far as the waist, wide and loose below, and reaching down to the ankles. The sleeves of these coats are open from below, and may be buttoned down to the waist, or left loose, at the pleasure of the wearer. Short socks, called jooraub, are worn on the feet, and high-heeled slippers; which latter articles are always taken off when about to enter a room. These slippers are made of sagheres or shagreen, a kind of leather made from the thick skin of the back of a horse or ass, near the tail, and commonly dyed green. The heels are shod with iron. Shoes made in the European style are coming into fashion, and worn by many. A shawl is commonly worn round the waist; and the cap completes the costume. This cap is of black lamb-skin, nearly a foot and a half high, of conical form, and always pinched or folded in at the top. It is lined with calico, and has a stiffener of thin pasteboard within it, to keep it in shape. A small skullcap of cotton is worn under the cap, and changed every now and then, as it becomes dirty. A tolerably good cap will cost about fourteen keroonees, and a common one of rough, black sheepskin may be had for two or three; while one of the finest sort, made of the delicate fur of Bokhara, will sell for seven or eight tomanas.

"The common notion that the fine Bokhara skin is obtained from the unborn lamb, is an erroneous one—the lamb, I am told, is never killed until at least a fortnight old. This species of lamb-skin is usually called in England, Astrakhan fur, but why, it would be difficult to say, as none of it comes from Astrakhan. The common people mostly wear a cap of brown felt, which costs a keroonee, and will last for many years. All Persians of every grade wear the cap, except some of the mercantile class, and men of law and religion, who adhere to the turban, considering it a more grave and becoming head-dress for such as practise weighty and important professions. A moollah wears a large turban of white muslin; and a seiyid, in whose veins runs the prophet's blood, a smaller turban of dark green stuff.

"There is fully as much coquetry displayed in the mode of wearing the cap, as well as in its shape and material, as in the bonnet of any London belle; and the kesheng or Persian dandy is most particular in his selection and arrangement of this head-dress.

"The Persians shave the crown and hind part of the head, leaving a tuft on the top, like the scalp-lock of an American savage, and hair on either side; which some keep closely clipped above the ears, and others wear in long masses of ringlets. Such as affect the beau, cultivate their love-locks, keeping them in full luxuriance and stiffly curled. To keep the hair in graceful order, they employ a mucilage of quince pips boiled; which, if I am not mistaken, is used in England for a similar purpose.

"I have heard that some grave and reverend seniors have, at times, issued sundry remonstrances against this piece of vanity; and like the histriomastix Prynne, have endeavored to persuade the rising generation of the "unloveliness" of such appendages as love-locks: but without success. A small ringlet is left, by some petit-maitres to stray over the forehead; a piece of ultra dandyism.

"The Persians are very partial to a long and

bushy beard; and this is always dyed, generally black, by a combination of henna and indigo, but sometimes deep orange by the use of henna alone. The tips of the fingers, palms, and soles of the feet are also stained in a bright orange hue, by the application of this plant, which is supposed to have some salutary effect on the skin.

"The outer coat is commonly made of kadak, a stout cotton stuff; and in cold weather of broadcloth. The inner coat is usually of chintz. Silk is forbidden to Moslems, but many Persians pay little attention to the prohibition; while some evade it, by having a small quantity of cotton thread mixed with the silk in weaving; so that the cloth cannot be considered genuine silk. In the cold weather, a cloak is worn both indoors and out. This is almost invariably of the kind denominated a joobba—open in front, with long sleeves, wide and loose about the shoulders, and tight at the wrists. It is made of Russian or French broadcloth. The Arab cloak of camel's hair is also worn by many.

"A new fashion in dress was introduced by the late shah, and is followed by most of the royal family, but by few if any others. This is the nezam or uniform, consisting of a frockcoat, close-fitting trousers, a shirt with a collar, and a

handkerchief or stock—all in European style. The Persian cap and cloak are worn in addition to this. The people here abominate all innovation, particularly European; and Prince Feerooz Mirza, the only man in Sheerauz who wears this attire, is privately pronounced to be a fuzool (a tomfool) and a mask-hera (buffoon) for adopting it. When a Persian goes out on horseback, he puts on a pair of shalvar or wide cloth trousers, which inclose the skirts of the ark-halek as well as the zeer-jameh, and fasten tight at the ankles, which are swathed round with the mooch-peeche, a cloth band about four inches broad. The foot and leg are then thrust into a wide boot, generally made of red Bulghar leather. The skirts of the caba are tucked backwards, and the rider usually puts on a cloak, or a kuleeja, a riding jacket like a loose tunic without sleeves, sometimes lined with fur. When travelling any distance, he is always heavily armed. Eastern costumes, like eastern customs, are not supposed to be much liable to fluctuation of fashion: but Persia is an exception to the general rule. Here within the last two centuries, the fashion of dress has greatly altered. In the time of Shah Abbas, as old travellers have described and as old paintings show, the Persian costume was very different from the present mode—the dress was of gay colors, much ornamented and laced with gold, whereas it is now of dark sombre colors, perfectly plain and unadorned—the lambekin cap was unknown, and large, showy turbans worn—beards were shaved, and moustaches allowed to grow very long. I prefer the present costume of Persia to that of Syria and Egypt, on account of its sober plainness; which in my opinion is in much better taste,



OFFICER OF THE HOUSEHOLD TROOP.

than the bedizenment of tawdry gold lace, buttons and flashy colors, to which the Turks and Arabs are so partial."

"The dress of a Persian female," says the same authority, "consists of a pair of immensely wide trousers, like a couple of petticoats tacked together, made of silk or cotton, and fastening round the middle by a running string—a very short chemise of gauze, reaching only to the waist—a koordee or jacket reaching to the hips, having open sleeves, which may be buttoned close if required—an arakcheen or small skull-cap upon the head—and sometimes a charkudd or handkerchief, thrown over the head, and descending on the shoulders and back. A variety of ornaments are worn, but not in the profusion which Indian women are so partial to: these consist of rings, bracelets, necklaces, and earrings of different sorts; and usually a jeeka or aigrette springing from a band encircling the head.

"Their hair is arranged in zoolf or large side

abling her to see clearly. The legs and feet are protected by chakchoor or long cloth stockings; and a pair of high-heeled slippers, or clumsy boots, completes the out-of-door costume. In this attire, the women are all exactly alike, and no person can recognize his own wife or mother in the streets; but the lady can see everything distinctly. The same sort of disguise is worn by all women, high and low; though many of the latter, particularly in the villages, are less scrupulous about exposing their persons; and walk abroad, without mantle or veil of any kind.

"The life led by Persian ladies is listless and indolent, and to any civilized woman would be insufferably monotonous and insipid. Their duties are the superintendence of household affairs, and the care of their children; and their amusements consist in visiting their female acquaintances, and receiving their visits in turn; witnessing the performance of female dancers, singers, and storytellers; playing in the gardens of their houses;



CASTLE OF ABBAS-MIRZA AT TABRIZ.

locks, and gees or long plaited tresses hanging down behind. It is usually brought down low upon the forehead, which is certainly not a becoming fashion. They paint their eyelids at the edges, with soormeh, a kind of collyrium, made, I believe, of ore of antimony; and smear the eyebrows with khattaut, a sort of black paint. Little patches of some black substance are occasionally applied to set off the countenance, as used once to be the fashion in Europe; and they endeavor to make the eyebrows unite; such being considered a great beauty of feature. The attire in which they are to be seen out of doors, is simple and uniform. This consists of a large mantle, called a chader, of dark blue cotton stuff, enveloping the whole person from the crown of the head down to the feet. Where this chader is drawn over the head, it is bound round with the ends of a piece of white cotton, called the roo-bundeh, which falls over the face, down in front; and opposite to the eyes of the wearer, a small piece of network is inserted in this face-veil, en-

smoking, and eating sweetmeats. Some play on the guitar or other instruments; and some are adepts in the art of needlework and embroidery: most of them are skilful cooks and confectioners. They visit the public baths on certain days of the week, when men do not go thither; and perhaps their greatest enjoyment is to meet at these resorts, to bathe together, smoke, and talk scandal.

"Persian women are not generally good looking, as far as I can judge from what I have seen. I should say they were inferior to the men in appearance. The usual characteristics of their countenances are, a round flat face with little expression in it, large black eyes, heavy eyebrows, and a low forehead; the latter defect being heightened by the practice of wearing the hair low upon the brows. I have seen some pretty faces among them, but not many. Though Persian females wear no kind of stays, or other unhealthy contrivance for compressing their waists, a small waist is greatly admired. Their notions of beauty are not dissimilar to our own, and are





AN OFFICER OF THE FRENCH EMBASSY.

certainly more refined than those of some other Orientals. The lady's eyes should be like those of an antelope, large and dark; her eyebrows united, and resembling, in shape, an unbent bow; her ringlets like the noose of the warrior or hunter (an instrument similar to the 'lasso' of the modern Mexican, now no longer used in this country, but a favorite implement of the warriors in the Shah Nameh); her figure should be erect, tall and stately as the cypress tree, for Persians 'hate a dumpy woman' as much as Lord Byron did—but here let me stop—I do not possess the delicate pen of Miss Pardoe, in depicting the charms of Eastern ladies—besides which, I labor under the disadvantage of not having seen any of the better class, who, we may suppose, are finer specimens of feminine beauty than their humbler unveiled countrywomen.

"Europeans are mistaken in entertaining the general notion that Oriental wives are mere slaves or pieces of furniture; that they are ill treated by their liege lords; cooped up in prison-like harems, and denied every liberty and enjoyment. On the contrary, the husband is usually very indulgent to his wife; consults and takes her advice on matters of almost every description; and is, not unfrequently, completely ruled by her: for I

am told that the noble arts of henpecking, coaxing and worrying, are fully as well understood, and as often practised, by ladies in this country, as by their fair sisters in any quarter of the globe. To mix in the society of men, and to walk abroad with the face exposed, are indelicacies to which no Eastern lady would submit. They have no notion how any lady of reputable character can allow herself to be stared at by every man she may happen to meet. Out of doors, the lady enjoys almost unlimited liberty. She may attend the baths and mosques, at times when the men are not there, whenever she pleases—she may go and visit her parents and female acquaintances, staying at their houses for some days if she chooses, without giving her husband any previous warning of her intentions—and she may have her own visitors at home, and entertain them in any way she likes—while her better half cannot interfere or even show himself. The husband cannot venture into the wife's apartments without giving notice; and she will refuse to admit him, if she has visitors, or does not choose to see him. It has been asserted that the women in Mahomedan countries enjoy, in reality, more liberty than English ladies do; and I believe the assertion may be partly correct.

"Every zenana is a little kingdom in itself, wherein the lady or chief wife is the sovereign; and from whence, her influence and machinations affect the outer world at large: for it is a fact that many plots and intrigues, both trifling and serious, have been concocted in this sanctuary. The lady rules here with undisputed sway; rewards or chastises her female domestics, as she thinks fit; and treats them just as her lord does his male dependants in the outer chambers.

"In point of education, women of this country are very far behind those of civilized lands; but it is a mistake to suppose that none of them can read or write, for many can do both. The arts of reading and writing do not, however, constitute education; and these being turned to no beneficial end, the ladies are brought up in deplorable ignorance. If the proper respect and degree of consideration with which the gentler sex is regarded be a just criterion of the civilization of a people, the Persians are far back in the scale of enlightenment. Though the women often possess great influence over their husbands individually, they cannot be said to have any place in society, or to impart any tone to the morals or manners

of the community. They are mostly terrible intrigantes; and having no small share of evil passions, pride, and ambition, they incite their lords to all manner of mischievous schemes, but seldom exert any beneficial sway over them. That the most creditable and honorable qualities of men are greatly promoted and fostered by the humanizing influence which well-educated women maintain in society—as exemplified in civilized Christian lands—is an argument which a Persian has not yet learned to comprehend or appreciate.”

Our view of the bridge of Meidan, at Tabriz, conveys a pleasing idea of Persian architecture and scenery. Before the graceful arches of the bridge, spanning the river, are seen white walls, minarets and domes blended with trees, the effect of the whole scene being highly picturesque. The Guebre temple of Ispahan, of which we present a view, crowns a lofty hill, and is remarkable as being one of the most ancient memorials of the establishment of the fire worshippers. Another of our views presents a sketch of the “shaking minarets” at Ispahan, which Mr. Binning visited during his tour.

“I went,” he tells us, “to visit the minari joomban, or ‘shaking minarets,’ one of the greatest curiosities of this place. These minarets are upon the roof of a mausoleum, situated in the suburb of Khaledon, westward of the city and north of the river. On my way thither, with an Armenian as my guide, I was conducted along the outskirts of the city, through a succession of intricate paths, threading a perfect labyrinth of gardens, fields, and watercourses cut from the river. The gardens were all surrounded with walls, mostly of the description called *cheena*, formed of thick layers of mud. Each layer is about a foot and a half high, and as it dries hard, another is laid upon it, till the wall has attained the height of nine or ten feet. I noticed that the doors of many of these gardens were formed of a single large slab of gray marble, turning on pivots at top and bottom. We passed several pigeon-towers, strange-looking round turrets with perforated domes on the top, resembling gigantic pepper-casters; a style of dovecote unknown at Sheeran.”

“The watercourses were all planted along the borders with trees, including two or three species of the beed (willow); the chenar; the *kabodeh* or gray poplar; the *seffedar* or white poplar;



A TURK OF ERZEROUH.

the *subani* *goonjeehk* (sparrow's tongue) a tree much like an ash, and thus called from the shape of its seeds, which hang in small clusters; and the *senjid*, a species of jujube, not unlike the olive in appearance. All the firewood used in Ispahan, comes from the gardens and plantations, and is rather scarce and dear. The poorer classes of people burn *tapaleh* or cakes of the dung of cattle, pressed and dried in the sun. At Julfa, firewood usually sells for 4 *shahees* (two-pence) the *Shahee* man (between 14 and 15 lbs. *avoirdupoise*). Watermills are numerous on the banks of the aqueducts, and their wheels are almost invariably undershot. The windmill seems to be unknown in this country: I have not yet seen one. In some places the quern or handmill is employed. I have seen this primitive implement at Bushire, where it is to be found in every hut.

“Khaledon is a small suburb, nearly hidden in orchards and gardens. Here, a little way detached from other buildings, in a small inclosure, stands a vaulted open chamber, constructed in the form of a Saracenic arch, with a flat terraced roof above. In a recess at one end of the chamber, is the tomb of a saint named Sheikh Abdullah; of whom the keeper of the place could tell me nothing, save that he lived and wrought miracles, five hundred years ago. On one side of the flat roof, and at the two corners, stand the famous minarets; a couple of small brick towers, with winding stairs within, so narrow, that though I had no difficulty in getting up, I doubt whether any corpulent man would find it an easy matter to do so. My guide ascended the opposite minaret, and began to shake it by swaying himself backwards and forwards: the little turret presently commenced rocking to and fro; and although I kept perfectly still, the one upon which I stood, proceeded to rock in unison with its neighbor. In like manner, when I shook the minaret where I was, the opposite one also shook sympathetically; and I could observe that the entire roof of the mausoleum was agitated at the same time. This must be owing to some unexplained mystery (a fortuitous one probably) in the construction of the building; but the people, of course, impute it to the sanctity of the grave beneath. Round the top of each minaret is a small parapet hardly breast high.

“At the distance of a mile or so, west of Khaledon, a hill or rather rock rises abruptly

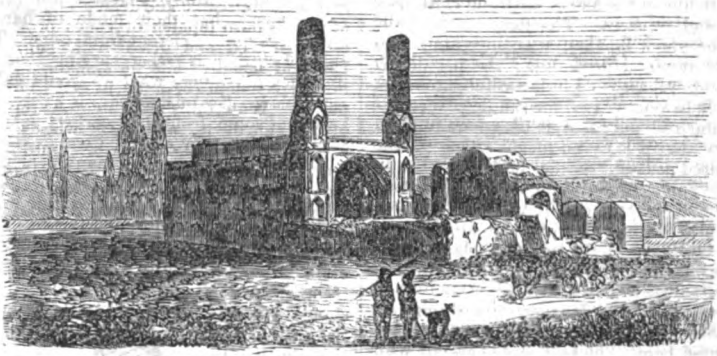


from the plain, named the atiah-gah or "Place of fire;" and is said to have been a sacred resort of the Guebres of old, having had formerly upon it, a fire-temple, erected by King Ardesheer the Long-armed (*Artaxerxes Longimanus*), the remains of which, I was assured, were still to be seen. I rode to the rocky hill, and walked up it by a winding footpath. On its top, I found the remains of a modern brick building, comprising a number of rooms, all in ruins; and on the very summit stands a small circular edifice in eight open arches supporting a domed roof, the greater part of which is broken away. No trace of any ancient building could I descry, except part of a thick wall, a little way below these ruins, made of enormous bricks. From this spot, a fine prospect of the surrounding country presents itself to the view. Up the river, two farsakhs from the city, lies the large village of Linjan, encompassed with cultivated fields. A great deal of rice is grown at this village. I returned home by a different road, leading along the north bank of the river, which I crossed at the bridge of Marnoo.

"The vast straggling city of Ispahan, resem-

part of the Ispahanees; for in Sheerauz, as well as in the cities of other Moslem lands, the shops are usually opened on that day, after the noon's service in the mosques. The streets of Ispahan are fully as ugly as those of Sheerauz—narrow, crooked, ill paved or unpaved, and filthy; and in the city's best days, they never could have been otherwise.

"The pigeon-towers, which are numerous in the fields and gardens on both sides of the river, are the most singular structures I have seen in this country. These are high round towers, slightly tapering upwards, with several small pointed domes on the top, full of apertures, by which the pigeons enter. The exterior of the tower is usually whitewashed and painted with fanciful cornices, and all manner of strange devices; producing a quaint and picturesque effect. These towers are designed for the purpose of collecting the pigeon's dung, as manure for the melon gardens. The whole interior of the tower is divided into thousands of little triangular niches, in which the pigeons make their nests and rear their young. A few domesticated pigeons are first put into a tower, and they soon attract the



TREMBLING MINARETS AT ISPAHAN.

bling one dense town surrounded by a great number of faubourgs, is nearly twenty miles in circumference; but the whole of the inhabited portion, if brought together, and all ruins and deserted places rejected, might easily be contained within a compass of five miles. The chief part of the city was formerly enclosed by walls; parts of which remain; and fourteen gates are still to be seen. Ispahan contains thirty-two mehallas (wards or parishes); twelve large mosques and many more small places of worship; thirteen colleges; and eighteen large public baths and some smaller ones—a sad falling off since Chardin's time, when there were 162 mosques, 48 colleges, and 273 public baths. The bazars are numerous and extensive: they are all covered in with roofs; and so united together as to resemble one immense market, branching in every direction. They exhibit a showy variety of goods and merchandize; but in point of architecture, there is not one of them that can compare with the Vakeel's Bazar at Sheerauz. The finest of them is the bazar of Abbas the Great, leading off from the Meidani Shah. Most of the shops are closed all Friday; a piece of "unco guidness" on the

wild ones, which come in myriads, and establish themselves in the domiciles prepared for them. They are all of a slaty blue color, like our common wood-pigeon. The only entrance for man, into the pigeon-tower, is a door or rather hole near the bottom, which is closed up with a shutter or stone slab fastened in, and remains shut for the greater part of the year, during the periods of incubation and fledging of the young; and when opened, the bottom of the tower is found filled with the precious manure to the depth of several feet. Morier tells us that a pigeon-tower will rent for 100 toman yearly, for the sake of the manure; but I do not hear of any now fetching so high a revenue. The melon growers generally hire them for thirty or forty toman, or even less. I have seen in Egypt, pigeon-houses constructed something on a similar plan, but on a much smaller scale.

"Garden land within the precincts of the city, generally pays no tax to government, though some of it is taxed. This land is very valuable, and if well planted with vines and fruit trees, will sell as high as 80 or 100 toman a jereeb. Outside the city, land of every description pays a

tax; and if fertile and well watered, sells for 20 tomans a jereeb: inferior kinds sell for 5 tomans or even less. A great part of the land is irrigated by channels cut from the river. Private gardens are watered from wells, by means of the leathern bucket drawn by a bullock, which I described at Sheerauz.

"The entire maliyat of Ispahan and all the bulooks and villages attached to it, amounts to nearly 300,000 tomans per annum; of which more than three fourths are collected from the bulooks. The revenue of the city itself is 68,000 tomans; and of this, 40,000 are derived from taxes on trades, professions, grounds, &c., and 28,000 from the customs. There is no house-tax here. A jizyah or poll-tax is paid by the Jews and Armenians, but it is not heavy: the Armenians of Julfa pay 1000 tomans a year. The municipal economy and police of this city are so much the same as at Sheerauz, as to require no particular notice.

"The manufactures of Ispahan have greatly fallen off since the city ceased to be the capital of the kingdom; still a large proportion of the inhabitants is employed in handicraft labor. Silks and satins are made here, and quantities of cotton stuffs, particularly the kadak, a strong cloth used for coats and trousers. The zereh or fine gold brocade, for which Ispahan was once famous, is very rarely manufactured now: the people are too poor to purchase it. The beautiful patchwork called koollab-doozee, used for saddle-covers and other ornamental purposes, is occasionally made at Ispahan; but it is by no means equal to that manufactured at Resht on the south coast of the Caspian. Though many articles are made very tastefully and ingeniously in this country, Persian workmen in general are by no means neat-handed. Ordinary carpenter's and blacksmith's work is coarse and rudely executed; and very far inferior to that of Indian artisans.

"The sword-cutlers of Ispahan formerly enjoyed great celebrity; and numbers of swords are still manufactured here. The best blades are all made of Indian steel, imported in the form of small round cakes, which cost about two tomans each. Old Persian swords will fetch very high prices, all over the East; for they cannot now-a-days fabricate blades equal to those of former ages. There lived at Ispahan, in the time of Abbas the Great, a cutler named Assad-Ullah, whose blades are as famous throughout Asia, as those of Andrea Ferrara in Europe; and if known to be genuine, will now sell for more than their weight in gold; but many common swords have Assad-Ullah's name forged upon them. Khorassan was also famous for its swords, some centuries ago. When Teimour Lung conquered and took Damascus, he carried off all the celebrated cutlers of that city, and settled them in the towns of Khorassan, where they and their descendants, for long, fabricated weapons of surpassing excellence. Good blades are full of the pattern of dark wavy lines, called jowher or 'damask,' produced by crystallization of the steel; and from the arrangement and closeness of this pattern, the quality may be known. A well crystallized blade will tingle like a bell, when struck with any hard substance; and with a bit of gold, one may write his name upon it.

"The stories told of the trenchant powers of certain famous swords exceed all belief. Such

performances are attributed to them, as fully rival the marvellous feats of the fairy-wrought falchions of heroes of ancient romances. Persian swords are not so much curved as the Turkish. When the blade has been hammered out of the koors or cake of Indian steel, it is put in the furnace, and kept there all night, subjected to the action of a low fire. In the morning, it is taken out, smoothed, and filed into shape, and then heated red-hot, and immersed for a few moments in a trough filled with castor oil. It is next polished, sharpened, and the hilt and scabbard fitted to it; and the last thing done, is to bring out the jowher or damask pattern. For this purpose, the blade is perfectly cleansed from oil or grease; and a yellow kind of stone is ground to powder, mixed with hot water in a cup, which must be of china or glass, not metal, and the solution laid on over the blade with a piece of cotton, two or three times: this exhibits the black jowher perfectly. The scabbards of Persian swords are all made of thin laminæ of wood, joined together and covered with black leather, with a sort of pattern stamped on the outside. They are generally quite plain; but a few intended for princes, are mounted with gold and jewelry. Many Persians are very skillful swordsmen; but their mode of handling the weapon is quite different from ours. Their method of cutting, is rather carving than striking; and they never give what we would call a downright blow. Swordsmanship is a part of the education of some, from their earliest years; and by long practice, they acquire great dexterity.

"Daggers are worn by many persons, and are also made here. These are of two kinds—the khanjer, a curved double-edged dirk, stuck on the girdle on the right side—and the kard, a straight single-edged pointed knife, worn on the left side. A favorite weapon with military men is the kum-



A MAN OF KURDISTAN.



PERSIAN WARRIOR.

meh, a sort of cutlass, much like the ancient Roman sword; with a straight double-edged pointed blade, about a foot and a half long, and nearly three inches broad.

"Fire-arms are manufactured in Ispahan, but not in any great quantity. The best gun-barrels are brought from Georgia, and they are fitted here with common English flint musket locks, and stocks of coarse walnut, or cheet wood. Long single-barrelled guns and pistols are also made here, but the workmanship is very coarse, and they are proportionately cheap. The percussion system is little known, except to a few of the higher classes, who are fond of English guns when they can get them. The Persians usually carry the gun slung at the back; and all its apparatus is borne in a keesae, kerner or waist girdle. This is a leather belt fastened round the middle, to which are attached two or three pouches for ball, shot, materials for striking a light, and other odds and ends; a large powder-flask made of thick untanned hide as hard as horn; and a smaller flask, generally of metal, containing fine powder for priming. They make tolerably good powder, but of coarse grain: bullet-moulds are ordinarily constructed of stone, and shot is mostly imported from Europe, as well as flints.

"In days when archery was employed in war and the chase—and it has not been abandoned more than a century—the bows of Ispahan were greatly esteemed; but now that the bow is used by very few, and only for amusement, none are manufactured here. The tarkash-dooz or 'quiver-makers' now embroider saddles and other articles of leather, for there is no longer any demand for quivers. All manner of leathern work is well executed at Ispahan. The green high-heeled shagreen slippers made here, are the best in Persia; and they also make tolerably good shoes on the European plan, which are now coming much into fashion. Saddles and horse furniture of all kinds are manufactured in the best style; but the fashion is wholly different from ours. The process of making the nei-peeh or long pliant snake-tubes for the kaleon, is a neat and curious branch of leather-work. Fine wire is

wound round a straight rod about as thick as one's little finger, and covered with a strip of thin leather, fastened lengthways with a very tenacious glue, called screech, made from the root of a plant. The exterior is then bound with fine wire; and when dried, the rod is drawn out. These tubes, which are exceedingly flexible and delicate, are made very cheap, a snake fourteen or fifteen feet long costing two keroonees. I am no judge of precious stones; but good ones seem to be scarce and dear. The real turquoise is found only in Persia, at Nishapoor in Khorassan, and I had hopes of getting some fine specimens of this gem; but all that have been brought me, were of very inferior quality, and high-priced.

"Ispahan is famous for fruit, especially for its melons, which are the finest in the country. At this season, the only fruits to be seen are such as will keep; and of these, immensely large quinces are the most remarkable. Sweetmeats, of the same kinds as I have noticed at Sheerauz, are sold in every basar, and consumed in vast quantities. One kind, the *geesangabeen* or manna of the tamarisk, is made here in perfection; but though generally highly esteemed, it is not at all to my taste. The manna is found in several places near Ispahan; but the greatest quantity is brought from Khonsaar, to the northwest. In the course of the autumn, it falls like dew, during the night, upon the leaves of the tamarisk plants, and is collected by the people in the morning. The ground beneath the bushes is swept clean, and cotton cloths spread over it: the bushes are then well shaken, and the manna, which is white like snow, falls off and is collected in the cloths. It is passed through a sieve to clear it of dirt and dried leaves, and sent into the markets of Ispahan, where it sells for 16 keroonees a *Shabee* man—nearly a shilling a pound. It is made into small round cakes, sometimes mixed up with split almonds and pistachio nuts. Two medicinal kinds of manna, called the *sheer-khiest* and the *toorun-jabeen*, are found, in a like manner, on the leaves of trees, in some parts of the country."

Our sketch of the Castle of Abbas Mirza, at Tabris, will serve to give an idea of the palatial residences at Persia. This building was assigned to the late French embassy during its sojourn at Tabris. As we have introduced a picture of the Shah's horse, perhaps our readers will be interested in an account of a visit to the owner of that showy animal:

"After my return from Shemiron," says Mr. Binning, "I accompanied the British Minister and suite, on a visit of ceremony to the Shah, on the occasion of his majesty's approaching departure from the capital. We rode out to the Kasri Kajar, and proceeded, in the first instance, to wait on the deputy minister of foreign affairs, who, with the master of ceremonies, received us in a small tent lined with chintz, placed near the entrance to the palace. Here we were accommodated with chairs, and sat for half an hour, while the usual routine of *kaleons*, tea and coffee, was gone through, after which, word was brought that the Shah was ready for our reception. We then proceeded on foot into the inclosure of the palace; the deputy minister and master of ceremonies walking before us, both clad in long robes of scarlet, with singular head-dresses, formed of cashmere shawls wound round the common Per-

sian cap so as completely to conceal the cap itself. It was formerly the fashion for all Europeans admitted into the royal presence, to wear chakchoors or stockings of scarlet cloth fastened at the knee; but this absurd piece of court dress is now abolished, and we had merely loose slippers over our boots, which were slipped off at the door on entering. The usual salutation made by Europeans to all Persian grandees, is similar to our military salute, raising the right hand, with a sweep of the arm, to the front of the cap. The covering of the head is never removed, whether in or out of doors.

"We were ushered into a tent of crimson cloth lined with silk, pitched on the terrace of the palace; at the further extremity of which, was the Shah in person, seated alone in a large gilt chair. Having been marshalled in by our conductors, whose duty it was to introduce us, a chair was placed for the British Minister, who, as the representative of his Sovereign, was the only individual privileged to be seated in the Shah's presence; while the rest of us stood immediately behind, ranged in a row, like so many sentinels. Nearly the length of the tent intervened between our Minister and the Shah, both of whom were seated at opposite ends, for it is not permitted to approach too near to royalty. We were briefly introduced by the master of ceremonies, and his majesty bid us welcome: I was presented as 'one of the rulers of India,' the Shah being, as I suppose, left to imagine that I had attained the goal of many an Indian Englishman's ambition—a seat in the dingy halls of the Old Lady of Leadenhall Street. The ceremony of introduction having been performed as rapidly as possible, a brief conference took place between the Shah and Minister; the former asking a few questions, to which the latter replied. A smart shower of hail meanwhile rattled on the covering of the tent, obliging both to shout at the top of their voices, in order to make themselves audible. The audience did not last above three minutes, and we took our leave with the same curt ceremony as on entering.

"The Shah is now (1850) in his twenty-second year, but looks older. His complexion is very sallow, and his countenance, though not disagreeable, cannot be pronounced handsome: he wears moustaches, with but the rudiments of a beard. He was plainly dressed in a frockcoat in European style, over which was a jooaba of dark shawl stuff trimmed with sable, and on his head the ordinary black lambekin cap.

"Leaving the palace, we proceeded to the tent of the prime minister, Mirza Takee, surnamed the Ameer Atabek, who inhabited a small garden, a few hundred yards distant from the Kasri Kajar. He received us with much politeness; chairs were brought for the whole party, and kalcans and tea handed round. The Ameer is a large, portly, good-looking man, with an open, intelligent countenance: he sat and talked with us for nearly half an hour; and though his conversation was principally directed to the British Minister, he addressed some part of it to every separate individual present: the true way, according to Theodore Hook, of making one's self agreeable. He is said to be jealous of Europeans generally; and has persuaded the Shah to discard several from his service: he is also particu-

larly anxious to exclude all foreign manufactured goods from Persia, by way of encouraging native industry—a short-sighted policy, in no way tending to the advancement of commerce or of civilization. Our visit being ended, I took my departure along with the suite, leaving the Minister in private conference with the Ameer."

The remarks with which we close this article will probably induce our readers to rest satisfied with the sketches we have given, instead of seeking information in the remote land we have described. The authority we have followed, says:

"The traveller in this country should carry with him as little baggage as possible—this may be set down as a general rule, applicable in every case. He should have a Mackintosh air-bed, which is much preferable to a common mattress, being more portable, and impervious to moisture, so that it may be laid on the damp ground, without the least danger—a couple of lahafs or quilts, made of chintz quilted with cotton, which supply the place of bedclothes—one or two small carpets—an English saddle and bridle—a Mackintosh waterproof cloak—a double-lined umbrella, to defend him from the sun in hot weather—a telescope—and a gun and pistols; for every one travels well armed, and besides this, game is often to be met with on the road. He may, if he thinks fit, dispense with a chair; but if he dislikes the custom of sitting on the ground, as I do exceedingly, a folding camp-stool should form part of his movables, and one of his chests will serve for a table.

"He should also have a curtain to hang up at the entrance of his cell in the caravansaries, to keep out the wind and cold, and prevent his being too much stared at; for these cells have no door. The best thing for this purpose is a piece of carpet or other thick heavy stuff, eight feet long, by four or five broad, with strong loops sewed along the edges; and half-a-dozen large nails or iron spikes, to knock into the wall for the suspension of this curtain. He must not omit to have a small mangal (or brazier to burn charcoal in) in winter, as the cold is no trifle—and a fan or flyflap, in summer, to keep the flies off his face; for in the hot weather, these insects are numerous enough to be exceedingly troublesome—and at all times, a matara or a doolcheh for water; as this indispensable element is not always to be found, and when found, is often quite un-



MULETEER SMOKING THE CALMON.

drinkable. As I have before stated, an Englishman ought to wear his own costume, in preference to the Persian dress.

"My travelling attire has generally been a Tweed shooting-jacket, Cape of Good Hope deer-skin trousers, waterproof boots, and a Persian cap. For walking, especially when clambering up hills, the most agreeable covering for the feet is the cloth-soled Persian shoe, which I have before described; but in cold or wet weather, stout English shoes are preferable. Vermin are not as numerous or as troublesome, in this country, as I had supposed. Mosquitoes are at times annoying, but they do not abound as in India. Scorpions and snakes are said to infest many places, but I have not seen any. A large formidable-looking spider, called the *rotell*, makes its appearance in summer: its bite is venomous, but not dangerous.



A KURD OF SAULTZ-BOULAK.

The black and yellow-striped English wasp is common in the gardens, as well as a large reddish hornet, well known in India. Flies are too plentiful to be pleasant, in summer; but flies and other more objectionable insects are not by any means as numerous in Persia as in some other countries I have visited.

"A knowledge of the language is, in this country, indispensable. In all countries it is highly desirable; but in this, I do not know how any one could get on without it; for no Persian knows a word of any European tongue. In Turkey, Egypt, and Palestine, the servants, and many others, have a smattering of English, French, or Italian; and it is not absolutely requisite that the traveller should be acquainted with the language of the populace—but such is not the case in Persia. In every place, ignorance of the speech of the people takes away at least one-half of the

pleasure of the tour; and the traveller, to enjoy himself properly, should possess, not a mere smattering sufficient for ordinary purposes, but a good knowledge, and an ability to converse fluently with every one, and on every topic.

"The old troublesome custom of making presents to the headmen of towns and villages, where the traveller halts, is now fortunately falling into desuetude. This used to be a heavy tax on all tourists, the English especially, from whose generosity, much was sure to be expected. It often happens that persons bring the European stranger trifling presents, such as trays of fruit or sweetmeats, in hopes of getting a "quid pro quo" in the shape of a round sum of money; but with proper instructions to one's servants, these may easily be avoided.

"In Persia, one is not troubled with beggars; in which respect, this country affords a complete contrast to the regions about the Levant, where almost every one begs. With the exception of derveshes, fakeers, and other sanctified impostors, who are permitted by custom to prey on the public, I have seen no mendicants, save a few blind, maimed, and diseased folks. Some one (Sir John Malcolm, I think) has justly remarked that there are fewer beggars in this country than in any other: and I believe I never encountered fewer, even in the United States of America.

"Persia, as far as I have seen of it, is a particularly ugly and uninteresting land. A dismal uniformity pervades the whole country, reminding me of South Africa; but there is an aspect of neglect, ruin, and misery throughout, which the Cape Colony did not manifest. Everything here seems to be crumbling to decay as fast as possible, and from its general appearance, one would suppose the unhappy land to be lying under some stupendous and overwhelming curse! Were I to draw, in a few words, a picture of Persia, from what I have seen, I should describe it as a vast dreary desert intersected with huge chains of bare, sterile mountains—the soil, in some places, bearing stunted shrubs, and in others, teeming with saltpetre—here and there, at long intervals, where water is to be found, green spots with fields and habitations—the towns and villages, few and far between, consisting mostly of heaps of dismal ruins, enclosing and nearly concealing the inhabitable portion—no fine buildings to be seen, except a few old palaces and edifices falling in ruins for want of repair—the streets of the towns, narrow dusty lanes between high mud walls, which conceal any appearance of comfort and elegance which the house and gardens within may possess—the roads through the country, mere tracks, which, in the valleys, are tolerably level and easy, and in the mountains, rugged and unsafe—the lodgings for travellers, comfortless caravansaries, generally more or less ruined, and always more or less filthy—the people mostly civil to strangers, but not to be trusted or believed in the least particular—the climate consisting of a pleasant spring, a very hot summer, an unhealthy autumn, and a cold winter; a very dry atmosphere and clear sky: some rain in spring and autumn, none in summer, and a good deal of snow in winter.

"I have often thought, with some degree of wonder, on the singular position which the solitary English traveller occupies in this country.



Alone, with no countryman of his within a hundred or two hundred miles; among a people who detest his creed, and bear no good will to any European; who are reckless of human life and suffering, and are restrained by no moral principle; having with him no guard or protection of any sort; yet he is in no danger, he finds the people commonly civil and obliging; and can travel from place to place in perfect security. Robbers are numerous in many parts of the country, but on the great public routes, they are too well matched to be venturesome, and they do not often meddle with Europeans. Travelling, in remote and little frequented parts, must always be unsafe, unless with some guard or escort; but as long as the European tourist keeps to the principal routes, I believe he may (except in cases of popular outbreaks) journey from one end of Persia to the other, without meeting with the least disagreeable adventure, unless he makes one for himself, and lays himself out for hostility, by some exhibition of bullying, petulance of temper, or those diverting John Bull frolics, which savor too much of horse-play to be relished by most people.

"Though polite as far as outward show goes, the English traveller need not expect to find the Persians by any means kind or hospitable; unless he happens to be a man in authority, or in other way of consequence, in which case they may present some show of hospitality in order to conciliate his favor. The strong abhorrence with which they all (with few exceptions) regard infidels, and Franks in particular, combined with their innate meanness and selfishness of character, will effectually bar every sentiment of liberality and kindness towards strangers. As a general rule, the Christian need never look for anything like genuine disinterested hospitality among Mussulmans of any class or country; and he will never receive a single instance of it, unless it is in the rude tent of a wandering Eoliaut or Bedouin Arab. The Persians are a lively and inquisitive people, and when they find a Frank who can talk their language, they are glad to kill time by having a chat with him; and will show so much politeness, and make so many unmeaning protestations and friendly offers, that a stranger, unacquainted with their real character, might be disposed to think them half in earnest. All this, however, means nothing: and their civility will go no further than words, or acts that involve neither trouble nor expense. Malcolm and Brydges have painted the urbane side of their character far too highly. It was all very well for these gentlemen, and others like them, who came hither as accredited envoys of their sovereign to the Shah, and to whom everybody was ordered to show respect; who travelled through the land with regiments at their heels, and all kinds of pomp; and who carried loads of presents to distribute with both hands. They, no doubt, found the people, one and all, disposed to treat them with the greatest civility or servility (in the East these are the same) wherever they went; but with private individuals the case is widely different—as it is, in some degree, all the world over.

"The European can never be intimate, even with the few Persians who are content to receive him as a visitor, without considering themselves

greatly defiled thereby. By compliance with their customs and manners, he may be received on certain distant terms of acquaintance, but any approach to intimacy is entirely out of the question. A Mahomedan is forbidden by his religion to form friendship with any unbeliever; and the Sheeah, in particular, is taught to class the Christian with pagans and idolators, who are utterly unclean, and whose very touch is contamination. An Englishman and a Moslem can have few ideas in common. Their opinions and tastes are so essentially different, that on any near acquaintance, they will be mutually disgusted with each other. The blunt straightforward manners, plain unvarnished speech, and surly self-sufficiency of the former, will be as odious to the pliant obsequious Asiatic, as the utter want of truth and principle, the fawning hypocrisy, and abominable vices of the latter, will be to the Englishman."

#### ANCIENT AMERICAN CITIES.

An interesting article has recently been published by the Fort Smith Times, in regard to the ancient remains of the city Quivera, situated on a level plain some ninety miles northeast of Fort Stanton, New Mexico, and about seventy from the high isolated peak which the Mexicans call the "Captain," that we take the liberty of condensing for our antiquarian readers. The plain upon which lie the massive relics of once gorgeous temples and magnificent halls, slopes gradually eastward towards the river Pecos, and is very fertile, crossed by a gurgling stream of the purest water, that not only sustains a rich vegetation, but perhaps furnished with this necessary element the thousands who once inhabited this present wilderness. The city was probably built by a warlike race, as it is quadrangular, and arranged with skill, to afford the highest protection against an exterior foe, many of the buildings on the outer line being pierced with loopholes, as though calculated for the use of weapons.

Several of the buildings are of vast size, and built of massive blocks of dark granite rock which could only have been wrought to their present condition by a vast amount of labor. At the present time the best tempered tools, in the hands of the most skilful workmen, could scarcely produce an impression on the surface. In one place a pile of ruins appears to have been intended for three separate buildings, each about three hundred feet front, with the intervals between them occupying one thousand feet. This middle building is constructed with great neatness and care, of ponderous blocks of the material before mentioned, of a nearly cubical form, which, allowing 1599 ounces as the weight of a cubic foot, would be found to weigh more than three tons each, and could only have been transported from the distant quarry and placed in their present elevated position with prodigious labor. The walls of this building are at the present time from thirty to thirty-five feet in height, while the surface of the ground is strewn with huge masses of fallen blocks, which have probably been displaced from their former position by the action of some great disturbing agency, such as a volcanic eruption, which would lead to the conclusion that they once rose to a



great altitude. This temple, as it may properly be termed, is entirely destitute of any partitions, or the appearance of their former existence, and appears to have been designed by its architects as a vast hall to be used for the performance of solemn religious rites, or the celebration of public feasts. The pavement is hid from view by a confused mass of fallen building materials, among which are to be found fragments of carving in bas-relief, and fresco work of superior design and execution, which would justify the conclusion that these silent ruins could once boast halls as gorgeously decorated by the artist's hand as those of Thebes or Palmyra.

This series of buildings are all loopholed on each side, much resembling that found in the old feudal castles of Europe designed for the use of archers. The blocks of which these buildings are composed, are cemented together by a species of mortar of a bituminous character, which has such tenacity that vast masses of wall have fallen down without the blocks being detached by the

shock. The slight examination which has been made by officers of the United States army, indicate the presence here of objects of rare curiosity. It is impossible, in looking upon the evidences of residence in North America, in ages that are past, of a powerful and civilized race, to regret that they utter no voice to tell us of the causes that made it prosperous, and finally swept it away into utter oblivion. Whence came the builders of cities now dumb ruins, awakening our admiration of the art and power of a lost race, yet thwarting all efforts to penetrate the dark veil that shrouds their history? When Thebes and Palmyra were in their glory, we cannot but believe that in the depths of this American continent a people, brave in arms and skillful in arts, spread in mighty numbers from the neighborhood of the northern lakes to the Isthmus of Panama. Should any fortunate accident lift the obscurity that overwhelms this ancient race, America will doubtless be found as rich in the antique as Egypt or India. These ancient relics will continue to be as much matters of interest as they are of doubt and obscurity.  
—*New Orleans Picayune.*

#### BOOK-MAKING.

A book, as defined by Dr. Paul Chatfield, in 1836, is a thing formerly put aside to be read, and now read to be put aside. The world is, at present, divided into two classes—those who forget to read, and those who read to forget. Book-making, which used to be a science, is now a manufacture, with which, as in everything else, the market is so completely overstocked, that our literary operatives, if they seek to avoid starving, must eat up one another.—*Transcript.*



A KAMBOUREKI, CAMEL ARTILLERIST.

[ORIGINAL.]

## MOONLIGHT SERENADE.

BY ISA. AMEND EBERHART.

Gentle moonbeams, fall around her!  
 Kiss her cheek, and bathe her brow!  
 Linger near, and softly whisper  
 Thoughts of angel beauty now!

Bring her pure and peaceful slumber,  
 Let her rest secure, serene;  
 Close her eyes to earth and earth-light,  
 Ope them to a brighter scene!

Angel visions hover near her,  
 Angels round her pillow play:  
 Making hers the air of heaven,  
 Keeping evil far away!

Gently, lightly, flower-winged breezes,  
 O'er her pillow softly blow;  
 Warn her not by aught of rudeness,  
 That she still remains below!

[ORIGINAL.]

## HENRI AND GABRIELLE.

A Romantic Leaf from French History.

BY JAMES FRANKLIN FITTS.

SATED, utterly wearied and disgusted, for the while with the sinful and intoxicating pleasures of the French court, which palled the more easily upon his senses because of his youth, the dauphin quitted Paris, and repaired to the neighboring palace of Versailles. Hardly had his foot left the stirrup, before he was surrounded by an obsequious throng of attendants, noblemen and high officers of the kingdom, all of whom vied with each other in desiring to know the pleasure of their young master. A look of intense uneasiness crossed the pale, handsome face of the latter, and then, suddenly waving them back, he exclaimed, with an angry impatience:

"Leave me, gentlemen; leave me, all, and trouble me no more with your attentions. I have come hither to free myself from the irksome formalities and incessant debaucheries of the court, and while I am pleased to tarry, I would forget that I am Henri, Dauphin of France, and that I shall one day sit upon its throne. By my soul, I would that I had been born in the rags and tatters of the poorest vassal in my kingdom, and to the inheritance of its most menial laborer, rather than in the purple of royalty, to be forever harassed by the formalities and frivolities of my station! But go, gentlemen, leave me to myself, and forget that any respect or homage is due from you."

To hear was to obey. The courtiers returned

to their amusements in the courts and chambers of the palace whence they had issued at the sound of the approaching cavalcade; the retinue which had accompanied the wearied dauphin from Paris, pursued their way back, and Henri was left alone. Pleased with his solitude, and doubly gratified at the prospect of this unusual freedom from restraint, he commenced to wander carelessly among the paths which wound in a labyrinth among the groves and gardens which thickly embowered the palace. As he strolled along, an unwonted calmness took possession of his breast. The quietness and repose of nature around him exerted a soothing influence over his turbulent heart, and the sigh which burst forth was only caused by the regretful thought that his life must be passed amid the turmoil and crowd of camp and court.

Occupied with his thoughts, and pleased with his freedom, he continued his walk, giving no heed to the way he was pursuing, until he abruptly came to a pause upon the edge of a circular basin, from which the water bubbled up in the form of a fountain. It was a pleasant and retired spot, thickly hedged and shaded with trees; and reclining himself upon the grass, Henri gave rein to the reflections which had occupied his mind since his arrival at the palace, and well-nigh lost himself in the excess of his happy thoughts and visions. So perfectly was this pleasant forest nook shaded from the sun, that it was only lighted in every part at full meridian; and it was not till he observed the sun directly over his head, that the young prince became aware he had now been alone for several hours. Rising from his grassy couch, he entered one of several alleys which led from the fountain, and moved, as he supposed, in the direction of the palace. But so intricate were the paths of the garden of Versailles, and Henri so little acquainted with them, that after wandering among them a full hour, he found himself again by the side of the fountain!

Half amused, half irritated at his perplexity, he stood irresolute for a moment, undecided what course to pursue. To plunge again into the groves which surrounded him, might only involve him in their mazes still more hopelessly. He might shout for assistance, it was true, and with a good prospect of being heard by some of the numerous population of Versailles.

"But that will not do," he soliloquized. "I well know how the varlets would laugh in their sleeves after being so unceremoniously dismissed this morning, to be called so soon to my assistance! No, I'll free myself from these troublesome woods without their help, or remain. And!

I bethink me that this must be one of the places where the menials about the palace come for water. A happy thought—I will content myself here until one of them comes."

Seating himself again upon the grass, where he might remain unobserved, Henri beguiled another hour in watching the play of the fountain, as it rippled and flashed like molten silver in the bright sunlight. He was soon aroused from his reverie by the sound of voices; and in a moment two gentlemen of the palace emerged from one of the paths, chatting and laughing. The same considerations which had restrained the concealed dauphin from calling for assistance, now prevented him from discovering himself, and he remained silent and hidden, until they had drunk from the fountain and walked away.

"Unfortunate that I am," the vexed Henri muttered, in a serio-comic mood, "what am I now to do? Suppose that none of these rascal menials should have occasion to visit the fountains again to-day—or, if otherwise, suppose they should conceive in their brainless heads to visit some other than this? Upon my royalty, what a situation is this for the son of a king! From the depths of my heart, I wish that every valet and servant at Versailles were dying with thirst, or running mad with hydrophobia, and there were no water save this, within a thousand leagues! And I am beginning, too, to wish Chevenant and Freneau back again. Shall I call them? But, hie—somebody comes!"

The eye of the speaker was at the instant caught by the figure of a young girl, who slowly entered the nook from an alley opposite to that by which the courtiers had disappeared. She was dressed in the simple and graceful costume of a rustic, and upon her shoulder was poised a water-jar. Kneeling by the basin, she moistened her long, flowing ringlets with the limpid water, and then, while she caroled a simple air with one of the sweetest of voices, she commenced to fill her vessel.

From the first moment in which he beheld her, the eager attention of the young dauphin was rivetted upon her face and form. He had thought that no female without the court of France was worthy to be accounted beautiful. He had mingled there with the loveliest of all the titled dames and maidens in the kingdom, and joined himself in their praise, and yet, never had he seen beauty so innocent, so childlike as this, or which so possessed him with admiration and delight. Nor was it strange that this should be so. The reason was simple and natural, although he paused not to consider it. The beauty which he had been accustomed to admire, owed its attrac-

tion to the studied graces of art and the brilliant trappings of court attire. Here, was loveliness such as the hand of nature alone can produce—a graceful wild-flower, blooming in all the charms of innocence and purity.

Almost unconsciously Henri arose to his feet, and advanced several steps towards the object which had thus excited his deep interest. She had filled her water-vessel and placed it beside her, and now seemed to be gazing thoughtfully at the reflection of her fair young face in the water at her feet, wholly unconscious of the presence of another, when suddenly she was startled by observing the shadow of a human figure lying beside her own across the water. Starting up in alarm, she discovered a handsome, richly-dressed youth but a single step from her, looking upon her with undisguised admiration. Trembling with confusion and alarm, she would have fled, but her foot slipped upon the wet flagging, and only the ready and willing arms of the dauphin saved her from a fall into the basin.

Her confusion, as may be imagined, was by no means decreased upon finding herself in the embrace of him who had caused it, though innocently; and struggling to free herself, while a deep blush tinged her cheek, she said, in a beseeching tone:

"Release me, monsieur, I pray you. I am sure you would not harm me!"

"Nay, far from it, my good girl," Henri replied. "I would rather protect you. Do you not see that I have saved you from an unpleasant bath in this basin? Do not fear me; only promise you will not hasten away, and I will release you. I wish to speak with you. Do you promise?"

The promise was given, and Henri freed his captive; although we can hardly help presuming that he would have been better pleased to have detained her longer. She was still agitated and embarrassed, standing before him with downcast eyes; but the kind words and accents of the stranger—for such he was to her—soon re-assured her, and banished her apprehensions. Soon she ventured to raise her eyes to his face, and the prince fancied that he detected a charming air, half of coquetry, half of assumed displeasure, in the movement.

"What is your name, my child?" Henri asked.

"Gabrielle, monsieur. But I'm not a child; my grandame says I am quite fifteen—almost as old as you, I'm sure," she said, with a sauciness of speech which caused Henri to break forth into a merry laugh.

"Nay, my pretty Gabrielle, I am several years

the oldest," he replied. "Will you tell me where you live?"

"I live with my old grandame, monsieur, in the wood, near the little stream which runs through the palace-garden. But we like this water much better, and so I come to fetch it twice every day."

"Very good, Gabrielle; I will carry it for you this time, and you shall show me the way to the palace; for, to tell the truth, I have become so puzzled in this maze of forests, gardens and paths that if you refuse to help me, I shall perish here to a certainty. But you would not care."

"Nay, monsieur, it would be a thousand pities," Gabrielle archly said. "Here is the path; it is not far by the shortest way."

Henri lifted the jar to his shoulder, and taking one of the alleys almost opposite to that by which he had endeavored to extricate himself from his bewilderment, the young girl conducted him towards Versailles. As they proceeded, the former became momentarily more interested in his young companion. In every word or action she seemed actuated by the beautiful innocence which pervaded her whole being, while at the same time, there was added to her speech and manner a certain sprightliness, just mischievous enough to be agreeable to one of Henri's temperament. No greater contrast could be presented, than that which existed between these two. He, youthful as he was, had drank every cup of pleasure, participating in all the vicious excesses of the most dissolute court of Europe—to her, the world, with its crimes and vices, was as a sealed book. She knew nothing beyond the little circle of her daily humble existence—humble, and yet happy with such a happiness as the dauphin had never known. She was, in truth, a child in years and intellect, although a woman in bodily development, and she seemed to confide in her companion as a superior being.

"Here is my grandame's cot, monsieur," she said, relieving Henri of his burden. "There is the palace, you can see its towers through the trees."

"Good-by, then, Gabrielle; I shall see you again. At the fountain, perchance," he added.

The young girl blushed, smiled and nodded affirmatively, and then remarked:

"But monsieur will tell me his name before he goes?"

"True—I have not. It is—it is—well, you may call me Cecil. I am valet to one of the gentlemen at Versailles. Adieu, *mon cher*, we shall meet again."

Gaily kissing his hand to her, Henri disappeared in the wood. Gabrielle watched his retreating

form until she could see him no longer, and as she entered the cottage, something much like a sigh was breathed from her lips.

It might perhaps have been expected that not a thought of the young peasant-girl would afterward enter the brain of the young dauphin. But such was not the fact. He felt his interest excited in her more than he was willing to admit to himself; and the next day found him pursuing his way to the fountain where he had first seen her. She came again, and a bright sunny smile mantled her features as she saw her companion of the previous day, and heard his kindly-spoken greeting. Again he bore her vessel, and walked by her side along the path to the cottage.

The record of one day passed by Henri at Versailles, would be that of twenty. Daily and habitually he repaired to the fountain in the grove; and there, as regularly met Gabrielle. She waited for his coming with an impatience, and when he came, greeted him with a fondness, which revealed to him unmistakably the state of her feelings.

And what, it may be asked, were the designs of the dauphin? It would be difficult to assign the true motive which impelled him to seek the society of Gabrielle. It was not a true and sincere affection. He affected to regard her as a child, and would fain have convinced himself that she only pleased him in his idle moments. Neither is it certain that he intended to betray the absorbing confidence and love which he had won from the simple peasant-girl, almost without an effort. It is more probable, and certainly the belief is more charitable, that the romantic cast of the young dauphin's mind actuated him to carry out the deception which he had practised upon her in regard to his name and station. If he loved her well and truly, "it was one of the strangest of the vagaries of the passion"—it was as Cecil the valet, and not as Henri the proud Dauphin of France.

But there was soon to be an end to these trysts and meetings. There were watchful eyes at Versailles, and ere long the place of Henri's resort, and his object in going thither, were discovered. The king, in Paris, was apprised that the dauphin had become enamoured with a peasant girl at Versailles, and the consequence was a peremptory command to Henri to return to Paris immediately. Its cause was quickly conjectured by the latter, and vexed and angered that his intimacy with Gabrielle had thus become notorious, he prepared to obey it.

A lingering affection, an unwillingness to depart without informing Gabrielle—either one of these causes, or, it may be, some other, induced

him to seek the peasant girl again. And when, with an unshaken voice, he announced to her that he was compelled by circumstances which he could neither explain nor control, to leave Versailles, a quick pallor whitened the cheek of the unhappy Gabrielle.

"Leave Versailles—and me?" she faltered. "And whither Cecil, do you go?"

"To Paris."

"But you will return?"

"Perhaps, *mon cher*. Yes, at some future day I may again visit Versailles and you."

And this was all. No other words passed between them. Now, however, for the first time did Henri realize, and with a little pang, the cruel thoughtlessness of his conduct. Too well he knew from her pale countenance and faltering speech, the terrible agony which racked the tender heart of Gabrielle; too well he knew by signs as apparent and significant as these, that she loved him as he had never been beloved, and that from this passionate, absorbing affection had arisen hopes which could never, never be realized. For a moment he hesitated; once he had half-decided to avow himself to her in his real character, and to destroy the cruel delusion, his own fabrication, by which she had been misled; but other considerations prevented him. He pressed her hands, he kissed her unresisting lips and departed.

For a time, even after his return to the gayety and intoxication of the court, he recalled the pale face of Gabrielle, at intervals, with a pang, but not long. His brief sojourn at Versailles, with its attendant consequences, was but an unimportant episode in his life; amid the renewed pleasures and festivities of his royal life, it passed from his mind like an idle dream.

But not so with Gabrielle. What to Henri had been the mere trifling of a few idle days, was to her something real and earnest; she had given him the first deep affection of her young heart, and the event, an era in her hitherto quiet and peaceful life, was pregnant with woe to her. But let us not anticipate.

It was a bright, glorious day in mid-autumn, several months after the events above noticed. A gay cavalcade of gentlemen and dames from the royal palace in Paris, swept on a brisk gallop along the road leading to Versailles, whither they were bound for a few days of pleasure and recreation. All were arrayed in the costly dresses of their respective ranks, and the animals upon which they rode were caparisoned with courtly magnificence.

At the head of the troop rode the dauphin,

and beside him one of the most beautiful ladies of the French court. He seemed in a gay and jovial mood, and more than once the forest which lined the way, echoed with the peals of laughter which the sallies of the prince called forth. To have seen him, one might well have said that no unhappiness could ever have visited him. The troop soon drew near to the palace, and as it did so, a number of peasants and menials, attracted by the brilliancy of the cortege and the continued sound of laughter and gay conversation, gathered around the gateway to satisfy themselves with gazing. Henri had just bent in his saddle to make some observation to the lady who rode beside him, when his attention was attracted to a young girl, who with clasped hands and an expression of eager joy upon her pale, sorrowful face, had started forward almost beneath the feet of his horse, murmuring the single word, "Cecil." But by neither word or look did the dauphin betray his knowledge of her, or her meaning. Glancing coldly at her upturned, beseeching face, he reined aside his charger, and spurring him forward, was again at the side of his companion.

With a look of mingled agony and wonder, Gabrielle—for the strange suppliant was none other—looked after the retreating figure of him whom she had known as Cecil; and then grasping convulsively the arm of one of her female companions, she faintly murmured:

"Lois, good Lois, who, who, is the leader of this party?"

"The leader? Dost mean the handsome youth in the velvet doublet, with the bright star on his breast and the gay plume in his cap?"

"The same—the same."

"Why, art thou crazed? Dost thou not know that he is the Dauphin Henri, son of the king?"

Not a word, not a syllable escaped the lips of the stricken Gabrielle, but only a faint moan, as she fell fainting into the arms of those near her. They bore her to the cottage, and there, through the night, in the insensibility which still bound her, she breathed alternately, with mournful pathos, the names of Cecil and Henri. Upon the following morning, however, she arose from her couch, paler, weaker and more sorrowful than before, but with strength enough to enable her to pursue her daily walks in the forest-alleys. These were the paths where she had rambled with the prince, the lost Cecil of her heart; and it had been a melancholy pleasure after his departure, to review in fancy those sweet interviews. But now suddenly she paused—the object of her thoughts, the prince himself, was before her! She saw him and heard his voice, as he addressed

her, but she trembled not, nor did she avoid his painful gaze. Ah, well might the remorseful Henri look with pain and self-accusation upon the poor wreck of beauty before him—his work ! She seemed no more the sweet, joyous Gabrielle whom he had known, but rather her shadow, so pale, so thin, so wasted had she become !

"Gabrielle, is it indeed you ?" Henri exclaimed, seizing her hand, which she instantly withdrew from his grasp. "You are silent, you turn from me. Do you not know me ? It is I, Cecil, your friend."

"Nay, my lord dauphin, I do know you no more by that name. The time is past when I could be thus deceived ; let me leave you now ; it is better that I should see you no more."

Embarrassed and confused by her words—for now he knew that she had recognized him in his true character at the gate—the eyes of Henri sought the ground. Raising them after a moment, he said :

"No more, Gabrielle. Those are hard words ! Promise me, at least, to meet me to-night by the gateway where you saw me yesterday. There is much I would say, and I need time to collect my thoughts. This, surely you will do."

"I will do as you wish, my lord," Gabrielle hesitatingly replied. And with these words she hastened away.

The prince walked thoughtfully back to the palace, and avoiding his gay companions, he secluded himself for the remainder of the day, and until night drew near. He recalled to mind the strange manner and appearance of Gabrielle with a half-formed foreboding, which assumed no definite shape, but which was still strong enough to fill his breast with painful apprehension.

The night set in cold and dark, and wrapped in his cloak, Henri sought the gateway with rapid and nervous steps. The figure of a female caught his eye as he drew near, but instead of her he sought, it proved to be Lois, whom we have mentioned once before. She held a billet towards Henri as he advanced, with the words :

"Gabrielle bade me deliver it to him whom I should find here at this hour. 'Tis for you, sir, I suppose."

Eagerly snatching the note, Henri tore it open, and by the scattered sparks of a flint, which he struck repeatedly against the stone pillar of the gateway, he read these fearfully ominous words :

"It was at the fountain in the wood where we first met—and there I will be as you read these, the last words of the unhappy GABRIELLE."

"At the fountain—her last words !" Henri ejaculated, almost speechless with terror. And he leaned against the arch faint and weak. "O

Heaven, I know the terrible meaning of these fatal words !—but too late, O, God, too late ! But haste, ho, bring torches—torches, lights, with all speed !"

The frantic cries of the prince quickly brought the desired assistance, and snatching a flambeau from one of the servants, he bade the others follow him, and flew with the speed of desperation towards the well-known spot named in the billet. The woods resounded with the name of Gabrielle, as he dashed on, and reaching the forest-nook, he knelt by the basin, and let the light of his torch fall over the water. Fatal, fearful indeed, was the spectacle which it revealed ! The body of the devoted suicide barely floated in the shallow depths, her dress clinging in wet folds about her, and her long, black hair floating dishevelled back from a face, pale and rigid, yet beautiful with all the awful beauty of death ! And when at last the horrified gentlemen and servants of the palace discovered the dauphin, he was sitting upon the ground by the side of the basin, clasping the corpse of the drowned girl in his arms, and pressing his lips to those of the dead !

Our story, true to history as it is, is soon concluded. There remain but a few further words to be penned. As an act of simple justice, the prince provided for the maintenance of the old grandame of the peasant girl, until the day of her death, and there the matter seemed to end. But thus, we may be certain, it did not end. For who shall say, that even with the royal coronet upon his brow, Henry of France did not at times remorsefully recall the story which we have here recounted ; or that at times his heart did not wander from its allegiance to his royal and peerless consort, when he thought of the life, the love, and the death of Gabrielle ?

#### SEVEN FOOLS.

1. The envious man, who sends away his mutton because the person next him is eating venison. 2. The jealous man, who spreads his bed with stinging nettles, and then sleeps in it. 3. The proud man, who gets wet through, sooner than ride in the carriage of his inferior. 4. The litigious man, who goes to law in the hopes of ruining his opponent, and gets ruined himself. 5. The extravagant man, who buys a herring, and takes a cab to carry it home. 6. The angry man, who learns to play the tambourine because he is annoyed by the playing of his neighbor's piano. 7. The ostentatious man, who illumines the outside of his house most brilliantly, and sits inside in the dark.—Punch.

#### FORTITUDE.

Though fortune's malice overthrow my state,  
My mind exceeds the compass of her wheel  
SHAKESPEARE.

[ORIGINAL.]

## THE TRIFLER.

BY CLARA AUGUSTA.

We sat in the sunset glory:  
 I looked at the crimson skies,  
 And noted their radiant blushes—  
 He looked in my wandering eyes.  
 And holding my hand, his language  
 Grew into tenderness low,  
 A blush like the blush of sunset  
 Stole to his forehead of snow.  
 And he asked me to walk in his presence  
 The path we were both doomed to go;  
 But the blush died out and left marble,  
 When I said, "Never—no, no!"

I was a gay, laughing trifter,  
 He was a being of truth;  
 I was a girl, not a woman,  
 He had passed onward from youth.  
 My heart was an unfathomed fountain,  
 Covered with vanity's crust;  
 His was a shrine of nobility—  
 Gold, without cankering rust!  
 But I bowed his proud head in sorrow,  
 And trod his love in the dust;  
 I weakened his pure faith in woman,  
 Changed into doubting his trust.

O, where away is he wandering?  
 By what lonesome rivers and seas?  
 Does he look up to watch the red sunset  
 Through verdure of cocoanut trees?  
 Is he mid the cold polar icebergs?  
 Or far in the land of the palms?  
 O, tell me, ye winds of the orient,  
 That sing in the willows your psalms!—  
 O, tell me, ye breezes of southland,  
 That bring to my lattice rich balms!—  
 O, tell me, sweet heaven of midnight,  
 And stars in the fathomless calms!

[ORIGINAL.]

## LEOLA:

—OR,—

## THE REVEL OF DEATH.

BY N. C. ROBINSON.

PERCHED upon one of the loftiest and most inaccessible peaks of the Caucasian Range, at a time far back in the darkness of the feudal ages, the castle of Petroff, an exiled nobleman of Russia, stood frowningly against the sky, overlooking the valleys and ravines in which the besieging forces had collected their strength. For more than a year, the castle of the stubborn count had withstood the assaults of its enemies, and daily the hardy Petroff made the circuit of the defences, animating and encouraging his little handful of

retainers to a stout resistance, and often assisting himself in the work.

Twenty years before, on account of some fancied delinquency, deeply offensive to royalty, this nobleman had been ignominiously banished from the Russian court. Departing uncomplainingly, he had built and fortified for himself this cyrie-like retreat among the southern mountains; and here, pleased with his solitude, as well as the absence of courtly favor and tyranny, he proposed to devote the declining years of his life to the nurture and education of his orphaned and darling child, the little Leola. And this, thus far, he had done; from a mere infant, he had watched with delight her growth of body and expansion of mind, until he beheld in her the embodiment of that of which he had dreamed at her birth—Leola, the beautiful, the proud, whose eagle eye and queenly bearing proclaimed her a true daughter of the Petroffs. The old man loved to cherish the thought, and often his exultation revealed itself in words such as these:

"It was a happy act, my child, which the tyrant of Russia did, when he thought to crush us. Ah, in these barren mountains, God willing, I will nourish a spirit and build up a house, which, in years to come, will menace and overshadow him!"

Declarations such as these were hinted about among the adherents of the count, and in time borne to the court of the emperor. With them, the latter also received strange accounts of the beautiful maiden whom old Petroff so jealously guarded in his mountain citadel; and prompted by a dormant but still existing hatred against his former liegeman, as well as by an arrogant desire to transfer this wild mountain flower to his court and palace, the despot determined to invest the castle of his banished vassal, and reduce him to the performance of such terms as he pleased to prescribe.

To will was to do; a month had scarcely elapsed before the stronghold of Petroff was girdled and besieged by a powerful force, led by the emperor in person, and employing all the arts of war to reduce and capture it. A year, however, had elapsed, and still the fortress of the exile frowned defiance upon its foes. No force of arms or effort of strategy had been sufficient to make the slightest impression upon the stronghold; but, upon the other hand, favored by their position, the besieged had been able almost daily to hurl death and devastation into the camp of the besieger. And in his daily walk upon his battlements, the stout old rebel sent forth his laugh of derision upon his enemy below.

But it was mainly owing to the efforts of the

youthful and gallant Seltzberg, a protegé of Petroff, and the actual commander of the defending force, that the latter had been enabled to hold out so stubbornly. With the promise from the count, of the hand of the Lady Leola, when he should finally repel the invader, the young commandant had applied himself vigorously and successfully to the defence. Cheered by the hope which had thus been held out to him, the realisation of which seemed to grow daily brighter, and by the smiles of Leola herself, the youth seemed in himself a tower of strength, and an assurance of final success.

A crisis, however, was now approaching. Angered and mortified at his continued failure—certain, as he was, that the surrounding nations were watching in surprise the unusual spectacle of the emperor of a mighty nation held at bay by the single arm of one banished and exiled noble; and, further than this, despairing of his ability to bring him to terms by the simple force of arms, the baffled tyrant despatched a messenger to the castle, with the terms of the compromise which he proposed. The herald stood in the presence of Petroff, his daughter and Seltzberg, and thus delivered his message:

"My master, the emperor, bids me declare to you, that he has no wish to continue this fruitless and unnatural contest. Deliver to him the Lady Leola, your daughter, the report of whose beauty reached him even in his capital, and to gain whom he was the more willing to take up arms—do this, and he swears that he will retire forthwith from your castle, and molest you no more."

"Answer him, Leola," were the quick, stern words of the count.

"Answer him, Seltzberg," the maiden repeated, turning to her lover, with a flash of her black eyes which sent a thrill to his heart.

"Ay—that I will!" was his reply, as starting to his feet, he confronted the messenger. "Base minion of a baser master, tell the caitiff-emperor who sent you hither, to go back in disgrace to his city, while we yet leave him the strength wherewith to depart. Tell him this, and say to him that while a stone of our castle remains standing, while an arm can be raised within it in her defence, Leola Petroff shall be preserved from the disgrace of his touch! And more—tell him that if he shall insult us with a like proposal, we will surely hurl his messenger from our battlements!"

The cowering herald shrank away; and his report of the answer he had received aroused the emperor to new exertions. Again and again he hurled his whole strength against the walls; and

as often he was beaten back by the indomitable defenders: until at length, resting upon his arms, he despatched another embassy to the castle. Count Petroff heard its terms with undisguised astonishment; his enemy now proposed a final cessation of arms, a reconciliation of all subsisting feuds, and avowed himself willing to restore the exiled count to all the dignities and honors which he had formerly held at court. The proposition concluded with an invitation of himself and his commandant to the besieging camp, that they might arrange with him a certain foundation for peace.

There was much in this strange concession which could not be otherwise than pleasing to the count. Often, in secret, he had longed to behold his darling Leola at the Russian court, surpassing in her own matchless person, all its renowned beauties; nor was the prospect of his own reinstatement there at all ungrateful to his thoughts. The victory would, in truth, be a splendid one for him—a victory, not of a day, but the fruit of years of silent and noble endurance, as well as open resistance by arms. He pondered upon it long, and in deep abstraction, while the herald stood before him, awaiting his reply.

"What pledge," he at last demanded, "does your master propose to give me, of his good faith?"

"That which has never yet been broken," was the instant rejoinder—"the word of a Romanoff!"

For a short time longer, Petroff hesitated; and then he determined to comply with the request of the emperor. Together with Seltzberg, and attended by a slight escort, he submitted himself to the guidance of the royal messenger, and was conducted toward the camp. Alarmed by the forebodings which she could not repress, Leola anxiously watched their progress from the battlements. She saw her father and lover as they reached the hostile lines, drawn up to receive them—she witnessed the friendly advance of the emperor, disarming, for the instant, her fears, and—

There are some scenes of human existence, to describe the horrors of which, words seem unavailing. Leaning upon the battle-marked stones of the embrasure where she had placed herself, rigid and motionless with the terrible petrification of agony—the agony of a broken heart—the maiden witnessed the treacherous massacre of the only beings she had ever loved. She beheld the heroic defence of Petroff and Seltzberg, as, surrounded and hard pressed by an hundred sur-vile Russians, they fought until life itself ebbed away through innumerable wounds. In the



brutal rage of their mean victory the murderous crew next turned their weapons against the escort, and the unhappy men composing it were as inhumanly slaughtered. And then, at the signal of the emperor, the whole force rushed again, with yells of triumph, to the walls.

The conflict which followed was obstinate and sanguinary. The brave defenders, enraged at the sight of the cruel massacre of their leaders, fought with almost demoniac energy; but, for once, they were doomed to struggle in vain. They lacked the example of Seltzberg, always before present among them—they listened in vain to hear the trumpet ring of his voice, and faltered when they could no more see his lion-like form plunging into the thickest of the carnage. They had been surprised, too; the drawbridge was down, and as they were pressed backward, the enemy gained an easy foothold. To end the disasters of the day, at the conclusion of the fight, the latter were in possession of half the interior defences. Intoxicated with joy at the prospect of victory which now lay within his grasp, the emperor once more sent his herald forth to demand instant surrender.

"Bear word to the Lady Leola," he commanded, "that ere twelve hours have passed, she must come within my power—by force or free will—which, it matters not. And tell her, too, that mayhap the love which has led me to battle for her a full year, as I would five times one year, could she not be otherwise gained—the love of an emperor—tell her, vassal, that this should not be despised!"

The reply of the maiden was such as to arouse Romanoff to a frenzy of exultation. It was to the effect that Leola would give herself up without further resistance, provided her few retainers might be suffered to depart beyond the Russian borders, unharmed, and without molestation. To this condition the emperor immediately signified his assent, and it was upon his part most faithfully performed. The same night the remains of the little band of defenders, grim and war-worn, issued forth from the castle and took their way into the lower ranges of the mountains.

\* \* \* \* \*

Romanoff paced nervously up and down the hall of the castle, the windows of which looked across the court. Darkness had come on, but he had as yet, received no intimation from Leola. More than once his impatience had urged him to give the signal of assault; but restraining himself, he continued his uneasy walk.

"My lady waits," a voice uttered at his elbow. The speaker was the page of the daughter of Petroff.

"Waits, boy—where?" the eager emperor exclaimed.

"In the banquet-hall. She has sent me to conduct you to her."

A moment had hardly elapsed before Romanoff was ushered into the presence of Leola. He paused, astounded at the magnificence of the scene which he beheld. The banquet-room was brilliantly illuminated, and the light was reflected in a thousand rays by the silver vessels which held the most costly viands and wines. But the centre of all, seated upon a throne-like chair at the head of the board, dressed in the gorgeous lawn and purple of a queen, and beautiful, far beyond the Russian monarch's wildest visions of the beautiful in woman, was Leola. Romanoff did not observe the wildness of her eye, the pallor of her cheek, nor yet the strange compression of her lips; bewildered by her charms, he bent a knee which had never before been bent to a human being, and kissed a hand whiter than the ermine which surrounded it.

"Mine, then, Leola—mine, at last, fair lady," were his words, as he pressed her hand in his own. "Is it not so?"

A shudder pervaded the frame of the maiden as she felt his touch, and her answer was low in its accents.

"Yes—thine, my lord," were her simple words.

"The favor of Heaven be with thee ever, for those words!" the delirious monarch exclaimed, in an ecstasy of rapture. "Thou shalt be my bride, my queen, Leola; thou shalt reign, not alone over my heart, but sovereign empress, as well, of all the Russias! A kiss, my queen; on my knees I crave it!"

"Nay, my lord—not now: let us feast to-night, and love to-morrow! Here is wine, drink to me, if you would not have me think your words mere breathings of flattery!"

Romanoff eagerly seized the goblet which Leola extended to him, and drained it to the last drop. A strange smile flickered for an instant upon the face of the maiden, as she observed the act; and lifting another goblet to her lips, she drank half its contents. A spirit of madness seemed suddenly to have possessed the monarch; again and again he received the flagon from the hand of Leola, grasping it each time it was offered with feverish haste, and tossing off the red, sparkling wine in the interval of renewed vows and protestations of his love. In his frenzy he laughed, long and wildly; he sang and danced in his delirium, and once attempted to embrace his fair captive, who easily eluded his arms. His blood had grown hot since that first draught; it rushed like a torrent of molten fire through

his veins—and suddenly striking his breast with his clasped hands, he howled in irrepressible agony.

"Heavens, how it burns—it burns!" he groaned. "Witch, enchantress, tell me, in the name of heaven, what infernal art have you practised upon me?"

Leola Petroff gasped wildly in her effort to reply. She had risen from her chair, and was now leaning feebly against it, striving to gather strength to utter the doom of the man whose agony was at that instant grateful to her.

"Remember, Alexis Romanoff," were her words, "that there is a God of judgment and retribution, for before him you and I must now appear! Remember that scarce three hours ago you basely and treacherously violated your solemn faith, and slew those whom alone I loved; remember, for I would have you realize that a just doom has overtaken you. The wine you have drunk was drugged, poisoned deeply, and by these hands! Pray, Romanoff, pray, for your time is short!"

With a gasp of pain, she sank back into her chair. The horrified emperor gazed at her, spell-bound by her fearful announcement. In an instant more the castle rang with his wild shrieks and cries for assistance. But the poison was preying upon his vitality, his strength was departing, and his voice quickly died to an ineffectual whisper. Again he looked upon the woman who had thus fatally ensnared him in the meshes of her revenge; for her he had staked all, lost all! Actuated by a new impulse of his frenzy, he staggered towards her, and raising her in his arms, pressed her to his breast, and placed his burning lips upon her cheek. He encountered no resistance; she lay passive in his arms, inert, lifeless, dead! With a groan of horror Romanoff threw the corpse from him; and again the hall rang with his unavailing prayers and imprecations. Unavailing, for though heard at last, it was too late. When the retainers burst open the doors, searching for the cause of the terrible shrieks which had for the last half hour filled their hearts with fright, Russia was again kingless, another Romanoff had found a violent and untimely end!

#### BROTHERHOOD.

Even now a radiant angel goeth forth,  
A spirit that hath healing in its wings—  
And fleth east and west, and north and south,  
To do the bidding of the King of kings;  
Stirring men's hearts to compass better things,  
And teaching brotherhood as that sweet source,  
Which holdeth in itself all blessed springs;  
And showeth how to guide its silver course,  
When it shall flood the world with deep, exulting force.  
MRS. NORTON.

#### THE MAYOR WANTS TO SEE THEE.

A young man, a nephew, had been to sea; and on his return, he was narrating to his uncle an adventure he had met on board a ship.

"I was one night leaning over the 'taffrail, looking down into the mighty ocean," said his nephew, whom we shall call William, "when my gold watch fell from my fob and sunk out of sight. The vessel was going ten knots an hour; but nothing daunted, I sprang over the rail, down, down, after a long search, found it, came up close under the stern, and climbed back to the deck, without any one knowing I had been absent."

"William," said his uncle, slightly elevating his broad brim and opening his eyes to their widest capacity, "how fast did thee say the vessel was going?"

"Ten knots, uncle."

"And thee dove down into the sea, and came up with the watch, and climbed up by the rudder chains?"

"Yes, uncle."

"And thee expects me to believe thy story?"

"Of course! You wouldn't dream of calling me a liar, would you, uncle?"

"William," replied the uncle, gravely, "thou knows I never call anybody names; but, William, if the mayor of the city were to come to me, and say, 'Josiah, I want thee to find the biggest liar in all Philadelphia,' I would come straight to thee, and put my hand on thy shoulder, and say to thee, 'William, the mayor wants to see thee!'"—*Philadelphia Press.*

#### AN ARTISTIC THIEF.

The greatest pleasure enjoyed by Prince Gortchakoff, it is said, is to sit in his dressing-gown in a large arm-chair, before an easel on which there is a fine picture. Crossing his legs, and swinging one on the other while he plays with his slipper and smokes his cigar, he gazes for hours together on the picture. He has a fine gallery of modern pictures, and he had a valuable album containing sketches by the best living artists. Two or three years ago, a French diplomatist asked to see the album; to his surprise, he found the best sketches were gone, and said so to the prince. "True enough," replied the latter, "my best sketches have been stolen out of it." "Stolen! Do you suspect by whom?" "O, yes, one of my messengers; he took to imitating me in my love for art, and the rascal helped himself out of my album." "But didn't you arrest the scoundrel?" "O, dear, no! the puppy showed such deucedly good taste in the selections he made, I could not think of having him arrested."

#### FRIENDLESS CANDIDATES.

The Prince de Montbarey presented a list of young gentlemen who were candidates for vacant places in the military school of Louis XVI. of France. In this list were a great number who were strongly recommended by persons of the highest rank, along with some who were wholly destitute of such recommendation. The king observing this gave an instance of that goodness of heart which he exhibited on so many occasions. Pointing to the latter, he said, "Since these have no protectors, I will be their friend," and instantly gave the preference to them.—*Transcript.*

[ORIGINAL.]

## THE SUNNY HOURS.

BY WILLIE E. FABOR.

[On a dial near Venice there is this inscription:—"I reckon only the sunny hours."]

I only reckon sunny hours:  
I count the sunbeams, not the showers;  
Then let the dial's lesson be  
To us a daily verity.

I only count the sunny hours  
Above the blossom and the flowers;  
Then like the dial let us prove  
The beauty and the bloom of love.

I only count the sunny hours;  
For this I keep my mystic powers:  
Then like the dial let us make  
Our acts a blessing for life's make.

I only count the sunny hours,  
I never heed the falling showers;  
So let us be, when storms assail,  
Firm in the faith that will prevail.

I only count the sunny hours  
When sunbeams bathe the plains and bowers;  
Then let us on life's sunny side  
Look evermore with hope and pride.

[ORIGINAL.]

## TWICE MATED.

BY LT. T. SMITH REED.

THE storm was past, and the last groan of the last strong swimmer in his agony was smothered in the long heave of the bronzed sea, whose undulating swell rolled inwards without a ripple, and without a speck of foam. The wreck of the great ship lay helpless, broadside in to the liquid rolling hills that lifted her on their summits, or threw her from their sides, while they smiled and sparkled in the sunlight, as strong and prosperous beauty passes decrepit and sorrowful old age.

Allan Wentworth, the captain of the wreck, stood alone alive. Desperately but despairingly, he looked on the dead crew as they lay about the deck, resting against the foot of the broken masts huddled together in the scappers, and lashed to the stanchions of the last bulwark. But though he looked at them, he did not see them. He had gazed so long at the wretchedness which surrounded him, that he no longer perceived the horror of his situation. One by one his men had died, and his strong ship had lost her rudder, her masts and her vitality, until, coffin-like, she enclosed only the corpses of his people; and

Allan Wentworth lived, the hapless, helpless captain of a crewless ship. With unshaken resolution he watched the approach of irresistible destiny, and holding fast to his religion and clinging to his love, he would not believe that he should be left to die so miserably alone. Allan Wentworth loved his wife, and trusted in his God.

Not many more hours could that brave old ship last upon the waters. The next plunge or the next roll might and perhaps would carry her into the unfathomable depths, where unknown monsters play with dead men's skulls, and where lost argosies that cannot sink, and cannot rise, float idly in the mid-water of the immeasurable ocean, like the small feathers that little children throw into the air.

Allan Wentworth had rigged a raft, that, made fast to the stump of the broken mizen, dragged heavily, sometimes at the stern, and sometimes at the side of the rolling ship, and he paused, only to give one look to Heaven, and one thought to home, ere he trusted himself to its frail aid.

Suddenly, in the full red light of the rising sun, he saw upon the waters the image of a woman, who rested her white hand upon the arm of a young and handsome man. And Allan trembled, as he recognized his own dear young wife. The spectral form melted into air as he looked upon them, and he rallied himself with the reflection that the appearance could be only one of those illusive figurations on the retina, which are well known to science, although they are only imperfectly understood, even by the most scientific. Yet, though his reason was convinced, his feelings were disturbed, and the cool and confident resolution that had calmly met the continually increasing danger of his situation, gave way to angry desperation. He cast loose the end of the hawser that held the raft, jumped upon the broken taffrail and sprang into the sea, as far as he could from the ship. It seemed that the little impetus the wreck received from his feet was sufficient to sink her. She toppled lazily down the side of one of the green and swelling liquid mountains into a deep valley. Her bows, no longer buoyant, drove heavily below the surface, and as the water hissed and foamed, the brave old ship, struggling and vibrating in unavailing resistance, sank, never to rise again.

Ten days afterwards, Allan Wentworth was thrown senseless upon a sandy beach, on the coast of Spain. Tangled seaweed, broken starfish, and dead shells lay around him, and the setting sun cast the long shadows of grotesque rocks upon the shelving sands. There he lay

without other clothing than a light pair of white linen trousers, tight at the waist, and loose and open above the knee, whilst the seagulls screamed over him, and the limpet, the sea-urchin and the soldier-crab, crept hungrily but fearfully round him. The high spring tide that had cast him ashore, retired slowly; the moon rose palely, like a pining lover, and in the white moonbeams Allan Wentworth's hands and arms shone like polished marble, as Inez Samuda, a Spanish girl, wandering musingly upon the beach, discovered the shipwrecked sailor.

The first impulse of Inez was to run away beyond the reach of indefinite danger, and she turned and took several steps. Then she stopped, looked back, returned and slowly approached the corpse-like form that was extended, one arm under the head, in the clear moonbeams of the summer evening. Gracefully and timidly as a young fawn Inez Samuda stepped round the object of her fear and admiration. Wonderingly she gazed at the manly symmetry that lay death-like, yet untainted by any seeming of mortality, and contemptively she wondered whether she was looking upon breathing manhood or a decaying corpse. Nature and education began a struggle for the mastery of her young heart. Kindliness and conventional usage opposed each other; and whilst her feelings told her to assist the shipwrecked sailor, her fears forbade her to touch the almost naked man. Fascinated by sensations altogether new, she could not leave the spot on which the image of the Eternal lay in a mortal trance; yet controlled by habit and custom, she dared not submit to the impulses that urged her to kneel at the side of the young man, and lift his head in her arms.

Her meditation was abruptly terminated by the appearance of a party of country people gathering seaweed on the beach. She immediately signalled to them, and with their assistance Allan Wentworth slowly revived and was carried to the neighboring village.

"O do not leave me, Allan Wentworth!" Inez exclaimed, passionately, some three weeks after her first interview with the young Englishman. "Do not leave me! I will risk much to retain you near me. Ah, you will think me bold and forward, but I will tell you, Allan. May Heaven forgive me! Alas, God help me—I love you!" And Inez clasped her hands and gazed helplessly and lovingly into the large dark eyes of the handsome sailor.

"Dear lady, do not think me ungrateful! I am poor—too poor to support you in the elegance and with the comforts to which you are accus-

tomed, and I will not injure the innocence that so trustingly confides in the truth and honor of a stranger."

"Ah," Inez replied, warmly, almost passionately, "you are no longer a stranger to me! I have watched you for three weeks, and I have learned your noble character. Allan, Allan, I love you!—yes, I love you, Allan Wentworth! I have much, very much money, and my uncle who gives me everything I desire, will leave me all he has, his land, his houses and all."

Allan answered in a tone of melancholy and affectionate sadness:

"It cannot be, dear lady. Grateful indeed I am for such preference, that when so many young and noble Spaniards ask thy love, that I in honor must refuse."

"Refuse—you must refuse!"

"Alas, dear Inez, I must not, may not, will not break the truth I swore upon the altar! I have a wife in England!"

"O, then God help me, Allan! Happy is the woman who possesses so brave and true a lover! Pardon me, Allan Wentworth, had I known this, I would not have betrayed myself. Farewell, noble and true heart! Stay! take this—accept this bracelet; bear it to thy wife, and when you tell her that you have refused the Spanish girl's love—O, Allan, may she love you as truly as I do!"

The rapid course of the mountain torrent checked itself, as the valley widened into a nearly level meadow where the rippling, bubbling current glistened as it broke against the scattered rocks in the channel of the stream, and tall elms and spreading oaks threw their shadow and their shade across the low, arched stone bridge that spanned the stream, and formed the roadway to Allan Wentworth's English home.

And Allan Wentworth, late in the summer's evening, stepped upon the lawn before the wide low window that looked on the weeping ash that drooped into the river. There were voices in the pretty drawing-room of the tranquil cottage, and Allan Wentworth's heart throbbed and his breath quickened, for he knew the voice of the wife he loved, but he did not know the voice of the man who was addressing her in tones of tender endearment. The window opened on the lawn, and as Allan Wentworth drew back into the shade cast by the trees, upon the side of the projecting window, Mrs. Wentworth walked into the open air. But she was not alone. A gentleman in the undress uniform of a cavalry officer, had one arm round her waist, and with the other hand pressed the white fingers of Mrs. Went-

worth. And the lady looked into his face and said :

"Ah, Nicholas Shirkey, do not betray me! If my husband should have the least suspicion of our connection I am sure he would kill me."

"Betray you, my pretty Jessie! I must be particularly anxious to figure as a defendant at Doctors' Commons, before I could be such a fool as to breathe a word of our secret to any one. But tell me, where is this precious husband of yours?"

"The last I heard from him was by a letter, and here it is, which told me he was ill in some unpronounceable village on the coast of Spain."

"Let's look at his letter. What sort of a letter does he write?"

Nicholas Shirkey, as he asked the question, took the letter, and as he leaned against the window-frame, almost within reach of Allan Wentworth's hand, he read it by the light that shone in the drawing-room.

"The fellow does not write a bad letter, Jessie. He must be horribly in love with you, you ungrateful little minx!"

"Why, of course he is, Nick. And I used to be horribly in love with him, too. And I declare that there was a time, and that's not a year ago, when if I thought he did not love me, I should have done—ah, I know not what. I was determined to have him, and now, umph, I don't care a pin about him! O, we are not suited to each other. Our dispositions are as different as our complexions—he is fair and I am a brunette. He is calm and meditative, and I am all for action. He likes sentiment, I dearly love fun. The fact is, Nick, I don't mind telling you, and you won't mind hearing it—I am tired of him!"

"Ha, ha! And I suppose you are getting tired of me?"

"O you are different, you know. Besides, I am afraid you will be tired first."

"Not at all improbable, my dear Jessie. I particularly dislike anything that approaches to a *grande passion*. I abominate a fuss, and somehow or other, an Englishwoman is never satisfied until she blunders into a little *ceneute*, that is, 'kicks up a shindy,'—a little sentiment in private and a great scandal in public."

"Now that is not my way, Nick."

"Yours—O no; you are the very essence of intrigue! I believe that if your husband could be here now, at this very instant, you would flirt with me before his face, throw me a kiss over his shoulder, and look your love into my heart, even while your head lay in his arms. Ha, ha, ha!"

"Well, it is true, Nick, I have not much sentimentality about me, and I don't want any more than I have. It is silly to love too much.

To love, indeed! 'Tis to give one's heart-strings for bell-ropes."

"I am quite of your opinion; so let me swear to it and kiss the book!"

While the guilty lovers were in this way dallying, Allan Wentworth, who at the first sight of his wife's infidelity had been crushed by the discovery, recovered his energy and gave way to his revenge. With glaring eyes, close-set teeth, and bated breath, he crouched in the shade of the bow window, and was concealed by the long branches of the drooping ash. Every breath, nay, every pulsation of the heart of his false wife was felt and heard by the excited nerves of the agitated husband. And when the guilty lips were pressed together in kisses, Allan, unable to remain a quiet spectator, rushed forward. Then there ensued a struggle—two pistol-shots in rapid succession—and Allan Wentworth strode between two bleeding bodies that lay upon the grass.

Allan Wentworth was quickly apprehended and examined, and committed to prison, to take his trial for the murder of Major Nicholas Shirkey, and for the attempt to murder Mrs. Wentworth. He availed himself of a legal form, and pleaded "not guilty." But in a manly and fearless defence he stated every circumstance as it occurred.—in the agony of a proud heart, he acknowledged his own love, his wife's treachery, and the punishment he had inflicted on her and her paramour. And when the verdict of "not guilty" was recorded amid the applause of a crowded court, Allan Wentworth laid his head upon the shoulder of a friend, and relieved his overburdened heart by tears.

"Captain Wentworth, I did not know you! How pale you look! Have you been ill again?"

"I have suffered much, Mr. Samuda, since I left Spain. But where is—how is Inez?"

A shade of sadness and sorrow passed over the countenance of the old Spanish merchant, as he replied: "Inez is in the convent."

"In a convent—and by your wish?"

"No. You know that my wish, nay, my hope, Wentworth, was that you would be her husband; and the knowledge that you were married, was a sad disappointment. Inez pined very much after you left Spain, and her confessor and her aunt the abbess, induced her to take the veil. At first she hesitated, and has consented only unwillingly."

Allan seated himself in the merchant's large easy-chair, and leaned his head upon his hand, as he said: "Then I am too late!"

"Too late, Wentworth! Too late for what?"

Allan looked into the old man's face and shook his head, as he said, sorrowfully:

"My friend, my dear, good, old friend, you look at me with kindly sorrow, because my countenance tells of suffering. But I have undergone more than lips or words can speak. A few months have pressed heavily upon my heart, and I am not the high-spirited Allan Wentworth you knew six months ago. Yet, such as I am, such as you see me, changed in person, with softened pride and humbled heart, I come here to ask—to ask Inez to be my wife."

"Your wife, Allan Wentworth! Where is Mrs. Wentworth?"

"Dead!"

The old Spaniard pressed Allan's hand warmly, and as he sat down at his side, said, in a low, compassionate tone:

"My poor young friend, Inez is to take the veil to-day. Already every initiatory ceremony has been completed, in an hour her life will be irrevocably vowed to Heaven."

"I will see the ceremony," Allan said.

"Come, then."

The long procession moved slowly through the stately aisles of the Abbey chapel. The voices of the choristers mingled with the sacred song of the nuns, and the perfumed incense rose in clouds from the golden censers. Inez walked slowly towards the altar, her thoughts in heaven, and her eyes on earth. She was passing Allan Wentworth at a distance of only a few feet, when during a pause in the music, and while only the performers in the religious rites were heard in the still silence of the groined arches, Allan said: "Inez!"

Inez started.

"Inez!"

Inez looked towards him.

"Inez, be my wife."

Inez threw back her veil.

"Inez, be my wife."

Inez screamed: "Allan Wentworth, my love, my husband!" and rushed into Allan's outstretched arms.

In a few minutes there was a little confusion, and for a few hours there was much wondering, and not a little argumentation. But the excitement gradually calmed, and a judicious application of part of Mr. Samuda's wealth satisfied the church. Allan's religion, as a good Catholic, smoothed some difficulties, and the influence of the abbess, the aunt of Inez, removed the rest. And should the reader visit Seville, he will find no wealthier merchant, where many are rich, no fairer lady, where all are lovely, and no happier couple than Allan and Inez Wentworth.

Prodigals are born of misers, and butterflies are born of grubs.

[ORIGINAL.]

## WHEN BACK ON THE WAVES.

BY JAMES KISTINE.

When back on the waves of our own placid bay  
We anchor, returning from far distant shores,  
How sweet is the billow's harmonious lay,  
That softly along on the evening air pours.

And on the cool saphyr that soars from the land,  
We scent the sweet fragrance of long-cherished flowers,  
That strow with their beauty the green sloping strand,  
And gem the bright paths of our dear native bowers.

[ORIGINAL.]

## MATTIE MILLIS AND HER BEAU:

— OR, —

## THE OLD FOLKS CONVINCED.

BY EMMA FRANCES POTTER.

"How strange it is that gals and boys take so kind of naturally to one another," soliloquized Dame Greg, as she unfolded a bundle of hemp cloth and began to stitch busily upon a frock-sleeve. "The very old possessed has got into our Mat," she continued, "since she has been stayed to by Will Tileston, and the good-for-nothing trollop has gone off now somewhere, and left these frocks just where she found them, not even sewed a gusset in, I declare! How things have changed since I was a gal! My old man—he was young then—and many's the time we've set and pared pumkins together, and never thought of sky-larkin' round *hether* and *yend*. Dear me, gals aint good for nothing now—"

"Hallo, Aunt Greg!" exclaimed young Tileston, coming up the path just at that moment, with the rosy-cheeked niece of the farmer.

"You're a good-for-nothing sneak-about," returned Aunt Greg. "Here I expected Mat to a helped me a sight on these frocks, and she shirked out of it just as slick as you please. I suppose she'd jump out of the garret winder to go anywhere with a bean."

"Who blames her?" asked the young man. "It is abominable, the idea of stitching such buckram as this,"—taking hold of the coarse cloth, which lay on Aunt Greg's lap. "Her delicate fingers revolt at such a task!" he continued, winking at the blushing Mat. "She must have a sewing-machine."

"Sewing-machine, hey? Delicate fingers, humph!" exclaimed Dame Greg, biting off with a nervous nip of her teeth the hempen thread which had knotted in her needle. "It's mighty pretty to have somebody to say such things for

you, but Mat knows better than to say it herself. The best sewing-machine is this,"—and the strong-minded woman took long sweeping stitches in the coarse cloth, and motioned with her head towards the gyrations she was effecting with her brawny hands. "And as for our Mat's hands being delicate, bless me, she can milk the ugliest cow in Christendom with them."

"You laugh and think I am in jest," replied young Tileston, "but there are such things as sewing-machines, and shirts and all kinds of clothing can be made much nicer and much quicker than by hand. And there's Farmer Greg, too, persists in sitting astride of that ridiculous shovel, to shell corn on its edge, when there are just the handiest cornshellers looking him in the face every time he goes to mill, through the window of the Union store. And the churn, too, that blisters Mattie's hands twice a week, is one of the old-style plagues that should have vanished with the May-flower."

"Much you know about it," replied Aunt Greg. "But there's any quantity of newspaper humbugs; my old man is continually reading them. I saw a declaration about a mill or machine where you could put in a live ox at one side, and out of the other side would come a pair of boots, two quarters of dressed beef, a quarto Bible and a trunk or two! O, you can't fool me with any of your nonsense!"

Tileston burst into a loud laugh at this denunciation of Aunt Greg's against all new inventions, but getting sober again he began to remonstrate with her.

"I am sure," he began, throwing his straw hat on the table and putting his hand into a basket of peas which Mattie was shelling, "Farmer Greg, although he ignores every new improvement for himself, laughs and thinks the working of neighbor Hallam's threshing-machine and cultivator is remarkable in the extreme, and he dare not call them humbugs. And I remember last winter, where one of the prettiest girls in Tileston made the red apples spin on a paring apparatus which a certain young fellow brought from town for the express purpose of making all you old fogies stare!"

Here Tileston stepped significantly on the toe of Mat's slipper, causing the pan containing the peas to slip from her lap, and the contents went spinning and popping over the floor.

"There, so much for not having your mind on your work!" said Mrs. Greg.

Mat and Tileston began to scrape up the peas with their hands, and Mrs. Greg stepped out to bring a brush with which to facilitate their work.

"No harm done," said Tileston. "But about

these new-fangled matters"—Mat and Will had been gradually approaching each other, and he now hastily gave her a kiss. Whether Aunt Greg saw this or not, we do not know, but certain it is, she came into the room very quickly, and laying down the brush, exclaimed:

"New-fangled indeed! If there were a few more new-fangled, bothering affairs like you around, there might be sewing, threshing and kissing too, done! Clear out, you young scamp, for Mat will never do a thing properly while you are round."

Seizing the frock she had been making, she attempted to strike the young man over the head with it; but he made his escape before she could reach him, and leaped over the garden fence, swinging his hat and exclaiming:

"Bravo! bravo! what do you think of threshing-machines, Mrs. Greg?"

Aunt Greg was not an ill-natured woman, and she could not forbear laughing at the nonchalance and mirth of the smart young Tileston.

"What a rattle brained fellow that Will Tileston is!" she exclaimed, as she returned to her sewing. "Means well enough, I suppose, but I can't bear to hear young folks talk like fools, when they know better."

This she said as a sort of excuse for her brusque method of getting rid of him, for she rather liked than otherwise both the gallantry and satire of this young beau of Mat's.

The red cheeked girl who had been the blushing witness of Dame Greg's agitation, put her head out of the window to look after the author of this controversy, who looked back every now and then to catch glimpses of Mattie Millis. From an earnest gaze the vague look of Mat passed into a sort of day-dream, in which, with her head resting on her hand, and her deep blue eyes fixed on the swaying vine on the garden wall opposite the old kitchen window, she imagined herself walking away among the sunny meadows on some Sunday afternoon, with another by her side who put his arm around her as he walked, and told her of the new white cottage next his father's, so cosy and so much the thing for a pretty young wife to live in. Then she saw in the swaying vine a neat bridal costume, and her uncle and aunt Greg, with go-to-meeting faces, bustling about the best room and talking of "acres and "selling out." Here, just as she was timidly imagining her own blushing reply to—"Wilt thou take this man to be thy lawful husband?"—Aunt Greg hit her a ringing slap on the shoulders, and accompanied it with:

"What upon earth has got into you, Mat?" I have been screaming this half hour! The po

boils over; go and see to it, you jade you, and don't let me catch you casting sheep's eyes at Tileston again!"

How instantly the day-dream of our heroine vanished, we have no authority to state; enough that when the old brass clock struck twelve, dimpling Mat was sent out to blow the horn for the people at work in the field, and awaited their coming to feast upon the vegetable dainties, which despite the boiling over of the kettle and the temper of Aunt Greg had been dished up on the farmer's table.

What the reflections of young Tileston were, as he walked towards the bars which separated his father's fields from the pasture of Farmer Greg we cannot define, but by his repeated backward glances at the farm-house, just visible among the trees, one might at once conclude that the late adventure in the cottage kitchen had enhanced the blooming Mattie in his opinion, and made him, too, guilty of a day-dream in which the white cottage on the hill was one prominent landmark, and this formed itself into a determination to go more earnestly to work upon the affections of Miss Millis.

The first point to be gained was over the wilful guardian, Aunt Greg. The scene which had transpired within the last hour was fresh in his mind. Farmer Greg was ploughing in the field directly before him, and as Tileston watched the awkward and laborious exertions of the old foggy farmer, he exclaimed:

"Old fool! he thinks he must tread in the exact footsteps of his ancestors, but I will prove to him and to his wilful dame that they are behind the times—and I can be working after Mat all the time."

With this for the capital letter of his future, Will Tileston got down off the bar, and bringing his hand down on his knee with a "Good!" (thought aloud), he walked into his father's house.

"Sprucing up, eh? Where on earth are you going now, Mat?" exclaimed Dame Greg, as she stooped to pick up the threads from the striped carpet.

"Not anywhere, aunt," replied the blushing Mat.

"Then I suppose Mr. What's-his-name's expected here. I hope the goosehead will know enough to go away in some sort of time. That's all the candle you can have anyway, so make much of it."

Mat, who had been making water-curles around her dimpled face, turned around upon the insinuating woman, who was holding the door open to aggravate her niece.

"There, there," she exclaimed through the crack, "that will do—that will suit him, just the Tileston curl exactly. What tarnal proud critters gals are now-a-days," she muttered, as she closed the door.

The pleasant voice of young Tileston, just ushered in by Mat, caught the ear of Aunt Greg, and after lingering a moment to lay aside her apron, she once more found herself *vis-a-vis* with the arch-looking Will Tileston.

"Have you thought anything more about our scheme?" was the first salutation. "Let me see, where did we leave off? Any new humbug come to light, Aunt Greg?"

The farmer's wife burst into a laugh, as the young man set her a chair, and she made a rather evasive answer, to which he replied:

"Are you any more open to conviction than heretofore? How is it about the frocks—all done, Mattie?"

"But you was in fun, wasn't you, Will?" asked Mat, taking the tongs to adjust a brand in the fireplace. "There isn't any such thing as a sewing-machine is there?"

"Certainly. And were you disposed, you could count every stitch in a shirt, and make three or four of them in a day, for all I know. Why, Mat, this is the age of progress. We who live away up here in the country don't realize what's going on in the world, but the day is coming for Tileston yet. Old Farmer Greg will be ashamed yet to be seen astride of the peel shelling corn. And I'll wager Aunt Greg the most shining silk dress in the City of Notions, that before the end of two years, much as she has laughed at me, that the old mill-brook beyond Greg's Hill will be bridged by a mill of some sort, and that the hemp frocks in this very kitchen will be stitched by the questionable humbug, and that—but I won't say what now."

"Well, I want to know if you really mean it?" asked Aunt Greg. "Now do tell us all about it. You're the first person I ever heard speak about this in earnest."

Will now had to turn the laugh on to Aunt Greg, who became confused and out of patience, and finally left the room.

"Ahem!" ejaculated Tileston. "I was going to say furthermore, that my little Mattie Millis would be the mistress of a certain little cottage beyond the mill, and Will Tileston would be on the door-plate."

"Hush!" breathed Mat, half-afraid, turning a hurried look towards the door, and allowing Tileston to press her hand as she did so.

"I've a notion," commenced Tileston again, "of my own, of building up myself and Tileston.



The old man has got plenty of funds, I am his only son, and you are the only heir of your uncle. Now, Mat, ahem, ahem—" (Tileston had a strong phthisic affection of the throat just then.) However, after turning about, going to the window, and then re-seating himself just as he was before, he leaned his head towards Mat, who was making a cat's-cradle of her apron-strings, and whispered, "Mat, do you love me?"

Whether there was a sudden reviving of the flickering of the embers on the hearth, or a last effort of the dying candle to illumine her answer, was indeterminate. But certain it was, that there was a fire-red glow upon a certain fair face, and a "No you don't," from the rosy mouth which Will Tileston took the liberty at that moment to taste of.

"But I am in earnest, Mat. I am a man now, two-and-twenty last Monday week. You know the cottage down by the mill—that's mine, when I've a mind to settle down. If you and I can agree, and can bring the old folks to agree with us, I will make the old mill-pond soon ring with the mallet and hammer. Tell me quick, Mattie, do you love me?"

Mat had at this juncture escaped from the room to replenish the fire and the candle, and coming laughingly along, with an apron full of cobs to serve as fuel and light too (Aunt Greg having prohibited another candle), Tileston extended his arm to force her into acquiescence, she dropped her apron accidentally into the fire, and in a moment her whole dress was in a blaze. Tileston screamed with affright, and Aunt Greg and her spouse, both in their *robes de nuit*, rushed into the room to find Mat gasping in the arms of Will Tileston, who was showing his solicitude in every imaginable way. Uncle Greg was startled at this phase in affairs, never having known the particular penchant of young Tileston for his niece. Though Aunt Greg frowned at first, and then after Mat had been taken to her room, more scared than hurt, she sought the apartment where her spouse and Will Tileston were discussing the delicate theme of marrying Mattie Millis.

"Marrying!" broke in Aunt Greg, "why, the child haint knit her own stockings only this year—you are crazy, Mr. Greg!"

"But you shall have a sewing-machine to help you," broke in young Tileston, "the very first one there will be in town. I will warrant your conviction when you see the beauty of its motions; its humming will be sweeter than was ever Mat's voice. She has been rather a troublesome sewing-machine, I suppose. How is it with Uncle Greg's frock sleeves, any gussets to them yet?"

The dame was rather affronted at first, but seeing a broad grin on the face of the old farmer, she thought better of her ill-nature, and replied:

"Well, I've nothing to say about it. She's the old man's relation instead of mine, he can say what he pleases." It is useless to detail any more about the stratagem of young Tileston, of the illness of Mattie Millis; enough that the old farmer did not say no, and the old rail fence that marked the boundary around the mill-pond on Greg's Hill, disappeared in a few weeks, and the echoes in that vicinity were aroused by the creaking of timber and hewing of stone, and a lofty building soon rose to view, with the sign, "Tileston & Co., Tool Factory," on the very sight where Tileston and Mat had trysted time and again, and talked of the white cottage, in which was in reality settled another Tileston & Co.

In the farmer's kitchen, beside the same window where the first scene of this sketch was laid, about two years after might have been seen Aunt Greg stitching a hemp frock on one of those disputed sewing-machines, while a blue-eyed, curly-haired youngster was crawling upon the carved work beneath, and incommoding Aunt Greg's busy foot, she reprimanded him with:

"Take care, Willie, aunty can't sew."

Farmer Greg's hired man was hitching the oxen to a new-fangled concern called a cultivator, just as the old farmer drove up with the long wagon, and called him to help lift out another of the silly notions of Will Tileston, destined to supercede the old shovel in shelling corn. Meanwhile the old man muttered to himself:

"Corn is worth a dollar a bushel! The rats gnawed into the cornhouse, last winter and carried off half my crop; this ere machine will fill my bags, and when the crop is turned into cash, 'twill fix the vermin. But then, when I think how things are changed, I can't believe my eyes. That scamp of a Tileston that carried off our Mat, how he laughed at me one day when he saw my corn-sheller—but then he's a mighty smart fellow, and I have never begrudged Mat her setting out."

#### LOVE.

True love's the gift which God has given  
To man alone beneath the heaven.

It is the secret sympathy,  
The silver link, the silken tie,  
Which heart to heart, and mind to mind,  
In body and in soul can bind.—WALTER SCOTT.

Wisdom is wealth; but if there was no other wealth than the wealth of wisdom, the world would be shockingly poor.

[ORIGINAL.]

## GONE BEFORE.

BY MRS. B. B. EDSON.

It is very lonely now, darling,  
 Since that quiet autumn eve,  
 When you meekly folded your loving hands,  
 And told us not to grieve;  
 For though o'er the light of our earthly love  
 The shadows were settling down,  
 You saw on the bright, the further shore,  
 The gleam of the promised crown.

You asked me to think in the coming years,  
 Mid the toils and the cares of life,  
 Of her who had been ten happy years  
 Your loved and loving wife;  
 And when the pang of this parting hour  
 Should be dulled by the lapse of years,  
 And the quiet joy and the old-time smile  
 Have taken the place of tears;

When the grief that is surging so wildly now  
 Shall be changed to a quiet flow,  
 I know you will never quite forget  
 The loved one of long ago;

And when the fair shores of the better land  
 Shall break on your fading sight,  
 You will know I only went before,  
 To make it more homelike and bright.

Dear heart, the sweet home of rest above  
 Grows nearer since thou art there,  
 And all defects of doubt and fear  
 Are vanishing into air;  
 And the sullen surge from the unknown shore,  
 So vague and undefined,  
 Is parted now by the golden wake  
 Your love has left behind!

And I think, with the thrill that the mariner feels,  
 Who has been long and long away,  
 When he sees the blue hills and the headlands rise  
 Through the mists of the opening day,  
 That a few more weary leagues of space,  
 And a few more lagging hours,  
 Shall bring me safe where the swinging lamps  
 Hang down from the pearly towers!

[ORIGINAL.]

## A NIGHT OF TERROR.

BY JOHN B. WILLIAMS, M. D.

I SHALL never forget to the last day of my life, my emotions of joy when I was called up, on the evening of the Commencement of the University Medical College, in the city of New York, to receive my diploma authorizing me to practise as a physician. The idea of being able hereafter to write John Merrifield with M. D. after my name, was a sufficient reward for all my hard study; and I remember the next day I did nothing else but write it on a piece of paper to see

how it would look. This vanity is perhaps pardonable, when it is remembered that for three years I had been looking forward to that happy day; that it was the end of all my ambition; that for this privilege I had burned the midnight oil; and that I looked upon it as a stepping-stone to a respectable position in the world, if not to fortune and renown. I little knew the trials and difficulties a young physician has to undergo to gain even a moderate competence; but I suppose I expected that I should jump into practice at once, and rich patients, large fees and successful cures formed the staple of my thoughts.

I determined that I would settle in the city, as affording me a larger scope where to exercise the abilities I thought I possessed. The very next day I hired a suitable office in Bleeker Street, fixed my "shingle," in all the glory of gold letters on a black ground, to the side of the house, furnished my apartment in a very moderate style, and then sat down in my office to wait for patients.

And I had to wait days, weeks, nay, even months elapsed, and no patients came. My small means were slowly dwindling away, and I saw no prospect of time effecting any improvement in my circumstances. I began to despair, and resolved several times that I would give up my profession and seek some other employment, which would at least afford me a means of support. At last I came to a fixed resolution on the subject, and determined that if another week did not bring me a patient, I would at once take down my sign, scratch out M. D. from my name, and endeavor to procure a situation as clerk in a drug-store, for which position my previous education qualified me.

Six days passed, and not a soul came; the seventh (it was Sunday, how well I remember it!) dawned. It was a bitter cold day in March, and the streets were covered to some depth with snow. I advanced to my office-window and gazed listlessly into the street. It looked so hopelessly cheerless outside that it struck a chill into my heart, and I sat down in my "Boston rocker" utterly dispirited. I attempted to read, but the words swam before my eyes and I threw down the book. I could only gaze into the fire, and endeavor to read my future fate in the glowing coals.

I might have been thus occupied an hour or more, when I was aroused by a violent ring at my office-bell. At first I thought it was only my imagination, and rubbed my eyes to see if I had not been dozing. A second ring, even more violent than the first, caused me, however, to start to my feet. I ran to the door and opened

it, and found standing there a young girl about seventeen or eighteen years of age. The passage was rather dark, so I could not see her features well.

• "Does Doctor Merrifield live here?" she asked, in a sweetly musical voice.

"I am Doctor Merrifield," I replied.

"Would you be kind enough to come and see my father, sir? He is very sick, and wishes you to come immediately."

At last, my first patient had come!

"Where does your father live?" I tremblingly asked.

"He lives in the Third Avenue, near Sixteenth Street. I will accompany you, if you have no objection. You might not find the house, as there is no number on the door. I have a hack at the door."

To put on my hat and overcoat was the occupation of but a moment, and in another minute I found myself seated by the side of the young girl in the hack. It was only then that I had an opportunity of seeing her features, and I was immediately struck with her extreme beauty. As I have before said, she was about eighteen years of age. She was above the medium height, and her features were faultlessly regular. Her hair was bright auburn, her eyes dark blue, and her long eyelashes gave that dreamy expression to her face so charming in woman. She evidently possessed a fine mind, for her forehead was lofty, and her actions and motions showed that she had been endowed with a refined education.

We spoke but little while in the carriage. She answered my interrogations as to her father's symptoms, with an eagerness which showed that her whole thoughts were centred in him, and perceiving her pre-occupation, I did not attempt to discuss any other subject.

At last we stopped before the door of her father's house, and I descended from the vehicle and having assisted the young lady to alight, I glanced at the building in which my first patient resided. It was a substantial-looking edifice, standing a little back from the street, and everything around it betokened easy circumstances, if not wealth. The young lady led the way, and in answer to her summons at the front door, it was speedily opened, and we entered a spacious hall. Requesting me to remain in the parlor for a moment or two, my fair companion tripped nimbly up stairs.

While she was gone I had an opportunity of examining the apartment. It was elegantly furnished, and gave the same evidence of more than a moderate income which the exterior did. The walls were decorated with handsome oil

paintings, and from the large number of sea-subjects, I judged that my patient had been a sailor. While I was examining the pictures, the young lady re-entered the room and informed me that her father, Captain Linton, was ready to receive me. Escorted by Miss Linton, I ascended the stairs and was shown into the captain's bedroom. The bed on which my patient reclined was at the further end of the chamber. The moment I entered, he stretched out his hand, and I took my place by his side.

He was an elderly man, and at first glance did not appear to be very sick. His face was full, and excepting an anxious expression to be traced on it, bore evidence of good health. The moment, however, that I placed my fingers on his pulse, I discovered the secret of his malady, for it was intermittent. I knew even before examination, that he was suffering from organic disease of the heart. He answered all my questions calmly and to the point. After an interview of about half an hour, I prescribed a sedative and returned to my office.

The next day I visited him again and found that he was something better. I conversed with him longer than I had done the first day, and found him to be a highly intelligent man, full of anecdote and valuable information. It was as I had previously supposed; he had followed the sea as a profession, and had been the captain of a privateer during the war of 1812. He had taken many valuable prizes, and from his successful career had amassed quite a fortune.

I need not dwell on this part of my history; suffice it to say that I attended Captain Linton for three weeks. During this time I had frequent opportunities of seeing his daughter, and my acquaintance with her only served to increase the favorable opinion I had entertained on our first interview. She was a charming girl, full of grace, gentleness, and what the French call *esprit*. It was, therefore, with no small degree of pleasure that I heard Captain Linton, when he was able to dispense with my professional services, request me to drop in now and then and pay them a friendly visit. Helen Linton had frequently when I was alone with her, asked me my opinion of her father's condition. Without wishing to alarm her seriously, I thought it my duty to intimate in pretty plain language that his heart was organically diseased, and that he might be taken away at any moment. She heard my opinion with tears in her eyes, and begged that I would do everything in my power to persuade him to follow a strict regimen. This I promised to do, and really think my advice had some weight with the hardy old seaman, for I noticed

on subsequent visits that he indulged much less in stimulants than he used to do.

I do not know how the feeling crept on me, or what fostered its birth, but I seemed as it were to find myself suddenly in love with Helen Linton. I suppose it was the thorough awakening of my mind to all her noble qualities, that caused me to draw the conclusion that she would make me an excellent wife. Be that as it may, I found myself visiting there every night, and really looked upon myself as one of the family. Helen always received me with *empressment*, and yet I could not tell whether she simply viewed me in the light of a dear friend, or entertained any tenderer feelings in her heart.

One day, however, I determined to know my fate, and taking advantage of her father's absence, I poured into her ear a flood of impassioned eloquence which proceeded from my heart. I had the supreme happiness of imprinting on her lips the seal of an accepted lover. That same evening I asked her hand of the captain, when he returned home. The only reply he made was to place her hand in mine and repeat a prayer for our happiness. I shall not attempt to paint our joy. It was decided that in a month from that time we should be married. Since my first attendance on Captain Linton, patients began to drop in, and I was getting together quite a good practice.

Three weeks passed on, and the preparations for our wedding were all completed, when I suddenly received a message from Helen, begging me to come immediately, as her father was very sick. I obeyed the summons, but before I got to the house he was dead! Instead of a wedding we had a funeral. Helen was terribly affected by her father's death. Of course our wedding was postponed, and it was decided that she should go and spend a few months with an uncle who lived at a small village called Industry, on the banks of the Ohio. Our parting was an affecting one, but we were cheered by the hope of soon meeting again; for it was agreed between us that after she had been visiting there a month, I should go and see her.

She had been gone about a week, when to my great surprise and consternation, I received a letter from her uncle, Mr. Henry Linton, stating that she had not arrived at his house, and begging some explanation of the delay, at the same time expressing a hope that it was not occasioned by sickness. I did not think it necessary to answer this letter, for I determined at once to go on. I made a hasty arrangement with a fellow-practitioner to attend to my patients during my absence, and that same evening I procured a through

ticket to Wheeling, and in a few hours had left New York far behind.

When I reached Wheeling I made the necessary inquiries at the various hotels, and succeeded in tracing Helen there. I also discovered that she had taken passage in a boat to Wellsville. To this last place I hastened with all the celerity I was capable of exercising. Here, however, I lost all trace of her, and nothing was left for me but to go on to Industry, for I thought that perhaps she might have arrived at her relative's house since the latter had been despatched to New York.

When I reached Mr. Linton's house, I found to my consternation that she had not been heard of. Her uncle was extremely surprised to learn that she had left New York, for he had supposed something had detained her. He immediately despatched messengers in every direction to search for her. I would have accompanied them, but I was physically unable to do so, for I was so thoroughly exhausted that I could scarcely stand. Mr. Linton insisted on my resting for the night. Much against my inclination I was compelled to comply with his request.

I woke early the next morning, very much refreshed, and hurrying on my clothes descended into the garden, where, through the window, I saw my host walking up and down one of the paths in an agitated manner.

"Good morning, doctor," he said, "as soon as he saw me. "I suppose you are off again."

"Yes. I will search the earth through but I will find her."

"God grant you may be successful!"

"You speak doubtfully—you cannot think anything serious has befallen Helen."

"I hope not—I trust not, but we live in strange times."

There was something so peculiar in the tone in which he spoke, that I gazed earnestly at the speaker.

"You are alarmed and agitated," I exclaimed.

"Tell me what it is you fear."

"Doctor, I ought to tell you, and yet I am afraid of exciting your fears needlessly, but on reflection, it is perhaps better that you should know all."

"You do indeed alarm me. You have heard some bad news. Speak, I conjure you."

"No, I have heard no bad news, I have heard nothing at all of Helen. But, doctor, there is something very mysterious transpiring in our neighborhood. No less than four or five of our best citizens and several strangers have suddenly disappeared from our midst, and nothing more has been heard of them, and all this within six months."

"But have they been sought for, and is it certain they did not leave of their own free will?"

"If only one or two had disappeared, that would be a very just suspicion, but it is impossible that five respectable farmers and merchants would desert their wives and children, as these men have done. You ask me if search has been made for them. The most minute and careful search has been instituted; in fact, the whole country has been scoured for miles, but not the slightest trace of the missing individuals could be found."

"How strange! What is supposed to have become of them?"

"Heaven only knows! There are a hundred rumors afloat, but nothing reliable in any of them. The thought struck me this morning that perhaps Helen may have disappeared in this manner."

"That is scarcely possible," I returned—at the same time I felt a chill strike my heart. "Surely no one would harm a young girl. Your suspicions will, however, stimulate me to fresh exertions. Is there any particular locality where these people who have disappeared were last seen or heard of?"

"As I before told you, these parties who disappeared were farmers, and most of them were returning from Rochester, a town eight miles from here, where they had been to dispose of their produce. They were traced to Rochester, where they did their business, and were then traced out of that town; then all further clue was lost."

"It is certain then, that the ambuscade, or whatever may be the cause of their disappearance, lies between Rochester and Industry?"

"So it would seem, but every foot of ground has been thoroughly explored without any success at all."

A domestic now came to inform us that breakfast was ready. After a hurried meal, I jumped on the back of a horse which I borrowed from Mr. Linton, and determined that I would explore for myself the road between Industry and Rochester.

It was a beautiful spring morning, and in spite of my anxiety, I could not help noticing the charming country through which I passed. On one side of me was the silvery Ohio, flashing and sparkling in the beams of the morning sun, as if it were greeting its bride. The trees were musical with birds, and covered with the bright green verdure which they assume in the spring of the year. While I was pursuing my journey, I could not help thinking on all I had heard, and the more I reflected on it, the more extraordinary it

appeared; at the same time it did not seem to me to be at all probable that Helen had shared the same fate, whatever it might be.

It was while indulging in these thoughts that I reached Rochester. I visited every portion of the town, but could not learn that any one answering to Helen's description had been seen there. It was night by the time I had concluded my search, and I must own my mind was considerably relieved that I had heard nothing of Helen—for the conversation I had with some of the inhabitants of the town, only served to confirm all that Mr. Linton had told me.

It was quite dark when I left Rochester for Industry, but as I had only eight miles to travel I set off at a gallop, expecting to reach the latter place in less than an hour. I had, however, not proceeded more than two or three miles, when my horse fell suddenly lame, and I found that he could proceed no further. I dismounted, and leading him by the bridle, walked for half a mile, when I came to a large inn or tavern, which I had noticed in the morning when I passed along the road.

It was now about ten o'clock, and I determined I would leave my horse there for the night and try and procure another animal from the landlord, which would convey me to my destination. I advanced to the door of the inn, and knocked loudly. Although I could see a light burning in the interior, no reply was made to my summons. I knocked again more loudly than at first, and after a minute or two the bolts were withdrawn, and a man appeared. I made known my request to him; he informed me that he could not let me have another horse, but that I could sleep there until the morning, when a stage would pass the house.

I debated a minute or two in my own mind as to what was best to be done. It was late, and I knew that Mr. Linton would scarcely expect me at that hour, and the idea of walking five or six miles on a road concerning which such terrible stories were rife, was by no means an agreeable one. Not that I felt afraid, for I had taken the precaution to arm myself with a revolver. I finally made up my mind to accept the landlord's offer, and consigning my horse to his care, I entered the house and made my way to the parlor, where I found a woman seated by the fire, whom I afterwards learned was the landlord's wife. I sat down after making a few general remarks, and was soon rejoined by the landlord.

He was a strong, healthy-looking man, with a remarkable mild face and pleasant smile, the very impersonation of a jolly host. His wife was also a very fine-looking woman, with an excellent ex-

pression of countenance. I felt perfectly at home in a minute, and we conversed on a hundred different topics.

"By-the-by," said I, after a pause in our conversation, "the road between here and Industry bears a bad reputation, if I am to believe all the reports concerning it."

"You may well say reports, sir," said the host of the White Swan. "The fact is, I don't believe there is a word of truth in the matter. I have lived on this road now going on twenty-two years, and I never saw anything wrong here. It's my belief that the first man who disappeared went out West, and anybody that wants to leave takes advantage of the excitement, and by this means conceals his flight."

"That supposition is very reasonable," I returned; "but I am informed the men who have disappeared were all of the highest respectability."

"That may be, sir, but there's no fathoming the human heart—a man may lead a seemingly virtuous life, and yet in his heart may be everything that is bad. What makes me think that my supposition in this matter is a correct one, is the fact that a man was here the other day and stated to me that he had seen one of the missing men in Wisconsin."

"If that is the case, it certainly goes far to explain the mystery. It is a pity the fact is not made public and positive proof adduced; it would tend to disabuse the public mind."

"If the truth could be made manifest, it would do me a great deal of good, for I assure you, sir, since these reports have been circulated, my business has suffered terribly. Formerly my house used to be always full, now scarcely anybody visits it. If it were not for what I make at my business as a carpenter, we should starve."

We prolonged the conversation for some time longer, when I expressed a wish to retire to bed. I noticed for the first time a peculiar glance pass between the man and the woman, which afterwards returned with terrible significance to my mind, but at the time I paid but little heed to it.

"The white room," suggested the landlord's wife.

"No, the red room," returned the landlord, knitting his brows—which action had the effect of silencing her, for she offered no further objection.

The landlord handed me a lamp and ushered me into my chamber. It was a large, old-fashioned apartment, with a high ceiling and polished floor, for strange to say, it was without a shred of carpet or matting to cover it. The bed was a heavy four-poster, with thick red curtains drawn close all round it. The furniture in the room

was old but strong and substantial, and the walls were covered with several large sporting prints. The landlord bade me good night and left me to my own reflections.

When he had gone, I went to the window and looked out on the night. A glorious sight met my gaze. The moon was at its full, and rode through the heavens in all the majesty of its solitary splendor. Through the trees I could see the waters of the Ohio flashing in the moonlight. I put out the light that I might better enjoy the scene, and fastening the curtains back, seated myself close to the casement, and supporting my head with my hand, delivered myself up to my own reflections.

In what I have written, I have dwelt but little on the condition of my own feelings since Helen had been lost, but the reader must not imagine on that account that I did not feel this trial poignantly. It was now, especially as I gazed on the beautiful scene before me, that the recollection of her glorious character, of her noble heart, of her devotion, all came back in a flood to my heart, and unmanly though it may seem, the tears coursed each other down my cheeks. Although her disappearance was most mysterious, I could not bring myself to believe that any accident had befallen her. I thought that perhaps, instead of getting off the boat at Wellsville, she might, through accident, have gone on to Pittsburgh, and be detained there from some unavoidable cause.

It was while plunged in the midst of these reflections, that I distinctly heard a stealthy step on the stairs, and almost directly afterwards the door opened gently, and the landlord's wife put her head in.

"Did you want anything?" I asked, rising up in a standing posture.

"We thought you called," said the woman, withdrawing her head.

"No," I returned, "you are mistaken, I did not call. I want nothing."

"I beg your pardon, sir. Good night."

"Good night."

And the woman closed the door, and left me alone again. It was now that suspicion began to creep into my mind. There was something very strange in this woman's visit to my apartment. I could not believe that they thought I had called. The night was too still and calm to admit the possibility of such a mistake. Then recurred to my mind the look which had passed between them when I expressed a wish to be shown to my chamber. Still, my suspicions took no tangible shape, but only determined me to keep all my senses about me. The thought cer-

tainly did strike me once or twice that perhaps this innkeeper might have something to do with the mysterious disappearances, but when I remembered his honest face, I repelled the idea as being most chimerical. After a little time, I dismissed the subject from my thoughts, and resumed my occupation of gazing on the silver river.

One sense I possess in a very acute degree, namely, the faculty of hearing. Ever since I was a boy I have been able to distinguish sounds, while to the majority of persons a complete silence reigns. I suddenly became conscious that some one was listening at my chamber door. It may be that I was more on the alert than usual. My plan was immediately formed. It was evident that for some purpose or other, the worthy host and his wife wished me in bed, so without making any preparation whatever, I threw myself dressed as I was, on the bed. I was immediately conscious that the person left the door, retreating down stairs.

It was now my turn to exercise a little diplomacy, for I was by this time assured that there was something very unusual in all this. I rose quietly from the bed and concealed myself in the folds of the window-curtains, determined to watch and wait. I remained in this position for at least half an hour, without a single sound reaching my ear, and was about to go to bed in good earnest, when I heard the clanking of iron in the room immediately underneath the one I occupied. It was very faint and resembled, as near as I could tell, the hooking of one iron chain to another. I now felt certain that something extraordinary was about to occur. Another long pause, however, followed. It might have been perhaps half an hour, when happening to turn my eyes in the direction of the bed (on which the moon was shining), I saw the top of it oscillate, and then, to my intense surprise, it began to sink slowly through the floor, a large trap-door having opened for that purpose.

More determined than ever to penetrate this mystery—for I was now satisfied that the mysterious disappearances were in a fair way of being explained—I stole gently forward, and before the bed had wholly disappeared, I had clung firmly to one of the bed-posts, the bed-curtains concealing me from a casual observer.

The bedstead continued to descend so gently and slowly that its motion was scarcely perceptible, and I am certain had I been asleep, I should not have felt it. I was not aware at the time how far we went, but it seemed to me to be a considerable depth. At last the motion ceased, and I watched with some anxiety to see what was

next to be done. I had not to wait long, for suddenly a heavy iron plate, which appeared to come out of the top of the bed, fell with tremendous force on the bed itself. It is certain if I had been lying there, I should have been instantly killed. As it was, I was shaken from my hold and fell on damp earth. I was not hurt, however, and was immediately aware that I must be in a species of cellar, or cave, from the softness of the ground. I rose on my feet, and endeavored to penetrate the darkness which surrounded me, but I was unable to see a single ray of light.

I groped my way along an uneven wall, until at last I came to a round projection. Passing round this by the aid of my hands, I saw the glimmering of a light which proceeded from an opening in this subterranean chamber, for such it proved to be. I cautiously advanced to this opening and glanced through it, and who should I see there but the landlord and his wife! They were conversing together, and their voices distinctly reached my ear.

"I suppose his business is finished by this time," said the landlord.

"Have you let down the iron plate?"

"Certainly, two or three minutes ago. It kills very surely, that's one comfort."

"John, I wish you had saved this stranger's life," said his wife.

"Why so?"

"Well, we've shed blood enough."

"Pshaw, you're growing squeamish!"

"Do you think he had much money about him?"

"I don't know, but he has a splendid gold watch, and that's something."

At that moment their conversation was interrupted by a scream so loud that it seemed to shake the very ground. Every particle of blood receded from my heart, for I thought I recognized the voice.

"There's that girl screaming again," said the landlord of the inn. "If it had not been for you, I would have settled her business long ago—but you have dissuaded me from it. I tell you what, though, she shall die to-night."

"No, John, don't murder that poor girl."

"What will you do with her?"

"I don't know yet—but let her live."

"No, she must die!"

"John, you must not—cannot kill her."

"But I will though—and this very minute, too!"

"You shall not—you shall not!"

"Hold your tongue, wretch!" exclaimed the landlord.

"I say, John, I will not allow you to kill her

"You will not, hey? Take that for your trouble then."

And I heard the villain give her a blow which evidently felled her to the ground, for she was silent after it.

I now saw the innkeeper, with a bowie-knife between his teeth, stealthily leave the cell, and with a candle in his hand, direct his steps towards the further end of the cavern, where I saw, by the rays of the candle, a circular projection similar to the one he had just left. His fearful purpose was only too apparent. I followed, close to his heels, the soft ground preventing my footsteps being heard.

Another thrilling and heart-rending shriek reached my ears. My only wonder now is, that I did not seize the assassin there and then. But I suppose I was afraid I should never be able to find Helen in that accursed place, unless guided to her place of confinement; at all events, I thought it better to allow him to proceed. He unlocked a grated door and entered a dismal-looking cell. I glided in after him, and saw my beloved girl bound hand and foot to an iron bedstead.

"Young girl," said the villain, as he entered, "I will give you two minutes to say your prayers in—you must die!"

"O, spare me—spare me!" shrieked Helen. "O, John, John, why are you not here to protect me?"

"I am here!" I exclaimed, seizing the villain by the throat, and almost choking the life out of him.

The moment he saw me, he was completely paralyzed, for I suppose he thought I was some one risen from the dead. I bound him hand and foot, and then proceeded to release Helen. I shall not attempt to describe our meeting, for any words I might use would but feebly portray the delights of us both. The cause of her appearance there was explained in a few words. By some mistake, she was landed at Rochester instead of Wellsville, and on inquiring on the wharf the way to Industry, he told her that he was going there and would take her to the stage. This man was no other than the landlord of the inn, and he conveyed her and all her luggage to his dwelling and confined her, as the readers have seen, in the cell underground. His sole motive appeared to have been plunder. He would doubtless, however, have murdered her at once, had it not been for his wife, who had not yet lost every particle of humanity from her heart.

I locked the villain up in the cell where Helen had been so lately confined, and then went to where his wife was lying, still insensible. I found

in this apartment a winding staircase, which led to rooms up stairs. I carried the landlord's wife up these stairs and confined her in a bedroom, and then, accompanied by Helen, as soon as it was light, we returned to Rochester.

In a few hours both the man and his wife were in custody, and they were tried a few months afterwards. They attempted no defence, for the remains of all the missing men were found, and the proof was overwhelming. The man was hung and the woman sent to State Prison for life.

The inn, until it was burnt down a year or two ago, was a place of great curiosity, and the proprietor of it reaped a handsome fortune from showing its mysteries. It appeared that the criminal, who, as the reader knows, was a carpenter by business, possessed great mechanical skill, and began the alterations in his house more for his own amusement than for any evil design, but when he had finished them, the thought struck him that he might make them subserve his own private purposes. One thing led on to another, and the first crime committed, all remorse was stifled and he plunged boldly and deeply into every description of iniquity. The mechanical contrivances were perfect, and defied ordinary penetration to discover them. There was no other outlet to the cave, excepting through the lower floor of the dwelling, and the trap-door was so ingeniously concealed, that when the secret was known, but few could distinguish the spot where it opened.

I will not attempt to paint Mr. Linton's joy when I confided his niece to his care. His advice to us was to be married immediately. We were of the same opinion, and before I returned to New York, I called Helen by the endearing name of wife.

#### DOMESTIC LIFE.

How sweet is it when the heart expands and the mind kindles by reciprocated kindness and knowledge. And sweeter far in domestic life is it to rest the wearied heart and mind on the chastened expression of sympathy, lighting up the well-known and beloved countenance of one who has often treated our sorrows with compassion, returned long-suffering to our tryingsness, and shown enduring fidelity in our burdens—endeared to us like a gallant ship, which, though the gloss of its new paint and rigging may be worn less bright, yet in its very scars marks the tenacity with which its anchors have held, and its rudder answered the helmsman, through many a tempest.—*Mrs. Schimmelpenninck*

#### TRUTH.

Truth is a heavenly principle—a light,  
Whose beams will ever guide the willing right:  
A fixed star—a spotless, central sun  
In the mind's heaven—unchangeable and one



[ORIGINAL.]  
SONG.

BY J. WAKEFIELD.

Had I as a stranger met thee,  
Had we parted as we met,  
It were easy to forget thee—  
Now, I never can forget!

Till my pulse has ceased its beating,  
Till my heart lies still and cold,  
Memory shall be found repeating  
That one name, so dear of old.

But while memory tells me of thee,  
Breathes that treacherous name of thine,  
I can neither hate nor love thee—  
Would that love or hate were mine!

I would love thee had I never  
Learned the treachery of thy heart;  
I could hate thee hadst thou ever  
Been to me what now thou art.

Once I loved thee and believed thee,  
In my blind idolatry;  
But thy serpent-tongue deceived me:  
O, 'twas cruel—such from thee!

Then, farewell!—the word is spoken,  
And we must forever part;  
All the dearest ties are broken  
Which should bind thee to my heart.

[ORIGINAL.]

THE STOLEN GOLD PIECE.

BY ISABELLA BELL.

At twelve years of age Walter Stevens became an orphan, and was thrown homeless, penniless and friendless upon the cold, wicked world. But God never forsakes his children in their hour of need. A friend was raised up for him in the person of Mr. Hall, whose kind heart was moved with compassion at the sight of the sorrowing, destitute boy, and he took him home, and gave him employment in his store. It was an act of pure disinterested benevolence, for he did not need his services; he was a man in moderate circumstances, doing a small business, and he and his clerk could perform with ease all that there was to do. But the boy was penniless, with no place to lay his head, and acting upon the basis of a broad Christian love, he brought the child to his own house, and made him a member of his family; and this was not all, he sent him to school a portion of the year, instructed him evenings, and gave him all the advantages his limited income would allow. Mrs. Hall, too, like a true woman as she was, entered

into all her husband's views, and seconded all his plans for the benefit of the young orphan.

Walter Stevens had been with Mr. Hall two years at the time our story commences, and had proved himself a smart, active, hard-working lad, thoroughly devoted to the interests of his benefactors; for Mr. and Mrs. Hall, his affections and gratitude were unbounded, and they in their turn reposed in him the highest confidence and regard.

"Walter," said Mr. Hall, as he stood with his hat in hand, ready to leave for his place of business—"you need not come to the store for two hours. It is so stormy this morning there will be but few customers in, and Henry and I can attend to them well enough without you, so you may have the time to devote to your studies." And then turning to his wife who was just then passing through the room with some books in her hand, which she was going up stairs to deposit—he added: "Mr. Williams, the tailor will call here this morning, to bring some clothes he has been making for me, and I should like to have you pay him—here is the money;" saying this, he laid down a twenty dollar gold piece on the table.

"Very well, I will attend to it," she answered, and went on. A bright, shining gold piece, just from the mint; what a pretty plaything for a child? No wonder it pleased the eye of Ella, Mr. Hall's little daughter, over whose head three summers only had passed, and in an instant when her mother's back was turned, she ran to the table and seized it with her little hand, screaming with delight as she did so, quite unobserved by any one.

"Here, papa, let me do too. Ella want to do out with you," she cried, seeing her father open the door into the hall, and gliding past him, still keeping tight hold of her treasure, she scampered off into the kitchen. Her mother was up stairs, and she had the room all to herself. She threw the gold piece up and down for some time, catching it in her hands, then she rolled it backwards and forwards on the floor, calling it her wheel, and finally becoming weary of that, and espying a large coffee-pot in the closet, she said, "she would make b'lieve it was coffee, and make some for papa's dinner." Accordingly she raised the lid of the coffee-pot, and dropped into it the gold piece. Just then, her mother called from the room above:

"Ella, come up here. I want you to put on a clean apron."

"Ella tuming, ma'am, Ella tuming," she cried, and leaving her "make believe coffee," she began scrambling up the stairway.

"Mary," said Mr. Hall, to his wife at the dinner-table, "I suppose Mr. Williams has called in my absence? Did you think to take a receipt for the money you paid him?"

"O, yes, he called," she answered, "but you forgot to leave me the money, Edward."

"No, I did not forget. I left you a twenty dollar gold piece on the table."

"I know you said you did, but I could not find it, and supposed you'd forgotten to leave it."

"You must have overlooked it," said her husband.

Upon going into the sitting-room, both began searching for the missing gold piece. The lamp and books were removed from the table, the cloth taken off and shaken, and every part of the carpet was examined, but no money could be found.

"Are you certain you left it here—didn't you carry it down to the store?" asked Mrs. Hall.

"No. I am confident I did not. I recollect perfectly laying it down right here," he said, placing his hand on the exact spot. "You saw me, Walter?"

"Yes, sir," answered the boy.

"And was it there when you came down to the store at eleven?"

"I don't know, sir. I saw you leave it, but I was so busy studying, that I did not notice anything about it afterwards."

"You don't suppose there has been any one in the house to steal it, do you, Mary?" asked Mr. Hall.

"No, it cannot have been stolen, for there has been no one in the room but Walter, and after he went away, I came down and locked both the doors."

"It is perfectly unaccountable," said Mr. Hall, "where that money has gone to. I declare, if it were in the days of witchcraft, I should think the witches had got it."

It was evening. Mr. Hall was sitting alone with his wife. "Mary," said he, "that gold piece has disappeared most mysteriously. Walter is good and faithful, and it is hard to believe anything wrong of him, but he was strongly tempted, and has probably yielded to the temptation. In fact, it is my firm belief that he has taken the money."

"O, don't say so," pleaded his wife—"it cannot be, we have had so much confidence in him, it is dreadful to think of his being the thief."

"I know it is, Mary," he answered; "but the circumstances are all against him. Walter," he called, as he heard his step in the hall, "come here. I want to speak to you."

The boy obeyed.

"Walter," said Mr. Hall, sternly, after having regarded him attentively, "tell me the truth, did you take that gold piece?"

The boy stood for a moment almost stupefied with amazement at this unexpected question, then raising his eyes, with a look as bright and fearless as ever, he said:

"I steal!—I steal from you, Mr. Hall, when you have done so much for me? *Never.*"

Mr. Hall again repeated the question.

"Did you ever know me to tell you a lie?" asked Walter, proudly, a rich color mounting to his cheeks as he spoke.

"No, you never have."

"Did you ever know me to deceive you, or to take the least fractional part of a farthing that did not justly belong to me?"

"No, you have been a good and faithful boy thus far, and I have never had occasion before to distrust you; but a bright, twenty dollar gold piece was a strong temptation, and older and wiser people have yielded before you. But if you will confess and tell me what you have done with the money, I will pardon this first offence, and if you do well, you shall in time be reinstated in my confidence."

But the only answer he received was, "I am innocent."

"Walter," said Mr. Hall, still more sternly, "I command you to tell me what you have done with the money; there was no one in the room but you, and no one else could have taken it."

Still the boy's despairing cry was, "I am innocent! O, Mr. Hall, I am innocent."

"How dare you persist in adding falsehood upon falsehood to your theft? I give you your choice, confess your guilt, and tell me what you have done with the money, or to-morrow morning you shall leave my house forever! I will not keep a boy," he said, angrily, "who repays confidence and kindness, with the basest ingratitude and theft."

Walter was silent for a few moments; and then in accents that would have melted a heart of stone, he said:

"You have been to me like a father, Mr. Hall, you took me when a poor destitute orphan, without a friend in the whole wide world, and gave me a home and employment; and I have been happy, O, so very happy. Could you look into my heart, you would see there love and gratitude as enduring as my life; had you placed a whole bag of gold pieces before me, I would have died before taking one from you."

"This is all idle talk," said Mr. Hall, "when this act of yours belies your words. You have

heard the only conditions upon which I shall suffer you to remain. Now take your choice."

The face of the boy was colorless as marble, as he said in a voice scarcely above a whisper:

"How can I confess guilt when I have no guilt to confess?"

Truth and innocence were stamped upon the boy's face, but the circumstances *all* pointed against him.

"How young to be so skilled in artifice," thought Mr. Hall.

At this moment, little Ella came running into the room, and coming up to Walter's side, laid her soft, curly head upon his arm, and said:

"Papa, Wally didn't teal, Wally dood, Ella love Wally."

Thus far the boy had shed no tears; he had borne up like a hero under the charge against him; but Ella's childish words of affection and sympathy were too much for him. Bursting into tears, he sank down upon the sofa and covered his face with his hands.

It was a touching scene. Mrs. Hall raised her eyes beseechingly to her husband as if imploring him to relent. Mr. Hall, too, was moved with compassion at the sight of his distress, but when he thought of the many circumstances against him, he more firmly than ever believed in his guilt; and thought him acting most admirably his part of dissimulation and falsehood, and stifled all the feelings of pity that were beginning to spring up in his heart. Uncertain what course he ought to pursue, he said:

"You may go to your room now, Walter, and in the morning we will settle the question."

The next morning the sun shone into his room as bright and cheerful as ever. Would that the heart of its little occupant were as bright and joyous as were its gladsome rays. Walter had passed a sleepless night, and had arisen at an early hour. The words that Mr. Hall had used the evening before almost drove him to distraction. "He must either confess his guilt, and restore the money, or he should be forever banished from his house." Would it not be better he thought, to say that he had taken the money, but had lost it in the street, for Mr. Hall had promised to pardon him, and in time to reinstate him in his confidence. But a still, small voice within him said: "Keep to the truth, Walter, keep to the truth."

At that moment his eye fell upon his Bible, the dying gift of his mother; he opened it, and read these words: "What things soever ye desire, when ye pray, believe that ye receive them, and ye shall receive them." Precious words of comfort and promise—and kneeling down by his

bedside, he poured forth his soul in prayer, asking that his innocence might be proved, and for a rich blessing to descend upon his benefactors. Was the prayer answered? We shall see.

Mr. and Mrs. Hall had taken their seats at the breakfast-table. The countenances of both wore a troubled expression quite unusual to them, and while her husband was helping to the meat, Mrs. Hall attempted to pour the coffee, but it would not run.

"Why, what is the matter?" she said. "The coffee-pot is full, I know, but there won't a drop come out."

"Shake it," said Mr. Hall, "perhaps the grains have got lodged on the strainer."

She did so, and something hard and heavy like a piece of metal, fell to the bottom of the coffee-pot with a rattling sound.

"I wonder what it can be?" she said, and raising the lid, she inserted a spoon, and drew out upon it something round and hard; "it looks like a large, brass button," she said, wiping it with her napkin.

"Why, Edward," she exclaimed with amazement, "it is that twenty dollar gold piece, you gave me yesterday," and she handed it to her husband.

"Are you sure?" he asked quickly. "Good Heavens! you are right."

"Here, papa," cried Ella, who was seated beside her father at the table, "it's mine, dive it to me, Ella put it in there to make you some coffee with."

The mystery was explained, and hastily dropping his knife and fork, Mr. Hall rushed up stairs to Walter's room.

"Can you ever forgive me?" he exclaimed, "your innocence is proved, clear as daylight;" and he proceeded to tell in what manner the money had been found.

"I knew it would be," said the boy, his face radiant with every emotion of joy. "I knew it would be found, and before this day was out, too."

"How did you know it?" asked Mr. Hall, a good deal surprised at the boy's earnestness.

"Doesn't it say here," and he held up his open Bible and pointed to a particular passage: "That whatsoever things ye desire when ye pray, believe that ye receive them, and ye shall have them." I took God at his word, and prayed that he would prove my innocence, believing that he would hear my prayer, and you see he has done it."

Beautiful indeed is a child's implicit faith, in the unfailing promise of the Redeemer. Why so

much talk in the world about creeds, doctrines and professions? Why is it not enough to follow the simple teachings of Jesus, and to give to him and the Father the tribute of a loving, trusting, grateful heart.

Christmas came a fortnight after, and the twenty dollar gold piece did go to Mr. Williams, the tailor, after all; but not to pay for Mr. Hall's clothing as was originally intended, for that bill was settled some days ago—but to buy a good, warm, handsome suit, together with a cap, tippet and gloves, for Walter Stevens, a Christmas present from Mr. and Mrs. Hall.

#### A TOUCHING ANECDOTE.

Hon. A. H. Stephens, of Georgia, in a recent address at a meeting in Alexandria, for the benefit of the Orphan Asylum and free schools of that city, related the following: "A poor little boy, in a cold night in June, with no home or roof to shelter his head, no paternal guardian or guide to protect or direct him on his way, reached at nightfall the house of a rich planter, who took him in, fed, warmed, and sent him on his way with a blessing. These kind attentions cheered his heart, and inspired him with fresh courage to battle with the obstacles of life. Years rolled round; Providence led him on; he had reached the legal profession; his host had died; cormorants that prey on the substance of man had formed a conspiracy to get from the widow her estates. She sent for the nearest counsel to commit her cause to him, and that counsel proved to be the orphan boy years before welcomed and entertained by her deceased husband. The stimulus of a warm and tenacious gratitude was now added to the ordinary motives connected with the profession. He undertook her cause with a will not easy to be resisted, he gained it; the widow's estates were secured to her in perpetuity; and, Mr. Stephens added, with an emphasis of emotion that sent its electric thrill throughout the house, that orphan boy stands before you!"

#### A FASHIONABLE LADY'S-MAID.

A short time back, the famous French actress, Madame Doche, was in want of a lady's-maid. Amongst others who applied for the "situation," one suited the lady; terms were agreed upon, and all seemed about to be satisfactorily concluded, when the Abigail said: "I forgot to ask what my room is like; is it a comfortable one?" "Very comfortable," was the reply. "With a fire-place?" was then rejoined. "Yes," was the answer; "but for many causes I allow no fire to be lighted, as you sit in a well-warmed room down stairs." The lady's-maid drew up grandly, saying, "Then our agreement is at an end; it is not on account of needle-work that I need a fire, but because I receive my friends every Saturday evening!"—*Literary Gazette.*

#### AGE.

Age sits with decent grace upon his visage,  
And worthily becomes his silver locks,  
Who wears the marks of many years well spent,  
Of virtue, truth well-tried, and wise experience.

Rowe.

[ORIGINAL.]

#### LITTLE FEET.

BY EDWIN S. LISCOMB.

The feet that cross my gloomy path  
To-night are pattering lily ones;  
They turn aside the long-laid wrath,  
And lead where virtue's river runs:  
Its placid bosom will I seek,  
And for lost love no longer weep.

How love I all these footprints fair  
That guide my soul—as on the sea  
Some ship sails towards the rough coast bare,  
But, warned by beacon light to flee,  
Again strikes out the storms to dare—  
Thus saved from dangers on the lee.

[ORIGINAL.]

#### THE RACE.

BY GEORGE C. LYMAN.

With her face resting on her folded arms, and her dreamy eyes fixed on the blue distant hill-tops, Mattie Forrest knelt upon her chamber-floor, before the open window. The luxurious indolence pervading the warm, fragrant breeze that floated in to her, and the drowsy hum of the bees among the roses below, almost sent her asleep. But there were tears in her brown eyes, and on the long, golden lashes that shaded them; tears on the flushed face and bare, round arms; tears on the cluster of chestnut curls that lay tangled against her soft cheek. Mattie had been weeping. And when the broad, white lids began to droop slowly over the drowsy eyes, a little convulsive sob would break from her lips and startle her back to consciousness again. Then as memory returned, a warm, resentful color would burn hotly on her cheeks, and break into a ring flame of crimson at the pretty mouth. Then would come the fall of tears again, and a few angry, petulant words would disturb the stillness of the little room.

"I wish I could go to sleep and never wake again! I wish I were dead—I do—I do!"

She sprang to her feet, brushing back her rich, dishevelled hair with her little fair hands. As she did so, a miniature fell from her lap to the floor. She picked it up, and holding it before her tearful eyes, looked until the passionate color faded from her face, and the scornful, pouting mouth grew irresolute, like that of a grieved child.

"Robert! Robert!"

She laid the picture against her cheek, and seemed to grow calmer for a moment, but the

next instant the storm of passion and grief came back, and she flung herself upon the floor again, in all the careless abandon of grief.

"Why, Mattie, dear Mattie, what's the matter with you?"

Mattie ceased her sobbing and sat quiet and breathless almost, as the sound of her little sister's voice fell upon her startled ear. But she made no answer, and after a moment the child came into the room, and kneeling down by her, put her arms about her neck, and with her little voice tremulous with childish sympathy, said:

"Tell me, Mattie, was it papa that grieved you?"

No answer.

"Did he say that you couldn't go to Boston this fall?"

Mattie shook her head.

"Was it mama, or Aunt Mary that—"

"No."

"Then what is it? Have I—O, Mattie, have I done anything to hurt you?"

"No, dear," Mattie said, resting her face on the slight shoulder of the anxious little creature.

Nine-years-old Sarah was completely nonplussed, and sat silent, holding her sister's drooping head in her arms, and wondering blankly at the cause of her grief. In the whole course of her little lifetime, she had never before seen merry, light-hearted Mattie affected like this, and she looked almost wildly at the swollen, tear-stained face, half hid by the tangled hair.

"Sainty dear," said Mattie, at last, passing her arm about the little waist, "I'll tell you, but you must never tell."

"I never will, truly," was the very earnestly-given answer. And Sarah sat quietly and patiently waiting for the explanation.

But the girl seemed to have some difficulty in commencing her story. She hesitated, then said: "Yesterday,"—then cried a little, then murmured something about Robert, and at last broke down entirely.

"Robert—Robert Graves, Mattie?"

"Yes, and I hate him," sobbed Mattie, very energetically.

"Hate Robert Graves! Why, I thought you were going to marry him. How can you, Mattie?"

"I am not going to marry him. I shall never see him again!"

"O, Mattie!"

"He is going away. We have quarrelled. He spoke to me as he had no right to speak, and I grew angry," Mattie continued, talking hurriedly. "You see the trouble arose in this way. Last week I rode out with Frank Alwynn, and

Robert was very grave, but he did not say much about it. The next day I went upon the pond with George and Charlie Foster and their sister to get water-lilies; and yesterday Alfred Lewis called and asked me to go to the party at Squire Foster's this evening, and Robert was very angry about it, and called me coquettish and a flirt. It provoked me, and I told him that I should do as I chose. He stopped a minute and seemed to grow calm. The color all went out of his face, as he said: 'Very well, Mattie, choose your own way, I have no further claim upon you!' My heart leaped into my throat, and I grew so dizzy that I could scarcely see his face. He started as if to go away, but instantly turned back and said: 'We are hardly in the right mood to decide this matter now. I will see you again to-morrow.' Believing that he was trifling with me to make me betray my feelings, my answer escaped from my lips before I knew what I was saying; 'I see no necessity for the delay. I am in full possession of my senses, I believe. There is an old maxim, "There is no time like the present." It is a favorite of mine.' 'But not applicable to every case,' he replied. 'However, be it as you wish. But, Mattie, by-and-by I trust that you will see the folly of this, and then, when you can turn from them to me, I will forget this, and we will be friends again—never before.' Then he said, gently—'God bless you!' and left me standing alone in the garden, feeling like one stunned. That is all, Sainty, only I have since heard that he is going to leave town this evening."

Poor, bewildered, little Sarah! her face was as pale as her sister's. She did not speak, but looked wistfully at Mattie, as she concluded, and sat with her hands clasped in her lap.

"Mattie," she said, at length, with a fixed gravity, "do you care more for these other people than for Robert?"

"Of course not, child!"

"Then, why don't you tell him so?"

"Pshaw! how can I, you foolish little thing? You don't understand the matter at all, Sainty. Go down stairs, and I will be down presently."

Mattie arose, and kissing the child, sent her away. Then for a moment she stood looking wearily through the window. Suddenly the garden gate opened, and Alfred Lewis came hastily up the path, an elegant bouquet of hot-house exotics in his hand. Involuntarily she leaned forward, and at the same instant that she returned his gay salutation (for he glanced up and saw her), she caught sight of Robert Graves, as he rode past on horseback. She drew back hastily, remembering her tearful face and disordered

hair, and immediately a sudden revulsion of feeling followed. For an instant she stood in deep thought. Then, with the look of a sudden resolution formed settling upon her face, she commenced preparations to see the visitor who waited for her below.

Half an hour later, little Sarah looked up in astonishment, as Mattie entered the room, her hair falling in rich, glossy curls about a face from which all traces of tears were removed. There was a smile on her lips and a rich blush on her cheeks as she received the flowers the gentleman presented to her, and in a few moments she was talking gaily and apparently with all the light-heartedness natural to her. Young Lewis privately pronounced her the prettiest and most fascinating girl he knew.

He did not go to the party that night, neither did Mattie. When little Sarah was sent to bed, she left them sitting together by the open window, in the shadow of the heavy drapery. But the white moonlight falling in, glanced across Mattie's snowy fingers, as they strayed over the strings of her guitar, and the voice of her companion mingled with her own, as the sweet song of "Annie Laurie" floated out upon the evening air.

The next morning little Sarah told her sister of a strange dream she had dreamed. She thought she wakened in the night, and saw Mattie standing by the bed, all the rosieness gone from her face, which was dark with passion and grief. The room was filled with the sweet fragrance of dying blossoms, for her slender fingers were busied in ruthlessly tearing apart a rich bouquet of crimson and snow-white chrysanthemums which she held. For a moment she stood thus, apparently engrossed in her employment, and then raising her head, she walked toward the window. The blossoms fell to the floor, and as she went she crushed them beneath her feet.

"And," said the child, "I was so sorry at having the beautiful flowers spoiled, that I cried out, and then you came and soothed me with kisses, and I knew nothing more until I awoke this morning, and saw you beside me sound asleep."

Mattie listened to the little girl with a forced smile, and when she had finished, bade her say nothing about her dream to any one. And Sarah, awed by the pallor of her dear sister's face and the sadness of her dark eyes, promised, without asking as usual for a reason. If she had only known that her dream was not *all* a dream—and if Alfred Lewis had known it, too, he would have been chary of his floral gifts thereafter!

Such a glorious October morning! Everything was gorgeous with rich autumn tints. The sturdy old oaks and maples of the forest wore their rich gala dresses of scarlet and gold, while the low underbrush they shaded, and in part protected from the early frosts, were still attired in their summer robes of green, with here and there a changing leaf that looked like a blood-red ruby in a golden setting.

Mattie was standing on a high hill at the back of her home, where she had paused in her morning walk. The fresh breeze tossed her clustering hair about her face, and fluttered the light silken scarf she wore about her shoulders. But she did not heed it. She was alone, and thinking sadly of Robert. She had not seen him since the sunny afternoon on which he had ridden past her window some three months since. She had grown very quiet and womanly in that short time—less frolicsome and wilful—more gentle and patient with the faults of others. In the first flush of resentment she had encouraged the attentions of Alfred Lewis, but her heart—ever true to her woman's love, let her pride lead her on as it might—soon taught her her wrong, and she told him as soon after as possible, that she had but a friend's regard for him. At her request he ceased his visits, but still treated her with marked deference and courtesy. She occasionally accepted his attendance in company, and enjoyed it, for the young man was both attentive and agreeable. But a serious thought of his ever being more to her—of his ever taking Robert's place in her heart, she never entertained for an instant. As Robert had hoped, she now saw her error, and grew sick at heart when she considered that she might never see him again; or that possibly by-and-by, when she had grown pale and gray waiting for his coming, he might return, acknowledging the claim of some one younger and fairer to his love. Married, perhaps, and happy with his young wife, and perchance, rosy children.

She was roused from her sad thoughts by the sound of her sister's voice calling her, and in a moment more she saw little Sarah come bounding up the hill to meet her.

"O, Mattie!" she cried, "there is to be a horseback ride to the pine woods to-day. Mary and William Morris, Lizzie and Frank Alwynn, the Fosters, and ever so many more are going. Alfred Lewis is here, and wants you to go with him. And he says, O, Mattie, he says that if father will trust me in his care, he will take charge of me, if I would like to go! Papa says I may have Black Becky, and we are to start in an hour."

The child was wild with delight, and ran towards the house again, calling her sister to follow. Hesitating whether or not to join the company, Mattie walked more slowly towards the house. But young Lewis's description of the proposed occasion was so fascinating, that she accepted his invitation, and an hour later stood at the garden gate with her joyous little sister, while her escort led up the handsome, spirited horse he had selected for her use.

"My beauty!" he said, playfully, as she sprang from his arms to the saddle. But the sincere admiration in his dark eyes brought a rich flush to her cheeks, and she bent her head and shook her glossy curls about her face, as he mounted and took his place beside her. Little Sarah, looking almost fairy-like in her close-fitting habit and tiny plumed hat, rode with them, and together they joined the remainder of the party upon the village green. After a few moments' confusion they started, riding at pleasure in little parties of two and three. Suddenly Mattie grew strangely pale, and her horse chafed beneath the convulsive guidance of her hand. Foremost in the cavalcade rode Robert Graves. As she looked at him, he glanced up and caught her eye, and immediately a bow gave token of the recognition. But that was all. She did not see him look at her again during the remainder of the ride.

After some half an hour's brisk canter, they reached the grove, and while some of the party dismounted for a stroll, others prepared for a trial of speed of the horses. For a slight dispute had arisen among some of them on the road. Alfred Lewis declared his horse, in a race of one mile, superior to any there—a challenge which the rest of the party who were ready for a smart trot, accepted.

"To a race! to a race!" was the cry, as the whole number of riders present, some ten or twelve, formed in a line, ready for a start.

"Ready!"

Almost at the same instant, the horses sprang forward. Mattie and Robert were of the company. Both rode fine animals. The slender, jet-black Arabian which bore Robert so easily, was the handsomest horse present, but his speed was hardly equal to his looks, Mattie thought, as several of the company rode swiftly by him, herself included. Gradually she found herself at the head of the party, while Lewis, urging his horse to the utmost, rode a few feet behind her.

"Hurrah! hurrah!" broke from the lips of the excited riders.

Mattie glanced merrily at Alfred Lewis. His face was flushed, and his lips tightly compressed.

He was evidently very much in earnest. A few more yards. Mattie was still on the gain, her horse going over the ground with tremendous bounds, while she maintained her seat composedly, her fearless eyes fixed on the goal. The laughter of the triumphant party seemed to grate harshly on the ear of Lewis. He glanced back to see who rode nearest to him.

"Miss Forrest," he cried, "what will you give the gentleman who catches you?"

Mattie turned her head and gave one swift glance at her pursuers. To her surprise, she saw that Robert was next to Lewis. A sudden bound of her heart made her face flush high.

"My heart, hand and fortune!" was her bold reply.

A shout rose from the company at this daring assertion.

"We accept your terms," they cried.

Mattie turned her head again, and waved her hand. As she did so, she looked straight into the blue eyes of Robert Graves. How much he read in the darkening depths of her own!

Faster, faster—like lightning the three horses sped onward, ever foremost. Mattie's heart with its boundings seemed almost to suffocate her. A hand made a clutch at her rein. With a sudden leap, her horse, almost wild with excitement, and fast becoming unmanageable, evaded it. Again the hand with its buff-colored glove touched her horse's neck. Again the attempt of the owner to detain her was unsuccessful! Her horse gave a frenzied leap to the right!

"Robert, Robert, for Heaven's sake!" The cry broke from her white lips, as she swayed in the saddle.

There was a shock, a pause, and then a blank silence. She opened her eyes. She was not upon the horse, but resting upon the ground beside a stream of water, her head lying upon the bosom of her lover. He was bathing her brow with the water, and pressing passionate kisses upon her cheeks and mouth. An instant more and she realized that they were alone. She put her feeble arms about his neck:

"Forgive me, Robert!"

Her pale, penitent face pleaded for her more than the words. And Robert answered the double prayer of voice and glance, by drawing the dear head closer to his breast, and pressing on the tremulous little mouth a long, sweet, passionate kiss of reconciliation.

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#### DUTIES AND CHARITIES

The primal duties shine aloft, like stars;  
The charities, that soothe, and heal, and bless,  
Are scattered at the feet of man, like flowers.

WORDSWORTH.

[ORIGINAL.]

## WINTER MOONLIGHT.

BY M. LEWIS.

Evening, calm, serene and tender,  
From the blue heavens smiling down,  
Throws her robe of quiet beauty  
Over mountain, vale and town.

Snow-clad, earth is pure and spotless,  
Sending upward radiant light;  
Stars on high are dimly shining,  
Paled by the bright queen of night.

Soft and dreamlike rest the shadows  
By the moonbeams earthward cast;  
Brilliant, yet subdued, reflections  
With the softened shades contrast.

Yet more deeply on the spirit  
May the sweet impression rest,  
Shadowing, though but dim and faintly,  
Harmonies forever blest.

[ORIGINAL.]

## THE MINISTER'S COAT.

BY J. C. MERRIAM.

It was a cold afternoon in February, and not only cold, but extremely disagreeable; for the wind came in fierce gusts, and made one's teeth to chatter in spite of the extra amount of clothing with which all sensible people were provided. Slowly and wearily a stage-coach crawled up the hill, and having attained the summit, was about descending at a faster rate, when there was a sudden jerk, the horses were brought to a standstill, and the twelve cold, hungry and sleepy passengers looked out with a show of interest, to discover the cause of the delay.

"What's the row now?" muttered a stout, red-faced man, who, buried in a great-coat, an enormous red comforter and a fur cap, was endeavoring to get a nap.

The question was speedily answered, by the opening of the coach-door and the entrance of another passenger, at sight of whom the twelve sat petrified. It was an old but time-honored rule that the interior of the coach should accommodate but twelve, and never was this rule violated, but that there were murmurs deep if not loud. Upon this occasion, the unlucky thirteenth was greeted with a fearful shower of ill-natured murmurs, among which could be detected a few feminine "O dears!"

There he stood in the middle of the coach, stooping over in a most uncomfortable position, to avoid coming in contact with the roof, and

there he might have stood during the remainder of the journey, if a lady, whose features no one could see—for she wore a thick brown veil—had not made room for him, with the words:

"I think there is a seat for you here, sir."

As number thirteen took his seat and thanked the lady, the murmurs grew a little louder, and became perfectly audible to the young man's ear.

"It does seem strange to me, that people should be willing to discommode others; it's a mark of a selfish mind."

"Anybody and everybody, that's the trouble of travelling in public conveyances."

"I wish I had waited for the next coach—I hate to be crowded," interposed a third.

"Small pox! Yes, I shouldn't wonder. We risk a great deal travelling in this way."

On hearing this last remark, an ancient maiden lady, who sat at the right hand of the last comer, suddenly drew her dress from contact with her neighbor, as if the dreaded disease were actually in the vehicle, and as if there were the possibility of her catching it. A giggling from two young ladies upon the opposite side of the coach, attracted everybody's attention.

"I'm sure it came out of the ark," said the elder of the two. "I never saw anything yet to equal its beautiful gloss. How much nicer they made broadcloth in those days."

"It's a beautiful fit, Arabella, isn't it? what a comfort that must be!"

"To be sure," said Arabella. "What a pity we cannot have a bit of it to keep as a venerable and venerated relic."

There was no mistaking the subject of this witty conversation, and not a few eyes were speedily turned to inspect the coat of the new-comer. It was rather antiquated in style, but nevertheless well-preserved and even glossy. The beautiful stitching about the cuffs showed that it had been carefully made, and there were also evidences of its having been carefully mended. It was the only coat the stranger wore, though the thermometer, if it had been consulted, would have recorded two above zero only; it was consequently a most unpardonable piece of carelessness for the stranger to leave his great coat at home.

It is not to be supposed that the young man bore this scrutiny from so many eyes with perfect calmness. At the first allusion to his coat, his face, though but a moment before it was very pale, flushed crimson, and when he observed that all eyes were upon him, he was upon the point of resenting the insult. But just at this critical moment, the lady with the brown veil uttered the word "Shame!" in such an indignant tone, that



everybody hastily turned away, and a conversation upon indifferent subjects speedily commenced. It was not long before the stage arrived at the village of S—, where most of the passengers alighted. Among them was a tall, conceited-looking, elegantly-dressed young man, who had amused himself very much during the latter part of the journey with various witty remarks to the young ladies before-mentioned. As he helped them from the coach, his words fell upon the ears of two people who had not yet alighted.

"By the way, I have come to the conclusion, the old gentleman must have mortgaged his farm to pay for that coat, and no one knows how many days the old lady was in making it."

This speech was greeted with bursts of laughter, and the three walked gaily on.

There was a kindness in the manner of the mysterious lady, as she accepted the aid of her companion, which the young man felt very grateful for. There were a few formal words spoken, and then they had parted forever—perhaps. So thought the young man, as he lingered a moment to gaze after her.

The next day was Saturday, and Arabella and Clara Temple were seated in their somewhat gaudily furnished parlor, when a visitor was announced in the person of Miss Pry.

"O, girls, such a piece of news!" was her exclamation, as she tripped into the room. "You know our dear, good minister, Mr. Loring, talked of taking two young gentlemen to study for the ministry. Well, they've come, for I had it from good authority, as my brother John's wife's sister's adopted daughter is cutting dresses for Mrs. Loring. And she says one of them dresses beautifully, and has such a deep voice, and she expects he is very talented. But we shall know to-morrow, for they are to supply Mr. Loring's pulpit, as that dear good man has got such a cold he can't speak above a whisper. One of them will preach in the forenoon and one in the afternoon, so you can make up your minds to set your caps for them; and as there are two of them you needn't quarrel."

"Well, but, Miss Pry—" now commenced Arabella.

"O, I can't stop to say a word more, girls, I am in such a hurry. Put on your prettiest dresses to-morrow, that's all." And then Miss Pry was off in an instant.

Never had a larger congregation assembled in the village church, than appeared there the next morning. Many a fair young face looked eagerly round for the first glimpse of the young preachers, and not the least curious of the congregation were the sisters Arabella and Clara Temple. At

length the preacher for the morning arrived, and accompanied Mr. Loring into the pulpit. There was no mistaking that tall, elegant, daintily-dressed gentleman, who gave out and read the hymn with such a sweet voice. Arabella and Clara exchanged glances, for their acquaintance with the preacher had commenced two days before, and they had already enjoyed the privilege of hearing from him some very witty remarks. The hymn being sung, there was a hush, in the midst of which the young preacher arose, folded his hands and laid them gracefully upon the desk, shut his eyes, and leaning over, breathed a long prayer in his softest and most melodious tone of voice. The prayer was elaborate and finely-phrased, but nevertheless it struck coldly upon the ears of many of the elderly people, who had been used to a less elegant but more earnest form of prayer. It seemed to them like lip-service.

There was great delight expressed among a portion of the young people, for any change was refreshing. The fact was, as they told each other in confidence, Mr. Loring was getting old and prosy, and consequently rather tiresome; here was something delightfully new.

The text was given out, and then, as a matter of course, came the sermon. It was beautiful to see the ease and coolness with which this dainty gentleman settled those knotty doctrinal points which had been disputed from time immemorial, and which even Mr. Loring hardly thought himself worthy of arguing.

Although plentifully garnished with figures of speech and abounding in high-sounding words, the sermon was declared decidedly shallow by more than one person whose judgment was not to be disputed. One young lady with a pretty, sparkling face, was observed to exhibit some contempt when the preacher launched off into a studied, and what was intended to be an irresistible appeal to the hearts of his hearers—an appeal that they should show all possible kindness to their fellow-men, and deal gently with the erring. There was a flush upon the face of the young lady, which might have been interpreted as one of indignation, and the gleam of the clear eye boded no good to the preacher.

But the preacher had his admirers also, and among them were Arabella and Clara Temple, who by dint of some management, contrived to obtain the escort of the young gentleman as far as their dwelling. What Mr. Loring thought of the sermon, no one knew. Some of the young people asserted somewhat maliciously, that the good old man was fast asleep the whole time, and heard not a word; there were others who chose to doubt this statement.

There was no diminution of the numbers in the afternoon, for public curiosity in the village of S— was yet to be gratified by a sight of the other and younger student, who was to officiate as preacher. The young people anticipated as much pleasure as they had received in the morning, and the elders dreaded a similar sermon.

At the appointed hour came the young preacher, accompanied as before by Mr. Loring. Arabella and Clara Temple again exchanged significant glances, for if the preacher was not, the preacher's coat was at least well known to them. It was the identical coat of antiquated make, which had a day or two ago been a subject of amusement to them.

Everybody felt disappointed with the young preacher at first. His voice was low, his manner diffident, and—and—his coat was dreadfully old-fashioned. Such was the verdict pronounced upon him by the people of S—, who, like many others I could mention, had a great reverence for externals. But when the young man rose to deliver his sermon, not a few forgot his outward garb, and saw only his pale, intellectual face. Avoiding all doctrinal points, he addressed the congregation only upon those subjects which were familiar to them; his religion was brought down "to the level of every day's most common needs." Deficient in theoretical figures, the sermon was clear, earnest and sensible, and found an echo in many hearts which had been untouched by the fine words heard in the morning. At first, the preacher's voice was low and his manner hurried, but as he progressed in his sermon, his diffidence vanished, he became eloquent, and lost in the sublimity of his subject, he even forgot where he stood. Once or twice his eyes fell upon the animated face of a young lady, who, among all the congregation, seemed to have most interest for him. But the sermon was finished, and the congregation were leaving the church, and only a few lingered from curiosity.

"How long have you had that?" asked Mr. Loring, sharply, of the young preacher, who had sunk back exhausted from a fit of coughing.

"About two months," was the answer.

"Humph!" muttered Mr. Loring, as the reply reached him.

From that day there were two distinct parties in the village of S—. One party, including the majority of the elder and a portion of the younger members of the congregation, were unanimous in favor of Mr. Loring and his poorly-dressed assistant; the other party were firm adherents of the elegant and always nicely-dressed person, who, it was rumored, Mr. Loring looked upon with a very favorable eye.

It was a pleasant, but blustering day in March, and Arabella Temple was consulting with her sister as to whom they should invite to a very select party, which they intended to give.

"You know, Clara, that Mr. Loring never goes, so it is of no use to invite him. But I was thinking we had better invite—"

"Mr. Ellis, of course," said Clara, looking significantly at Arabella. "Well, I have no objection to that, but one thing I must insist upon, and that is, that that horrid old coat shall not be seen here. Mr. — I've forgotten his name, if I ever heard it, can remain at home with Mr. Loring."

"Of course," said Arabella, drawing herself up in a stately manner. "I had no idea of asking him. Miss Snow would be so disgusted, she would never come here again, and as she is so rich, her society would be a great loss to us."

"Girls," said quiet Mrs. Temple, from her corner, "hadn't you better invite the young man? It is not best to slight people if you can help it."

"Invite him!" said Clara, contemptuously; "why, mother, neither in his dress nor his manners, is he fitted to appear in genteel society. No, I should go crazy if I saw that old coat here."

Mrs. Temple dropped the subject, and left Arabella to direct her notes to whom she pleased. It was an especially dainty document, which she despatched to Mr. Ellis, whom she had determined to fascinate, and for whom, in the homely language of Miss Pry, she had already "set her cap," and not without success.

If Arabella or Clara had taken the trouble to inquire, they would have discovered that the owner of the venerable coat also answered to the name of Ellis, being in fact a relative of his fellow-student. Never had the two met, until they came beneath Mr. Loring's roof, for their homes had been far apart. The elder of the two was the son of a rich merchant, and the younger the only child of a poor farmer. Both were anxious to qualify themselves for the ministry, and had consequently been received by Mr. Loring, who also claimed some distant relationship to them. But neither of them knew how closely they were watched by the keen-sighted old man, who had evidently some project in his mind concerning them.

We can imagine what Arabella's anger would have been, if she had known that her perfumed note found its way into the pocket of that "horrid old coat," for by the merest chance in the world, the missive, which was directed simply to Mr. Ellis, was handed to the younger student who bore the name.

Long did the document lay in "durance vile," and when at length Mr. Paul Ellis condescended to remember its existence, it was opened in a very careless manner, and hurriedly run through. But when he read the name of the writer, and recalled to mind under what circumstances he had seen her, he cast the note down and crushed it beneath his heel, whilst the flush of indignation mounted into his pale face. But a moment afterwards he lifted the paper and carefully smoothed it.

"What am I doing?" said he, to himself. "Am I a minister of the gospel, or am I not? If I am, I ought surely to forgive and forget all unkindness—even scornful remarks upon this dear old coat of mine, which was mother's handiwork, can be borne, I think. And besides that, I fancy my coat does not make me. When I can earn a better, I shall have a right to wear it, and not before." And he looked up with a quiet smile. "Now to punish myself, I will accept this invitation, and parade my old coat before these fine ladies. They shall find I am not ashamed of it."

Accordingly, at the appointed time, Mr. Ellis the younger very innocently wended his way to the Temple mansion and rang the bell. The new-comer was very late, even in the opinion of the fashionables of S—; "but better late than never," thought Arabella, who had been anxiously expecting Mr. Ellis the whole evening.

"O, O, O!" shrieked Arabella, as she caught a glimpse of the hateful coat, as the owner of it very coolly made his way through the crowded room towards her.

"What's the matter?" said Miss Snow, sharply. To tell the truth, this latter young lady was getting somewhat weary of Arabella's fashionable airs, and was at that very moment longing for something different.

"There, there," said Arabella, pointing angrily at our hero; "to think he should come here without an invitation, and in that detestable old coat, too."

"I'm sure I sha'n't speak to him," said Clara.

"I would," said Miss Snow, turning her clear eye upon the Temples. "I'm going to; shall I ask him if his coat came out of the ark, and suggest that you would like a bit of it as a relic?" And without waiting for an answer, away went Miss Snow, and the next moment was seen shaking hands with the person in the "detestable old coat."

"Miss Snow has the queerest notions," said Clara, looking after her, and as she did so, wondering how in the world she should know their conversation in the coach.

"Yes, Miss Snow can do just what she pleases, because she is rich and independent."

Thus thought Arabella, and so thought nearly all the young people in the village of S—, among whom Miss Snow reigned pre-eminent, though certainly by no efforts of her own.

Never had Mr. Ellis spent a pleasanter evening. To be sure, he heard more than one whispered allusion to "the minister's coat," and more than one gay laugh upon the subject, but true to his vow, he bore all this bravely. More than one came forward and greeted him as a friend, and there sat Miss Snow joining in the conversation with that bright, animated face, which he had noted so well upon a previous occasion.

"I am sorry to see that you haven't got well of that cough yet," remarked a lady, who had observed with some concern, that the young minister now and then was overtaken in a fit of coughing. "How did you get it?"

The question, simple as it was, seemed to embarrass the young man, and the answer was hurried and confused. But one person understood his confusion.

"Poor fellow!" thought Miss Snow, "that coat, or rather the want of another one, will be the death of him yet. No wonder he has that horrid cough; I wish—"

It is impossible to tell what she wished, but everybody observed that she looked very thoughtful the rest of the evening, though she acknowledged that she had had a very delightful time. It was a long time before Miss Snow heard of her friend, the young minister, again. "His coat, or rather the want of another," as Miss Snow had worded it, had very nearly proved the death of him. Immediately after the Temples' party, the obstinate cough had become more serious, and in spite of the care which Mr. and Mrs. Loring lavished upon him, it soon became evident to the medical adviser, as well as to the family, that the only chance of preserving the young man's life, was to remove him to some warmer climate. This was soon effected, and the matter, after having been a nine days' wonder, as is usual in all country places, ceased to be talked about, and was soon forgotten.

The young minister, however, was not entirely forgotten by the village inhabitants. Often were inquiries concerning him addressed to Mr. Loring, but beyond the fact that he was better, nothing could be ascertained in regard to him.

It was a beautiful day in the fall of the year. Miss Snow was walking slowly homeward from the afternoon service, which had been conducted by Mr. Atherton Ellis. Singularly enough, this

tall, fine-looking Mr. Atherton Ellis was Miss Snow's especial aversion. She disliked him and she disliked his sermons, and never heard them without wishing she had the power to expel the preacher from the pulpit.

Upon this particular day, she heard steps behind her, and hastily turning, discovered the very object of her thoughts.

"Good afternoon, Miss Snow. I've been wishing to see you," said Mr. Atherton Ellis, blandly.

"Have you?" said Miss Snow, stiffly.

"The fact is, Miss Snow, we have known each other some time, and I—the fact is, I—"

Miss Snow walked on quite calmly, not in the least troubled by the embarrassment of her companion.

"The fact is, Miss Snow, I have a great regard for you."

"Indeed!" was the cool answer.

Miss Snow could be as freezing as her name. The gentleman lost all patience.

"Miss Snow, permit me to offer to your acceptance, myself and my humble fortune. I know you will not despise me because my fortune is humble."

"No, sir, I should not. I only despise those, who, whatever they preach in the pulpit, show a lack of Christian kindness to their fellow-men. I despise him who ridicules his neighbor because, perhaps, his coat is not of the latest make; because it has been paid for by honest labor, and made by a mother's careful hands. Such I do despise, and ever shall."

"But, Miss Snow—" began the crest-fallen Mr. Ellis.

"Good afternoon, Mr. Ellis. I advise you to return to Miss Arabella Temple, who believes you the soul of honor." And with the dignity of a queen, Miss Snow walked on, and left her companion to the sad reflection that the wealth he had coveted was not to be his after all.

In the course of that week there were two pieces of news circulating in the village of S—. The first was, that Miss Arabella Temple had married Mr. Atherton Ellis and that the two had left the village forever. The second was, that Mr. Loring, being fully empowered to do so, had chosen a colleague, who would enter upon his duties on the following Sabbath. Great was the excitement caused by both these rumors, but especially the latter. Old and young assembled at church upon the next Sunday, and great was the curiosity to know who the new minister was. But greater still was the excitement, when from the pulpit looked forth that well-known intellectual but now healthy face, which looked so like

and yet so unlike a face they had seen before—that of Mr. Paul Ellis. Clad in a coat of the latest style, but as modest as ever in his manner, the new minister was no longer objectionable to any member of the congregation. In fact, as Mr. Loring's colleague, and in his new coat, he soon became decidedly popular among the young as well as the old.

In spite of her first refusal, Miss Snow being asked a second time to become Mrs. Ellis, did not say no; though, lest you should think her very inconsistent, I will state that it was not Mrs. Atherton Ellis, but Mrs. Paul Ellis that she became. She often declared that her heart had been won by that "detestable old coat," when she first saw it from behind her brown veil in the coach. And her husband laughingly declares that his heart was won by the brown veil.

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#### OUR PET MONKEY'S TRICKS.

I remember very distinctly one bright summer's morning, when, with a house full of guests, we missed two young ladies at the breakfast-table. Thinking they had overslept themselves, we took no pains to disturb them until the meal was nearly over, when I went up stairs and tapped at their door. I was answered by a smothered cry of distress, when I opened the door, and saw the two unhappy creatures struggling under the bedclothes, with our monkey perched upon their knees, grinning and chattering in the most malignant manner, and even making now and then a most furious rush at them when a hand or a nose happened for a moment to be exposed. It was well I had gone to their rescue, for their horror was beyond description, and so long as they screamed and struggled the monkey was not likely to give them up. They said they had first heard some unusual sound upon the dressing-table, when looking out of bed, they perceived to their dismay that the monkey had entered by the open window, and was busily examining the curiosities of their toilet. Had they been quiet, he would most likely have returned as he came; but so soon as they betrayed their fear, he sprang upon the bed, threatening and defying them to the teeth and keeping them prisoners.—*Once a Week.*

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#### BROTHERS AND SISTERS.

Brothers love their daughters better than sons, and fathers love their sons better than daughters, so do sisters feel towards brothers a more constant sentiment of attachment than towards each other. None of the little vanities, heart-burnings, and jealousies that, alas for poor human nature! are but too apt to spring up in female hearts, can (or, at all events, should) arise between brother and sister; each is proud of the success of the other, because it cannot interfere with self—nay, on the contrary is flattering to self. Hence, if there be a bond of family union more free from the selfish blot that interrupt all others, it is that which exists between an affectionate sister and her brother.—*Lady Blessington.*

[ORIGINAL.]

**WORK.**

BY CLARA AUGUSTA.

Laggard, thou'rt sitting idly,  
 With useless, folded hands,  
 Unmindful of the desert spots,  
 And waste of barren lands.  
 Up! rouse from this dead stupor,  
 And gird thine armor on!  
 When once a firm resolve is made,  
 Full half the battle's won.

What right hast thou to squander  
 The talents God has lent?  
 What right in rust to bury  
 The powers he has sent?  
 They're yours to battle bravely  
 In strong defence of right;  
 They're yours to carve your shining way  
 Up to the hills of light!

The whole world calls for labor;  
 There is a thirsty dearth  
 Of earnest, working, Christian souls  
 O'er all this wide-spread earth;  
 A lack of strong-armed pioneers  
 To break the ranks of sin;  
 And woo, with words of heavenly peace,  
 The footsore wanderer in.

Up from this dull supineness!  
 Up, with a righteous trust!  
 An idle life surely conducts  
 To shame and carnal lust.  
 Work while the day endureth,  
 Work ere the night shall come—  
 At evening, when the shadows fall,  
 God calls his servants home.

[ORIGINAL.]

**BURIED ALIVE :**

—OR,—

**THE GOLD DIGGER.**

BY JOHN H. UNDERWOOD.

JABEZ DAYTON, the hero of our narrative, was, at one period of his life, a New England farmer—honest, industrious, tolerably intelligent, and withal, in comfortable circumstances. Several years prior to the discovery of the "root of all evil" in California, he wooed and won the belle of his native village, the pretty Jenny Wayland, whose beauty, amiability and many virtues had gained her the respect and esteem of all who knew her, albeit, she was but the daughter of a poor and hard-working mechanic.

For a whole year the newly-married pair lived in perfect harmony, not a cloud having arisen in the matrimonial horizon to mar their happiness,

or lessen the confidence which existed between them. Jabez, who was now in his twenty-fifth year, continued to manage his farm with his usual skill, and, mindful of the old proverb,

"He who by the plough would thrive,  
 Himself must either hold or drive,"

labored early and late himself, doing far more work than his hired man. There was now a fair prospect that if he should live to the average age of mankind, he would die a rich man.

About this time, however, one of those unaccountable manias which sometimes seize the most sensible of men, took possession of his mind. He became suddenly possessed with a desire of making money faster and easier than he had ever done before, and by brooding over this dangerous fancy in secret, increased it to a complete monomania. This morbid greed of gain could not be satisfied with the comparatively small but constant and certain receipts of the farm, and Jabez began to look around him for some shorter avenue to wealth.

While his mind was in this unhealthy state, he chanced to gain possession of an old volume which purported to give an authentic history of Captain Kidd, and other pirates of his time; and also a plausible theory in regard to the immense treasures of gold and precious stones which those freebooters were said to have concealed upon the sandy beaches of Cape Cod, and all along the coast of Massachusetts.

Jabez perused the volume with intense interest, and long before he had finished it, had become fully converted to its theory in regard to the buried treasures. That gold in immense quantities was concealed somewhere, had been proved beyond question; but where? Perhaps in that very town, perhaps on his own farm. It was very probable that it was, and by devoting time and money to a faithful search, he could, doubtless, find it. An adventurer who dared to risk something in the pursuit, would certainly reap a rich reward, and the thought was mother of the deed.

In spite of the remonstrances of his wife, and the sneers of his neighbors, the monomaniac (for such we must call him) immediately hired a competent man to take the entire charge of his farm, while he prepared to give his undivided personal attention to a systematic search for the buried treasures. Since the perusal of the volume which we have just mentioned, he had dreamed several times of finding vast quantities of gold in various parts of his farm, and these dreams had driven from his mind every lingering doubt of the propriety of his scheme.

By the assistance of clairvoyants and divining

rods, various spots were designated as the proper place to dig, and shafts were immediately sunk, without regard to labor or expense.

Of course no glittering treasures rewarded the adventurer, and it was not long before the condition of his farm and finances began to show the sad results of neglecting a legitimate business for the pursuit of a vain chimera.

The overseer whom Jabez had entrusted with the charge of his affairs, proved to be an accomplished swindler. Observing that his employer was completely absorbed in his insane pursuit, he managed matters as he pleased, and after defrauding Jabez of several thousand dollars, suddenly absconded.

The discovery of his losses, however, had no other effect upon Jabez than to increase his disgust of farming, and incite him to redoubled exertion in quest of imaginary treasures. Shaft after shaft was sunk until the influx of water prevented further operations, and then abandoned. At length a new locality was marked out by a swindling clairvoyant as the "right spot this time and no mistake," and Jabez commenced sinking a large pit, intending, should water again put a stop to his downward progress, to bore tunnels, which should radiate horizontally in every direction, from the central shaft.

This pit had scarcely been commenced, when the failure of a banking institution in a neighboring town, in which Jabez had invested all his funds, brought him to comparative poverty. Nothing was now left him but his farm, which had been sadly exhausted by the mismanagement of his runaway overseer.

This catastrophe quite disheartened the poor treasure hunter; but instead of looking his situation fully in the face, and seeking, by well-directed labor upon his farm, to retrieve his fallen fortunes, he discharged his single laborer, mortgaged his estate, and continued his labors in the bowels of the earth. And worst of all, while following the treacherous Will-o'-the-wisp which had already led him into the bog, he resorted to the stimulus of ardent spirits to drive away care.

From this time matters grew rapidly worse, and when the next autumn came, the family of Jabez Dayton, once so happy and prosperous, were in absolute want, for the neglected farm had produced no harvest. Jabez had become a confirmed inebriate, but still labored at intervals in his pit, and had excavated tunnels in every direction. His suffering but ever-gentle and patient wife did not reproach him, but rather strove, by appealing to his affection for herself and their children, to draw him back from the precipice which yawned before him.

It was in vain. The drunken, fanatical treasure hunter had lost all honorable ambition, and was now content to burrow, like a mole, in the ground, consoling himself with the illusive picture of future wealth and ease, or drowning regrets in the drunkard's bowl. A second mortgage on the farm provided means for the sustenance of the family through the coming winter, and enabled Jabez to continue his excavations. It had now become his invariable custom to leave his bed at daybreak, and labor for an hour or more in his pit before breakfast. The forenoon was then spent in alternate tipping and digging, and by afternoon the unfortunate monomaniac would be usually too far intoxicated to pursue his labor.

One morning, as usual, he left his bed at dawn of day and hastened to his pit. An hour later, his wife arose, and having prepared their humble breakfast, sat down by the cradle of her child to await her husband's return. Half an hour passed, and he did not come; still his wife patiently rocked the cradle, and waited, supposing that he had become so deeply absorbed in his labor as to be unmindful of the lapse of time; but when a whole hour had passed, and he had not yet appeared, she began to fear that some accident had befallen him. She was about to leave the house for the purpose of seeking him, when a little boy, the son of a neighbor, passed by, and calling him to the door, she bade him go to the pit and tell Mr. Dayton that breakfast was ready.

The boy promptly obeyed, but had been absent scarcely five minutes when he returned, breathless with excitement, and rushing into the house, exclaimed:

"O, Mrs. Dayton, the dirt has all tumbled into the hole and filled it up!"

He had scarcely uttered the words, when Mrs. Dayton cried in an agony of despair:

"My husband, O, my husband!" and fell fainting upon the floor.

The boy was now terribly alarmed, for he thought she was dead, and ran home at the top of his speed. As soon as his parents were able to comprehend his incoherent story, the mother hastened to the assistance of Mrs. Dayton, while the father, with several other neighbors, ran to the pit. The sides had caved in, filling the pit nearly to the top, and if Jabez had been in at the time of the catastrophe, of which there was little doubt, he must have been instantly crushed to death.

For a few moments the horror-stricken neighbors looked upon the ruins of the excavation in silence, then followed exclamations of sorrow for

the sad fate of the unfortunate man, for notwithstanding his faults, he had yet many friends who had not forgotten his former virtues. The news of the accident spread like wildfire through the village, and in a few minutes a crowd of people had collected about the pit, among whom were several persons whom Jabez had always regarded as his best friends.

"Poor fellow," said one, "he has been suddenly cut down in the prime of life."

"Small loss to his family, or the community, I reckon," replied the tavern-keeper, who had first tempted Jabez to drown his sorrows in the "flaming bowl."

"You should not say it, if it were true, for you have helped to make him what he was," replied another, disgusted at this unfeeling remark.

"Does his wife know of this?" asked one who had just arrived at the spot.

"Yes," replied another, "I have just been in to see her."

"How does she appear?" asked several.

"Well, I don't think she will die of grief at the loss of such a good-for-nothing fellow," was the sarcastic reply.

"Then she does not take it very hard, eh?"

"Not at all; she is perfectly calm, and it is my opinion that she will be easily consoled." And the speaker, who had been one of Jenny's rejected suitors, laughed in a scornful manner.

"Do you think it best to dig him up, now that he is so comfortably buried?" asked one of Jabez's friends.

"I, for one, think that would be a useless expense," replied another.

"I should wish that the body might be recovered, if possible, that we might give it Christian burial," replied the village physician; "but it would require many days' labor to remove the earth from the pit, and before we could reach the body, it would doubtless be too far decomposed to admit of removal."

This view of the matter appeared so reasonable that it was soon decided not to attempt exhuming the body, unless the relations of the unfortunate man should insist upon it; but that the usual burial services should be performed over the mouth of the pit, which should then be levelled off, and marked with an appropriate grave-stone.

The village minister assumed the task of gaining the widow's consent to this proposal; but upon entering the house he found her still insensible. She was at length restored to animation, but not to a consciousness of her situation, for the sudden shock had induced a brain fever, and caused a delirium of many days' duration. The

other relatives made no objection to the plan which had been proposed, and accordingly the pit was covered with earth, while a plain tablet of marble, bearing a suitable inscription, was erected to mark the last resting-place of the unfortunate treasure-seeker.

The circumstances attending his death proved a nine-days' wonder in the village, and formed the chief subject of conversation for many weeks; but, as some one has said, "You might as well stick your finger in the water, and pulling it out, look for a hole, as to think that, whatever the station you may occupy, the world will long miss you after your death," and in time even the name of Jabez Dayton was almost forgotten.

After a severe and dangerous illness of several weeks, the widow of Jabez Dayton awoke to a painful realization of her situation. Before she had fully recovered, the village store-keeper, the man of whom we have heretofore spoken as a rejected suitor, foreclosed the mortgages which he held upon the farm, and seized the estate.

No resource was now left her but to return to her father's house, and this she was compelled to do, accompanied by her two children, one a boy scarcely two years old, and the other an infant. She received a cordial welcome, notwithstanding the straitened circumstances of the family; but the thought of becoming a dependant upon her father, who was already compelled to labor early and late for the support of his family, caused her an additional grief.

It was obvious that she must do something for the support of herself and children, and the necessity for earnest action had a good effect in deadening the violence of her grief. After mature deliberation, she decided that the best plan for her to pursue would be to open a private school for small children. Such a school was greatly needed in that neighborhood, and she was eminently qualified, both by nature and education, for a teacher.

This plan was no sooner proposed than put in practice, and the beautiful young widow was soon engaged in teaching some twenty young ideas, of both sexes, how to shoot. For a year, the school was very successful, and the fair instructress gained the affection of her pupils as well as the unqualified respect of their parents.

She had become deeply interested in her occupation, and might have been, if not joyous and happy as before her marriage, at least cheerful and contented with her lot, had it not been for one person, who caused her no little annoyance. This was the village store-keeper, who, now that

the first year of her widowhood had expired, had renewed his attentions to her.

Her father's business had been for some time past greatly depressed, and he had become indebted to Mr. Moreton the store-keeper, for a large amount, which there was no prospect of his being able to pay at present; and from this cause she dared not reject his suit with scorn, as she gladly would have done, lest he should revenge himself upon her father, who was now so completely in his power.

Moreton appreciated his advantage, and resolved to win the hand of the fair widow by any means in his power, no matter how dishonorable. He continued to persecute her with his hateful attentions for months without, however, presuming to ask in so many words, the honor of her hand in marriage. His time had not yet come, but as difficulties thickened around her father, and misfortune followed misfortune, he grew bolder in proposition as he felt that his grasp upon his victim was more and more secure. At length the house, which constituted the entire property of Mr. Wayland, was mortgaged for its full value to Mr. Moreton.

As the time at which this mortgage must be redeemed or foreclosed approached, Moreton grew more marked in his attentions to Jenny, and at length made her a proposal of marriage, hinting at the same time that in case of a refusal he should not scruple to use his power to ruin her father. This implied threat was more than Jenny could bear, and regardless of the consequences, she answered him with just indignation, rejecting his suit with scorn, and spurning him as she would a loathsome reptile.

The result of her refusal was that the mortgage was immediately foreclosed, and her parents left houseless and penniless in their old age. Mr. Wayland was, however, offered the privilege of remaining in the house as a tenant, an offer which he gladly accepted, hoping that he should be able to pay the rent promptly, and thus retain the home in which he had spent so many happy years. For a brief space of time he was enabled to do this by the assistance of his widowed daughter, whose school now afforded the chief income of the family; but suddenly, and without any apparent cause, the number of her pupils began to decrease. At length only four or five remained, and when Jenny asked an explanation from the parents of those who had been taken from her school, she received only cold and evasive answers.

And now she began to observe that her former friends and acquaintances seemed to shun and avoid her; or, if they chanced to meet her in the

street, cast glances of scorn and suspicion upon her which brought a flush of indignation to her cheek. At length the cause of all this became apparent. Various slanders tending greatly to injure her reputation, had been whispered in the village, and were universally believed, although no one could tell whence they originated. Jenny at once decided in her own mind that Moreton was the author of these lying reports, for she well remembered his parting words: "You shall live to repent this conduct, madam."

There was no proof of his agency in the matter, however, and the innocent victim of slander could obtain no redress. Her few remaining pupils soon left her, and thus the principal support of the family was lost.

To add to the grief of the unfortunate family, Mr. Wayland was one day severely injured by an accident in his workshop, and brought home in a state of insensibility. At first it was feared that his injuries were mortal; but after several days of terrible suffering, he began slowly to recover. He would, however, be a cripple for life, and unable to labor as formerly at his trade. Of course the family were now in a destitute condition, unable to pay the rent, and scarcely able to procure the necessities of life.

Their extremity was Moreton's opportunity for which he had been long and patiently waiting; but he had grown wise by experience, and did not again attempt to gain the widow's hand by threats. Instead of this he proffered his assistance to the family, gave them a receipt for the unpaid rent, provided everything which could add to the comfort of the sick man; and, in brief, assumed the role of a disinterested benefactor.

Jenny was both surprised and pleased at this change in his manner, and naturally of an unsuspicious disposition, reproached herself for the manner in which she had formerly treated him. In her zeal to atone for this she once more admitted him to her friendship, and it was not long before he had again assumed the attitude of a suitor. Although she shrank with horror from the bare idea of becoming his wife, she did not again repulse him with contempt; but passively suffered his attentions, cherishing a hope that some means of escape might be opened for her.

In the meantime, Moreton, confident of gaining the coveted prize, commenced building a magnificent dwelling-house nearly opposite the farmhouse once owned and occupied by Jabez Dayton. To make a long story short, he pursued his purpose with untiring energy until, between duty to her parents, whom she could thus relieve from want, and gratitude to Moreton, poor



Jenny yielded to his importunities and consented to become his wife.

The new and splendid mansion of Philip Moreton was brilliantly illuminated, and a large number of invited guests had assembled to witness the marriage of their host and the still lovely Jenny Dayton. Every face was radiant with happiness save that of the bride. Even her mother, and her father, who had recovered sufficiently to be present at the wedding, could not conceal the pleasure which they felt at the thought of the brilliant future which awaited their daughter, as the wife of a rich and influential man.

The very persons who had recently regarded Jenny with scorn and suspicion, were now the most anxious to offer her their congratulations, and to do her honor; for she was about to become the wife of the richest man in town, and even if the stories which had been circulated were true, it mattered not now, for her husband's wealth would cover all her sins.

The hour appointed for the wedding arrived all too soon for the self-sacrificing woman who was about to immolate all her hopes of future happiness upon the altar of filial duty. The officiating clergyman prepared to commence the ceremony; the sorrowful bride and the happy bridegroom placed themselves before him, and the voices of the guests were instantly hushed.

At this moment the door-bell rang violently, then followed the sound of an angry dispute with the servants in the lower hall, and immediately after hasty footsteps were heard approaching the room in which the wedding party had assembled. Then the door was flung violently open, and a roughly-dressed man, whose face was nearly concealed by a luxuriant growth of beard and moustache, rushed in.

"What means this intrusion?" demanded Moreton, angrily.

But without deigning to reply to the question, the stranger rapidly advanced to the bride, and exclaimed:

"Jenny, you are not yet the wife of that man? O, say you are not yet married!"

As that well-remembered voice fell upon her ears, Jenny tottered toward the stranger, and fervently murmuring, "Not yet, thank God!" fell fainting in her husband's arms!

By this time the assembled company had recognized the stranger, who was no other than Jabez Dayton the treasure-hunter, who had been dead and was alive again.

The scene which ensued is beyond our power of description. When Jenny again opened her

eyes, she was still clasped in the embrace of her husband, to whom she murmured:

"Let us leave this place at once."

"Not yet, Jenny," replied Jabez. And placing his wife upon a sofa, he advanced toward Philip Moreton. "Not until I have branded this miscreant as a liar and a scoundrel!"

Then seizing the merchant by the collar he held him with a vice-like grasp until he had exposed the villany of which he had been guilty, calling in witnesses who had been waiting outside the door, to prove the truth of his assertions.

It appeared that Moreton had not only originated the slanderous reports which had so injured the reputation of the widow, but that he had known for a long time Jabez Dayton was still alive. He had intercepted all the letters which Jabez had mailed to his wife from California, many of them containing remittances of large amount, thus becoming a felon, and rendering himself liable to several legal penalties. Before Jabez had finished the recital, Moreton fell upon his knees, crying:

"I confess it all—I have done all this and more—but spare me for the love of God, and you shall never see me again. Take all my property, but let me escape the penalties of the law."

"Not so," replied Jabez, "I would not take a penny from you; but I have no desire to give you up to the officers of justice. I will purchase your property this moment at a fair price, and then you may go in peace."

Moreton joyfully accepted this generous proposal, and stated the sum of money which he would consider a fair equivalent for the estate which he must leave behind him. A lawyer who chanced to be among the guests, immediately drew up the proper documents; the transfer was made, and Moreton having received a bag of gold in payment for his houses and lands, hastened from the room. Before daybreak he was beyond the reach of pursuit, and the next European steamer bore him away from the shores of his native land, never to return. After Moreton had left the house, the lawyer advanced to Jabez, and said:

"This is now your house, Mr. Dayton, and we are your guests. In the name of the company present, I congratulate you upon your good fortune; and now, if the request is not unreasonable, will you gratify our curiosity in regard to your unprecedented escape from death, and your subsequent adventures?"

"Willingly," replied Jabez. And seating himself by the side of his Jenny, he related his adventures as follows:

"At the moment when the pit, which my folly had led me to dig, caved in, I was at the further end of one of the tunnels. I heard the crash of the falling earth, and at the same instant found myself in total darkness. I soon comprehended the true state of the case, and realized that I was buried alive! Words cannot describe my sufferings for the few minutes (which seemed like interminable ages) following the catastrophe.

"I then for the first time became conscious of the folly of my conduct. I saw then how foolishly, yes, criminally, I had wasted time and money in an insane pursuit, thereby bringing sorrow and want upon my family. And then I reflected upon the ruinous vice of intoxication which I had acquired. Presently I experienced a feeling of suffocation, for I had exhausted the limited supply of air contained in the small space in which I stood. I felt that I was dying, and I knelt and prayed, first for my injured wife, and then that I might escape from the horrible death which threatened me. I made a solemn vow, that if I should ever again be permitted to behold the light of day, I would forever abstain from intoxicating drinks, and devote my energies henceforth to some legitimate occupation.

"As I rose to my feet, I staggered from weakness, and clutched at the earth for support. Instead of the crumbling sand which formed the end of my prison cell, I grasped the fibrous root of a shrub which had found its way into my cave. It yielded to the tension, and as I drew it toward me, a portion of earth came with it, leaving an opening of a foot or more diameter into the glorious, blessed, heavenly light of day. Although I had excavated my tunnel horizontally, I had bored through the brow of a hill, until another foot or two would have brought me out once more into the open air upon the hillside. In a moment more I had enlarged the hole with my hands sufficiently to allow me to pass out.

"I hastened back to the mouth of my pit to view the ruins, and then, as it was already past my usual breakfast hour, I felt a sudden impulse to conceal myself behind a clump of bushes near at hand, to hear what my friends would say when they should discover the accident.

"I had scarcely crouched behind the bushes, when a boy came to the mouth of the pit, and ran away again in great alarm. In a few minutes more a crowd had collected about the spot, and I was able to overhear everything that was said. But when I heard Moreton say that Jenny did not appear grieved at my death, but rather to rejoice over it, I swore to leave her forever. As soon as possible, I left my place of concealment, carefully closed the opening through which I had

obtained egress from my cave, and left my native village, as I then thought, never to return.

"I wandered on, in an agony of mind bordering on madness, until I reached the seashore. A ship was lying at one of the wharves, and the crew were just casting off the hawser, preparatory to getting underway. I sprang aboard, and begged the captain to take me with him. I told him that I was a sailor, but would do what I could, and would try to learn seamanship as fast as possible. At length he consented to take me, without wages.

"The ship was bound to California, and after a tedious passage we arrived there to find everybody in great excitement in consequence of the recent discovery of gold. The entire crew, including myself, immediately deserted and hastened to the mines. For six months I labored indefatigably, merely to drive away sorrow, for I had no object in amassing wealth, until the arrival in the mines of an old friend and fellow-townsmen, who informed me that my wife had truly and deeply mourned my death, inspired me with new energy.

"I immediately wrote home, enclosing a large remittance to Jenny. Receiving no answer, I wrote again and again, but still no answer came, and I began to fear that she was dead. As I had already collected many thousand dollars' worth of gold, I resolved to return home at the first opportunity. Before the sailing of the next ship for the New England States, I made a lucky 'hit,' and in three days had quadrupled my store of the precious metal.

"I arrived at Boston three weeks ago, and immediately despatched a trusty messenger to this village, to bring me intelligence of my wife. He soon returned, and informed me that she was about to be married, and also that she still supposed me dead. It is not necessary that I should inform you of the course which I have since pursued, and which has resulted in the detection of that scoundrel Moreton. And now I have regained my darling wife, whom I prize more highly than all the gold of California.

"The ways of Providence are past finding out. As you well know, I was once a drunkard, and a poor, fanatical treasure-hunter; I am now a reformed and wealthy man, and this change is due to the circumstance of my being buried alive."

After bestowing the most hearty congratulations upon the returned Californian and his wife, the company dispersed, leaving the happy pair to the enjoyment of each other's society in their new and luxurious home.

Many institutions are properly called seminaries, for they do not half teach anything.

[ORIGINAL.]

## DESPAIR.

BY EDWIN S. LISCOMB.

How vague and like a wilderness  
That heart becomes with care oppressed;  
With fearful storms of mental woe  
It sadly rocks, like ships that go,  
In hope, far from the smiling shore,  
Alas, to greet its scenes no more!  
Such, swaying wildly mid the storm,  
Upheaves its breast—then, then is gone;  
The noble life that bore a charm  
Through many a former tempest's strife,  
At last, when Fate uplifts her arm  
With powers of sad destruction rife,  
Sinks walling, shivering, 'neath the wave,  
No more the storms of earth to brave.

[ORIGINAL.]

## A COUNTRY VISIT.

BY MRS. M. A. DENISON.

"DEAR UNCLE:—May Carry come and stay with you from May to August? The doctor recommends her to go into the country, for a few months; and as urgent duties make it imperative for us to stay in town, I can think of no better protector for Carry than you. She will not, I am sure, disturb you in the least. She is very orderly in her habits, and does not require much company, etc., etc."

Wallace Hastings dropped the paper as if it had been hot lead. Perhaps it is too much for me to say that he was a woman hater, but certainly he was very near becoming one. He had been "hazed about," as he expressed it, all his youth by an energetic, well-meaning, but unsympathizing step-mother; he had been jilted, when scarcely over his boyhood, by a little pink-and-white-faced girl, and since then, he had vowed something like eternal enmity against all woman-kind. Consequently he took time to attend fully to his own affairs, and at the age of thirty-six was a comfortably rich man, living in his own house with an oddity of a housekeeper and a still greater oddity of a hired man. He was a particular young-old bachelor. All his habits were fixed and nailed. He carried a little, round pin-cushion with him, in which were always exactly twenty-six pins; and if one had been missing when he lay down at night, it would surely have pricked his conscience so that he could not sleep. He had, moreover, a wee little box in which upon the most delicate of reels was wound silk and cotton and thread, and in which he kept his needles and scissors and shirt buttons, and whatever else goes to make up that tidy

receptacle, a bachelor's work-box. Every chair had its place, and knew it too. There were little balls of twine tucked away in particular little places, and, in fact, everything about looked quite too prim and nice for common mortals to touch. You may imagine what an annoyance to a quiet, particular person, such a note as this must have been.

Again and again he said to himself that it was impossible, and he couldn't think of it. What! have a chit of a girl rummaging about his precise premises, laughing when he didn't want to laugh, squalling—yes, that's what he called it!—squalling out opera-airs and thumping his elegant rosewood piano, till it screamed in agony—inviting young men and young women to call, turning his parlors topsy turvy, and giving him no rest or peace from morning till night! Gigantic accumulation of evils, Pelion upon Ossa of woman troubles! What could he do to avoid it? His niece had been too kind to him to deny her—she had nursed him in a severe illness, her attention had saved his life, and he felt grateful; but it takes something more than feeling to testify one's gratitude.

"Perhaps," thought he, "I can board at Badger's (a hotel), and leave her the house for her to ransack. Then she might talk, come, go, act as she pleased, and he would not be there to groan in spirit. But would not this look too cynical? would it be treating his guest or his aunt with respect? He came to the conclusion that it would not. Girls! how he detested them! Vain, giggling, flirting, nervous things, all the time expecting presents and ice creams, talking without sense, wise without experience—he most devoutly wished for a world minus the feminize gender, in which he might reflect at his ease, have no nieces to send him perplexing notes and more perplexing girls to turn his ideas and his household into confusion."

After this sort of reflection, it is hardly to be wondered at that his hand trembled with vexation when he replied that his niece was welcome (?) to send her niece—or rather her husband's—and that he should be happy (?) to receive her. O, the polite lies that are told every day, and every hour in the day!

It was on one of the balmiest and most beautiful of bright spring mornings. Our bachelor—but hold! we have not yet described him for the benefit of our thousands of readers. Have you on a table, devoted especially to that purpose, some scores of daguerreotypes? And among them is there one in particular—a Cousin Ned, or Mr. Somebody, a particular friend of the family, who visits not often, but always finds it diffi-

cult to tear himself away—whom you always select to show to visitors, from whom you may be sure to hear the most enthusiastic praises? And does not your own cheek tingle a little, when some rapturous voice exclaims—"what noble breadth of forehead! what splendid hair! such magnificent eyes! has he so sweet a dimple in his chin? O, isn't he a beauty!"

Well, that particular picture resembles—in a measure—the hero of our sketch. He was not only exceedingly fine looking, but he was handsome—a man to be proud of, as far as appearances went—and really, in all but his dreadful indifference to the pretty young girls who walked the streets of Sudbury, a noble fellow every way. Nobody could say a word against his morals. He went to church three times on the Sabbath, gave liberally, had the minister to tea once a month, and was highly thought of in the community—except by the women, who voted him down because he would not take to himself a wife.

As I began to say, our bachelor sat at his breakfast table, leisurely eating, sipping and reading, when he saw at some distance the coach turning a particular angle that it never turned except when it was coming towards his house.

"There's that girl!"

It is of course impossible to express by pen, the intense and withering disgust conveyed from his lips to the current of air blowing towards the coming coach. He sprang from the table, upsetting his coffee-cup over one of the whitest and finest of linen cloths, and by some strange instinct caught his hat and cane, and made for an opposite door to that one at which the coach was now standing, when he was arrested by the house-keeper, who said, rather pertinently:

"I guess there's somebody waiting for you to help her out."

This carried him to the front door, upon the steps of which stood already three detestable bandboxes and a formidable trunk, and he caught a glimpse of a face looking directly towards him.

"Thank Heaven, she's homely!" was his first mental ejaculation. And he then went forward to assist her to alight.

It was not a beautiful face that sat in his sunny home not a half an hour afterwards, to be sure, but it was a lovable face, there was no denying that. The fair, well-proportioned brow, with its soft ringlets of glossy brown falling around it—the clear, dark eyes, the deep, deep dimples that showed every time she spoke, and even the tiny, white, projecting teeth—yes, the teeth were ever visible—made an impression upon all who saw her. Wallace Hastings had deliberately decided to be off early, but somehow he

lingered longer than he intended, to hear the news from the family of his young niece.

In spite of his prejudices, he admired her calm, quiet manner; even her plain, gray-cloth dress, with its modest collar of white, pleased his eye, though he still persisted in being intensely thankful she was not beautiful. The next morning at breakfast she had a bloom on her cheek.

"Let me pour the coffee," she said, suiting the action to the word, and gracefully doing the duties of a hostess. "What a charming place this is," she continued. "I never saw a more beautiful prospect than from the top of the hill yonder."

"That hill! why, it is nearly two miles from here," said Wallace.

"So I supposed," she replied. "I started very early, so as to have the benefit of the sunrise. It was a most delightful walk."

"You rise early then?" he said, blushing as he thought of his own laziness.

"Always," was her reply. "My duties as a teacher would leave me no time otherwise. One can get through a great deal of reading and study by devoting two early hours to them, the mind is so fresh in the morning."

"You keep school then."

"O yes. My mother and father have been dead for many years."

There was an unconsciously mournful cadence in this reply, like a sad wail through a summer's wind. This young and graceful girl toiled hard for a living. He had not known this before. It made him more hospitably inclined. As he went away, he said:

"My pianoforte and music are at your command, Miss May," (Carry May—that was her name.)

"Thank you," she replied gently.

"I,"—he hesitated—"I am not much given to visiting, Miss May, but if I can be of service to you, command me. There are a great many fine young ladies in our vicinity."

He could not look her in the face as he repeated these choking words.

"Thank you very much, I am sure," she said, with her face all dimples—"but I am so little accustomed to visiting myself, that I fear I should not be good company. Besides, I am advised not to be given to night rambles, by my physician, and I believe while my health is not quite good, home is the best place for me."

"Admirable conclusion!" said Wallace in his heart. "Most certainly this is an extraordinary young woman!" And with much emphasis, he repeated these words to the minister that same day, inviting the latter to stop and take tea. The minister, be it known, was also a bachelor, and

was not as old by five years as Wallace Hastings.

He was a pleasing, gentlemanly man, not at all superior in talent, mild and amiable in manners and deportment, refined, courteous and good-looking. He came soon after Carry May had installed herself in this pleasant country house, and appeared so much delighted with her, that Wallace rubbed his hands gleefully for the first time in his life over such a thing, and said :

"There's a match—and he needs a wife."

So it continued that Carry May took long rambles in the mornings, often joined by Wallace Hastings, sometimes by the minister, and the good people of the village were noways backward in forming their conclusions, though they were a little puzzled to know which suitor was the most favored by the pleasant-faced young girl.

For a long time, Carry May had not been prevailed upon to sing. Brave in everything else, she was always timid when her vocal powers were concerned. One day Wallace Hastings came home much earlier than was his wont. He entered the house and was astonished to hear a clear, sweet, bird-like voice, trilling and warbling in perfect abandonment of melodious sound. He paused astonished, chained, captivated. If he had a weakness, it was a passionate love of music, and he himself was no mean amateur. Going towards the door of the music-room, he found his housekeeper and hired man both listening intently. They started and essayed to move when they saw him.

"Hush!" he said, in a low whisper, "who is it?"

"The young lady," replied his housekeeper. "That's the way she sings every day, like an angel, and Mike and I stand and listen."

"Is it possible?" exclaimed Wallace. And musingly he entered the parlor.

Presently Miss May came in, quite astonished to see him there, and blushing so, that for once he thought her beautiful.

"So it seems you do sing, Miss May?" he said, a little pique in his voice, as he thought how often he had urged her to favor him.

"O, yes, for my own pleasure; it is a relaxation from severe duties."

"Must I think you are selfish, Miss May?"

"I hope I am not; I do not think it is selfishness so much as great timidity, which, so far, I have found it impossible to conquer. I wish I could. I have taken every pains to do so."

Why was it that at that moment the perverse heart of this bachelor, who had resisted all the beauties he had seen for so many years, went from him forever? Her modest, earnest manner, glowing cheeks and beautiful eyes completed his

enslavement. When the minister told him on the evening of that same day that he never saw a young lady so well calculated to make a pastor's wife, he fell almost tempted to commit some act of personal violence upon him; and when further, the minister with his pleasant, smiling face appeared at his supper-table twice where before he came but once, he was inclined almost to outrage politeness and tell him his room was better than his company.

It happened one day that the poor minister, in strictest confidence, told him that he intended to propose to Miss May. If an earthquake had struck him, or a ball of lightning transfixed him, he could not have been more astounded. In fact he almost turned his back upon the poor man.

For nearly a week following, poor Wallace Hastings spent his evenings from home. He was sure he had seen her eye light up with pleasure when the reverend gentleman called, she always spoke of him in admiring terms, therefore he concluded that it was all over, the two loved each other, so he would leave them to themselves. Consequently, for the sake of his own peace of mind, though it certainly made him wretched, he avoided Miss Carry May, while she, strange to say, seemed to lose her genial flow of spirits, and to look somewhat depressed and unhappy.

One day she sat in her room, writing to her aunt and uncle in the city. Suddenly she gathered the paper in her hands, and crushed it, saying :

"This will not do. Instead of writing, I must go home. I will not be a love-sick, desponding creature. There are claims upon my time, and even upon my heart, that I may call upon to aid me in overcoming my first wild dream. I will go home."

When she announced her intention to Wallace, he said, almost coldly :

"Ah, I am sorry you are going, but I suppose we shall be having a wedding soon, then I shall see you sometimes."

Having uttered these words in a very constrained manner, he went out, leaving the astonished girl surprised, indignant and wondering.

It was some two months after Carry May had returned. Wallace Hastings had been on a brief journey. It was not so much to finish the important business which called him away, as to forget the image that had been too indelibly stamped upon his heart. The minister took tea with him in the old-fashioned way, and he, too, came with a purpose, he was determined to know what had altered the manners of his old friend toward himself.

"Well, I suppose you are nearly ready for

that interesting ceremony?" said Wallace, attempting a ghastly smile.

"I really do not know to what you refer," replied the young pastor.

• "Why, to your engagement with Miss May," replied the other, speaking the name with an effort.

"My engagement to Miss May?" replied the minister, with equal effort. "I am sorry to say," he continued, in a lower and sadder tone, "I am not and never was engaged to Miss May."

"What, did you not tell me—"

"I told you that I should propose to her, and so I did," replied the other. "She, however, did not love me," he added, frankly.

"What a fool I have been!" exclaimed Wallace Hastings, striking his forehead.

"She would have made so sweet a pastor's wife," said the minister, entirely pre-occupied with his own thoughts. "By the way, I wonder you could have seen her so much without loving her."

Wallace finished his supper almost in silence, the minister meantime expatiating on the beauty and the many virtues of Miss May.

The next day our bachelor wrote a note to his niece in the city, and on the following morning he walked into the hall of her residence, just as Carry May was walking out. The blush, the start, the quick, earnest welcome with which she met him, were worth everything to him. Even the slight pressure of her hand—he could not have counted its value by any sum in arithmetic. His niece's welcomes were more demonstrative.

"I never expected to see you in my house," she cried. "You have almost made Carry a confirmed anchorite. She was bad enough before, but she has been a perfect recluse since she returned. I think so much study will kill her. Isn't she a sweet girl? Since nothing has come of it, I'll tell you frankly that I did secretly hope in my own heart that she would charm you out of your celibacy. But, O, dear, nothing short of an angel would move you, I believe."

"I have an idea that Miss May is only little short of an angel," said Wallace, gravely.

"Dear me, have you? Well, I declare, I didn't think it was in you to speak so highly of any woman. She is a dear, charming girl, that is a fact, the most engaging creature I ever knew—altogether a treasure. And it passes my comprehension why she isn't engaged, or hasn't been, long before this time."

"Perhaps she is," suggested Wallace Hastings.

"O, no, it isn't so, I'm very sure," replied his niece, "because, although there are plenty would be glad to come, yet no young gentleman waits

upon her; and I'm sure unless she could get one of the very best of husbands, I shouldn't want her to get any, for she has splendid talents and can well support herself."

"What kind of a husband do you think I should make?" queried Wallace Hastings.

After a moment of extreme surprise, the pretty woman clapped her hands as she exclaimed:

"O, I wish it might be! I know she likes you better—" She paused, quite confused.

Wallace had been walking the floor—he turned hastily, gave his niece one searching glance, and walked from the room, smiling to himself.

"I know she likes you better—" he soliloquized, "that's what I want; I want to be liked better—better than most men are liked."

"I declare!" exclaimed his niece, "I do believe Wallace likes our Carry. Well, to be sure if it isn't just the match for them both! He's as particular as any old bachelor, and she's as careful as any old maid. There will be a wedding as sure as the world!"

That evening the great question of his life was proposed by Wallace Hastings, and answered according to his heart's desire. Wallace had the cruelty to engage his friend and companion the pastor, who had enjoyed so many social evenings with his bride elect, to perform the ceremony. But he knew his disappointment was not as keen as some men's would have been. So that's what came of a COUNTRY VISIT.

#### SLEEP.

There is no fact more clearly established in the physiology of man than this, that the brain expends its energies and itself during the hours of wakefulness, and that these are recuperated during sleep; if the recuperation does not equal the expenditure, the brain withers—this is insanity. Thus it is, that in early English history, persons who were condemned to death by being prevented from sleeping always died raving maniacs; thus it is, also, that those who are starved to death become insane; the brain is not nourished, and they cannot sleep. The practical inferences are these: 1. Those that think most, who do most brain-work, require most sleep. 2. That time saved from necessary sleep is infallibly destructive to mind, body and estate. 3. Give yourself, your children, your servants—give all that are under you the fullest amount of sleep they will take, by compelling them to go to bed at some regular early hour, and to rise in the morning the moment they awake; and within a fortnight, nature, with almost the regularity of the rising sun, will unloose the bonds of sleep the moment enough repose has been secured for the wants of the system. This is the only safe and sufficient rule; and as to the question how much sleep any one requires, each must be a rule for himself; great Nature will never fail to write it out to the observer under the regulations just given.—*Dr. Spicer.*

[ORIGINAL.]

## "THIS LIFE'S A DREAM."

BY MARY PERCIVAL.

O, tell me not that life's a dream; .  
That all are doomed to know  
The hopes we cherish, joys we seek,  
Must end in sorrow, woe!

O, tell me not there's nought on earth  
Can bring us peace of mind;  
That no pure joys can emanate  
From any earthly shrine!

O, tell me not 'tis a dreary void,  
A sea of toil and strife,  
Where we meet and part with those we love,  
And hate the cares of life!

O, life is not a vale of tears,  
Without a smile to cheer;  
Where nought is heard but a funeral dirge,  
And all is dark and drear.

Go wipe the tear from sorrow's eye,  
And ease the sufferer's pain;  
Or soothe the lonely orphan's moan:  
Then, hast thou lived in vain?

Seek ye the prisoner in his cell,  
Where, fettered and confined,  
Hopeless, alone, he meets his fate:  
Go soothe and calm his mind.

Seek the poor slave in distant climes,  
Whose dearest hope is death;  
Bartered and sold in cruel sport,  
E'en from his earliest breath.

Tell him of God, of love and truth,  
And of that better land;  
Seek to illumine his darkened mind,  
And break the heavy band.

Each has a mission to fulfil,  
Seek out some work of love;  
'Twill lead to happiness on earth,  
To higher bliss above.

[ORIGINAL.]

## THE MIDNIGHT EPISODE.

BY HARRY HAREWOOD LEECH.

THE beautiful home of Philip Montague, but a short distance from Hayre de Grace, in Maryland, lies upon the sloping banks of the lovely Susquehanna. No description of ours could do justice to the antique-looking cottage nestling amidst the shade of those waving lindens at the end of the beautiful green lane; the fine orchard at its side, rich with its ruddy, blushing fruit; and the wealth of all flowers which grew in the spacious gardens, exhaling their heavy perfumes into the opened casements as each breeze kissed their velvet cheeks; the old porch whose staunch

columns were smothered in rose blossoms, the creeping honeysuckle clinging tenderly to its projecting roof, before the doors its plat of grass snowed over with daisies, and standing in its midst the old carved fountain, now dried up and broken, but still with the peacocks who strut around the gravel walks, adding to the picture and its quaint beauty; behind, the rows of stately poplars darkly rising, around whose tops and the old-fashioned vanes the white pigeons are constantly flitting. Yes, it was a beautiful, home-like spot, and although no architect with curious skill had erected a majestic pile of carved marble, rare wood or porphyry, with stately columns and sumptuous chimney-pieces of shining stone, there was the picturesque gables, substantial frames, rough porticos, and high, old-fashioned, hospitable fire-places, and from the genial warmth afforded in winter by the latter, a stranger or wanderer never had been turned.

Paul Montague, his sweet wife, and an orphaned nephew, lived together at Meadowvale, the name of this pretty spot, and so quietly glided their lives, so many joys were centred in each other, that they felt the world had no pleasures to bestow, save what sprang from the little circle of home, which with them all was but another word for happiness.

A serpent once entered Eden, then why should Meadowvale remain unvisited? The arch-tempter sought our mother's bower, and a temptress entered this elysium and assailed its master with a power which nature could not triumph over. We shall see how this came about.

A pleasant evening in June, Paul Montague arrived home from Baltimore; he had scarcely dismounted from his horse, and thrown the bridle to his boy, before he was folded in the arms of his fond wife, who met him upon the steps of the porch with a greeting as warm as ten years before, when she became his blushing, happy wife.

"Dear Paul, I am so glad you have returned," she said.

"How do you do, dear wife?" And he kissed her tenderly.

"Come in, come in," she continued, merrily, "I have a pleasant surprise for you. You recollect Leonora Raymond? O, yes, I know you do, for gossips said she was fond of my dear husband before we married. Well, I have such a sweet letter from her, I have not heard from her, you know, for over five years; her father lost all his property before he died, and at last Nora has taken a situation at the Marlborough Seminary, near here, and she wishes to know if she can procure board with us."

"What a fall for proud Nora Raymond," interrupted Paul. "But, dear Annie, we cannot have our little circle broken into by a stranger."

"O, now, husband, you are selfish, you do not think how much company she will be for me when you are away; but I will go and get you her letter." And she bounded from the room, soon returning with the letter, which Montague read, then he laid it down, and said:

"Do as you please, Annie. I do not like to have a stranger with us; but here comes Perry, he shall decide." And as a tall, pale youth entered the room, Montague addressed him, "How do you do, Perry, my boy? Paler than ever—you study too hard; but let us submit a question to you: shall Miss Nora Raymond be admitted to our home?"

"Is she poor and friendless?" was the question, in a grave voice.

"So she says," replied his uncle.

"Then I should say let her come, uncle, if—"

"No ifs, dear Perry." And the lady jumped towards him, laughing, and placed her plump white hand upon his mouth. "Yes, dear husband, she shall come. I must have my way in this; but recollect, you must not make love to her as of yore."

"Faugh, I expect she is yellow and withered," was the laughing reply. "As for me, I shall take care to be as much out of her company as possible."

"O, I am so glad, I shall write immediately." And clapping her hands in delight, Mrs. Montague ran up stairs to indite the promised letter, for there is no errand executed by woman with such alacrity as one of sympathy and love.

Paul soon followed his wife, to refresh himself after his long ride, previous to the evening meal, and Perry Miller wandered abstractedly to his study.

Paul Montague was a fine-looking man of about thirty-seven years of age, with brown, curling hair falling in a heavy mass from his white temples, and shading his ruddy cheeks, and his deep blue eyes were the index of a warm, generous heart. He had a poetic soul, and was keenly alive to beauties, both in nature and art. He had, besides, an impressible heart; his 'fine attainments' had advanced him to high positions in the political world, and like many men in his condition, he was possessed of considerable vanity and self-love; but he was a devoted husband, and his greatest pride and joy was in his blooming wife, who returned his affection with all the warmth and strength of her beautiful nature.

But the singular being in this household was

Perry Miller—he was about twenty-two years of age. Soon after the marriage of Annie to Paul Montague, her sister died in the East Indies, and her husband returned to this country with their only son, then about twelve years old. The father soon after died, leaving the boy to the care of his aunt. She had received him to her heart, and he soon was beloved for his good qualities very dearly by Paul—he had been a son to them.

He was a strange youth: he never had play-mates like other boys, and amid the eternal hum of the world, he grew into a shy and solitary youth, with strange joys and sorrows. He knew not why, yet he was moved often to tears when he stood amongst the lengthened evening shadows, and felt the night gather gloom around him, and the bright stars fix themselves in the great vault above. His chief friends were books, he read in them of those great spirits who went down like suns and left upon the mountain tops of death a light that made them lovely. His own heart made him a poet, and imagination like a subtle alchemist turned all his thoughts to gold, and opened on his life all the treasures of her richest vaults; but when from his grave studies he unbent, and joined his aunt and uncle in their evening pleasures, he had ever a pleasing anecdote or rare jest to enliven them, so no face was missed more than Perry's from the drawing-room.

One day there was a great bustle at Meadowvale, a tall lady had alighted from a carriage, so veiled that Paul and Perry could not see her face except just for the instant when the veil was raised to kiss Annie Montague, and then a large pair of dark eyes were disclosed, and before they shone upon the gentlemen the veil was dropped.

"Why, Nora, I am glad to see you! Come in, come in! Welcome, Miss Raymond, to Meadowvale."

"Thank you, O, thank you!" And amidst these hurried expressions Lenora Raymond entered the house.

They formed an agreeable party at tea that night—the sprightly and happy wife, the glowing, handsome husband, the pale student, and the magnificent Nora Raymond. Yes, she was really beautiful, for her lips and cheeks, her wonderfully lustrous eyes, her shape and features seemed to be drawn by Love's own hand, and when she gazed, as she did often upon Perry, he thought of the deep midnight stars whose light is at once so darkly beautiful, so deeply bright, and whole veins of diamonds which could furnish crowns for all the queens of earth.

She seemed to be about thirty years of age (if



the reader will pardon us for judging it), her figure was full and luxuriant, she was easy and graceful in conversation, and would have been brilliant if there had not appeared a certain subdued air, which seemed to tell of many troubles, and which of itself was interesting. She had one of those beautifully chiselled mouths which at once seem to invite love or wreath words of scorn.

The conversation was sustained mainly by Mrs. Montague, Perry, and Nora Raymond, Paul seeming abstracted, careless or pre-occupied, in truth he was bewildered. He had expected to see the Nora of other days appear as the faded, weary woman; he was not prepared to have her burst into his view matured in fascinations, in all the warm, ripe luxuriance of her charms, and as he listened to the conversation, the gay, sweet warble of his wife's words, the deep and finely modulated tones as Perry spoke, then the rich, full tones of Nora's voice, like the master's touch upon the sweet keys of a powerful organ, all these made him gaze from one to the other, and at last his looks rested upon his own dear wife, and if she could have seen his beaming smile, she would have known that she did not suffer from the comparison. Old days were conjured up, old joys were discussed, old friends remembered, as they sat around the board, and when they separated, after spending the evening in singing and playing, in both of which accomplishments Nora excelled, it was felt that she, instead of breaking in upon their social, home pleasures, was a great acquisition. When Paul and his wife were alone together, she threw her arms about her husband, and said:

"Dear Paul, was I not right in bringing Nora here? is she not beautiful? Now answer me, I won't be jealous."

"Yes, beautiful indeed, dearest wife." And he folded his arms around her shoulders. "But my own little dove is far sweeter than all the glossy ravens in the world."

"Hush, you shall not say so. But do you think our Perry will fall in love with her? Did you not see how softly his eyes beamed, how tender his voice became as he spoke to her?"

"No, no," was Paul's answer, I do not think our young eaglet will find an eyrie sufficient in Nora's love to perch his hopes upon. His books are his best mistress, I think, at present."

But Paul Montague did not examine his own heart properly when he spoke these words, for somehow the idea of Perry's marrying Leonora was disagreeable to him. He did not question why; better if he had.

The month of July flew by, attended by the

sultry noons, the fragrant, breezy evenings, the rich sunsets, the smiling verdure, and heavy beds of flowers; all at Meadowvale was beautiful as ever, and much more happy. The advent of Nora Raymond had inaugurated gayer changes in the household; in the mornings she walked to Marlborough, which was only a short distance, then when she came back, there were rides, and drives, sailing upon the broad Susquehanna, visits to be paid, or visitors received; all were pleased with the stranger at Meadowvale, and many gentlemen, attracted by her charms, had become quite constant visitors; but none received so much encouragement as Perry, the student, the grave youth who was beginning to love Nora as only a poet can love, with the love that can thrive upon such dainty food as sweet words showering from a dainty lip, and he was but too happy when she dowered him with rich looks, her arch head half aside, and her liquid eyes called all the wild blood up to his pale cheeks in pleasant tumults, as they drooped softly upon his passion-lit orbs from beneath their silken-fringed lids. O, she bewitched him then, did Nora Raymond!

One evening, 'twas in the latter part of August, the day had been very sultry, and after Leonora had returned from the seminary, she had at Perry's invitation taken a sail with him down towards the bay; she was in the best possible spirits, and she looked lovelier than ever, her face wreathed in smiles and beaming out all aglow from her night of hair, which the evening breezes toyed with wantonly, throwing her tiny curls over her cheeks in careless beauty.

Perry was sad and silent—it seemed as though he was content only to drink in love from her voice, learn its lessons from her soul-lit eyes, and felt as though he was almost in some strange and pleasing enchantment, from which a sound would rescue him.

It was getting quite dark when they returned, and he fastened his little sail boat to the stakes upon the shore, and they strolled on towards the house, she leaning heavily upon his willing arm, and her mass of curls almost brushing his own locks—he was happy almost to delirium.

"Perry," said she, "do not let us return so quickly to the house; we will stroll to the left, behind the old poplars, there are seats, you know, and we can sit awhile watching the beautiful moonrise."

"I would have suggested the same, Miss Raymond," replied Perry, "but I feared to fatigue you."

"You must not call me Miss Raymond any more," said she, looking up at him smilingly.

"Its coldness rebukes me for addressing you familiarly, Perry." And she laughed merrily.

"I will not," said he, "so here I recant, my dear friend, Leonora."

They seated themselves upon a bench beneath the tall poplar trees.

"Ah, friendship," sighed Nora, "how often have I heard it sworn to me, and often thus as we are, Perry, beneath the glances of the same pale prophetess, the moon, and before she had walked in lonely triumph through the heavens, those friends were false and forsworn."

"I will swear friendship to you, dear Nora—shall I call you so?—and such a vow may my God deny me if I ever break it!" he cried, passionately.

"No, no, you shall not!" She rose up hastily. "You are young, dear Perry; 'twere a hard and thankless task to be the friend of Nora Raymond." She had sank down to the seat again, and was sad and trembling.

"Yes, Nora, more than friendship, more than mortal's usual love, will I pledge to you." And he continued impetuously, "Nora, dear Nora, I must, I will speak to you, now; I have sought you in dim, sweet dreams, on the restless sea, when the breathless midnight beat to the same lovetune as my heart, and when the brown autumn had shed its leaves over the great oak-roots, and winters moaned through the lindens drearily, and my soul was an empty, lorn and hungry space, a wide and hollow fane; when you appeared at Meadowvale, you seemed to leap into it like a new-born star, and my heart at once overflowed with melody and bliss—I have declared to you my passion a thousand times as our glances have met—say, Nora, is this sweet dream to pass?" And he knelt down upon the damp grass before her.

He had taken her unresisting hands in his, and she leaned over towards him in the moonlight, the old poplars rustling above them, and whispered to his eager ears:

"Dear Perry, I love you!" And with her eyes beaming into his, and while the melting heart softened every feature, *she kissed him!*

At that moment Perry could have scattered kingdoms like halfpence, he was drunk with joy, it was the royal hour, and as the midnight of her tresses floated around his face, the freed ringlets almost reeling down to the dewy grass, and her white arms imprisoning his neck, their cheeks close together, and their breath mixing like their souls, it was indeed Love's banquet spread. A strange incident indeed—a poet's love requited. All was embraced in that sentence, "Dear Perry, I love you!"

Since the arrival of Leonora Raymond at Meadowvale, a strange change had come over Paul Montague; instead of his fresh, hearty laugh echoing over the lawns, and his full voice sounding in song, as he wandered over his estate, he had been abstracted and silent, and had taken greater pleasure in rambling through the old woods, sailing upon the broad river, and taking long, lonely rides; it seemed as if he wished to work off feelings which were oppressive, and it was so.

When Nora had first arrived she had surprised him into admiration for her, and that feeling had been gradually growing ever since, and it was only when he beheld the loving attentions of Perry to her, and her pleased acceptance of them, that it dawned upon his mind that he was actually feeling jealous of the youth, and when he had clearly defined his thoughts, he was angry from his soul that such feelings could find a place in his heart; he therefore tried by every means in his power to avoid the being who was the cause of this unhappy tumult in his breast. It was in vain he thought of the injury he was doing his wife, in vain all the feelings of honor were marshalled; no power it seemed was able to overcome that of his daily growing and dishonest love; but there is no doubt this conflict in his mind would have resulted in his complete victory over himself, but for feelings which were sharply wounded—self-love and vanity.

He thought of by-gone days, when he believed Nora Raymond had loved him; he beheld her now cold and calm as a statue to him—she heeded him no more than politeness exacted from her—she seemed entirely to ignore the past, and cast all her bewildering glances towards Perry, as if throwing defiance in Paul's very teeth. Yes, he was piqued, his vanity suffered terribly, and with the natural selfishness of man he determined to conquer this impregnable citadel. His passion had entirely got the reins of duty, honor and reason, his heart was in a glow like heated steel, and his weakness taught him imperatively to follow his own mad will; he would not think of coming griefs, or what sorrow his course might entail upon many suffering hearts. No, he banished all thoughts save those which fed his guilty passion.

Nora Raymond saw a great change in Paul Montague; he who had been the courteous host, coldly polite, kindly indifferent, now bent over her tenderly as she played upon the piano in the evening, his voice was modulated by the passion which was raging in his heart, his eyes grew darker, softer, as they gazed on her; it was his care that now enveloped her form in warm

coverings when she ventured out into the chill air of the August nights, while his wife would thank him so much in her heart for his attentions to her lovely friend, and stand by, a busy, laughing spirit of joy, uttering playful remarks. O, how Paul Montague was insulting her by his admiration of Nora!

She had thawed considerably towards her host, and often would they ride and stroll together. Perry engaged still in his hard studies, but often snatching an hour from these for Nora and happiness, and upon these occasions the vows were exchanged as warmly and sealed as sweetly as upon that first evening beneath the dark poplars. Perry Miller would have staked his life upon the truth of Leonora Raymond, as he remembered the kiss which trembled on his cheek that night, with touch lighter than a roseleaf, and her joyful tears and blushes were buried in his heart, while the sound of her silver voice rippled towards him, "I love you." O, yes, he had sweet faith.

Perry was seated in his study on a pleasant evening in September, the casement thrown open, with the moon's slant beams silvering the old statues in the corners, and the zephyrs wafting in the sweetest garden odors; he looked out at the great sailing clouds, which now and then obscured pale Cynthia's light, and as her glory again burst forth unobscured, he conjured up dusk figures starting from the shades, and fantastic shapes dancing in the gloom; he was indulging in one of those pleasant reveries, feeling as though the sweetest pleasure on earth was to think, at least when one could think such happy thoughts.

He heard voices in the garden, he looked out and beheld his Uncle Paul coming down to the little recess almost beneath his window, and Nora was hanging on his arm. He smiled, and his thoughts again ranged to futurity, and this time a loved home sprang up, painted in all the beauties of vine-clad doors, jessamine covered casements, and she its mistress; but he heard the voice of Paul addressing Nora, and he was about to put his head from the window and speak to them, when words were uttered which caused the blood to rush back from his heart, and kept him rooted there stiff and cold like a being of flesh and blood transformed to granite.

"No, Nora, it is not so," spoke Paul, "these long, long years I have never forgotten you. I thought of you, it is true, as one dead—at least to me. I thought time had conquered, but when you appeared here, all the memories rushed back to my heart, I knew then the fire had never died."

"I say again, I cannot trust to Paul Montague; every pretty face impresses him, every bright eye bewilders him, and brings him a slave to the feet of thousands."

"By Heaven I swear, Leonora, that I have never loved but you. I was mad when I thought so." And his voice was full of emotion.

"You were fickle to me, Paul," and her voice was more tender than when she spoke before, "and now you are false to her, how should I trust you?"

"More than ever," he answered, passionately. "O, Nora, if you could only have known the feelings which flashed like fire through my heart the first night you came, when I expiated by those quick pangs all the fickleness of those former years. I knew not that it was love even then, until I saw your eyes flashing upon Perry, and wooing the boy, drawing his soul to yours by your glance of magnetism—"

"Stop, you must not speak more of this, Paul. I am weak; God knows how weak!" And her voice trembled, and was as low as the cooing of a wounded dove. "You know Perry has declared his love to me, I will not be false to him. I will not leave the gash across his heart which for years has been bleeding in mine. We two have again met like ships upon the sea; yours sails into port, I am content that mine may speed away on lonely paths, through mists and cloud, and foam. I will not marry Perry. I will not allow you to become a guilty wretch for my sake. I loved you always, I will tell you this now that we must part forever; I would to God that you had never known this secret, or else had known it years before. I bear a heavy doom; my rich heart has been like a palace shattered, but I shall stand up amidst its ruins calmly, when I think I have not dragged you down with me."

While she had been speaking, Paul was moved to the soul, and when Nora in that hour of trial proved herself the strongest, he felt as though he could not, would not, give her up. He interrupted her with burning words which came tripping from his tongue, as his thoughts were stirred by his love.

The statue still stood on the window above them, immovable, stupefied, and as the moon struck upon Perry's pale, rigid features, he looked almost petrified. There was the evidence, however, of a struggling smile, when he saw Nora so much the stronger, nobler being.

Paul still urged. Nora was becoming less firm; her words were mingled freely with her tears. Ah, mortals are ever weak when love is a prompter. She made an attempt to go to the

house. Paul urged her to hear him but a moment. She gave him that moment. Ah, that fatal indecision! His insidious, gilded arguments glided like delicious music into her soul, her head drooped upon his shoulder, their words were lower and more tender, their breaths mingled with their sighs, and in the intoxication of the moment the words were uttered which the night breezes wafted up to the casement:

"Dearest, I yield—I am yours—I consent to fly with you."

These words smote upon the statue's ears. No longer granite, nor immovable, was that form, but a shudder ran through the whole frame like a strong electric shock, a feeling of intense pain convulsed the features, a faint groan escaped from the bloodless lips, and the form staggered, then fell to the floor like a corpse.

Who shall attempt to describe the feelings of the student? Let all the anguish which hearts have experienced in years of misery be condensed into one brief instant, and that to make a millionth part of the sorrow of that bitter stroke, and we can nearly understand it.

The next day Perry did not appear amongst the family, he pleaded illness. How ill he was none guessed. None ever knew what a conflict he had with love, reason and duty, but his was one of those strong, conscientious natures that to learn the right was but to practise it.

Another beautiful night at Meadowvale; no winds to stir the trees, and leaves, and bowers; the pale moon again riding in the heavens, and her lambent beams searching lovers out to soften eyes, to play upon sweet features, and with her slant beams often interposing between kisses, sharing half their sweetness. Nine, ten o'clock had passed, the quiet and regular household had settled down to that stillness which speaks of the general reign of Morpheus. Eleven o'clock, and a stealthy figure emerged from the bushes behind the arbor near the poplars, and crept silently towards the house, a window was quietly opened and a head was thrust cautiously forth; perhaps it was the moon, but O, the face was deadly pale. A light still glimmered in the room of Annie Montague the wife, at the other wing.

The figure comes from out the bushes, he treads lightly, but the gravel still creaks loudly under his feet; but the household slumbers on. He bears a light ladder to the opened window, puts one end down, then another, then carefully rests it against the house, crushing all the honey-suckles beneath it. What cares he? He would crush hearts as well.

The lady steps out upon the topmost round, a murmur, then she slowly descends, each round seeming to creak warningly, till she reaches the bottom and is folded in the figure's arms. Now back to the bushes, lightly towards the old poplars, cross through the wood to the old road, they are now in the lane leading to the gate, the entrance to the shore, where a carriage is awaiting them, and the impatient horses are pawing holes in the sand. Still advancing to the gate, the man's strong arms around the woman's almost fainting form, he was about to open the gate and pass through, onward to their fate. A figure started out from the shades of the lindens, and the tall form of Perry Miller stood before Paul Montague and Nora Raymond. Had an apparition darted out before them they would have been startled no more; a faint shriek from Nora, as she fell almost fainting back upon Paul, who confronted Perry, as he said:

"Ha, you here—"

"Yes, Paul Montague, I am here; here to stop one of the most terrible crimes ever contemplated. I overheard all in the garden last night. I do not seek to save Nora Raymond for myself, that is all over, I know; but I will save Nora by saving your wife, for 'tis she who now claims my pity. I will repay her all the gratitude I owe her for her kindness to the orphan, by saving her from such shame and misery as this, and then I leave your house forever."

His glance was scorching, and Nora almost felt the lightning from his eyes blast her where she stood. Montague at first was surprised almost out of speech, he felt Nora shiver in his arms, he still was determined to go on, in spite of all.

"Out of my path," he cried, striding forward. "I will go on. I have chosen my road, 'tis not in the power of a boy to drive me back."

"For shame, Paul Montague!" replied Perry, but he did not stir. "Will not the thought of her, who for years has been your faithful wife, drive you back? Will you forfeit at one instant your years of toil for fame—your honor and your good name—and drag down that weak woman to perdition with you beside? Will you crush forever the happiness of her who now watches for your coming, and all for a few hours of guilty joy? O, Paul Montague! Uncle, for heaven's sake, go back, go back! 'tis yet time! Retrieve all your crimes by that one act of mercy!" And he leaned forward, clasping his hands, towards Paul, supplicating him to return.

Nora stepped from the side of Paul, and said, while her tears and sobs would let her speak:

"He is right, Paul. I will go back. I can save all. I never saw the horror of my crime till now—"

"By all my hopes, I swear you shall not go back! Out of my way, boy, or I will strike you to the earth!" And he stepped forward to open the gate.

Perry grasped the fainting woman by the arm, and drew her quickly behind him; then, quick as thought, he pulled two heavy pistols from his bosom, and as Paul stepped towards him, the two ominous muzzles pointed at his head, and the stern eyes of that pale man gave guarantee that he would not hesitate to pull the triggers which his fingers pressed upon.

"Since you scoff at moral laws, I will try this persuasion; and I will shoot you dead at my feet, rather than your infamous plan should be carried out."

But now Nora was in front of him, and grasped his uplifted arm.

"Spare him! spare him, Perry, if you ever loved me!" she almost shrieked.

His arms dropped; through his stern purpose those words came as oil into smarting wounds.

Montague's head had fallen upon his breast—the arms of Perry encircled and supported Nora. What a picture in the moonlight!

Perry walked with his charge unmolested towards the house; the humble, guilty man followed. He had in that brief, awful moment seen, as in a panorama before him, the dreadful horror of his crime, souls perishing in the maelstrom of his dishonor. He could have wept at the feet of Nora, and would have given his life to have wiped out the record of his insults to his faithful wife; and in his deep humiliation, he could have embraced Perry as his saviour.

The next day, Nora Raymond left Meadowvale in haste; the sorrowful Annie Montague had taken her plausible letters and fair excuses as the cause, and when the carriage rattled away, Paul's and Perry's glances met, dreadful, sad meaning in the first, awful lifetime sorrow in the last.

Years, many years, had passed over Meadowvale. None, save the actors, knew of *The Midnight Episode*; but Perry Miller travelled, a lonely, famous man known to the world as a poet and scholar, over nearly all the earth. He had come back, from over the seas, to greet Paul Montague and his wife again at the old home. He passed through New York, from Boston, on his way to Maryland, when he stopped in the former city and visited a certain famous hospital. As he passed through one of the wards, a sister of charity raised up from the bedside of one of

the patients, and when she gazed on Miller, the crimson flush mounted clear up to the snowy white band which confined her hair. Heavens! he recognized the features, still fresh, pure and fair, of her whom he had known as Leonora Raymond!

#### ORIGIN OF SILK HATS.

The "Nouvelliste" of Rouen, narrates the following curious anecdote: "M. Botta, son of one of the professors at the Academy of Caen, an intrepid traveller and confirmed archaeologist, one of the discoverers of the ruins of Nineveh, undertook a journey to China, and lived some time at Canton. This was prior to 1830. He used to wear there a beaver hat in the European fashion, which suited him so well that he was unwilling to change it. However, when it was worn out, he applied to a Chinese hatter, and giving him all sorts of directions, told him to make another like it. The man went to work, and in a few days brought a hat of the required shape, not of beaver, but of some stuff very soft and glossy. M. Botta on his return to France, preserved this curious specimen of Chinese workmanship, and wishing to have it repaired, entrusted it to a hatter, who examined it carefully, and was much struck with its mode of fabrication, which was altogether new to him. He examined the article with the greatest attention, and a short time after the present fashion of silk hats came in. The inventor patented his discovery and made a fortune, but held his tongue about his debt to the Chinese tradesman, who, seeking a substitute for the beaver, which he could not procure, devised the plan of replacing it by the light tissue of silk, which, at present almost universally constitutes the outward covering of the modern hat. We beg to restore to the Chinaman, although somewhat late, the honor due to him."

#### FABLE.

A gourd had wound itself around a lofty palm, and in a few weeks climbed to its very top.

"How old mayest thou be?" asked the new-comer.

"About a hundred years!"

"About a hundred years, and no taller! Only look; I have grown as tall as you in fewer days than you can count years!"

"I know that well," replied the palm. "Every year of my life a gourd has climbed up round me, as proud as thou art, and as short-lived as thou wilt be."—*The Modern Esop.*

#### THE FIGHTING TAILORS.

In the time of George the Second, when a British army was on the Continent of Europe fighting the French, a regiment of light cavalry was ordered to be raised in a hurry, and a strike among the London tailors occurring at the time, the said regiment was immediately filled up with journey-men tailors, and, when thought fit for the battlefield, they were sent to Germany, and under the famous Marquis of Granby these tailors fought on all occasions with such gallantry as not only to draw forth eulogiums from their general, but to become a positive terror to the enemy.—*Sat. Post.*

[ORIGINAL.]

## THE HOUSE OPPOSITE.

BY FANNIE DENNETT HALL.

WE lived in the suburbs of the city; in fact, our neighborhood had more of the city than the country element in it, being a prim, dignified plain, whose inhabitants were little given to gossiping or to similar sins. In spite of some disadvantages, it was altogether the loveliest spot, in the summer time, that we had ever seen. By we, I mean Harry and myself, who were, with the exception of our little maid-of-all-work, the only inhabitants of Hawthorn Cottage, a delightful little mushroom of a house, springing up in the midst of hawthorns and barberry-bushes and all sorts of untamed vegetation.

The cottage had the advantage over some dwellings of being deliciously cool in summer, and in winter—well, that was a slight drawback, to be sure—it was damp and disagreeably cold. Harry did not seem to mind this, however, and neither did I, except when I was attacked with a fever and ague, which lasted till summer time. However, that's neither here nor there.

Directly opposite us was a stately mansion, with a sloping lawn and flower-beds in the shape of hearts and rounds; in these latter grew all kinds of tame flowers, which arrogantly wafted their fragrance into our humble nook.

Never ending were the speculations in which Harry and I indulged, when, in the cool of the evening, seated upon our piazza, we gazed at the mansion opposite. Numerous were the romances we composed, Harry and I; and if all these had been written down and sent to some appreciating publisher, we might have been rich by this time.

At this time, the house was vacant; indeed, it had not been occupied since we had been in the neighborhood. We had heard, though, through one channel and another, curious stories about the mansion. One rumor ran that it was haunted; another was, that no family had ever inhabited it, but that it had lost while there one or more of its members by death. Another story, and very absurd, both Harry and I voted it, was, that no one could enter this wonderful house without being chilled through and through, in such a manner that it required weeks to remove the disagreeable feeling.

It was the second summer of our residence at Hawthorn Cottage. One morning, just after Harry had started for town, I took my sewing and seated myself at a window which commanded a view of the mysterious house, as we had got into the habit of calling it. The noise

of wheels attracted my attention, and, looking up, I saw that a carriage was drawn up at the opposite entrance, and that a gentleman and two ladies were descending from it. I am not much in the habit of watching people, but so many had been our conversations about the haunted mansion, that I was really curious to know what was about to happen.

The gentleman, an elderly man, with long white hair, which was singularly inconsistent with his active movements, led the way; the two ladies, one elderly, the other young, followed, and in a moment more the door of the mysterious house had closed upon all three. Half an hour afterwards, they came out, and I had a good view of the faces of the strangers. Never shall I forget the face of the younger lady, as I first saw it that summer morning. We read of such, but seldom, if ever, do we meet with them in real life. Fair and saintlike, it seemed to have caught its expression from the contemplation of diviner objects than mortals usually behold.

As she stood waiting to enter the carriage, I fancied I saw her shudder; and immediately after she drew her light shawl more closely about her. The story of the fatal chill came into my mind, and from that moment I was a believer in it. Not even was I to be laughed out of this belief by Harry, to whom I broached the subject at our evening meal. He laughed, also, at my enthusiastic description of the younger lady, refused to believe her a creature less earthly than ordinary mortals, and ended the matter by hinting at the impropriety of Mrs. Harry Dole's watching people from the window. This put an end for the present, to all talk on the subject.

Two days after, several loads of elegant furniture came to the house opposite, I could not resist the temptation—although I was the wife of Mr. Harry Dole, merchant—of casting a look now and then across the way. As long as Harry did not know it, it did not matter much.

A week after I had first seen them, our neighbors were settled in their new dwelling, and everything went on as quietly, seemingly, as if there was no such thing in the world as a mysterious house. Once or twice I saw the young lady in the garden, but as a general thing, we seldom saw our neighbors from one week's end to another. After a while, I began to think it was our duty to call upon them; but as often as I made the proposal, Harry was sure to have a headache, or there was some other excuse, and as I myself have a horror of making calls, the matter was indefinitely postponed.

The summer passed, and autumn came on

unusually chilly. I remember it well, for, early as it was, we began to have a little fire of an evening; and to draw the curtains to make it look cosy. Sometimes the wind whistled about the house, and sometimes it came in low, wailing sounds, like some person in distress. Never shall I forget that autumn; every circumstance that happened then, is impressed upon my mind too deeply ever to be effaced.

It was the saddest and the dreariest season I had ever known; and it was only when I had drawn the curtains to shut out the desolate world outside, and we were gathered about the bright, coal fire, that I was really happy.

It was nine o'clock in the evening; we had gradually dropped into silence and were listening, or at least I was, to the wind outside. Suddenly there came upon the blast a shriek so inexpressibly mournful and startling, that both Harry and I started to our feet and stood looking at each other in consternation. Once again, even while we stood spell-bound, it came mingling with the wind, and gradually dying out in such low, melancholy wailings, that our very blood seemed frozen.

Harry ran to the front door, and opening it, peered into the darkness; with the exception of the wind, all was quiet. There were a few stray lights in the house of our opposite neighbors, but nothing that betokened confusion or commotion; and yet the sound seemed to have come from that direction, and must have been more audible to them than to us.

We stood at the door for five minutes, waiting for a repetition of the sound. For the third time we heard it, now more like a howl than a shriek; more frightful than ever from its intensity, and dying out, as before, by degrees. There was no mistaking the direction this time; the shriek or howl proceeded from the mysterious mansion opposite, now, indeed, doubly mysterious.

I shivered and drew back. Harry closed the door, and with a thoughtful face, seated himself by the fire in our cosy little parlor.

The silence of fifteen minutes was at length broken by Harry.

"You are right; there is something strange about our neighbors opposite. I wonder who and what they are!"

"Do you think," I ventured to suggest, "that a murder has been committed?"

Harry looked grave. "We ought not childishly to imagine all sorts of terrible things; if there is any mystery about the matter, be sure that time will reveal it. I really hope there will be no further disturbance."

The next morning I saw the young lady in

the garden, gathering a few of the fall flowers. It was impossible to connect the idea of crime with such a sweet, Madonna-like face, but still I was firm in the belief that some mystery hung over the house and its inhabitants.

It might have been a week after the above occurrence, that Harry and I were sitting up unusually late; singularly enough, our conversation had been very doleful upon this particular evening. We had gone back to the deaths of our parents, to the melancholy fate of Harry's only sister, a subject to which he very seldom referred. With a strange pertinacity, he spoke of it again and again, recapitulated the train of horrors that preceded the catastrophe, and lingered upon the frightful details in a manner that made me unusually nervous.

The fire had died out, and the room was getting chilly; both of us had now relapsed into a gloomy silence, which ill prepared us for what was to follow. With awful distinctness there came again that well remembered shriek, still ever new in its horror. That night there was no wind, and every stage of the sound, from its first fullness to the last dying wail, smote upon our ears in a manner that is never to be forgotten while I live.

"This is frightful!" said Harry, starting up and dashing across the room.

As for me, I sank back upon the sofa, and closing my eyes, awaited with nervous shudders, which I could not prevent, whatever fresh horrors were in store for us.

Perhaps the groans that followed were more frightful than the shrieks. Groans that I should have thought possible to have been wrung only from the lips of those who die amidst exquisite tortures; fell upon our ears without cessation.

Harry seized his hat and rushed to the door, and I followed him. Just then, the side door of the mansion closed with a bang, and a moment after, a carriage with side lights passed out of the gateway and went at a furious pace down the road.

The groans had ceased; all was now as still as the grave, and not even a light could be seen in the mysterious house. We had nothing else left us to do but to close our own door, and, retreating to the parlor, to stare at each other in horror and perplexity.

"If this disturbance ever happens again," said Harry, solemnly, "I shall feel it my duty to investigate the mystery, at whatever cost. It is very strange."

I was in no humor for making any answer; my old enemy, the ague, had fast hold of me, for such had been the effect of the sudden shock,

that it had brought back what, as I thought, I had long ago got rid of.

An hour after, during which time I had not moved from the sofa, I heard—indeed, we both heard—the sound of returning wheels, and once again the side lights flashed, as the carriage re-entered the gateway; then all was quiet again. That was truly a night of horrors; how we lived through it, I cannot tell.

The next day I had some callers, people that lived in our neighborhood. They had, as I supposed likely, heard the sounds that had so disturbed us the night before.

"It's clear to my mind that the house is haunted," said Mrs. Ball, a very genteel and prim, middle-aged lady. "Such groans and shrieks no mortal ever could have uttered. I really don't know what to do in the matter."

"They do say," chimed in number two, "that that beautiful young lady is dying by inches. Every day she grows thinner and thinner, for do all she may, she cannot escape the doom that hangs over her."

"Nonsense!" was the polite rejoinder of number three; "I don't believe a word about the house being haunted. It's my opinion that some crime has been, or is being committed in the house, and that the young lady is an unwilling accomplice to it; no wonder, poor thing, she is dying. Well, it's none of my business."

That night, when Harry came home, he informed me that he had made all possible inquiries concerning our opposite neighbors, but no one seemed to know anything about them. As the matter still continued as mysterious as ever, and we could gain no new light upon the subject, we ceased to speak about it; but every night we dreaded a repetition of the sound.

It was the last Sunday in October; I remember it well, for Harry and I took a longer stroll than usual after the afternoon service. We lost our way, and were obliged to come through a long lane, which in summer was just the greenest and the loveliest country road that I ever saw. Now, everywhere it was strewn with bright-colored leaves, through which we trampled with the keenest sense of enjoyment of what might be considered very childish by some.

We met only one person; we very seldom meet any one in such roads. I don't think Harry took much notice of this man—and I didn't, at first; but when I saw him glare at me as if he wished to annihilate me, I walked on a little faster—though I laughed at myself, a minute after, for being such a coward.

When we came to Hawthorn Cottage, there seemed to be a great commotion in and about

the house opposite. The hired man was saddling a horse in the stable, and the elderly gentleman whom we supposed the head of the family, was running from one place to another with great activity. The young lady whom I have so often spoken of, was standing at the gateway, looking down the road and wringing her hands. There was upon her face an expression of anguish which at once awakened my sympathy, and I was upon the point of running to her and speaking, when she turned away, without perceiving us, and walked slowly up the carriage road. Something had happened to alarm and distress our neighbors, but what it was, we could not even guess; and circumstances forbade our offering them sympathy and aid. All through that peaceful Sunday afternoon, even till night, strangers were coming and going, with faces upon which was clearly expressed anxiety.

I confess that Harry and I were somewhat curious to know what was going on in that mansion of mystery; but we were not destined to be gratified. As before, we heard about midnight the noise of returning wheels, and then the sound of many voices; then all was quiet again.

On Monday morning the haunted house, which had figured in my dreams the night previously, wore, externally at least, as peaceful a look as ever. I half fancied that I had dreamed the events of the afternoon before; but that idea vanished, when Harry spoke of the matter at the breakfast table.

We came to the conclusion, Harry and I, that the house opposite contained some dreadful mystery which it behooved us to know, if we expected to enjoy any more peace and quietness. But the question was—how were we to know?

Harry insisted upon it, and nearly convinced me of the same thing, that the matter was so suspicious in its aspects, that he or any other person was justified in informing the proper authorities of the circumstances, and requiring them to give an explanation of the mystery.

For a long time I objected to such a summary mode of proceeding; but I was not proof against Harry's argument, and in the end was obliged to confess that such a course was no more than justice to the whole neighborhood.

It is singular how events turn out sometimes; just before Harry went down town, that morning, we had a letter come, by which I learned that my sister and her husband had just arrived from India, and wished us to meet them in the city. That circumstance drove our previous conversation from my mind, and I think from Harry's mind also, for he made no allusion to it during that day or the next.



We remained two days in the city, and during that time Hawthorn Cottage was shut up. The meeting with my sister after an interval of several years, the sense of relief from the knowledge that in our temporary abode we should not be subjected to the terrors of the haunted house, made an entirely different person of me; and when, towards night, we arrived at Hawthorn Cottage, I was in the gayest of spirits. I had many pleasant things to think of, not the least of which was that, in a few days, my sister was coming to make our little mansion a long visit.

It was near ten, that same evening, and I had put my work away and was meditating the propriety of retiring for the night, when suddenly, as ever, there came to our ears a succession of those shrieks which had chilled us with horror twice before.

Harry sprang to his feet with the determination of discovering the origin of those frightful sounds, if such a thing were possible; for the repetition of them was almost beyond endurance. At the piazza of our cottage, he came to a full stop; there was something singular about the appearance of the house opposite. From the side windows flashed a long, lurid gleam of light, which lit up all objects on that side of the house. The shrieks still continued, but in contemplating the mansion, we almost forgot them.

"Good heavens! the house is on fire!" was Harry's vehement exclamation, as he dashed down the steps, leaving me spell-bound at his announcement.

The next moment I rushed into the hall, seized a woolen shawl, and then sped after Harry, who had by this time gained the side door of the mansion. As I passed up the carriage road, tongues of fire leaped from the upper windows, and a hideous "ha, ha, ha!" uttered from above, rang in my ears. Harry opened the door and passed in without ceremony, I following him.

There was no one in the room into which we entered but the elderly lady whom we had once or twice seen. She was running from one place to another, gathering up stray articles, but evidently without much idea of what she was doing. Leaving her in my charge, Harry rushed up stairs to the immediate scene of the fire.

It was piteous to see the old lady moving fruitlessly about the room, every now and then stopping to wring her hands. It was no time for ceremony, so I tried to make her understand that if she had valuables to save, she had better secure them at once. Acting upon my suggestion, she went to work actively, and by the time a half a score of the other neighbors had arrived, we had contrived to save many things.

Then followed a scene of confusion that it is almost impossible to describe. Harry was here, there and everywhere; sometimes directing those who were attempting to extinguish the fire, sometimes handing up the buckets of water, and again helping to remove the furniture. Above all the noise and confusion, I, and all of us who were down stairs, heard those awful groans and shrieks, doubly awful from the circumstances, and proceeding apparently from the very room where the fire had originated.

It soon became evident that no effort could save the house, and the attention of all was now turned to the furniture. I looked round for Harry, but he was no where to be found. The greater part of us had retreated to the garden, driven thither by the intense heat, and it was while standing there, that I saw Harry re-appear at the door, bearing in his arms the inanimate form of the young lady, whom until that moment, strange to say, I had forgotten. I ran forward and received her, and with a little help, I had soon conveyed her across the street to Hawthorn Cottage. The moment she was somewhat recovered, I hurried back to the scene of the fire, although my aid was no longer needed.

It was a grand but awful sight. I had never had such a near view of a fire before, and I pray that I may never have another. The flames leaped up and roared as if they had human voices, and we stood breathless, almost overpowered by the grandeur of the scene.

Fortunately Hawthorn Cottage was not endangered, for the wind bore the flames in an entirely opposite direction. I was thinking how I should have felt if our home had gone too, enveloped in those awful tongues of flame, when a movement of the crowd about me attracted my attention. The crowd nearest the building parted, and two men, whom I recognized as Harry and our neighbor with the venerable white hair, came slowly along, bearing between them the dead body of a man; I knew he was dead by the peculiarly listless manner in which his arms hung down.

They came nearer, and impelled by a fascination which I could not resist, I retained my place while the others fell back. O, shocking sight! disfigured and begrimed with smoke as it was, I nevertheless recognized that peculiar face that had glared upon me in the country road not many Sundays ago. They passed on mournfully with their burden of senseless clay, and I never saw it again.

The next morning, when we looked out, we saw only a smouldering heap of ruins where once stood the haunted house. I heard a physi-

cian once say that it would be a lucky thing, if all such consumption-breeding houses could be destroyed by fire; and as he spoke, he shrugged his shoulders and glanced at Hawthorn Cottage. I suppose he meant that the situation was rather damp—and indeed we found it so, after living there a couple of years. Fever and ague isn't the pleasantest disease that ever was, and I found that Hawthorn Cottage was peculiarly favorable to such diseases. I never wholly recovered until we moved to a home of our own, located in a particularly healthy spot.

The homeless family, father, mother and daughter, remained with us a few days, at our urgent invitation, and when they went away, we had formed an acquaintance with them which will last through life. We count them now among our best friends.

A week after the fire, I said to Harry :

"There is one thing that troubles me, Harry. I am certain you know, and yet you have never told me the mystery of that house opposite."

"Haven't I?" said Harry. "Well, it is a sad subject; let that be my excuse for not telling you."

"What was it?" I persisted; and one more question—"who was it that you bore from the house that awful night?"

"The only son of our neighbor, a raving maniac; he was the author of the fire, and perished in it. That is the whole mystery of the house opposite, and I am thankful that was the only mystery. I hope we shall never be troubled by it any more." I hoped so too.

#### AROTIC PALATES.

Bills of fare vary very much, even in Greenland. I have inquired of Petersen, and he tells me that the Greenland Esquimaux (there are many Greenlanders of Danish origin) are not agreed as to which of their animals affords the most delicious food; some of them prefer reindeer venison, others think more favorably of the young dog, the flesh of which he asserts, is "just like the beef of sheep." He says a Danish captain who had acquired the taste, provided some for his guests, and they praised his mutton. After dinner he sent for the skin of the animal, which was no other than a large red dog. This occurred in Greenland, where his Danish guests had resided for many years, far removed from European mutton. Baked puppy is a real delicacy all over Polynesia. At the Sandwich Islands I was once invited to a feast, and had to feign disappointment as well as I could, when told that puppy was so extremely scarce it could not be procured in time, and therefore sucking-pig was substituted.—*Mr. Clintock's Voyage of the Fox.*

#### IDLERS.

An idler is a watch that wants both hands, As useless if it goes as when it stands.—*COWPER.*

#### [ORIGINAL.] SOUP, ETC.

BY MARGARET VERNE.

Mrs. PUTNAM, John Martin's portly, bustling housekeeper, made delicious soups. Not black, greasy compounds, which look as if manufactured out of stale dish-water and burnt crusts, and taste just as they look; not weak, frothy mixtures, genteelly diluted, peppered and salted reminders of the time of Noah and the ark, when water was, according to historical accounts, quite plenty, and beef-shanks couldn't have been had for love or money; not thick porridges of stewed vegetables, enough to make one's head ache just to think of, for pitying the poor potatoes and cabbages and turnips at losing their individuality in such a melange. Not any of these, but rich, sweet, savory messes, such as would make an epicure's mouth water—the liquid part like amber jelly, and the different vegetables floating about in distinct but harmonious companies—the crimson and white and yellow slices of beet and carrot and potato, to say nothing of parsnips and onions, mingling like rubies and gold and pearls. That may be a little extravagant—but never mind! Why, it actually used to seem to me as though some good old cow (Mr. Martin never ate mutton or pork), I mean, rather, some good young cow, had made it the direct aim of her life to see what a nice specimen of a marrow-bone she could manufacture for Mrs. Putnam's especial benefit in soup making; and as though, moreover, she must have been proud of giving up the ghost if she could but have foreseen the good lady's success. The cow that could have tasted or even smelled of Mrs. Putnam's soups, and then begrudged her a shank, would deserve to be put to the rack.

But I am spending too much time with my preface. If anybody thinks me a gormandizer, from the above eulogy, I just wish they were obliged to sit down before a brimming tureen of soup such as I have described, and then get up and go away without so much as a taste. That is all.

You see it was in this way that I happened to know anything about it. Father's house in the city was undergoing repairs, and we, that is, mother and I, (for are not the women-people the "we" of every establishment?) had decided that it would be quite impossible to inhabit it while they were going on. To be sure, the library, back parlor and sleeping rooms were to be kept safe from the despoiling hands of the carpenters, painters and paperers; but then, what

with the noise and rubbish and general confusion and disarrangement of affairs, we solemnly declared in the face of all papa's remonstrances that we never could stand it in the world—our nerves could never endure the shock. Now mother might not have been whimsical or foolish in her opinion, for she was in reality a delicate, sickly woman, subject to all manner of neuralgias and nervous headaches, and the dear knows what all—bless her heart! But as for me, a miss of seventeen, talking about her nerves! I ought to have had my ears boxed.

Now anything like a hubbub and uproar was my especial delight, and it is a wonder that I ever thought of evacuating the premises at any rate. Indeed, I don't think the idea would ever have grown to a wish if it hadn't been for the curiosity of knowing where we should go to if we did. If it had been a little earlier in the year we could have retreated to Newport or Saratoga, but in the early autumn as it was, there was no such thing possible. Father had a perfect horror of hotel lodgings, and the idea of hiring a tenement seemed so extremely funny that I determined at once, as recorded above, that my nervous system would never pass unshattered through so much din as the workmen would make. I had heard and read so many absurd house-hunting adventures, that my mirth-loving spirit caught the cue at once. I determined, if papa would not listen to my mother's importunities, I would make the house uninhabitable to him with my teasings.

Alas for human expectations! I succeeded in so far that the house was to be deserted as soon as we could find a suitable tenement to remove to, and the repairs were to be postponed until then. I had volunteered for the house-hunting business, and with my head full of anticipated curious adventures, was smilingly tying on my bonnet one sunny morning, preparatory to sallying out for my first trial, when papa came in, looking pleased and flurried, and announced that my services could be dispensed with, as John Martin, his junior partner, had offered him rooms in his house for the short time we were to be homeless.

Be it known that this same Mr. Martin was a nice young bachelor, handsome, intelligent, and while I am about it I may as well add mighty proud and dignified in his ways. He was a frequent visitor at our house, and I should have been charmed with him, only that proper people were my abomination, and he was always so grave and quiet that I soon learned to stand in a very wholesome but not very agreeable awe of him. I was forever afraid of shocking him by

my reckless gayety, though to be sure he never gave me any reason to entertain such a fear. His manner towards me was rather that of a staid elder brother to a spoiled and wilful child.

But I was quite enraged at him (innocent as he was of any intention to displease me) for spoiling my fun. The idea of spending one, and possibly two months, under the same roof with him, was perfectly horrifying to me. What with my laughing (I had a voice like a young savage's for clearness), romping, singing, dancing, piano playing and guitar thrumming, I should quite shock him out of his senses I felt sure. Not, of course, that I cared particularly for that—only, you see, didn't I tell you he was young and handsome, and a bachelor? Well, then.

Papa's look of blank wonder at the indignant way in which I snatched my bonnet from my head and marched from the parlor at his announcement, made me laugh in spite of myself, though I was careful not to indulge the propensity until I was out of sight.

Of course it was of no use opposing this new arrangement; I knew that to begin with, and that my best way was to submit as graciously as possible. If there wasn't a malicious intention away down in the bottom of my wicked little heart to have my revenge on Mr. John Martin before our stay was over, why then my name never was Bessie Wheatly.

We changed habitations immediately. Our new residence was a large, elegant mansion, in the suburbs of the city. The grounds about it were magnificent, and under any other circumstances I should have gone into most extravagant rhapsodies of delight and admiration. As it was, I had a decided objection to being gratified or pleased with anything, so I very haughtily turned up my capacious nose to the whole concern, house, garden and all. As for my behaviour, if my heroine wasn't in the first person, which would render the declaration excessively impolite, you see, I should say it was abominable. I overheard Mrs. Putnam telling Mr. Martin, the second evening after our arrival, that I made "noise enough for a regiment of Hottentots." Where the good lady ever saw or heard a regiment of Hottentots is beyond my guessing.

"Well, well, she's nothing but a child yet," was the answer, for which I was breathlessly listening. "You mustn't fret at her. Let her make as much noise as she pleases, so long as she leaves the roof on over our heads."

Leave the roof on indeed! I would have performed the feat of lifting it that blessed minute, if there had been strength in chagrin and mortification.

Though Mr. Martin was the most courteous and attentive of landlords, and quite won upon the hearts of both my parents, he and I made no headway whatever in the way of becoming friends. If the fault had not been altogether mine, I should have been sorry. Sometimes he brought me his favorite books to read, marking passages for my particular notice. They would invariably get mislaid or forgotten—did he understand that it was not always by chance? If he did, he never signified so much; for when he would question me about them, and I would tell him I had not read them, he would smile in his peculiar, quiet way, say "Ah, indeed," and bring me another straightway. Presuming, wasn't he? He offered me flowers, too, sometimes (for though we had the range of the garden, we never felt at liberty to make free with his floral treasures). Most commonly his bouquets would get thrown down carelessly, a moment after presentation (at which he never looked annoyed or resentful in the least)—sometimes torn up or mutilated before his very eyes, or twisted into pellets to pelt my canary with; though I believe I was once (only once, I assure you) guilty of carrying one to my room, preserving it in a vase of water for nearly a week, and then putting it away carefully to dry between the leaves of my Bible. It spoiled the book, and of course it was that I cried about for nearly three hours one evening a week afterward. It wasn't because Mr. Martin had invited me to accompany him to a concert, and I had refused him in a rude, unladylike way. O, no indeed!

When we had been in the house a month, I arrived at the wonderful conclusion that I hated Mr. John Martin most vigorously. I was helped to this understanding by a report that he was engaged to a beautiful young lady in a neighboring city. Mrs. Putnam told me it in confidence. I hated him so much that I couldn't endure the thought of there being any such happiness in store for him—really I couldn't!

But about the soup. After Mr. Martin's injunction not to "fret at me," the good housekeeper had taken a decided and almost childish liking to my noisy self; in fact, she took me under her especial guardianship, and petted and humored me as if I had been her own daughter. This was how I became acquainted with the most delicate, sedulously-guarded secret of her life—to wit, namely—that she always made Mr. Martin's soups herself.

"There wasn't a woman in the world—she didn't care if it was the Queen of Bungay (her historical and geographical knowledge wasn't of the highest order), who could hold a candle to

her in making soup," she used to tell me, with a glow of satisfaction and pride on her comely face. "Though there didn't anybody mistrust," she invariably added, with an alarmed look; "and she wouldn't have me tell for the world, that she ever meddled with the cooking. She was Mr. Martin's housekeeper, and she hoped she knew her place."

Not knowing any one who would be over and above interested in this revelation, I was not particularly tempted to betray her secret, and so kept it—a circumstance which ought to go a little way certainly toward refuting the hateful calumnies about women, to the effect that none of us *can* keep a secret. I could and did. One day, after romping through the garden until I was as wild with exercise as an untamed hawk, I went into the house most particularly and voraciously hungry. I never was one of those delicate damsels who have a romantic faculty of living on air and moonshine—that my plump waist and red cheeks would have testified. But still I think and always shall think, that my appetite that day was somehow an unnatural one.

It lacked an hour of our dinner-time, but Mr. Martin always dined earlier, and as I ran into the back hall, my olfactories were greeted with the savory smell that, floating from the half-open door of the large dining-room, betrayed Mrs. Putnam to have been engaged outside of her own legitimate sphere again. I repeat it, I was hungry. I thought of the lunch I should get at home—nothing more than cake and cheese and cold coffee, for a whole hour, and my mouth watered for a taste of the warm, delicious soup. I had half a mind to run in and ask Mrs. Putnam for some, but that would seem so much like the action of a greedy child, I was ashamed to do it. So I crossed the hall with lingering, reluctant steps. I knew that Mr. Martin had not yet arrived, and as I passed the dining-room door I saw that the apartment was empty. Mrs. Putnam was probably in the kitchen.

For a moment I wrestled with a most unromantic temptation. There, before my eyes, on the elegantly laid table, smoked the tureen of soup, by some forgetfulness of the housekeeper's, left uncovered. Couldn't I just run in, snatch a taste, and run out again? I suppose I ought to be ashamed of acknowledging such a very disgraceful and shockingly unlady-like yielding to the tempter. I record it for your benefit, reader.

I tiptoed swiftly and silently into the room, and up to the table. Never since the fall of Adam was there anything so tantalizing to a hungry person's appetite as that first spoonful of soup. It was followed by another and another and another, until I had quite forgotten to keep

count of them. The dish which contained the liquid temptation was a dainty, exquisite little china affair, scarcely capable of holding a quart, and all at once I discovered, to my unexpected dismay, that I had made a most suspicious lowering of its contents. Alas, who can tell how far the first wrong step may lead one into difficulty. What was to be done? There wasn't a cat or a dog on the premises to shoulder the mischief. I should certainly be found out, and O, that that dignified, grave John Martin (whom I hated so that I couldn't endure to have him engaged, you know!) should ever hear of me as a soup-stealer! Dear, dear, and he *would* hear of it!

As this distracting thought flew through my mind, and while my face was still hot with the shame of anticipated discovery, I suddenly became conscious of the presence of some one besides myself in the room. I dared not look up—I hoped it was only Mrs. Putnam—but I felt that it was Mr. Martin! My head swam—I turned sick and giddy with the quick thrill of anger and humiliation, and then with the insane idea of escaping from the consequences of my disgraceful action, and taking the evidence of my guilt with me, I snatched the tureen (what could I have been thinking of?) and started forward into the back hall, (that invisible presence had made its entrance at another door), pausing there an instant, with my heart throbbing so fast and loud with fear, that its swift beats were audible, and then rushing headlong out of doors into the garden—never stopping again in my precipitate flight, till I had crouched down half hidden in the vines of a summer-house at the very farthest extremity of the extensive grounds.

I set the soup dish on the low arbor seat, and looked at it. Yes, I think I *did* look at it! Eve, after eating her apple, might have looked at the innocent core much in the same way. Heavens! how I loathed soup just then! I believe to have swallowed the tenth part of a teaspoonful would have strangled me.

"Quite fond of soup, are you not, Miss Bessie? I hope you found it nice!"

My heart sprang to my throat. Paralyzed with horror, I could scarcely turn my eyes toward the speaker. There in the door of the summer-house, handsome and proud-looking as ever, only that there was a wicked light in his dark eyes, stood Mr. Martin.

"If you have completed your meal, as you seem to have done, I would respectfully remind you that I haven't been to dinner yet."

He reached out his hand in a way so wonderfully suggestive, that I never shall forget it till I die. What could I do but hand him the half-

emptied dish. Did he see the tears of mortification in my eyes, and the fire that burned in scarlet flashes over my face, as I did so? O, what a cruel John he was!

"Do not let me rob you. Are you sure you have had quite enough?"

"Yes—yes, sir,—a great plenty," I managed to gasp out in reply, making a movement to go past him.

He anticipated me. His tall, stalwart figure blocked up the doorway so completely, that I might as well have contemplated escaping through a key-hole. I did not comprehend the whole of the punishment and torture he intended me to suffer, however, until he deliberately commenced eating—alternating the very leisurely employment of lifting the spoon to his mouth by glancing at me!

"Mrs. Putnam has outdone herself to-day," he said, at last. "This is really delicious! Don't you think so?"

I didn't answer him. How could I?

"You are sure you had a plenty?"

I bowed mechanically. It was the only way in which to rid myself for a single instant of the quizzical glance of his saucy eyes.

"And so have I—a plenty." (Here the spoon, rattling against the bottom of the dish, announced to me that it was empty.) "Mrs. Putnam never takes soup herself, and as she usually cooks more than enough for one dinner, what do you say to eating soup with me always in the future?"

There was a strange emphasis on the *always*. Would he show no mercy?

"Please, please let me go, Mr. Martin. I am ashamed, and very sorry. Forgive me, dear, dear Mr. Martin."

I spoke through gushing tears. My distress had risen to its climax, I was hardly aware what I said, but I was very earnest to escape.

"Tell me, first, Bessie, what you think of my proposal?"

"Don't—don't tease me any longer," I cried, imploringly. "You are not a generous victor. You have punished me enough."

He hesitated a moment, and then stepped back a pace or two. Like a caged bird, suddenly let loose, I sprang eagerly forward, but as I was flying past him, with a laugh and a rapid movement, he circled my waist with his arm, and—

Mrs. Putnam says I am the flightiest little minx, for a married woman, that she ever saw.

We had soup for dinner. It is the anniversary of our wedding. John says it is *almost* as nice as that we had in the arbor, for he insists upon it to this day that I helped him eat it. I didn't, though.

[ORIGINAL.]

## TO MARTIE.

BY H. L. ALLEN.

Come home to me!  
 I've watched for thee,  
 And my heart is weary with waiting long;  
 The moonlight falls  
 On our cottage walls,  
 But I hear not, as erst, thy familiar song.

Have I watched in vain?  
 Shall I never again  
 Hear thy light, quick step on our cottage floor?  
 Will thy soft, low voice  
 Make our hearts rejoice,  
 And thy presence cheer us, nevermore?

Will thy footsteps free  
 Never stray with me,  
 To gather bright flowers to wreath thy brow?  
 Loop up thy hair,  
 With its ringlets fair,  
 For thou art a wife and a mother now.

Let thy baby rest  
 As now on thy breast,  
 Thou mayst look on her with a mother's pride;  
 And thy fond eyes gaze  
 On the loved one's face,  
 Who now walks proudly by thy side.

He is good and true,  
 O, joy to you!  
 Though you have left us, our sister-band:  
 We may never tell,  
 For we loved thee well,  
 How we miss at home thy busy hand.

Let the little bird,  
 Who thy glad voice heard,  
 And flew from heaven to cheer our home:  
 Let her leave a place,  
 For each loved one's face,  
 In thy heart when the olden memories come.

Let no care-cloud now  
 Hover over thy brow  
 (For care makes wrinkles, so people say),  
 But sunshine shed  
 Around Joshua's head,  
 For thy smiles will brighten the darkest day.

[ORIGINAL.]

## TRUTH WITH CHILDREN.

BY S. P. BRIGHAM.

LITTLE Willie Atkins had been suffering intensely with the toothache all day. His mother had done all in her power to alleviate the pain. She had put creosote, camphor and other applications on the tooth, poulticed and bathed his cheek, but all to no purpose.

"O, mother!" said Willie, "it does ache so. I cannot bear it," and he held his face in his

hands, with such a low moan, and looked so imploringly into his mother's face for relief. "It aches so hard." He sat down on his little stool beside her, and laid his head in her lap. She soothed and pitied, but could not help him. She knew of but one way of relief, and that was to have the tooth extracted immediately. How could it be accomplished? was the thought that occupied her mind.

"Willie," said his mother, "I think we had better go down and let Doctor Loomis look at it; he may give you something that will cure it."

"I'm afraid he will pull it," said Willie.

Now the tooth had troubled him many times, but had never pained him so long and so severely before, and his mother knew that decayed as it was, the only permanent remedy lay in its extraction, yet she answered:

"O, no he wont, I know. I don't believe he will even think it necessary. It wont do any harm to have him look at it, you know, and he may do something to help it at once."

Still Willie demurred; he had a great horror of the doctor. Moreover, he had an instinctive feeling that something more was meant than the mere looking at his tooth. Just then a sharp pain shot through his face and he wavered no longer. He put on his cap and tippet, took his mother's hand, and went to the doctor's office.

"Doctor," whispered Mrs. Atkins, aside, "Willie is such a timid little fellow, can't you contrive to pull his tooth without his knowing it?"

"Trust me," said the doctor, "I know just how to manage such cases," and he nodded significantly to Mrs. Atkins.

Willie, as he heard the whispering, again doubted. He imagined his mother and the doctor somehow were leagued together against him, and he shut his mouth, compressed his little lips and resolutely prepared himself for resistance.

"And this is the little boy who has suffered so severely with the toothache," said the doctor, coaxingly, as he laid his hand on Willie's head. "That needn't be. I'll try and see what I can do to help it. Which tooth is it?"

Still Willie's mouth remained firmly shut as ever, and no promise of relief which the doctor could make, would induce him to open it.

"Willie has such beautiful teeth, doctor—such as you don't often see in a boy of his age," said his mother. "Why wont you show them to the doctor, Willie?"

"Has he?" said the doctor. "I should like to see them."

Willie, flattered by their words, opened his mouth and displayed two rows of little white teeth

for the doctor's inspection. Yet feeling a little suspicious, he kept a guard on his lips.

"Upon my word," said the doctor, "those are fine teeth. I wonder if the back ones look as well as the front?"

Stimulated by praise, Willie quite forgot his suspicions, and opened his mouth widely.

"And this is the naughty tooth, is it?" he said, as Willie, reassured by the doctor's manner, pointed out the offending tooth. "I've something here in my handkerchief which I'll put on, and it will be cured forever."

Willie looked suspiciously at the handkerchief, and seeing what he supposed to be the doctor's finger, covered with one end of the handkerchief, all ready to make the promised application, offered no further objections and allowed the doctor to hold his head. In a second the tooth was out and in the doctor's hand, almost before he knew it! He *had* put on something that would prevent that tooth from ever aching again—something which would cure, when nothing else would. He had put on the instrument concealed in the treacherous handkerchief, and the tooth was out and before him!

But what was it that made Willie spring upon his feet, clench his little fists and grow red in the face, while he stamped his feet upon the floor? It was not pain. No, Willie was a courageous little fellow, and had he known it, he would have made up his mind to bear it like a man. Besides, there hadn't been much pain; it was a hard tooth to ache, but easy enough to pull. Children's first teeth always come easily. What was it, then, that made him seize his cap and rush madly into the street? He was not mad with pain but *anger*. He felt that gross injustice had been done him. His suspicions had been lulled by the soft words of the doctor, his vanity had been flattered by praises, and lured on by promises of immediate relief, he had pointed out, with his own finger, the aching tooth. He had been cheated, in fact fooled, and angry with himself, above all with others, he departed without ceremony. A little time sufficed to restore his equanimity, the pain was entirely gone, his toothache was cured forever, and on the whole, he was glad, though he never forgot the way it was done.

A few days after, Mrs. Atkins was sewing at the table in her parlor. Her husband was going away on the morrow, and it was necessary that the garment she was making should be finished as speedily as possible. She had scarcely raised her eyes the last half hour, so engrossed was she in her work, and had not noticed that Willie, who had been playing with his blocks and marbles at her feet all the afternoon, had disappeared from

the room. Suddenly missing him, she looked up just in time to see him retracing his steps from the store-room, casting shy glances from right to left, to see if he had been discovered. Now in this store-room was a box of remarkably fine oranges, which Mrs. Atkins's brother had sent from New Orleans. They had rapidly disappeared of late, and seeing Willie's frightened and guilty looks, her suspicions naturally fell on him. She was right; he had been in the store-room and had eaten two large, fine oranges.

"Willie," said she, angrily, "you've been stealing my oranges. Aren't you ashamed?"

"Indeed I haven't, mother. I haven't seen an orange this week. I have been down in the garden playing with Juno."

"Now, Willie," said his mother, "you know you are telling a lie; you haven't been in the garden; you've been eating my oranges."

"Indeed, mother, I haven't."

"But I saw you. I looked in at the keyhole and saw you eating them."

Now this was proof positive. Willie, finding he had been seen, acknowledged his fault, and his mother punished him for the falsehood he told; while she had told two herself to make him confess one! She had not seen him eat the oranges, neither had she looked through the keyhole. She had not even arisen from her seat!

The next day they were all in the garden, and Willie, who had been watching his opportunity, thought it a capital chance to get another taste of the oranges. He quickly repaired to the store-room, but he had grown wiser from yesterday's experience, and was determined that the tell-tale keyhole should reveal no more secrets, so he shut the door and quickly filled it with paper on the inside. He commenced eating as composedly and with as keen a relish as if eating his dinner.

Is there no still voice to speak to him and tell him what a wicked act he is committing? Hasn't his mother ever taught him how wrong it is to lie and steal? Yes, she has told him often. Why is it, then, that her words have made no impression on the boy, and he acts deliberately and in direct violation of her instruction? Ah, her own example is wanting to seal them.

After he had finished his feast, he pulled the paper from the keyhole and ventured boldly forth, for *this* time he knew nobody had seen him. He had gone only as far as the hall, when, unfortunately, he met his mother, who just coming in from the garden.

"Willie," said she, sternly, "you've been again at my oranges."

"What makes you always accuse me of doing a thing, when you don't know whether I've done

it or not?" asked Willie, when a new thought occurred to him.

"I don't," said his mother; "I do know."

"Did you see me?"

"Yes, I saw you."

"How? Did you look through the keyhole again to-day?"

"Yes," said his mother, "I looked through the keyhole and saw you."

"No, you didn't," said Willie, triumphantly; "you didn't, I stopped it up on the inside!" And he laughed loud and long, and capered about the room in perfect joy.

He had been upon the point of denying the charge, but seeing his mother was going to get caught in her own trap, he willingly confessed, for the sake of having the satisfaction of detecting her in a falsehood.

"Wasn't that capitally done?" thought he. "She couldn't come it over me that time, not she. I've got learned!"

What had he learned? He had learned not to trust his mother; he had learned that she would deceive him whenever it suited her purpose. She had lost a few oranges, it is true, but she had lost what was infinitely greater—her son's confidence in her word. Poor, weak, misguided woman! Are these the principles you instill into his young, susceptible mind? Is this the way you train that immortal soul God has given you to fit for heaven? If your son grows up undutiful and rebellious; if your hair turns white with anxiety and sorrow; if he meets with a miserable end, you cannot absolve yourself. God forbid there should be many such mothers!

But let us present the opposite picture, and see if a more truthful mode of managing children is not more efficacious.

Willie Atkins had not been gone from the doctor's office an hour, when Harry Gordon and his mother came in. He, too, had come to have a tooth extracted, not an aching one, but a strong, sound, well tooth, which was growing directly inside another, what the doctors call a "tusk." It was necessary that it should be immediately extracted, to allow the other to grow in its proper place. Harry's mother had explained all this to him before he came. She had shown him how his mouth would be disfigured if the tooth were allowed to grow; that although the pain would be considerable, yet it would not last long; and if he resolutely made up his mind he could bear it. Harry came fully prepared to stand the trying ordeal like a man.

Determined as he was to be courageous, his heart did flutter so it could almost be seen to beat under his jacket as he saw the doctor with the

dreaded instrument in his hand. In a tremulous voice he asked the doctor: "Will it hurt much?"

"O, no, not in the least! I never hurt good little boys like you, do I, Mrs. Gordon?" he replied, appealing to that lady.

"I did not know teeth could ever be extracted without pain. Yes, Harry, I should think it must hurt you, perhaps a good deal; but I think you can bear pain, can't you?" said his mother.

The doctor looked surprised; it was n't the way he was in the habit of managing children. He had had many difficult cases, but had always practised deception of this kind. Harry shut his eyes, kept tightly hold of his mother's hand, and moved not or groaned, as the tooth, with a jerk which nearly took his head with it, came out of his mouth. It was a bad tooth to pull, and had two long prongs.

"Did I stand it well, mother?" said Harry.

"Nobly, bravely, my son!" And Mrs. Gordon kissed him tenderly, and stroked his curly hair with all a mother's fondness.

Harry stepped high and proudly as he walked home, and felt that he had undergone a difficult surgical operation. The pleasure he experienced far more than counterbalanced the pain he had suffered.

"Did it hurt you much?" said his father, as he listened to an account of the morning's transactions when he came home to dinner.

"Yes, it did a great deal; but mother told me it would before I went, and I made up my mind to bear it well."

"Harry," said his mother, in the evening, "was it my ball of red yarn you were playing with yesterday in the garden?"

"O, no, mother, it was a red leather ball Eddie Pratt lent me."

His mother believed him. Harry had never told her a lie, and why should he? his mother had never told or acted a falsehood to him.

Dear little Harry Gordon; you'll never go far astray with such a mother as you have to guide you! You dwell in the sunshine of love and truth. Mothers, if you wish to be honored and respected by your children, deal honestly with them by word and act.

#### THE EUTHANASIA OF NATURE.

Said a distinguished foreigner from continental Europe, when shown a sketch of our autumnal scenery, before he had seen it in nature, "This is a caricature;" but when he had witnessed it, "The drawing," said he, "does not come up to nature." "What a strange country must America be," once said the simple minded Nestorians of Persia, when looking at the same drawing, "what a strange country must America be, where the people live in wooden houses and the trees are painted."—*Dr. Hitchcock.*



## A LOYAL HUNGARIAN LADY.

On the death of King Albert, of Hungary, a powerful party desired to offer the throne to the King of Poland, while Queen Elizabeth (the widow of King Albert) naturally wished to retain it for the son whose birth she confidently anticipated, and as one step towards this end she resolved to get possession of the mysterious "golden round," from which a consecrating influence was supposed to emanate. Helena Kottanner, a lady-in-waiting, and a kind of instructor to the young princess, her daughter, consented to assist her in this undertaking, though fully aware that she thereby incurred deadly peril. It would take too much space to recount the various difficulties that occurred, and the patience and courage by which they were surmounted, until the final moment when the three locked doors, by which the crown was guarded, had all been broken through, and Helena sat alone in the middle of the night listening, while her accomplice in the innocent theft fastened on the other locks prepared for the purpose, that the loss might not be immediately discovered. The sacred crown was then sewn up in a crimson velvet cushion, but it had still various adventures to pass through before it got to Komorn and was delivered to the queen. One of these was the narrowly escaping being sunk along with its guardians, and a party of noble ladies, in the Danube.

"When we got to the place where we were to dine," writes Helena, "my trusty companion took the cushion containing the crown, and carried it into the chamber and laid it on a table opposite me, so that it remained all the time under my eyes; and when we had dined he took it and laid it on the sledge as before, and we drove on till it was quite dark at night when we got to the Danube. This was still covered with ice, but the ice was thin in some places, and when we got to the middle of the river the carriage that held the young ladies broke in and upset, and they could not see one another, and raised a great screaming. I was very much frightened, too, for I thought nothing but that we and the sacred crown were going to the bottom of the river. But God was our helper, so that no one got under the ice, but some of the things that were in the carriage fell in and were lost. And I took the Duchess of Silesia, and the first of the young ladies, with me on the sledge, and so with God's help we got across, and so did the others."

The sacred crown arrived at Komorn almost in the same hour in which the head on which it was to be placed made its appearance in the world, but Helena's cares were not yet over. It is, or was, considered indispensable to a Hungarian sovereign, not only that he should wear this particular *corona regni*, but that he should be crowned by the Archbishop of Grau, and at Weissenburg; and as, three months after his birth, it was deemed fitting that the young Ladislaus should go through this ceremony, another perilous journey had to be undertaken, through a country mostly indisposed to the royal party. The crown, wrapped carefully in cloths, was placed in the straw at the bottom of the young king's cradle, "for his grace did not yet lie upon feeders, and we put by the side of it a long spoon, such as is used to make pap, so that if anybody put his hand into the cradle he would think there

were only the things for making the noble king's pap."

The cradle was carried by four men in armor—Helena and the nurse riding by the side of it, but sometimes it rained, so that the "noble king" got wet, and Helena had to take off her own mantle to cover him; sometimes the dust blew into his grace's eyes so that he could not see, and sometimes his grace roared so lustily that Helena was obliged to dismount and take him out of his cradle and carry him on foot through the marshes. In this manner they made their entrance into Weissenburg, the knights having also alighted, and formed in a circle, with drawn swords, round the tiny monarch and the crown, which appears the most important personality of the two.

Here we must leave the faithful Helena, who, we are glad to find, had the honor of holding the "noble king" at his coronation at St. Stephen's altar, and, moreover, of receiving on her arm the blow of the sword given when his grace was dubbed a knight, and subsequently holding him up in a cloth of gold to the admiration of all beholders. His grace himself, as she naively remarks, "had little joy in his coronation, for he wept with a loud voice, so that he could be heard through the whole church;" but, at least, his subjects could loyally remark, "that they should have taken it for the voice of a child a year old."—*Lady's Newspaper*.

## ANECDOTES OF DOGS.

A certain cattle dealer in Irvine is frequently in the habit, when visiting Ayr market on Tuesdays, of leaving his dog behind him. On these occasions, upon missing his master, the animal has been frequently known to take the next train to Ayr, visit the cattle market, and, not finding the object of his search, return again to Irvine. His conduct has often attracted the notice of the guards on the line, and his movements have been watched. But we have not heard by what class he is accustomed to travel, and at what rate he is charged.—A gentleman's dog having been convicted of sheep stealing, he told a man to shoot him the following morning. The dog was lying in the room at the time, and apparently listening to the conversation. Whether he understood it or not, I will not pretend to determine; but the very first time the door was open he bolted out, and never again came within reach of his old master.—*Morris*.

## WINE IN SPAIN.

In the "Blue Book," just published, on wine-producing countries and the vine disease, we read that a "proprietor of vineyards on the Huesca, in Arragon, assured Mr. Lumley that the drought of the preceding summer was so great and the vintage so plentiful, that it would have been easier for him to irrigate his vineyards with wine than with water. Again, unable to find room for his new stock of wine, or to get rid of it at even one real per cantaro (about a half-cent per gallon), and there being a scarcity of earth, jars or vats, he was obliged to throw away the whole of that year's vintage. Many of the districts of Old Castile are equally prolific. Wine, in fact, is cheaper than water, and it is not unusual for bricklayers to mix their mortar with wine instead of water."—*Traveller*.

## The Florist.

Without is neither gold nor green;  
Within, for birds, the birch-logs sing;  
Yet, summer-like, we sit beneath  
The autumn and the spring.—J. G. WHITTIER.

### Moisture in Plant-Houses.

It is a great mistake, which even gardeners make, in keeping their greenhouses far too dry in the winter. A little reflection will easily show this. From the time the plants are housed till the time they go out, there is almost always a very great difference in the outside and inside temperature. So long as this is the case, the glass being much colder than the inside, condensation is perpetually going on; besides the heated air and moisture are constantly passing out through every nook and cranny, taking away an immense volume of moisture. Whenever your fires are strong, or a great difference exists between the external and internal temperature, see that there is no lack of moisture. If the house is low and small, by well damping the floor all over whenever dry, no harm will come; but if the houses are large and lofty, then evaporating pans should be placed on the flues and pipes, in addition to wetting the floor. One great benefit of shutters to houses consists in their preventing excessive condensation taking place during cold clear nights.

### A Hint to Lovers of Flowers.

A most beautiful and easily-attained show of evergreens may be had by a very simple plan, which has been found to answer remarkably well on a small scale. If geranium branches, taken from luxuriant and healthy trees just before the winter sets in, be cut as for slips and immersed in soap-water, they will, after drooping for a few days, shed their leaves, put forth fresh ones, and continue in the finest vigor all the winter. By placing a number of bottles thus filled in a flower-basket, with moss to conceal the bottles, a show of evergreens is easily ensured for the whole season. They require no fresh water.

### Begonia Incarnata.

This is another plant which should be mentioned here, it now being the season when calls are constantly made for bouquets and cut flowers. The begonia produces through the winter months a profusion of flowers, the color of which is good by artificial light. Its real color, as its name implies, is a beautiful flesh, inclining to pink; while it is sometimes found nearly white. It is very easily struck from cuttings at any season of the year, but is best done in February or March. When struck, pot off into small pots, and stop any growth likely to take the lead.

### Petunia Imperialis.

This novelty first became known here in 1854, being sent from the Royal Nursery, Slough, England. It has now become a great favorite, though not at all common. It is as double as a fine carnation; and as it is disposed to bloom abundantly, with a short, stout, vigorous habit, it will become a great favorite for "pot culture." The specimen we saw was white, very double and sweet-scented. Its fragrance partakes something of the ten-week stock. They are very suitable for parlor plants, and if properly treated, will bloom abundantly all winter.

### Sinieruba.

The false quassa. Stove plants with showy flowers, natives of the West Indies, nearly allied to quassa.

### The Polyanthus.

As a greenhouse plant, to arrange and give variety with Chinese primulas, pansies, daisies, etc., the beautiful polyanthus is well adapted. There are several double kinds, with white, yellow, copper, salmon, lilac, purple and variegated flowers, all of which would do well, besides many single kinds with exquisite markings. This plant, it is well known, forms one of the number of plants usually termed by Europeans, "Florists' Flowers," all of which are single, and somewhat too tender for general cultivation. The only difficulty lies in summer, and which nearly vanishes, if the old roots are parted in the spring. For soil, use good turfy loam, slightly sandy; if destitute of vegetable matter, add a little well rotted leaf mould or rotten manure. In this the plant will grow to perfection, and afford an abundance of flowers.

### Common flowering Plants.

There is nothing too common, or betokening stinginess, want of taste or poverty, in having the oldest and simplest plant well grown and bloomed in a pot; everybody loves to see them. Look in almost any extensive greenhouse, and you will see a fair proportion of the plants are those common to almost any garden. Not one of them but the poorest man in the next village might have at his window, and yet everybody admires them. Fashion, as in all other things, devotes most care to costly plants; but will anybody say that a window filled with verbenas, violets, mignonettes, convolvuli and asters does not look as bright and pleasant as one in which we see Japan lilies, Cape jasmines, isopogon, hibbertia, and other rare and expensive flowers?

### Roses.

We will give here the names of a few roses, which have been thoroughly tested:—Chipetowalkoff, a large deep crimson blossom; Jules Margottin, one of the hardiest roses under cultivation, bearing a bright crimson flower; Rosini Margottini, a very fragrant blossom, deep carmine, which opens best in showery weather; Madame Rigeaux, dark pink tinged with white, a moderate grower, but should find a place in every garden or greenhouse; Lord Raglan, this is one of the darkest crimson roses known, as in some parts it approaches a black—it is a hardy and vigorous grower.

### Ximineaia.

Annual and perennial flowers, natives of Mexico, with brilliant yellow flowers, which will grow in any common garden soil. They are coarse growing but very showy. There are two biennial species, which should be kept in a frame during winter, and transplanted to the open border in the spring.

### Volcanaria.

Nearly all the plants formerly included in this genus have been removed to clatodendrum, and it now contains only two species—one stove-shrub, with white flower from the West Indies, and the other a half-hardy tree, with beautiful purple flowers, from Nepal.

### Eucalyptus.

Australian trees of enormous size, some species of which are grown in England as greenhouse shrubs. They should be grown in loam and peat, and are propagated by cuttings which are very difficult to strike.

### Symphoricarpos.

Mitcham's name for the common snowberry—a name very slightly known and rarely used.

## Curious Matters.

### Singular Suffering.

Theodore Rougeot recently died in Bangor, Maine, after a life of singular suffering. When thirteen years of age he was taken with inflammatory rheumatism, and was almost helpless for two years; he then recovered, but in two years thereafter was attacked again, and continued entirely helpless and confined to his bed for eighteen years! There was but one joint (that of one thumb) that he could move. He was obliged to be bolstered up in bed in one position, partly in a sitting posture, for the eighteen years; he could talk and read well, but could not otherwise stir or move; his food was made very fine, and sucked up or mumbled over in his mouth, as his jaws were immovable; he was nothing but skin and bone, yet his appetite and general health were good. His mind was clear, his memory good, and he was a person of considerable intelligence and quite a reader. He lived with his parents a couple of miles from Bangor, and was kindly cared for by a patient and attentive mother and other relatives during his long and tedious illness.

### Wonderful.

The Charleston Courier publishes an account of a remarkable African boy, living in Savannah, blind, and in feature resembling an idiot. His only wonderful gift is the power of musical composition and execution, and this is entirely natural. He plays upon the piano forte, and has only to hear a piece once to re-produce it, not only accurately, but with the same shades of expression which the performer gave to it. His touch is said to be wonderfully delicate, while at the same time it has great force. That the boy's talent is not alone a development of the faculty of memory and the power of imitation, is shown by his improvisations, which the paper alluded to commends as of exceeding beauty. The countenance of the child when he is not under the influence of music is said to be almost repulsive, vacant and ugly. But the moment his fingers call the sound from his instrument, his face lights up with inspiration, and becomes absolutely beautiful.

### Kitten reared by a Ferret.

A laborer some years since having a female ferret, with four young ones about a week old, and requiring food for them, robbed a cat of a kitten of about the same age, and threw it into the hutch, expecting it to be immediately killed. To his surprise, as soon as it began to cry the ferret placed it with its young, suckled it, and it thrived, and became a fine cat. After it grew up it was always partial to the ferrets, and they were often seen at play together. Another laborer informed us that he had a cat which, being deprived of its kittens, suckled a young rabbit that he had brought it about a fortnight old, and that the rabbit and its foster mother gambolled together, to the great amusement of his children and others.

### The Robin.

In one of Mary Russell Mitford's fairylike notes, written within three weeks of her death, she says:—"I am sometimes wheeled from my bedside to the window; and about a month ago a redbreast came to that window and tapped. Of course we answered the appeal by fixing a little tray outside the window-sill, and keeping it well supplied with bread and crumbs; and now he not only comes himself, but has introduced his kinsfolk and friends. Think how great a pleasure!"

### Fickleness of Fortune.

The Albany Standard relates the following instance of vicissitude of fortune:—"A few years ago one of the most active and successful business men in the city of Hudson was Leonard Wells. Everything he touched turned into money. He once made \$10,000 in an hour by a purchase and sale of a piece of real estate. Fifteen years ago Mr. Wells was worth \$70,000. Shortly after luck turned against him. He lost \$81,000 by buying stock in the Hudson and Berkshire Railroad. This was followed by other losses caused by endorsements. In less than eighteen months Mr. Wells passed from affluence to extreme poverty—from being worth \$70,000, to being worth not one cent. Mr. Wells is now a resident of Albany, and earns a living for himself and family by peddling candies, apples and doughnuts. We are happy to say that he bears the decrees of fate with becoming philosophy. He is as cheerful to-day as he was when he was known as a 'man of fortune.' He earns an honest living, and is determined to enjoy it."

### Curious Casualty.

A singular and truly afflicting casualty occurred in Oimstead, Cuyahoga county, New York, lately. A bright little lad of three or four years of age, son of Mr. Briggs, wishing to see the men dress hogs, his mother put on his cloak, and the father placed him in the branches of an apple tree, where he could look on and be out of the way. The child was perched near by his father, and directly over where persons frequently passed to bring hot water, etc. Nothing unusual was observed, but when, after some time, the father lifted down his little son, to his horror he found him dead! The cloak had caught on a limb and strangled the child.

### Effects of Chicory upon the Eyes.

It has been observed in Vienna, that those employed in chicory-grinding are much troubled with affections of the eyes; and J. W. Slater, in a lecture delivered at the Mechanics' Institution, Sheffield, England, has stated that a young man of that town, by trade a coffee-roaster, was in the habit of reading for two hours at night, after concluding his work. Whenever he has been roasting chicory he finds himself unable to read—not from an outward irritation of the eye, but, as he phrases it, from a feeling of "deadness" in that organ. All this serves to prove that chicory has a specifically injurious effect upon the optic nerve.

### A malicious Will.

A very odd case of petty malice in will-making was that of a man who, not having a penny in the world, left a will, in which he bequeathed to his friends and acquaintances large estates in various parts of England, money in the funds, rings, jewels and plate. His inducement was the prospect of the delight of his friends at first learning about the rich possessions which were to be theirs, and then the bitter disappointment at finding how they had been hoaxed.

### Geological Fact.

An artesian well in Savannah was bored to the depth of 980 feet, a year since, when an obstruction was met it was impossible to penetrate or remove by pressure. Several hundred tons weight were placed on the tubing, and there they rested for nearly a year without any effect. On the day before the shock of earthquake felt in South Carolina and Georgia Dec. 20, however, the weights triumphed, and the tubing sunk thirty feet below the ground.

### Curious Discovery.

The Bulletin de l'Institut Egyptian states that Mr. Mariette lately found near a mummy discovered at Thebes various curious articles, amongst which were these:—Ten gold bracelets for the legs, two other bracelets formed of pearls put on gold threads, another of gold, well executed, bearing mythological symbols; a gold diadem ornamented with mosaics and surmounted by two sphynxes, a mirror with gold ornaments, a figure of a king standing in a boat with two divinities pouring water on his head and two birds flying above him; a figure of a boat in gold, containing ten silver figures of sailors rowing and one of a person singing at the prow; a poniard with a gold scabbard, the blade being the finest specimen of Egyptian workmanship yet discovered, and containing encrusted in it a piece of bronze, on which are various ornaments and hieroglyphs; and a hatchet, the blade of which is in gold, and the handle ornamented with gold.

### A French Belle a Hundred Years ago.

Madame de Genlis, in her Memoirs, describes the training she underwent to fit her for Parisian society in the last century:—"I had two teeth pulled out; I had whale-bone stays that pinched me terribly; my feet were imprisoned in tight shoes, with which it was impossible for me to walk; I had three or four thousand curl-papers put on my head, and I wore, for the first time in my life, a hoop. In order to get rid of my country attitudes, I had an iron collar put on my neck; and, as I aquiluted a little at times, I was obliged to put on goggles as soon as I awoke in the morning, and these I wore for hours. I was, moreover, not a little surprised when they talked of giving me a master to teach me what I thought I knew well enough already—to walk. Besides all this, I was forbidden to run, to leap, or to ask questions."

### Romantic Marriage.

A marriage, which has been brought about in a very romantic manner, was celebrated at St. John's Episcopal Chapel, Greenock, Scotland, lately. Mr. Thomas Pendred, of Dublin, a member of the orchestra of the Theatre Royal, was on board the royal mail steamer-*Perzia* last summer on a voyage from New York, when a lady passenger, Miss Marie Kohl, of Berne, Switzerland, fell overboard, the ship then being under full steam. Mr. Pendred leaped after her, and was the means of saving her life, and this gallant action led to the happy event which has taken place.

### Lightning and Fish.

Throughout the West Indies, on mornings after a display of sheet-lightning, immense quantities of needle-shaped fish are found congregated at the mouths of rivers. The first day after the lightning they are caught and sold in the markets, and are then a delicate food. The second day they are still found, but more developed, having become larger, coarser, and having black heads. They are then but little eaten. The fact is undeniable that these creatures appear after sheet-lightning, and at no other times.

### Strange Custom.

A peculiar custom prevails at Norham, Durham, that if the banns of marriage be thrice published, and the marriage does not take place, the refusing party, whether male or female, pays forty shillings to the vicar, as a penalty for "scorning the Church."

### Sagacity of the Bear.

That wild beasts of all kinds are scared away by fire is a well known fact; but the hungry bear is of so cunning a nature, that it even sets at defiance the flaming circle, which would at other times afford a secure protection to the sleeping traveller. It is true that the bear does not venture to cross the fiery barrier, but it contrives to avoid the difficulty in a most ingenious manner. Going to the nearest stream, it immerses itself in the water so as to saturate its fur with moisture, and then returning to the spot where the intended prey lies asleep, the animal rolls over the flaming embers, quenches the fire, and then makes its attack upon the sleeper. This curious fact is well known among the natives of Siberia, so that they have good grounds for the respect in which they hold the bear's intellectual powers.

### The Bird of the Tolling Bell.

Among the highest woods and deepest glens of Brazil a sound is sometimes heard, so singular that the noise seems quite unnatural; it is like the distant and solemn tolling of a church-bell struck at intervals. This extraordinary noise proceeds from the arawonda. The bird sits at the top of the highest trees in the deepest forests, and though constantly heard in the most desert places, it is very rarely seen. It is impossible to conceive anything of more solitary character than the profound silence of the woods, broken only by the metallic and almost supernatural sound of this invisible bird, coming from the air, and seeming to follow wherever you go. The arawonda is white, with a circle of red round its eyes; its size is about that of a small pigeon.

### Somnambulism.

The majority of mankind are inclined to believe that a sleep-walker is guided by a providential instinct, which leads him safely across parapets, along the edges of precipices, and through fordable streams, landing him unhurt on the safe side. Many surprising feats of this kind have, indeed, been accomplished, but they must be regarded as exceptional. Recently, an American editor of high repute took a fatal leap from a precipice whilst in a state of somnambulism; and a young man in London, whilst sleep-walking, raised the window of his room, and leaped into the street, fatally fracturing his skull. Those who behold a sleep-walker should not refrain, either from motives of tenderness or curiosity, from waking the sleeper. It is wrong to do so abruptly; but the unfortunate person should be carefully and gently roused.

### A Dog with a wooden Leg.

Mr. Robert Howard, landlord of the Railway Inn, near the Droyloden Railway station, England, has in his possession a Scotch terrier with a wooden leg, which runs about with a scarcely perceptible limp. The dog had its right fore foot amputated by an express train several months ago, and a veterinary surgeon from Manchester being informed that it was a favourite pet, not only dressed its wounds, but shortly afterwards supplied it with an artificial limb, of which it appears somewhat proud.

### Remarkable.

Miss Phoebe Newbegin, who died in Nantucket, lately, at the advanced age of 93 years 8 months, leaves a sister nearly 90 years of age, with whom she has slept every night for eighty-eight years, with the exception of three weeks during childhood, when Mary, the surviving sister, went to Newburyport with her mother. The deceased never left the island.

## The Housewife.

### Clinkers in Stoves.

Persons troubled with clinkers adhering to the lining of their stoves or furnaces, may be interested in knowing, says the *Scientific American*, that by placing a few oyster shells in the grate, while the fire is ignited, the clinkers will soon become loosened so as to be readily removed without the danger of breaking the lining. We have tried this remedy; and while the chemical action is involved in mystery, it accomplished the result to our satisfaction.

### Vermicelli Pudding.

Soak four ounces of vermicelli in cold water for one hour; pour the water off, put on the fire with a quart of sweet milk, shake it till it boils, draw it aside until the milk is all soaked in. Beat up four eggs with two ounces of sugar; mince two ounces of lemon-peel. Mix all together, and bake in a pudding-dish. If boiled, it will require six eggs instead of four. Put in a buttered shape, and boil two hours.

### Gingerade.

Take Jamaica ginger-root, two and a half ounces; boiling water, one pint; lump sugar, two and a half pounds; citric acid, two drachms; bruise the ginger-root, infuse it four hours in the water, and to the strained liquor add the sugar, and dissolve it with the aid of heat; remove the scum, and lastly add the citric acid.

### A plain Oustard.

Boil a pint of new milk, keeping a little back to mix with a tablespoonful of flour. Thicken the milk with the flour, let it cool a little, and then add one egg well beaten. Sweeten to taste. Set it on the fire again and stir until the egg burns, but do not let it boil. A little lemon or almond may be added.

### How to preserve Ladies' Furs.

Fine furs should be kept in a cold place. An experienced dealer will tell, the moment he puts his hand on a piece of fur, if it has been lying in a warm, dry atmosphere; it renders the fur harsh, dry and shabby; entirely destroying the rich, smooth softness which it will have if kept in a cold room.

### Mel Broth.

Clean half a pound of small eels, and set them on with three pints of water, some parsley, one slice of onion, a few peppercorns; let them simmer till the eels are broken, and the broth good, or reduced to a pint and a half. Add salt, and strain it off. It is very nutritious.

### Beef Tea.

Out one pound of fleshy beef in thin slices; simmer with a quart of water an hour and a half after it has once boiled and been skimmed. Season, if approved; but it wants generally only a little salt.

### Essence of Ginger.

Bruise four ounces of Jamaica ginger, and put it into a pint of rectified spirits of wine. Let it remain a fortnight, then press and filter it. A little essence of sage may be added, if wished.

### Eggs.

An egg broken into a cup of tea, or beaten and mixed with a basin of milk, makes a breakfast more supporting than tea alone.

### To keep Beds well aired.

Nothing more is necessary than to fill a large stone bottle with boiling water, and to put it into the bed, which, with the bolster and pillows, should be pressed round it in a head. It is astonishing the number of hours it will be found warm. By this simple contrivance no one need fear giving a friend a damp bed, even if it is only done once a fortnight. Care must be taken to have the bottle well corked, and, to prevent accidents, it would be as well to tie it down.

### Arrowroot.

It is very necessary to be careful not to get the counterfeited sort; if genuine, it is very nourishing, especially for persons with weak bowels. Put into a saucepan half a pint of water, a glass of sherry, or a spoonful of brandy, grated nutmeg, and fine sugar; boil up once, then mix it by degrees into a dessert spoonful of arrowroot, previously rubbed smooth with two spoonful of cold water.

### Hair Wash.

Get one ounce of borax, half an ounce of camphor, powder them finely, and dissolve them in one quart of boiling water. When cold the solution will be ready for use. Damp the hair with this frequently. It not only cleanses and beautifies, but strengthens the hair, preserves the color, and prevents early baldness.

### Bread Cheesecakes.

Slice a small loaf as thin as possible; pour on it a pint of boiling cream; when well soaked beat it very fine; add eight eggs, half a pound of butter, a grated nutmeg, half a pound of currants, a spoonful of brandy or white wine; beat them up well together, and bake in raised crusts or patty-pans.

### To clean Alabaster.

For cleaning alabaster, there is nothing better than soap and water. Stains may be removed by washing with soap and water, then whitewashing the stained part, letting it stand some hours, then rinsing off the whitewash and rubbing the part stained.

### Bread Omelet.

Put in a large teaspoon of bread crumbs, a teaspoon of cream, a spoonful of butter, with salt, pepper and nutmeg; when the bread has absorbed the cream, break in the eggs, beat them a little with the mixture, and fry like omelet.

### Rhubarb Jam.

To seven pounds of rhubarb add four sweet oranges and five pounds of sugar. Peel and cut up the rhubarb. Put in the thin peel of the oranges and the pulp, after taking out the seeds and all the whites. Boil all together for one hour and a half.

### Bluing for Clothes.

Take one ounce of soft Prussian blue, powder it, and put it into a bottle with one quart of clear rain water, and a quarter of an ounce of oxalic acid powdered. A teaspoonful is sufficient for a large washing.

### To clean Gold Lace.

Gold lace is easily cleaned and restored to its original brightness by rubbing it with a soft brush dipped in roche alum burnt, sifted to a very fine powder.

**Seed Cake.**

Beat one pound of butter to a cream, adding gradually a quarter of a pound of sifted sugar, beating both together; have ready the yolks of eighteen eggs, and the whites of ten, beaten separately; mix in the whites first, and then the yolks, and beat the whole for ten minutes; add two grated nutmegs, one pound and a half of flour, and mix them very gradually with the other ingredients; when the oven is ready, beat in three ounces of picked caraway-seeds.

**Ginger Cordial.**

This is made with the essence of ginger. It is preferred colored, and therefore may be well prepared by simple digestion. One drachm will be found to be enough for two gallons of spirit. The addition of two or three drops each of essence of lemon and orange-peel, with a spoonful of essence of cardamoms to each gallon, will improve it. If wanted dark, it may be colored with burnt sugar. The quantity of sugar is one a half pounds to the gallon.

**For a Cough.**

Procure a small quantity of Peruvian bark at a chemist's where you have reason to believe a genuine article may be obtained, and, on the very first symptoms of irritation of the throat, and disposition towards what is termed "hacking," chew a piece about the size of a bean. This will at once relieve; and, on recurrence of the symptoms, apply the same remedy. Two or three doses will cure.

**Queen Cake.**

Mix one pound of dried flour, the same of sifted sugar and washed currants; wash one pound of butter in rose-water, beat it well, then mix with it eight eggs, yolks and whites beaten separately, and put in the dry ingredients by degrees; beat the whole an hour; butter little tins, tinscaps, or saucers, filling them only half full; sift a little fine sugar just as you put them into the oven.

**Cranberry Pudding.**

Boil one pint and a half of cranberries cleared of the stalks in four ounces of sugar and water, until they are broken, and form a kind of jam; make up a large ball of it; cover it well with rice washed clean and dry; then round each side a floured piece of cloth, which tie as for dumplings. Boil them one hour; sift sugar over when served, and butter in a boat.

**Peppermint Cordial.**

Take thirteen gallons of rectified spirit, one in five under hydrometer proof, twelve pounds of loaf sugar, one pint of spirit of wine that will fire gunpowder, fifteen pennyweights of oil of peppermint, and as much water as will fill up the cask, which should be set on end after the whole has been well roused. Enough for twenty gallons.

**A rich Christmas Pudding.**

One pound of raisins stoned, one pound of currants, half a pound of beef-suet, quarter of a pound of sugar, two spoonfuls of flour, three eggs, a cup of sweetmeats, and a wineglass of brandy. Mix well, and boil in a mould eight hours.

**Parisian Mode of roasting Apples.**

Select the largest apples, scoop out the core without cutting quite through; fill the hollow with butter and fine soft sugar; let them roast in a slow oven, and serve up with the syrup.

**Ginger Pudding.**

To half a pound of flour add a quarter of a pound of suet shred very fine, a quarter of a pound of moist sugar, and two large teaspoonfuls of grated ginger; mix together, turn dry into a basin either buttered or dipped into cold water; tie the cloth over very tight, and boil three hours. This is a pudding within everybody's reach.

**German Puffs.**

A quarter of a pound of almonds beaten very fine in a mortar with rose-water, six eggs well beaten, leaving out two of the whites, two spoonfuls of flour, two ounces of butter, a little nutmeg, and six ounces of sugar all well mixed with a pint of cream, baked in buttered patty-pans, served with wine sauce.

**Antidote against Poison.**

Hundreds of lives might have been saved by a knowledge of this simple receipt:—A large teaspoonful of made mustard mixed in a tumbler of warm water, and swallowed as soon as possible. It acts as an instant emetic, sufficiently powerful to remove all that is lodged in the stomach.

**To make Isinglass Size.**

This may also be prepared in the manner above directed for the glue, by increasing the proportion of the water for dissolving it, and the same holds good of parchment size. A better sort of the common size may be likewise made by treating cuttings of gloves' leather in the same manner.

**Worth Knowing.**

Boil three or four onions in a pint of water. Then with a gliding brush do over your glasses and frames, and rest assured that the flies will not light on the articles washed. This may be used without apprehension, as it will not do the least injury to the frames.

**Raspberry Vinegar.**

To every quart of raspberries put one pint of best vinegar. Stir them twice a day for three days, then strain off the liquor. To each pint put one pound of loaf sugar. Boil it half an hour, and skim it well; then bottle and cork it close.

**To season new Earthenware.**

Before using, place it in a boiler with cold water, and then heat it gradually, and let it remain in till the water is cool. This will render it less liable to crack, especially if used for baking in.

**Lotion for a Sprain.**

Take of camphorated spirit, common vinegar, spirits of turpentine, of each one ounce. Or else take compound soap liniment, one ounce and a half; laudanum, half an ounce; mix.

**Ising for a Plum Cake.**

Take the white of an egg, a quarter of a pound of loaf-sugar, and a teaspoonful of gum dragon, melted. Mix them into a paste, and lay it on the cake.

**Red Ink from woollen Table-Covers.**

Dissolve in three ounces of hot water one drachm of oxalic acid; apply it warm to the ink spots, and they will quickly disappear.

**Bleeding at the Nose.**

A piece of brown paper folded and placed between the upper lip and the gum will stop bleeding at the nose.

## Editor's Table.

MATURIN M. BALLOU, EDITOR AND PROPRIETOR.

### WRESTLING WITH AN ELEPHANT.

A rather curious scene has occurred in Blackburn, England, during a performance in a menagerie. A young man, who had for some time been carefully observing the monster elephant, determined, like a fighting gladiator of old to try the strength of the huge bulk of flesh with his own. There is at the end of the elephant's tusks, which are of large size, an iron rod, binding one tusk to the other. Our hero seized hold of this, and began to lean with his whole weight upon it. The elephant, not altogether liking this sort of treatment, determined for his part to punish his audacious antagonist. He raised his great head aloft, and the young fellow was swang from the ground until he almost touched the canvass covering, and was no doubt much higher than his most wild ambition ever carried him. The animal repeated this, and a second time he descended to the ground, when the elephant, perhaps, thinking it best to temper justice with mercy, wrapped his trunk round the hapless and now thoroughly humbled youth, and very unceremoniously laid him in the mud that overspread the floor. The wrestle was ended, the elephant coming off the victor, while his combatant picked himself up and, amidst the hearty laughter of the spectators, vanished. Of course the Englishman was worsted; but our Dr. Windship would have slung that critter into the middle of next week.

"THE WELCOME GUEST."—The largest and best literary weekly paper in America is *The Welcome Guest*. Four cents per copy, everywhere. This paper is particularly calculated for the family, and will grace any parlor in the land, and gladden any fireside with its delightful tales, sketches, adventures, poems, and selections from all the new books of the day. *It is not a sensation paper*, yet you will be loth to lay it down until you have read every line!

PATENTED.—A Yankee's invention for extracting the lies from quack advertisements has been patented.

THEY OUGHT.—The assayers at the mint ought to be good boatmen, owing to their experience in handling the ores.

### RIDING WITH A LADY.

The author of "Habits of Good Society" says that when you are riding on horseback in company with a lady you ought always to ride on the right of her, "lest you risk crushing her feet." An American writer says this settles a long-vexed question. But he is mistaken. In England, it is the custom to turn out to the left of the road in passing vehicles; here, to the right. If, in this country, you are on the right side of the lady, she runs the risk of being splattered, or having her skirt caught in the wheels. But if you ride on her left you protect her in these cases, and, moreover, have your right, or strongest hand at liberty to assist her in case of any difficulty with her horse. As to the danger of your crowding her feet, if you are not horseman enough to keep your proper distance, you should never undertake to ride with a lady. We consider that we have settled the question.

SPRING WEATHER.—With the coming spring weather, hundreds of delicate persons in New England will contract the seeds of consumption, a fact that is annually impressed upon all observing people. Is it not a duty to be on our guard against this terrible enemy? On the first symptoms of cough or cold, let that *specific*, Wistar's Balsam of Wild Cherry, be at once resorted to, and relief will as promptly follow. No family in our peculiar climate should be without the Balsam always at hand in their houses.

VERY PLEASANT.—It must be very pleasant for a young gentleman soft enough to ask a young lady what she thinks of his moustache, to have her reply, "O, it's nice! Just like the down on the wings of a butterfly!"

PRODIGIOUS.—A Cincinnati editor says that he has many a time seen a man on skates jump twenty-four feet. Lucky he didn't say yards, for then we might not have believed him!

JUST SO.—It is very well for little children to be lambs, but a very bad thing for them to grow up sheep.

COPPER MINE.—A new copper mine has been discovered in Bristol, Connecticut.

**PROPAGATION OF OYSTERS.**

For the last two years, the emperor, Louis Napoleon, has been causing artificial oyster beds to be made in the Bay of Saint Brieuc, and already the results have surpassed the dreams of the most ambitious hope. The parent oysters, the old shells with which the bottom of the bay is paved, everything, in short, which the drag brings up, is laden with young oyster-fry—the shingle of the beach itself is covered with it. The fascines bear, on every branch and on their smallest twigs, bunches of oysters in such extreme profusion that they resemble the apple and pear tree in an orchard, whose boughs are hidden, in spring, beneath the exuberance of their blossoms. You might take them to be petrifications of some exuberant fossil seeds or buds. As such a marvel obtains easier credence by sight than by hearsay, specimens have been sent to Paris to bear irrefutable testimony to the fact. The young oysters hanging to the twigs are already from three-quarters of an inch to an inch and a quarter in breadth. They are therefore fruits which have only to ripen to give in eighteen months a most abundant return. It appears from this that oysters grow much quicker than is imagined. There are as many as twenty thousand oyster-lings on a single facine, which takes up no more room in the water than a sheaf of wheat does in a cornfield. Now, twenty thousand oysters, when they have reached the edible state, represents the value of four hundred francs, their price current being twenty francs the thousand, sold on the spot. The returns from this industry are consequently inexhaustible, because collecting apparatus can be submerged to any extent, and every adult oyster belonging to a bed is the parent of from one to three millions of fry. Speaking of oysters, Louis Napoleon is very fond of them. He likes them on the shell with a drop of vinegar and salt, a little cayenne pepper, and a squeeze of lemon. The Empress Eugenie prefers them stewed. We like them both ways.

**A MISTAKE.**—It is common to speak of those whom a flirt has jilted as her victims, this is a grave error; her real victim is the man she accepts.

**LIBERAL.**—The St. Louis Agricultural and Mechanical Society have resolved to offer a premium list of \$20,000 for their next fair.

**GOOD PAY.**—Tom Taylor received \$250 an act for his last dramatization.

**A TRUTH.**—Pride is as loud a beggar as Want, but is much more insolent.

**AGRICULTURE AT YALE COLLEGE.**

To see Yale College stepping out from among the mists of antiquity and the graves of dead languages, and "taking up the shovel and the hoe," is certainly one of the signs of the times. She made her debut on this new stage on the 1st day of February, having secured the services of twenty-five leading agriculturists to sustain her in this first effort. These gentlemen are to take up all possible subjects connected with agriculture for the benefit of farmers and gardeners, young and old, and for their own material enlightenment. There are to be three lectures a day for the space of a month, each lecture to be followed by questions and a discussion. The list of names, in which we find Marshall P. Wilder, late President of the National Agricultural Society, Cassius M. Clay, of Kentucky, Lewis F. Allen, Esq., of New York, and other eminent men, besides Professors Silliman, Porter and Johnson, of Yale College, give the highest character to the undertaking. The advantages of this course are offered so cheaply (\$10 for a course ticket), that it will draw together large numbers. The idea involved in this enterprise, namely, getting together educational capital by small contributions of knowledge from large numbers, is an important discovery. We do not see why it is not susceptible of very extensive and varied application.

**THE PRINCE OF WALES.**—Late English papers say the Prince of Wales will sail for Canada at the latter end of May or early in June, in the line-of-battle ship *Renown*, 91 guns. The suite that will attend his royal highness has not yet been arranged, but everything connected with this visit, it is stated, will be conducted on a scale worthy of the mother country, and calculated to do honor to the American colonies.

**NEWSPAPER NOVELTY.**—It is mentioned, as the latest novelty in newspapers, that in addition to "births, marriages and deaths," some of the English country papers now add the "divorces."

**VIRGINIA IRON.**—The iron manufactured at Wheeling, Va., in 1859, sold for upwards of two millions of dollars. Old Virginia is fast becoming a rival with Pennsylvania in producing iron.

**REMOVAL.**—We have removed our publishing office up one flight of stairs in the same building, No. 22 Winter Street.

**NEW WORD.**—A new word has been coined for the lady amateurs of skating—they are called *skateresses*.



## THE OLD AND THE NEW.

Nothing more forcibly strikes the American traveller in Europe, when he goes abroad for the first time, and traverses the streets of the continental cities, than the time-worn character of nearly all the buildings, public and private, that meet his eye. In the old Dutch, in the old Italian, in the old German, Spanish and French towns and cities, he beholds everywhere the traces of venerable age: moss-grown roofs, crumbling house-fronts, with the date of some former century on their gables—"stones themselves to ruin grown." Hardly is there an exception to this. Paris alone, of all the great continental cities, exhibits what we Americans call go-ahead-iteness. And he learns, on inquiry, that this peculiar steadfastness permeates all society. He will find the same family exercising the same trade for generation after generation, just as the same family occupies a throne for centuries. Even in England he will find certain official costumes, absurd enough at the time of their introduction, surviving all the changes of fashion, the most unstable of human things—chancellors and judges invested with big wigs, and beef-eaters wearing the puffed trunk-hose, and carrying the halberds of the days of bluff King Harry of wife-killing memory. You may revisit the old places of which we speak after an absence of years, and you will find nothing changed.

But in this country an entirely different state of things is noticeable. There conservatism; here, change. There the struggle is to maintain the old; here the constant strife is to introduce the new. With us, there seems to be an almost morbid craving for novelty—in architecture, in dress, in literature, in domestic economy, in everything. How few relics of the revolutionary past, the heroic days of our history, remain! Scarcely, in each of our great cities, are there two or three of those buildings left which were silent witnesses of the struggles of our strife for independence; and of these but very few that the public generally do not regard as eyesores. Are there any lines of circumvallation or of breastwork left in some rural locality, the rude defences thrown up by our yeoman ancestry when they "bared their foreheads to the God of battles," the ploughshare must fill up or level them, not because they are annoyances, but because they are old. This fever for novelty has torn down many a substantial old house of worship that might have stood for a century longer, to give room for some new edifice divested of all the hallowed and hallowing associations that clung round the old. Old trees are hated because they are old. Even old men are only

permitted to live on sufferance. They are not treated with the respect formerly accorded to age on account of its wisdom, and its experience of suffering and joy. Old America feels this keenly, and disguises its age as far and as long as possible. We have seen octogenarians in tight French boots and dyed moustaches, and it is very common for old men of seventy to cultivate gymnastics and learn the Schottische and German. The revival of the Minuet de la Cour, with its slow and stately movements, must be a blessing to these old covies, for gout and rheumatism are sad drawbacks in the whirlings of the waltz and the vigorous stampings of the polka, danced as it ought to be. We may smile at these endeavors of superannuated beaux to keep pace with the rapid boiling current of juvenility, but it is unjust to do so, for they are only obeying the law of inexorable necessity. Longevity in the eyes of Young America is unjustifiable. It is true that there is no statute against it, but the canons of society condemn it mercilessly.

The disciples of the new school, it is true, meet the old fogies with pitiless logic. They assert that all the great achievements of the world have been accomplished by young men, and prate to you about Napoleon the First, and a host of other brilliant boys. They go so far as to say that the men who fought our Revolutionary battles were by no means old, in spite of their three-cornered hats and knee breeches. And it must be confessed that there is some reason on their side.

Yet we must beware of a blind enthusiasm for the new. All that is new is not true, and all that is true is not new. Along the path of the centuries there rise, from space to space, immortal monuments of greatness that can never be surpassed—the pyramids of Egypt, the marbles of Greece, the pictures of Italy, the poems of Homer and Milton, and Shakspeare, the modern world can never hope to surpass or even equal these. And it is well, for the sake of association, to preserve, here and there, links which bind the present to the past. Let us not break down all the bridges behind us, bridges that have carried us safely over.

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**NEW YORK AGAINST FRANCE!**—The whole of France—a nation of thirty-six millions of inhabitants—only appropriates as much money to common schools as does the city of New York alone—something like six millions of francs!

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**DENSE POPULATION.**—The little island of Barbadoes is the most densely populated country in the world. With an area of 166 square miles, it contains 125,864 inhabitants.

### ANÆSTHESIA.

The new method of producing anesthesia by hypnotism, was recently tried in the Mauritian Hospital at Turin, by Dr. Pertusio, with perfect success, upon a young woman aged 18. The brilliant object held before her eyes was a gold seal-ring. After the lapse of twelve minutes, the patient said that she felt sleepy; she was then bid to shut her eyes, which she immediately did. After some preliminary trials, her state of insensibility being at length ascertained, the operation of extirpating a tumor, which she had, was proceeded with, the patient remaining passive, and not betraying the slightest symptom of pain. Nevertheless, she continued to reply to the questions put to her, and even commenced a conversation herself on matters quite foreign to the operation. She was awakened by blowing on her face after the wound was dressed.

Photographers and daguerreotypists used to direct their sitters to fix their eyes on some bright object, such as a spot of light on a glass globe, in order to keep the eyes steady, and this accounts for the sleepy look of the pictures taken when it was necessary, as in the infancy of the art, to sit several minutes. And speaking of hypnotism, we read lately of an experiment tried on a hen. The bird was placed on a bench painted bright green, and a line was drawn with a piece of chalk across the top of the bench, commencing with the bill of the bird. The hen, gazing fixedly on this line, soon became stupid and fell into a deep sleep, from which she was not aroused even by sticking pins into her body. Years ago, we tried this experiment on a superannuated Shanghai rooster with complete success, but did not try the experiment of sticking pins into its body, our purpose simply being amusement, and not science. But scientific men have no scruples. Dr. Mussey, some years ago, used to puncture the eyes of cats and inject the oil of tobacco, to show how deleterious tobacco was to human beings. We never saw the logic of the deduction, and remember thinking the experiment cruel—as no doubt the cat did—but as the torture was inflicted scientifically, we suppose it was all right.

**STEAM FIRE-ENGINES.**—The great value and importance of these machines is now so fully established that our cities generally are adopting them for use.

**WATER RATES.**—The Revere House, in this city, pays over \$1000 per annum to the city for the amount of Cochituate water it uses.

### THE BEARD.

Americans are fast becoming a bearded nation, cultivating the mustache and beard generally all over the face. It is a fashion that has crept over the water to us, and not an unbecoming one to many. Still it requires much tact and good taste to manage the beard so that it shall be becoming to the wearer. It will serve to hide an ill-formed mouth, and of course as well as to hide a handsome one; the teeth look clearer and whiter from behind a dark mustache. The beard may be so trimmed and arranged as to do much in remedying any natural defect. A short face may be made longer, and a narrow one broader, a lack of development in the chin remedied, and other desirable objects attained. Ladies generally like the beard, not objecting to this distinction which nature has created between the sexes. We acknowledge a liking for the appendage ourselves, considering it not only comfortable, but manly and becoming.

### CHARACTER IN WRITING.

There are persons who profess to judge of character by handwriting; and to judge from their advertisements, there is very little doubt that their profession pays them. Yet their judgments, after all, are mere matters of guess work. They base them, as the gipsies do, on the mere pretence of simply looking at the hand. Now, writing a good hand by no means generally implies the having a good head. Still less is it indicative of having a good heart. A man may be remarkable for the superfinest qualities, and yet may write the coarsest and most commonplace of hands. He may have the clearest brain, and yet may sign his name so puzzlingly that nobody can read it. Many a man, indeed, who cannot write his name at all, may, without untruth, be looked on as a man of mark.

**PERPETUAL YOUTH.**—"Women can easily preserve their youth; for she who captivates the heart and understanding never grows old." So we ought to record the "death of a young lady of one hundred," when a juvenile centenarian skips off the stage of life.

**SWEETS TO THE SWEET.**—"Pray, can you tell me, my dear Mr. Jenkins," asked with admiring eyes a very pretty young lady, "how is sugar refined?" "When a lady gives it to you, madam," was the happy reply.

**WHAT'S IN A NAME?**—The Queen of Spain's last child has been baptized. It has no fewer than sixty Christian names.

## OUR NATURAL WEALTH.

Almost every year develops new resources in our country, new proofs of the lavish bounty of nature in the land it is our fortune to inhabit. As the forest disappeared before the axe of the settler, the earth began to yield her exhaustless supplies of coal. When the precious metals became scarce, the existence of abundance of gold was made manifest; and now that whales are becoming as rare as angel's visits, we behold the phenomenon of oil superior to any ever yielded by the leviathans of the deep gushing out of the earth. We allude, of course, to the last natural marvels, the discovery of the famous oil springs in Venango county, Pennsylvania. If half the tales told of this discovery be true, the "Long-Tom Coffins" of Nantucket and New Bedford may lay their harpoons and lances aside. Their vocation has surely gone!

The oil flows out of a hillside, and a large number of persons have sunk wells and inserted pumps to raise the precious fluid. One man has a pump which delivers a gallon a minute. The oil comes from coal embedded in the mountains. The oil has very little smell, burns clearly, and is said to be superior to kerosene oil.

A correspondent of the *National Intelligencer* says: "I can assure you that the excitement is fully equal to the fever incident to the gold in California. The agitation develops itself in certain persons and temperaments in an extravagant manner. I sat on the bank of the creek below Titusville for some time, interested in the movements of two very respectable persons (of independent circumstances), wading in the deep, cold water, with stick in hand, alternately probing the mud at the bottom, and applying the end of the stick to the nose, to discover the possible presence of oil. Entertaining, indeed, to me, were the curious philosophical reflections in which they indulged, as they determined important and inevitable results from dubious contingencies, and established positive deductions from dubious premises. Oil has been discovered in large quantities along the entire length of Oil Creek, and with profitable results, by boring from one to one hundred and fifty feet. Drake's spring, about one and a half miles from Titusville, yielded about eight hundred gallons, and McClintock Spring, at the mouth of the creek, about twelve hundred gallons per day. The indications of oil along the Causewago valley are fully equal to those on Oil Creek, especially in the vicinity of the old salt works. This substance is said to be exceedingly valuable for almost all the practical uses of oil, and will undoubtedly command a widely-extended market."

## ABOUT APPARITIONS.

The *New Bedford Standard*, in noticing Mr. Owen's book about this world and the other, wherein the design of the writer is to exhibit some of the proofs that the spirits of the dead still retain their interest in the affairs of this earth, that they are capable of affecting the living and even conversing with them in audible tones, and of rendering themselves perceptible to the eye, says: "When we read of the apparition of the dead, in their spiritual bodies, and yet wearing clothes similar to those they wore on earth, we think the argument proves too much. For it seems absurd to suppose that a slouched hat and a gold-headed cane have also a spiritual part which the deceased puts on his spiritual head, or carries in his spiritual hand. But if we acknowledge that this appearance is a reality, we must suppose the other to be so likewise." This idea has always struck us, in connection with ghost stories. The ghost of a pair of breeches is ludicrously incomprehensible. We remember being struck with the incongruity in a picture representing the apotheosis of the first Napoleon. There was the great emperor ascending to the seventh heaven, with a halo of glory round his head, and those famous jackboots going up too—an immortality of leather! It may be said that boots have soles, but the suggestion is that of an unfeeling punster. Yet probably the artist was tenacious of those boots, and refused to pull them off at the suggestion of the critics, exclaiming, with the stage hero:

"Who dares this pair of boots displace,  
Must meet Bombastes face to face."

**DEAR OLD LADY!**—Mrs. Partington desires to express her regrets that the French emperor has suppressed the Universe, and wants to know how he did it, and where he got his power.

**MAKING MONEY.**—Seven hundred industrious individuals gain a disreputable livelihood in the State of Ohio by manufacturing counterfeit money.

**HORSEFLESH.**—A writer in the *New York Spirit of the Times* estimates that there are 5,000,000 horses in the United States, and that they are worth \$400,000,000.

**BRANDRETH'S PILLS.**—A man named Brandreth shot a thief with peas the other night at Watertown, Wisconsin.

**A HINT.**—If you would not have affliction visit you twice, listen at once to what it teaches.

## WHAT'S IN A FLAG?

What's in a flag? Of itself it is a mere bit of bunting, white or blue or red, or it may be a few yards of silk fluttering in the breeze, and shining in the sun. But is this all? No! A national flag is a living language—a symbol that resumes within itself a history. "What is there," exclaims an enthusiastic writer, "more living than a flag? It moves, it palpitates, it breathes. Thousands of men die for it. Its rents adorn it, as wounds decorate the face of an old warrior. When it is but a lance surmounted by a rag of bunting, it becomes thrice holy and thrice sanctified. It is a shroud which has received the impress of the bleeding and scarred face of an army."

The meteor-flag of England! what memories cluster about its crimson cross! what a master-roll of heroes unfolds itself before the imagination, as the eye rests upon its folds! The tricolor of France! for how many years has it been associated with deeds the recital of which stirs the blood like the blare of a brazen trumpet, or the roll of a hundred drums! We behold it unfolded on the sands of Egypt, with the pyramids in the distance, with "centuries looking down on it," as Napoleon eloquently said, when the splendid cavalry of the Orient melted away like mist before the rolling volleys of the impregnable French squares. We see it climbing the Alps, and blazing in the sunlight on the plains of Lombardy. We behold the Austrian eagles in full flight before it. Again it rises on the view, pale, tattered, rent, fluttering in the Arctic air of Russia over the heads of frozen spectres that look like men dragged out of their graves, while hordes of Cossacks prowled like northern wolves around them, and the far distance is lighted by the lurid flashes of the enemy's artillery. We behold it again in a darker hour, when nations are banded against it. It descends with the Old Guard to the final carnage of Waterloo, and sinks with the hopes of France and liberty upon that stricken field. The white flag of the Bourbon rises in its stead; but not for long. Out of the blood and smoke of revolution, it rises again. It flutters over many a fierce struggle in Algeria, and it is again unfolded in the Italian sun, leading from victory to victory till the red day of Solferino crowns it with a fame worthy of its youthful laurels.

The black flag! what heart has not shuddered even at the pictured image of that sign of terror! The very thought of the pirate's ensign conjures up many a terrible tale of the ocean; of plundered galleons, of murdered crews, of desperate strife, of black waves closing over helpless victims.

Last, not least, nearest and dearest to our hearts is the star-spangled banner, the stainless flag of our republic, which has floated in undiminished glory from the time when it was first given to the breeze, down to the present day. New stars are yearly taking their place in its glorious constellation, and beautiful and bright, it waves in sunshine and storm—the symbol of a nation's power and a world's hope. The American traveller who in some foreign port beholds that proud and lovely ensign fluttering from the topmast of a vessel of his nation, comprehends the full significance and eloquence of a flag. His throbbing heart and tear-brimmed eyes confess all the power of symbolism and of association. He recalls the splendid story of our annals, and thanks God that he is an American. Many are the brave men who lived and toiled and died, that the star-spangled banner might be glorious. It received its baptism of blood and fire in hours of mingled glory and gloom. In terrible land battles, in fearful engagements at sea, throughout three great wars, twice with the haughtiest power in the world, it has received the laurel of victory; and it now rallies under its folds thirty millions of freemen, from the Atlantic to the Pacific, from the great lakes to the gulf. It sheds a lustre over the white wings of commerce from the poles to the tropics, from Jeddo to San Francisco, trailing its glories round the globe. It is a flag to live for and die for. And as yet, it is but in the infancy of its career. Who shall say over what realms that starred flag shall beam in the unseen future, either in warlike or in peaceful triumph? And who will dare to say that this glorious ensign is nothing but a bit of colored bunting? It is a nation's life.

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**MARRIED AT LAST.**—The Gloucester News says that a couple have just been married in that town, after a courtship of thirty years! They did not act on the principle of the old Scotch proverb:

"Happy's the wooing  
That's not long a-doing."

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**SAILOR'S BETHEL.**—They are about erecting a Sailor's Bethel in New Orleans. The sailor has a natural respect for religion, and sailors would be as actively religious as landmen if they had the same opportunities and advantages.

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**AN ATROCIOUS MURDERER.**—A Cuban mulatto, named Francisco Javier Lazo, was lately garrotted at Havana, who confessed to having murdered twenty-three persons.

## Foreign Miscellany.

General Sir William Napier, the historian of the Peninsular War, is dead.

Six autograph letters of Sir Walter Scott were lately sold in London for \$9 each.

A minister of the Church of England lately eloped with a young female who was a convict in the work-house.

A gold nugget worth £3200 was lately found in the auriferous sands of the river Arum, in Siberia, and has been sent to St. Petersburg.

The All England Eleven are prepared to make a voyage to the antipodes with a view to competing with Austrian cricketers.

Two deaths from internal ulcers, caused by smoking tobacco, are said to have recently occurred in Normandy.

It is understood to be the intention of her majesty, that the visit of his royal highness the Prince of Wales to Canada shall take place in the early part of July next.

Carlyle is busily at work on the third and fourth volumes of his *Frederick the Great*, but has no hope of sending them to press before the next year.

The Countess of Newburgh is now the oldest member of the titled British aristocracy. She has just entered her 99th year, and her sight and memory are but very slightly impaired.

The London papers report the death of Dr. Samuel Johnson's god-daughter, in whose behalf a subscription was raised, through the influence of Mr. Carlyle and other literary gentlemen.

A subscription has been opened in Paris for the great-granddaughter of Racine, who lives in great poverty. The emperor has contributed 10,000 francs, the empress 6000 francs, and the imperial prince 6000 francs.

Each of the crew of the *Fox* has been presented by Lady Franklin with an elegant silver watch, valued at £10, bearing a suitable inscription on the outer case, and surmounted by an engraving representing the *Fox* in full sail.

Edward Bevan, well known for his efforts for the perfecting of bee culture, died recently at his residence near Hereford, in the ninetieth year of his age. His work on "*The Honey Bee*" is one of the best of its kind.

The Brussels correspondent of the *Amsterdamsche Courant* states that King Leopold, as uncle of Queen Victoria, has received an official communication of the projected marriage between the Prince of Orange and the Princess Alice.

Mr. L. M. Rothschild has purchased the Sussex Hall Library, numbering about 4000 volumes, and containing valuable Hebrew books. He has presented this to the Jew's College, and it is expected that it will be made free of access to the Jewish community.

A correspondent of the *London Daily News* states that at the recent quarter sessions at St. Albans, a poor agricultural laborer out of work was sentenced to three years' penal servitude for stealing a few sticks from a fagot stack during the inclement weather.

The *Great Eastern* requires \$150,000 to fit her out for a voyage to America.

The population of Paris, which a hundred years ago, did not exceed 600,000, is now more than 1,800,000.

Very few iron spikes are used on British railroads, "chairs" being used for each sleeper, which are fastened with wooden tree-nails.

The French government has determined to make clothes for the army every year of peace in the same quantities as if the country was at war, for "the Empire is peace."

The Dutch government has swept away the last vestige of slavery from its East India possessions. On the 20th of September last, the institution ceased to exist.

The London papers re-affirm a rumor, that has lately been denied, that Bulwer is engaged upon a new play. In spite of all its faults, the "*Lady of Lyons*" is the living play of the present century.

Through the agency of the English Wesleyan Missionary Society, the gospel is preached in more than twenty languages at 3650 places in various part of Europe, India, China, Southern and Western Africa, the West Indies, Australia, Canada and British America.

Countess Hahn-Hahn, for many years a religious recluse in a convent at Mayence, returns to the world once more, at least with her works. A new novel of hers, "*Regina Maria: a Tale of the Present Day*," is in the press, and will shortly appear.

The so-called Canadian Reform Association is urgently advocating a dissolution of the Union, and the establishment of two or more provinces, with local legislatures, a central authority to administer matters common to the whole country, and a written constitution.

In Vienna a duel was lately fought across a table, with one pistol bulleted, the other blank cartridge. Somehow the bullet did not speed to its intended home, but slightly skimming the shoulder of the intended victim, rose and shattered a splendid mirror to pieces—and this was the only damage done.

The Vice Chancellor of Oxford has received £50 from a non-resident member of the University, for a prize to be given to the writer of the best English poem in rhymed verse, on "*The life, the character, and the death of the heroic seaman, Sir John Franklin, with special reference to the time, place, and discovery of his death.*"

In 1854, an officer at Sebastopol was knocked down, not by a cannon ball itself, but by the wind of it, as the ball passed near him; the commotion produced was so intense that the tongue of the officer contracted instantly, and he could not articulate a word; subsequently he was relieved by electricity.

In Russia, fires are very frequent; and, according to a recent report of the Minister of the Interior in the year 1859, not fewer than 56 churches, 333 public buildings, and 10,210 private houses, the whole of the value of 26,540,370 roubles (more than \$20,000,000), were burned down in that country. In Russia, as in the United States, the buildings are principally of wood, which accounts for the prevalence of fires.

## Record of the Times.

There are two hundred letter boxes in the streets of New York.

The German Sunday papers of New York publish about fifteen thousand copies weekly.

The whole number of school districts in New Hampshire is 2392; pupils, 86,706.

The mineral production of the United States amounts to a yearly average of \$12,000,000.

Twelve and a half feet of the Spanish claim in Carson Valley, Nevada Territory, Cal., sold Dec. 29th for \$120,000.

Gentlemen who smoke allege that it makes them calm and complacent. They tell us that the more they fume the less they fret.

That exemplary man, Brigham Young, says: "I believe a man can steal, and be justified in the act." This isn't a Young doctrine, but a very old one.

The franking privilege originated in England in the year 1660. Under it, members of Parliament used to frank "entire bucks and packs of hounds."

The salt springs at Grand Rapids, Michigan, which have been recently discovered, have been ascertained, by experiment, to yield twenty-five per cent. of pure salt—that is, one barrel of water will yield one bushel of salt.

North Carolina is the greatest manufacturing State, South. In 1859 about 29,000 bales of cotton were manufactured into cloth in North Carolina, while in Georgia, "the Empire State of the South," the number of bales was 26,000.

The Los Angeles Star says that place is suffering from a scarcity of lawyers. It must resemble that country where the grasshoppers sit upon the fences and weep over the nakedness of the land!

A little church in Blairsville, Pa., has lately fallen heir to a collection of paintings, nine in number, from Munich, Germany. They comprise what are called the "Stiellenger Gallery," and are valued at \$75,000.

The Eagle Screw Company, of Providence, is one of the most valuable in New England. Very rarely does one of its shares find its way into the market. Its par value is \$500, and its market value fifteen thousand dollars.

The London Journal gives a view of Messrs. Allsopp & Son's ale brewery, at Burton-upon-Trent. They occupy fifty acres of ground for their yards, brewery, etc., which is about the area of Boston Common. One of the buildings is 400 feet long, 130 feet wide, and 60 feet high.

A Frenchman has invented what is called a barotrope, a sort of human locomotive, by which a man sits on wheels and walks himself along five miles in thirty-five minutes on the Boulevard Bazaar of Paris, at noon, when the street was most crowded.

The artesian well which is now being bored at Reading, Penn., has reached a depth of seven-teen hundred feet. The water is represented to be of a decided mineral character, and to partake largely of all the mineral qualities which distinguish the springs at Saratoga.

Washington Irving's income was \$20,000 a year.

The letters of Abolard and Heloise are the most eloquent valentines of ancient times.

Britannia ware is an alloy 85 1-2 parts tin, 10 1-2 antimony, 3 zinc, and 1 copper.

The population of Kansas, according to official returns of the assessors, is 69,950.

It is estimated that there are four millions of female snuff-takers in the United States.

A South Carolina paper notices the death of a mule, whose age was known with certainty to be sixty-two years at the time of his death.

Louisiana papers are jubilant over the prospects of a great sugar crop next year. They say that the seed canes promise to yield abundantly.

By the great South-western Railroad, recently completed, passengers from New Orleans reach New York in ninety-two hours from that place.

A mammoth elk was killed in Fond du Lac county, Wisconsin, lately, whose antlers measured over five feet and had six prongs.

Somebody, at a recent donation party, at East Haddam, Ct., generously presented the minister with a \$3 counterfeit bill.

The population of Georgia, according to the census for 1859, is 1,024,000, of whom 573,716 are whites, and 443,745 slaves. The representative population is 884,597.

The present Catholic population of Philadelphia is estimated at 130,000, for the accommodation of which there are seventy-eight Catholic churches.

From recently published data, it seems that in Lima, Peru, there are forty-five shocks of earthquakes a year. Agitation is the order of the day there.

The highest spire in America is that of Trinity Church—Gothic—New York, 284 feet. The twin spires of Cologne Cathedral will each be, when completed, 500 feet high.

It would be a great advantage to some school-masters if they would steal two hours a day from their pupils, and give their own minds the benefit of the robbery.

The learned Baron Leibig has been appointed by the King of Bavaria, President of the Academy of Science. The baron is as busy as usual, and has just addressed a letter to M. Mechi on the subject of sewerage.

Nicholas Longworth, of Catawba wine notoriety, has now in his cellar four hundred and sixty thousand bottles of wine. When it is remembered that there are two or three other large wine manufacturers in Cincinnati, some idea may be formed of the extent to which the grape is cultivated in that vicinity.

Mr. and Mrs. Annin, residing near the High Bridge of the New Jersey Central Railroad, are supposed to be the largest couple in this country. The gentleman's weight is 700 pounds, and the lady's weight 500. Mr. Annin's age is about 45, and Mrs. Annin's about 40. It requires six yards of cassimere for Mr. Annin's pants, and nine yards for a coat. He and his wife keep a public house at a place called Peg's Pebble.

## Merry-Making.

A grocer in a neighboring city says that a lady recently applied to him for a pound of *oblong* tea.

The freedom of the city signifies, in modern terms, the right to a lodging in the station-house.

Weekly doses of wash-boards are recommended to young ladies troubled with dyspepsia.

A vicious man is *gross*, but the trafficker in butter, cheese, eggs and potatoes is a *grocer*.

What class of people bear a name meaning "I can't improve?" Mendicant (mend I can't).

"I really can't express my thanks," as the boy said to the schoolmaster when he gave him a thrashing.

The old fogey who poked his head from "behind the times," had it knocked soundly by a "passing event."

Two men out West undertook to see which would run the fastest. One was a sheriff and the other was a thief.

"Caught in her own net," as the man said, when he saw one of the fair sex hitched in her crinoline.

Why is a clergyman about concluding an eloquent discourse like a little boy with ragged garments? Because he's tor'd his close!

A thief broke into a grocer's ware-house, and on trial excused himself on the plea that he merely went in there to *take tea*.

A young lady recently married a farmer, and on visiting the cow-house, asked the servant—"which cow is it that gives the butter-milk?"

"Though lost to sight, to memory dear," as the maiden said to her lover when his face was buried in beard and whiskers.

A little child said to his father, with an earnest countenance: "I know how to fire the guns of earth, but who is tall enough to touch off thunder?"

A man swallowed an ounce and a half of sulphuric acid, and then complained that he didn't feel well. He should have repeated the dose for a permanent cure.

"Are you a Christian Indian?" asked a person of an adherent of Red Jacket, at the settlement near Cattaraugus. "No," said the sturdy savage, "I *whiskey Indian*."

Jenkins says his brother, who edits a paper out West, is doing first-rate. He has had two new hats within the last three years. Jenkins is inclined to put on airs.

Many persons have a particular ambition to seem exactly what they are not. We know a rich man who bought a splendid library, and signed the contract *with his mark*.

"Is Mr. Tibbs a slow man, that you never associate with him?" "Mr. Tibbs, my love, is slow as the clock in the Court of Chancery, which takes an hour and twenty minutes to strike one."

The boy at the head of the class will state what were the Dark Ages of the world? Boy hesitates. "Next—Master Jones, can you tell me what the Dark Ages were?" "I guess they were the ages before spectacles were invented."

What is most like a horse's shoe? A mare's. Beer-brewers must be very miserable men. They are *ale-ing* continually.

A dentist at work in his vocation always looks down in the mouth.

Two of the greatest fools in society are the money borrower and the money lender.

How can an heiress be homely, if she "comes down handsome?" asks the Boston Post.

Laziness is like an old shoe—very comfortable, but of no value to its owner or anybody else.

An harangue in Parliament or Congress, in favor of declaring war, may be called a *war-rant*.

A terrible bore—the bore of the Armstrong gun.

Why is the letter N like a faithless lover? Because it's in constant.

When you cut six inches off a walking stick how long is it? Six inches shorter.

Bow to destiny; one of these days he may be polite and return your bow.

Physicians' prescriptions are now called death warrants in Latin.

In these days of crinoline, the world of fashion is truly "a wide, wide world."

If dull weather affects you, marry a warm-hearted girl, and make sunshine for yourself.

Why should lawyers be classed as members of the feminine gender? Because they are *fee-males*.

How is it proved Noah did not come first out of the ark? Because the Bible says he came *forth*.

"Done it on my own hook" is now rendered "Executed the responsibility on my own personal curve."

A pretty face and handsome dressing, often make a great *belle*; but the enraged bull sometimes makes a great *beller*.

The man who tried to steep the bark of a dog in the waters of eternal youth, is now endeavoring to invoke the muse of a cat.

When may a butler of the olden time be said to have discharged his master? When he gave him the sack.

• Oftentimes at an election a political party rolls up its sleeves to roll up a majority, and after the election simply rolls up its eyes.

A punster passing by the shop of Mr. Taswell, observed that his name would be *As-Well* without the T.

Two men out West undertook to see which would run the fastest. One was a sheriff and the other was a thief.

An editor down South apologizes for a delay in the issue of his paper, as he had an extra "male" to attend to this week.

Though we have no positive evidence of the fact, it is almost certain that Shakspeare was a broker, no one having furnished more stock quotations than he.

One of the candidates for a municipal office is claimed to be *personally* very popular. From the liberal manner in which he "pays out," we have no doubt he is daily gaining much popularity, *purse-onally*.

# THE MILITARY CAREER OF SPLAYKINS.



Splaykins, whose figure is universally admired,



Joins the military, as he considers the uniform just calculated to adorn him;



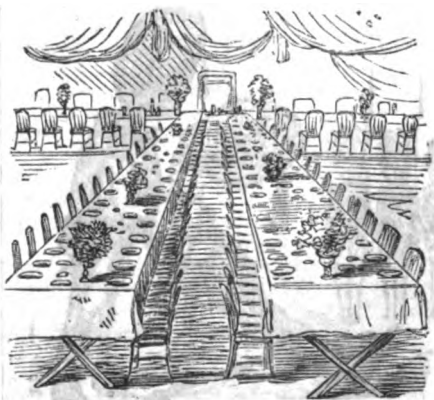
Besides which it looks well in a ball-room,



As also on parade.



And after the initiation drink and



Collation, the dues are merely nominal.



**BALLOU'S DOLLAR MONTHLY MAGAZINE.**  
THE CHEAPEST MAGAZINE IN THE WORLD.



Does not, however, get along very well at drill—the musket occasionally dropping on his toes.



His file-leader's heels are always in the way in marching,



And the fire-lock kicks so hard as to knock him down when it goes off.



He makes a grand parade on the Fourth of July, and proves too much for the captain.



The Fourth proves too much for him, and he retires from active service,



Regretted by the whole company.

# BALLOU'S DOLLAR MONTHLY MAGAZINE.

VOL. XI.—No. 6.

BOSTON, JUNE, 1860.

WHOLE No. 66.

## NEW YORK STREET CHARACTERS.

In the illustrated department of the *Dollar Magazine* for the present month we propose to follow up a theme upon which we have more than once before engaged both pen and pencil for our pages. If we were not to write a single line in explanation of the engravings for this number, their expressive truthfulness would tell their own story. To persons familiar with street life in the great metropolis of America, we need not commend them as copies from actual scenes in the streets of New York. It is a prolific theme, that of the various itinerant masses of our city streets. This class is as strongly individualized as those of any European cities; indeed, many of these representatives are from abroad, bringing their old vagrant habits and business with them. City life gives rise to a multitudinous variety of occupations unknown to quiet inland towns; occupations that to an uninformed person would seem entirely without profit or reason, are, by persistent industry and necessity, rendered a means of support. It would appear at least a problem to our country friends as to whether an adult could pick up in the streets a sufficient weight of bits of rags and paper during twelve hours of the twenty-four to pay for the necessary food which is required to keep soul and body together. Yet it is a fact that there are many persons in every one of our Atlantic cities who make a thrifty living by this seemingly precarious means. Indeed we know of one individual, who is a daily visitor through Winter Street, by our office, who has money in the savings bank, and who has made what is to him a small

fortune, and a decent living by this sole occupation. Everything is saved by these—what the French call—*chiffonniers*, bits of rags, paper, chips, old iron, all are tumbled into their ample canvass bags together, to be assorted in their humble quarters at night, and sold to the junk dealers, and paper makers, while the chips supply all of fuel that they permit themselves to consume. Each party thus employed has his or her particular route through the streets, and they generally pass over it at least three times each day, always with keen eyes fixed upon the ground, and sometimes being rewarded by picking up lost articles of considerable value. The party above referred to, told us, not long since, that a sixpenny loaf of bread morning and night daily sufficed him through the year, with an occasional chance meal procured by performing an errand, or by some other means, and that two shillings a week supplied him with lodgings! All he procured over this amount he saved, and he had nearly three hundred dollars in the



THE DOG CART.

savings bank. Of course his clothing was the cast off garments he picked up here and there, and the gift of charitable passers-by. Scarcely without an exception these people are foreigners, and some of them have seen "better days." In New York, especially, one is surprised to see the number of Chinese who are to be met at the corners of the streets, as beggars, or venders of cigars, or other trifling articles. How came these "celestials" so far from home? What a romance in fact their individual lives would illustrate. A fact is still in our recollection of seeing in Broadway, New York, some few years since, a ragged and careworn individual, picking up bits of coal from the ashes cast out of the dwelling houses, and filling a small basket with the same, who was known to have been an officer at one time in good standing in the Polish army. The sequel to his story, however, was comprised in a single word—*rum*—for the coals he picked up after hours of laborious and humiliating labor, he would receive, perhaps, enough to procure forgetfulness in a poisonous cup of liquor. Poor fellow, he has since died at Blackwell's Island, a pauper. Some, on the contrary, are sober and industrious; here and there, sad sight, will be observed young lads, and girls, who might be made good and useful, and even "ornamental," so to speak; some dutifully contributing to home support for aged parents or invalid brothers and sisters. Ah, the unwritten stories of actual life, the heroes and heroines of which are daily before our eyes! But let us go on to describe the several scenes which our artist has depicted for the reader's satisfaction.—Our first picture represents a "picker up of unconsidered trifles," with his well-furnished hand cart and canine assistant. The dog is well trained, and is of no small assistance in propelling the load. This little "turn out" is not the least picturesque of those to be met with in this live city, where the wheels of vitality never rest, and where there is scarce one silent hour in the twenty-four. The second engraving represents the "Vender of Kindlings." The pyramid supported on the back of the sturdy youth is composed of kindling stuff, which yields a very handsome percentage of profit to the vender. The street sweeper is our next illustration—an innovation which our New York friends have imported from London and Paris—she holds out her hand for the trifling recompense of her unenviable occupation. Many a dainty white kid glove drops a small coin into the palm in gratitude for the unsoiled French boots that have just achieved the formidable passage of Broadway. We do these things a little better in Boston, the city authorities keep the streets clean and passable at all hours by employing large groups of laborers under especial direction. The next scene represents a girl and woman, who are dealers in old glass, rags, and all sorts of miscellaneous wares they ferret out of old barrels, kennels and by-places. The "Chinese Beggar" is the theme of the next engraving. He sits at the foot of a flight of steps, and a playcard before him sets forth his appeal for charity. The next illustration gives us the "Chimney Sweep," a useful individual, and a thrifty trader. Then again we have still another representative of the flowery land, vending his cigars, and true to his national pigtail. The

illustration which succeeds, the last, represents the "Omnibus Driver," a New York "institution." These various phases of life tell their own story, and furnish a complete illustration of the diversified modes of labor for obtaining the means of sustenance which the necessities of men call into play. How true is the axiom, "one half of the world know not how the other half live." This series of engravings will beautify our volume and gratify our subscribers.

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#### THE RIGHT BIRD.

Old Dr. Nichols, who formerly practised medicine, found the fees and calls did not come fast enough to please him, so he added an apothecary shop to his business, for the sale of drugs and medicines. He had a great sign painted to attract the wondering eyes of the villagers, and the doctor loved to stand in front of his shop and explain its beauties to the gaping beholders. One of these was an Irishman, who gazed at it for a while with a comical look, and then exclaimed: "Och, and by the powers, doctor, if it isn't fine! But there's something a little bit wanting in it."

"And what, pray, is that?" asked the doctor.

"Why, you see," said Pat, "you've got a beautiful sheet of water here, and not a bit of a bird swimming in it."

"Ay, yes," replied the doctor, "that's a good idea. I'll have a couple of swans painted there; wouldn't they be fine?"

"Faith, and I don't know but they would," said Pat; "but I'm after thinking there's another kind of bird would be more appropriate."

"And what's that?" asked the doctor.

"Why, I can't exactly think of his name just now, but he is one of them kind of birds that when he sings he cries, 'Quack, quack, quack!'"

The last that was seen of Pat and the doctor, was Pat running for dear life and the doctor after him.—*Woburn Budget.*

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#### THE CURATE'S COW.

Solomon Grisdale, curate of Merrington, who was very poor, and had a numerous family, lost his only cow. Mr. Surtees determined to raise a subscription for another cow, and waited on the Bishop of Litchfield and Coventry (the late Earl Cornwallis) then Dean of Durham, and owner of the great tithes of Merrington, to ask what he would give. "Give?" said his lordship, "why a cow to be sure. Go, Mr. Surtees, to Woodfield, my steward, and tell him to give you as much money as will buy the best cow you can find." Mr. Surtees, who had not expected above a five pound note at most, exclaimed, "My lord, I hope you'll ride to heaven upon the back of that cow!" A while afterwards he was saluted in the college by the late Lord Barrington, with, "Surtees, what is this absurd speech that I hear you have been making to the dean?" "I see nothing absurd in it," was the reply. "When the dean rides to heaven on the back of that cow, many of you Prebendaries will be glad to lay hold of her tail."—*New York Picayune.*

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Brave deeds are no more useful in lost battles, than gold in shipwrecks.

[ORIGINAL.]

**THE DAUGHTERS OF REBECCA.****A Story of the Mountain Passes of North Wales.**

BY C. L. FENTON, M. D.

I HAD been so entranced with the majestic and romantic beauty of the scenery that a storm, which I had noticed an hour before, gathering in the horizon, overtook me before I was aware of it. I was fairly in for a drenching, if nothing worse, but if darkness should come on before I succeeded in finding a place of shelter, there was every probability that I should be compelled to pass the night among the woods which covered the mountain passes.

I must explain that I was travelling for pleasure in North Wales, and having been much delighted with the romantic aspect of the country in the vicinity of the Berwyn Mountains, I had taken up my temporary abode at an isolated farmhouse in the vale of the Upper Severn. The fine weather in the morning had tempted me to take a longer walk than usual, and I had wandered on, still climbing uphill, until I gained one of the loftiest pinnacles of Plynlimmon, where I had remained to rest myself and to admire the prospect, till my watch and the cravings of hunger warned me that it was high time to commence the descent, and plod my weary way back to the farmhouse. It was just as I had reached the base of the steep ascent, that I was overtaken by the storm, and if a stranger to this thinly populated district of North Wales chance to make a mistake and take the wrong pass—and all are much alike—he may wander for miles and see no sign of a human dwelling. Thus it chanced with me in this instance, and just as it became dark, I discovered that I had lost my way among the mountains. I was so utterly bewildered that I knew not how to act. If I stood still, I should perish with cold; if I walked onward, every step, for aught I knew, might carry me still further out of my way, and I stood the chance of being inextricably lost. Happily, after a while the storm ceased, the sky cleared, and the moon shed a faint light over the scene, though so thickly interlaced were the branches of the forest trees, that his feeble rays could scarcely penetrate them, and her light did me little service.

I had wandered about for more than an hour, and had just reluctantly made up my mind to select the most sheltered spot I could find, to wrap myself up in my cloak and lie down, and make myself as comfortable as possible under the circumstances, till daylight, when I fancied I heard a cracking of the underwood, and a rattling of the leaves in the thicket near by.

Now, as I had no other weapon of offence or defence with me, than a stout crab-stick, I acknowledged that I felt a faint fluttering at the heart. To be sure, I knew that there were no more formidable wild beasts to be found in Wales, than foxes and wild-cats, still I had no fancy to feel the sharp claws and sharper fangs of the latter animal fastened into my throat; and I had heard tales, how, when thinking themselves driven to bay, wild-cats were often known to fly at travellers and to inflict dangerous, and sometimes



THE VENDER OF KINDLINGS.

fatal wounds. But more than either foxes, or wildcats, or wolves, had there been any in the woods, I dreaded the sudden attack of robbers, for it was at the period when the Rebecca-ites, and other secret societies of a political character, were numerous throughout Wales, and especially in the northern counties, and it was known that bands of robbers, and men of bad character, had joined these societies in vast numbers, hoping to shield themselves from the consequences of their depredations, under the somewhat equivocal protection thus afforded them. I resolved, therefore, carefully to reconnoitre before I made my presence known, unless, indeed, I had been already seen.

I remained perfectly still, concealing myself as much as possible behind the trunk of a huge oak, for I heard the crackling, rustling sound nearer and nearer. Presently, to my great surprise, there emerged from the thicket, and stood in the open space directly before me, fully revealed by the moonlight, which was here unshrouded by the leafy canopy that in many places obscured its rays—no wild beast, no savage robber, but a young woman of three or four-and-twenty, clad in a broad-brimmed man's hat, and full, short petticoat, and other picturesque accessories of a Welsh female peasant's costume. Her form was tall and slender, but remarkably well-proportioned, her attire showing her well-rounded limbs, and neat ankles and feet to great advantage. Her light hair fell in great abundance over her shoulders, reaching down to the small of her back, and neatly braided and tied with gay ribbons, according to the custom amongst Welsh maidens. Her features were regular, and their expression decidedly prepossessing, though her complexion was of an unearthly pallor; but this might have been occasioned by the moonlight, which shone full in her face, as she gazed earnestly into the distance, as if she were anxiously watching for some person's approach.

Had I come on hersuddenly, and seen her standing statue-like, as she now stood, I might possibly have taken her for an apparition, although I am not prone to believe in the supernatural; but I had had evidence of her material substance in the rustling of the leaves and crackling of the underwood as she emerged from the thicket. Still, I could not but think, it strange to meet with a young woman at so late an hour, in so lonely a spot, so distant, as I believed, from any human habitation. While I was doubting whether to accost her or not, and thinking how I should make my presence known without alarming her, she suddenly turned aside, cast down her eyes, and exclaimed, with a deep-drawn sigh, expressive of painful and yet long-endured disappointment:

"O dear, will he never come?" Presently she added, more hopefully: "He will surely come to-morrow." And gathering her shawl about her shoulders, she moved a few steps towards the thicket where she had emerged into the clearing, when she caught a glimpse of my shadow, extending, through lack of caution on my part, beyond that cast by the trunk of the tree behind which I had concealed myself.

She uttered an exclamation of joyful surprise, turned round, saw my figure, and springing forward, flung herself into my arms, exclaiming:

"Ah, Dávid! it was cruel to stay away so long, and then to surprise me thus. But I forgive you, since you have come at last."

The next moment she had fainted in my embrace, her arms twined around my neck, her hands clasped, and her head resting upon my shoulder.

Here was a pretty predicament to be caught in! With considerable difficulty I unloosed her hands, and laid her down gently on a heap of fallen leaves, which I had collected to make my bed upon for the night. Fortunately I had with me a small flask of brandy and water, and I poured a few drops of the fluid into her mouth, and not knowing what else to do, commenced to rub her hands vigorously. Happily she soon revived, and after gasping for breath once or twice, opened her eyes and gave utterance to a faint sigh.

"Do you feel better?" I asked, in as gentle a tone as possible. My voice caused her to start. She re-opened her eyes, which were gently closing again, and gazed into my face as if bewildered; then, with a faint cry of alarm, she struggled to raise herself, but finding herself too weak, she sunk back, her heart palpitating violently with affright. I spoke to her kindly, and sought to quiet her fears.

"Let me go away," she said. "Pray assist me to rise." And a deep blush suffused her pale cheeks, as she added:

"I was sadly mistaken, I thought you were David."

"No," I replied, "I am not David—but I am ready and willing to serve you to the extent of my power. Let me assist you?" And I succeeded in raising her to her feet.

"How came you here at this hour?" she continued. "Who are you? I know every neighbor for miles around, and I have never seen your face before."

"I might repeat your first question," I said, with a smile. "I am not a native of this country, but am travelling here for pleasure. I am now staying at Farmer Wynn's at Dwggyrn Hill (pronouncing the barbarous collection of consonants and semi-vowels, as well as my Saxon organs of speech would permit), and having climbed to-day to the summit of Plynlimmon, I was overtaken by the storm, and lost my way during my descent. I have wandered in the woods for hours, and at length, thinking that I was far distant from any human habitation, I had made up my mind to sleep in the woods till daylight, when at that moment you emerged from the thicket near by. I presume, however, since I have met with you, that there must be a farmhouse or perhaps a village near at hand."

This explanation appeared to satisfy the young woman. The expression of wildness which I had remarked when I looked closely into her face, gradually left it, and after passing her hand once or twice over her brow, she said, as if communing with herself:

"Yes, I should not have come abroad so late. I might have known he would not come to-night. But he will come to-morrow."

Then addressing me, she added: "Don't you think David will come to-morrow?"

I had made up my mind that the poor young woman was a monomaniac with regard to some

matter, the nature of which, alas, I readily surmised, and thinking it best to humor her fancy, I replied:

"O yes. I have no doubt you will see him to-morrow."

"But do you *really* think so?" she said, looking pitifully up into my face. "That is what they all tell me. That is what something ever whispers in my ear—but to-morrow and to-morrow comes and goes, and still *he* comes not."

I made no reply, and the poor thing continued: "Ah, you too try to deceive me, as well as the rest. Ah me! Sometimes I fancy myself that my poor wits have gone astray, and that all this

watching is for naught, and that he will never come to me, but I must go to him in the heaven above, where perhaps he is waiting as anxiously for me. But come," she added, "it will not do for us to remain here. My mother's cot is not far off. I will lead you thither, and from thence I can easily show you the way to Dwggynn Hill. It is only two miles distant. You can soon walk that."

She led the way through the thicket, and then taking my arm confidently, led me along a narrow path which skirted the wood, to her mother's cottage—a small wooden dwelling standing in a little well-kept garden, and the only habitation in sight. A neatly-clad, elderly woman was standing at the garden-gate. She was evidently anxiously awaiting her daughter's return. She started when she saw by whom she was accompanied, and looking earnestly into my face, shook her head gravely, as she asked the young woman where she stayed so long.

The maiden replied that she had been to the clearing, thinking that David might come. (I noticed that the old lady glanced at me with a beseeching, pitying look, as much as to say, "Respect my poor child's misfortune.") And the daughter explained that I was a stranger who was staying with Farmer

Wynn, and had lost my way in the mountain pass, when she encountered me.

They both directed me to a path, which led by a short cut to Dwggynn Hill, and the old woman brought me a bowl of goat's milk, which I found very refreshing. They then bade me good night, and following the directions they had given me, I was soon resting my tired limbs beneath Farmer Wynn's hospitable roof. I related my adventure while Dame Wynn was preparing supper, and asked for some information respecting the young woman, who was known to both the farmer and his wife.

"Ah, poor Mary Morgan!" said the farmer. "It's a thousand pities! There is not a better, and before her sorrow came, there was not a prettier lass on the mountain side than Mary. David Jones, sir, was her sweetheart, and as fine and manly a chap as ever stood at the plough-tail, till he joined the 'Daughters of Rebecca.' He is dead, sir, long, long ago. He was—but I cannot tell the story. I knew the lad well, and it always makes me sad to think on't. Poor Mary is sensible enough in aught else; but she is waiting for



THE STREET-SWEEPER.

David to return. Poor soul! she has waited three long years, and every day she hopes he will come to-morrow. Every day she goes to the place where they parted, expecting to see him coming up the clearing; but she may wait till the day of judgment."

"I should like to hear her history," I said.

"Master Davis the curate will tell it to you better than I can, if you ask him to-morrow," returned the farmer. "The parson know'd 'em both, and he's very good to poor Mary and her mother."

I was forced to be content and wait for the morrow myself, when I resolved to call upon the curate, with whom I had already made acquaintance, and ask him to relate to me poor Mary's sad story. The next day I met the curate while on my way to the parsonage. He was a handsome, venerable old gentleman, who, for the small stipend of thirty pounds a year, had presided for more than forty years over the spiritual welfare of the parishioners of Dwggyenn Hill and the adjoining parishes, until he had grown old and gray in his Master's service. He was almost worshipped by the simple, honest peasantry, most of whom he had known from the cradle, and christened and confirmed with his own hands. I greeted him, and strolled along by his side, and soon found an opportunity to broach the subject of my curiosity.

"Ah, poor Mary Morgan!" sighed the curate, when I had related my adventure in the clearing. "I have known her, poor thing! and I knew her sweetheart, David Jones, ever since they drew their first breath. I christened them both, and I was at Caernarvon when poor David suffered. I prayed with him at the last moment, and I hope and believe he died truly penitent. It is a long, sad story, sir. Let us sit down on this grassy mound. I begin to feel my legs totter with weakness when I have walked for a short time, though I once thought nothing of clambering over Plynlimmon and preaching at Cwdd-Gwnys on Sunday, after having already preached at Dwggyenn Hill—but old age will tell upon us all. I shall be ninety-five next birthday!"

So the venerable old man and I seated ourselves upon the grassy mound, and he told the following story:

"The parents of David Jones and Mary Morgan were both farmers, and like most of the farmers in this part of the country, they were poor, yet independent so far as the ability to supply all their simple wants were concerned, and David and Mary were both only children. I, who make it a point of duty to know intimately every individual amongst my few but widely-scattered flock, and so far as God permits me to guide them in their spiritual duties, was always pleased with my pastoral visits to these families, and as the children grew up, I was glad to perceive the growing fondness of the young people for each other. David grew up to be a handsome, manly fellow, and Mary when she had reached her seventeenth year was one of the prettiest, as well as one of the best young women in the united parishes of Dwggyenn and Cwdd-Gwnys, and I looked forward with pleasure to the day when I should perform the marriage ceremony between them. I hoped when they became man and wife, the influence of

Mary's gentle sway would curb the only tendency to wildness I had ever remarked in David. This was a partiality for field-sports, which sometimes led him to transgress the law of the land by poaching. I knew that Mary had often begged him to desist from the practice, and he had promised to do so, and kept his promise until again led astray by the ill example and persuasions of others. At length the time arrived when David and Mary were to be married, and as their parents' farms adjoined each other, it was arranged that the young folks should reside alternately with both their parents, and that the young man should assist in the cultivation of both farms on equal shares. About this time the various secret societies, of which the 'Daughters of Rebecca' was the most numerous and influential, began to be formed throughout the country. There were doubtless many honestly-disposed, but ill-advised men belonging to these societies, formed for the redress by secret force of various social and political grievances, but the majority of the members were the idle and dissolute young men of the county, who had all to gain and nothing to lose. I don't know by what means, but doubtless through the influence of old companions whom he had been associated with in his various poaching expeditions, David Jones was induced to enroll his name amongst the 'Daughters of Rebecca.'\*

"Great was the distress of the old folks, but greater still that of Mary, when they and she heard that David had leagued himself with this outlawed band, and Mary at length obtained her lover's promise that as soon as they were married he would quit the order. Sir Watkin Williams Wynne, the proprietor of the Jones's and Morgan's farms, though a kind and generous landlord, was especially obnoxious to the 'Daughters of Rebecca,' in consequence of his determination to uphold the right of property, and his rigid resolve to visit all those who were caught in the act of infringing those rights with the severest penalties of the law; consequently poor Mary's distress was all the greater, lest Sir Watkin should hear that David had united himself with this illegal body.

"Meanwhile turnpikes were torn down and burnt, and their keepers abused and beaten, and in more than one instance, murdered; and sometimes the country for miles around, was illuminated by the light from blazing barns and granaries, which were set on fire because their owners upheld, or, at least, refused to oppose, the action of the authorities. Troops were called to protect the magistrates in the execution of their duties; frequent collisions took place between the soldiers and the outlaws, and it was a period of terror and disaster to the well disposed throughout that section of the principality. It wanted, however, but two days of the time appointed for the wedding, and poor Mary rejoiced that the

\*The secret society known as "The Daughters of Rebecca," was established to oppose by violent, though secret efforts, the heavy tax on the roads in North Wales, created by the numerous turnpikes. The members, who disguised themselves in women's clothes and blackened their faces, were sworn to destroy all turnpikes, and to burn the property of those who upheld the laws. They were also sworn to implicit obedience to the rulers of the society. After committing many depredations they were at length dispersed, and the leaders hanged or transported.



time was so near at hand when David, who she knew would be true to his promise, would leave the society forever.

"David and Mary were to be married the day before Christmas. On the night of the 23d December, Mary sat pensive and alone by the cottage fire. Restless and anxious, she glanced often from the flaming hearth to the window of the room; and a moment listening with deep anxiety, would relapse again into her musing. It was ten o'clock. The Welsh peasantry go early to bed and rise early; her parents had been asleep for nearly two hours. After long waiting, she at length arose from her seat, softly opened the door, and looked forth into the night. An air of wildness about the girl, added to the simplicity of her attire, and the strongly illuminated loneliness of the house, imparted a shade of the romantic to her situation. Fitful gusts of wind passed before her face, ruffling her hair, and chilling her slight frame with a sense of something

fearful, and whispering as they passed a melancholy language.

"'He will not come to-night,' muttered the maiden, as, shuddering, she cautiously closed the door and returned to her position by the fire. 'No, he will not come to-night.'

"Still she sat and watched—a dreary, anxious, uncertain time. At length a shrill, low whistle was heard amid the howling of the wind, and the girl sprang up, exclaiming, faintly:

"'Ah! he *has* come at last.'

"She moved swiftly to the door, lifted the latch, and stood waiting in the doorway. Presently a well known voice said, 'Mary.'

"'David,' returned the girl, in a quiet, gentle tone, and the next moment they were standing side by side, and the maiden's head was resting on the young man's bosom. In the delight of that moment, she forgot the long, weary hours of waiting. The glory of his presence extinguished all the darkness which had oppressed her mind.



THE STREET SCRAP-GATHERER.



"Mary," said the youth, after they had stood for some time silent, 'to-morrow I am to call you mine. I have waited long and risked much to meet you to-night, according to my promise, which I never break. After to-morrow I shall not quit your side again. I can remain now but a minute. It is late.'

"But you go only to your father's house, near by?" cried Mary, in a tone of anxiety, for she guessed his meaning, and dreaded his reply.

"Mary," he said, 'I am pledged to rejoin the society to-night. There is work on hand. They will suspect me of treachery if I flinch from my sworn duties. But it is for the last time. I have told them all, and with difficulty have obtained permission to quit the order. It proves how much they trust me,' he added, in a tone of pride.

"David," said the girl, 'I have been much troubled to-night, as I sat brooding over the fire. I have had strange forebodings. I am sure the doings of the society are very, very wicked, and I fear some evil is hovering over us. Don't go back to-night; don't, for my sake; if you love me, David! Why not leave them forever, to-night, as well as to-morrow?'

"Because they have my promise."

"David," said the girl, beseechingly, 'if you love me you will not go!'

"I do love you, Mary. God knows how dearly; but I must go. It's only for this time. I am pledged to go to-night; but I will go no more after this. There, now you have my promise, so dry your tears and let me see you smile."

"Pledged—to—go—for—the last time!" said the girl, slowly, and almost wildly, with a strange intonation of voice. 'No, no,' she added, quickly, seizing him by the arm and dragging him further into the room. 'David,' she almost shrieked, 'you shall not go to-night!'

"Mary," replied the youth, 'willingly, gladly would I stay away. I was a fool to join them. I was ignorant in a great measure of their object. I like not the work that we have to do to-night, and would avoid it; but I have with the utmost difficulty obtained permission to leave them. To-night I stand pledged to rejoin them; but in a few hours our task will be done. The place of our rendezvous is close at hand. Go sleep, dear Mary. Early on the morrow I will be with you, once more a freeman, to claim my bride.'

"The light at this moment shone on the barrel of David's gun, which he had placed near the door on entering the cottage, unseen by Mary. Now she saw it."

"David," she cried, 'you carry fire-arms. There is mischief, deadly mischief, on hand. I have heard something of vengeance being sworn against Sir Watkin's gamekeepers. It is what you are going to seek after. David, it will be murder. The men have only done their duty. O, stay, stay! For pity's sake; for my sake! For our happiness and hopes of heaven, go not abroad beyond your father's cot to-night!'

"Dearest Mary, my honor is pledged," was the young man's solemn reply.

"The lovers still stood lingering. David would, how gladly, have remained behind, and left his companions to go on their mission of destruction and vengeance alone. Mary still clung to him and earnestly begged him to stay;

when suddenly both were startled by the sound of fire-arms, followed by a wild and piercing cry, which though but faintly heard, apparently proceeded from the plantations in Sir Watkin's park, a quarter of a mile distant.

"The youth was instantly reminded of his pledge. Confused and horrified, and under the impression that something dreadful had happened, he hastily kissed the cheek of the affrighted damsel by his side, snatched his gun and darted away, crying:

"Mary, I am too late already. I go to prevent mischief, if possible. Remember to-morrow I return to leave you no more."

"Stay, David, stay!" shrieked the young girl. Stay! murder stalks abroad. I will denounce you if you do not stay."

"But he upon whom she called was already out of hearing of her voice, and flinging her arms above her head, and claspings her hands, she shrieked aloud, and in a fit of dread and anguish, fell senseless to the floor."

"The noise awoke her parents who were sleeping in an adjoining room. They sprang out of bed and came to see what had happened. They raised the unconscious girl, but their united efforts failed to restore her, and having carried her to bed, they remained through the night watching her, as she lay like one that was dead. Hour after hour passed by, and still there was no sign of returning consciousness. The closed eyes did not open, the blanched cheek recovered not its bloom, and the unnerved arm lay powerless. There was no discernible heaving of the bosom; no sensible motion of the pulse; a cold dew rested upon her forehead, and the cast and solemnity of death overshadowed her still lineaments, and save that the limbs were not rigid, nor as yet cold, there was nothing to betray the presence of life. She lay thus in a trance for several hours, and woke at last in a raging fever."

"Meanwhile David Jones, guided by a vivid conflagration, which shortly burst forth, deepening the darkness and obscurity around, hastened toward the spot where the occasional discharge of fire-arms was still heard. Striking his way through the wood, he had not proceeded far when he discovered that the conflagration was caused by the burning of the house of Sir Watkin's head farm-bailiff. The house and the adjacent barns, outhouses and stables were wrapped in flames."

"In a few minutes he reached the scene of the outrage. The conflict had apparently ceased; but he heard the murmur of gruff voices, mingled with what seemed to be the groans of a dying man. Pressing forward, he came upon a group of disguised and blackened 'Daughters of Rebecca,' who were standing or stooping around the body of one of their members who appeared to be fatally wounded, while two others of the society lay stark dead beside the farm-bailiff—also dead—a short distance off."

"The dying Rebeccait was a mere lad—a friend of David's, who like himself, had been unwillingly persuaded to join the order, nay, who had only joined it because David had done so. Poor lad; but for its black stain, his smooth face and youthful, regular features would not have ill-become the feminine habiliments he wore in compliance with the rules of the society."



THE CHINESE BEGGAR.

"Enraged, and forgetful, or rather heedless of all consequences, David's instant impulse was to avenge his friend's death, for that the lad was dying was evident. He was already clenching at the earth, and tearing up the roots of decayed grass, in his death agony.

"David forgot that in his hurry he had not resumed his woman's attire, nor re-blackened his face, which he had washed before presenting himself to Mary, and was consequently easily recognized, by the under bailiffs and constables who were hastening to the scene of riot, and were already there in concealment behind the trees.

"One of the under-bailiffs he perceived standing in the shadow of the wood, engaged in re-loading his gun; the excited youth surmised that this must have been the man who had fired the fatal shot: and acting upon such a hasty and desperate conviction, almost before he was perceived by his own party, he pointed and discharged his gun at the unguarded bailiff. He saw his victim fall, but staid to see no more. Stricken with terror at the action, he turned and fled straightway from the spot. At this moment a whole posse of constables arrived, and the Rebeccaes fled in confusion, leaving the dead and dying on the ground,

'Friend and foe, in one red burial blent.'

"David had been seen and recognized, but before any one could seize him he was gone; escaped beyond their reach.

"Away he fled, through wood and tangled brake, with the hounds of fear following on his track; heedless of all obstacles, onward he went, he recked not whither—onward for his life!

"At daybreak he found himself in a bleak and rugged country, and he sat him down on the

skirts of a wood to rest. As he sat the sun rose red and fiery from the east; clothed, as his excited fancy pictured, with frowns, like one who came to proclaim himself the avenger of the slain, and he remembered the doom of Cain the first murderer, and how he became a vagabond and a fugitive on earth, and carried with him the sign of his guiltiness engraved on his forehead.

"How changed it was with him, he thought! But yesterday—though not guiltless, or unstained by sin, he was yet free from the curse of any deadly crime; and now, at the dawn of another day, he sat, a conscience-stricken murderer—a wretch upon whose head any man might set a price!

"In his darkness, and remorse, and fear, he looked back upon his former life, and saw, or seemed to see, how that all that was black and base in it might have been otherwise, and he a free and happy man. He thought of his early youth, from childhood upward; of his early and growing love for Mary; of her beauty, goodness and purity. Ah, her goodness and purity! By the dread act of the past night, he had interposed a barrier between himself and her forever!

"Why had he not listened to her earnest pleading? She seemed to him to have been his good angel, who would and might have saved him had he not refused to hearken to her pleadings, and now she was lost to him forever.

"He recollected how at one time in his life he had suffered from fearful dreams, and how on awakening, quaking with terror, he had rejoiced to discover that they were only dreams. O, that he could now awaken and find that the horror of the past night was but a dream! But no. Too surely it was undeniable reality. He felt on his soul the weight of a damnable, inexpiable crime; the cry of the avenger of blood was in his ears, and that cry he felt would never be hushed until vengeance was accomplished!

"Still he must arise and strive to elude the pursuing steps of the avenger. So he arose and wandered on for many miles heavily, halting, aimless. So for days he wandered on, with the remorseless curse of Cain upon his brow. His ruddy cheek grew pale and ghastly; his black hair turned gray with dread; his step lost its lightness and vigor. So he rambled on, purposeless, aimless, shunning the habitations of his fellow-men; his sole companions the demons born of his own remorse.

"Days passed. How many he knew not; he had lost all sense of time. The sun rose and set, the nights and days came and were gone, all unheeded by him. A dull apathy came over him, and at last he grew utterly reckless and careless of life; still he would not, if he could avoid it, die by the hands of the executioners. Hunger often forced him to ask charity to support the life he cared not to sustain; but he only sought it of the poorest of the people; and these, even these, pitied his wretched aspect, and gave him of their store; and men shook their heads and sighed, and women wept with compassion as they marked his premature decay, and mothers pressed their infants to their bosoms, and uttered a prayer to Heaven, that their babe might die

rather than it should ever become such as he.

"At last he came to a great city. It was Liverpool; but he cared not to know its name. He walked through the crowded streets, purposeless, aimless as before. All he saw was a confused diversity of faces, a vast multitude of human beings engaged in the pursuit of pleasure and of business; but he felt, with bitterness indescribable, that *he* had nothing in common with *them*.

"He roamed throughout the day from street to street, and at night, in rags and penniless, starving with hunger and cold, and fainting with weariness, he flung himself down on a doorstep, and all wretched as he was, sleep, which brings rest and relief to all, however wretched, came to him, and he slept heavily and—dreamless.

"It was here and thus the avenger found him. The rumor of a murder spreads quickly, and all the particulars of his case had reached the police stations some days before he arrived. He awoke suddenly, beneath the glare of a strong light. A policeman was standing over him, with the bull's-eye of his dark lantern turned full upon his face, comparing his features and garments with some printed descriptions he held in his hand.

"The desperate man sprang up and strove to run, but the stranger seized him, and summoning assistance, led him away to meet a charge which he knew there was no answering. Remorse-stricken, miserable, forsaken of God and man, there could be but one ending to this tragedy.

"In the course of one week he was identified, tried, found guilty and condemned. Then it was," interposed the curate, "that I heard of his capture and his doom, went to Liverpool, and remained with him till the day of his death, and I trust, as I have said before, that he died truly penitent, and in the full hope of a joyful resurrection.

"He asked for Mary, and prayed that she might remain in ignorance as to his fate. She was then, it was thought, dying, and he was so informed. 'She is young,' he said, 'to die. And I killed *her*, too, unwittingly. But there is hope that we may meet in heaven. Poor, dear Mary! Poor Mary!' These were his last words. He was hanged," added the narrator, "I fancied with some bitterness, for the commission of a crime perpetrated on the spur of the moment when his mind was astray with anguish as he witnessed the dying agonies of a beloved friend, and believed that he saw that friend's assassin—for the edification of society!

"A month elapsed, and Mary was restored to consciousness. Then it was that some foolish gossip told her all: of the reckless deed of violence; of her lover's flight; of his sufferings, his capture, his trial, his terrible death, and of the last words uttered by his lips.

"Again she became unconscious; a relapse occurred, and her life was again despaired of; still, she recovered, and to perfect health; but never to perfect sanity. Happily, perhaps for her, she has forgotten all save that her lover left her on that eventful night to return on the morrow. It seemed a merciful bereavement of memory, though it was painful to see her wandering for hours amongst the mountain passes, continually calling for David, and ever, as he came not at her call, going home under the delusion that he would surely come to-morrow. Her

aged father fell ill and died; but the good Sir Watkin, who had heard the sad story, gave permission to the mother and daughter to occupy the cottage and farm, rent free, for life.

"After a while, poor Mary's monomania became less violent. Now, save on certain occasions, she goes about her dairy and farm work as if she had never known trouble or care. She remembers her childhood and girlhood, and what has occurred since her illness; but the interval between is a blank, all save that David has gone and will return to-morrow."

The good curate here concluded his narrative. I thanked him, expressed my sympathy for the unhappy young woman, and bidding him good day, returned to the farm-house.

Soon afterwards I quitted North Wales, and three years elapsed ere again I visited Dwggyenn Hill or the mountain passes of Plynlimmon. The good old curate had been gathered to his fathers, and a younger man occupied his place. Farmer Wynn still lived at Dwggyenn Hill, but poor Mary Morgan's long looked for morrow had come. Her death was melancholy, though, perhaps, painless. One bitter January night she had gone forth, as was her wont, to meet her lover. Her aged mother, who was now bed-ridden, waited in vain for her return. The morning came, and still she had not made her appearance. Then the neighbors were alarmed, and went forth to search for her. She was discovered in a clearing, cold and dead; the pure white snow a fitting bridal-robe, pure as her own young, blighted existence, lying unmelted on her bosom.

She was buried in the churchyard of Dwggyenn Hill, and over her lowly resting-place yearly bloom and blossom the snow-drops and the mountain-daisies, fair emblems of her own innocence and purity. And the spot where she lies is so calm and pleasant that one can scarcely imagine that it covers the remnant of so great a sorrow.

#### A HEAVY PER CENTAGE.

A somewhat verdant-looking individual called upon a jeweller in Montreal, and stated that he had managed to accumulate, by hard labor for the few past years, some seventy-five dollars; that he wished to invest it in something whereby he might make money a little faster; and that he had concluded to take some of his stock and peddle it out. The jeweller selected what he thought would sell readily, and the new pedler started on his first trip. He was gone but a few days, when he returned, bought as much again as before, and started on his second trip. Again he returned, and greatly increased his stock. He succeeded so well, and accumulated so fast, that the jeweller one day asked him what profit he obtained on what he sold. "Well, I put on 'bout five per cent." The jeweller thought that a very small profit, and expressed as much. "Well," said the pedler, "I don't know as I exactly understand about your per cent., but an article for which I pay you one dollar, I generally sell for five."

There is no greater sign of a mean and sordid man, than to dote upon riches; nor is anything more magnificent than to lay them out freely in acts of bounty and liberality.



THE CHIMNEY-SWEEP.

[ORIGINAL.]

## THE AUTHORESS'S WIFE.

BY MRS. M. T. CALDOR.

"WHAT foolish creatures we are, even in our very wisdom," sighed my Aunt Letitia. "Fortunately for many of us, 'our very wishes give us not our wish.'" Saying which she wiped off a little mist from the clear disc of her spectacles, and turned again diligently to her undignified employment of renovating a basket of old stockings, just brought in from the ironing-table by Betty the housemaid.

It was a dismal, forlorn day, such as, despite the shade of Thomson, spring's "ethereal mildness" is exceedingly apt to bring. Scarcely a more deplorable scene could be imagined, than the view from the windows. Dark skeleton trees nodding forebodingly back to our discouraged gaze; dingy fences and slimy walls dripping with the raindrops, not in a generous, hearty shower, but slowly, miserably, downheartedly. Great pools of water, anything but transparent, set round with ridges of mud, and occasionally along the sheltered bank of withered, stalky, last year's grass, a patch of snow, its original purity long since among by-gone reminiscences. Over and around all wailed and moaned a complaining southeast wind.

Such was the view without; and after a shivering glance, we all—that is, my madcap sister Katy, my consequential, "almost-of-age," brother Harry, and your humble servant, dear reader, came back shivering to the grate, where Betty had heaped up the glowing anthracite into an invigorating, cheerful blaze, and sat down rather disconsolately—we girls with our work-baskets, and Harry took up for the fourth time the previous evening's Journal, to read, I suspect, the brilliant, spicy poetry, setting forth the enticing

qualities of some Dock Square clothing dealer, as well as his wonderfully fitting garments, or to scan again the diversified accomplishments of that astonishing article "Liquid Glue." At length down went the paper, and up rose Master Harry with an impatient "pshaw!"

Katy looked up to his face inquiringly.

"Why," said he, "still another new book by a woman! How I should hate a woman who was forever dabbling with pen and ink! Heaven keep me clear of such!" And away he went to stretch himself out on the sofa with the air of a savant of the most profound wisdom.

Then it was that our Aunt Letitia, the beloved maiden aunt who had no single grim or old maidish sentiment in her whole cheerful, generous heart, uttered the foregoing remark. Our spirits rose at once, and Katy and I exclaimed simultaneously:

"O, Aunt Letitia, tell us about it!"

She looked at us with the placid satisfaction that betokened consent, while she asked:

"About what, you simple creatures?"

Katy pushed her ottoman close to the basket of stockings, and replied:

"O, aunty, you know well enough what a splendid story your tone told us of. And to-day is just the time to hear it, when we are all so cross and stupid with being obliged to lose our ride. Don't waste a minute, but begin."

She gave her own mellow, cheery laugh at this sally of impatience, and said: "Well, well, Katy, you wilful creature, but I want first to ask Harry why a woman should not write a book if she has the ability, and patronize the stationer as much as she can afford."

Harry was ready to reply. "You'll find plenty better answers in a dozen places than I can give. Everybody knows, when the mistress of a house is a blue stocking or Mrs. Jellyby, far-off Africa gets very much better taken care of than her own family—witness poor little Caddy and her brothers in 'Bleak House.'"

"Ah, well," said my aunt, looking leniently at Harry's bold, triumphant face over her spectacles, "you're like many others of your sex, Harry. I won't be as merciless as time will be in trampling down your theory. Listen to my story:

"Frederic Brownell cherished just such sentiments as yours, Harry, only his talk was a thousand times more extravagant. Indeed, his horror of literary women was so intense, that I have heard he was actually grieved when he received the first note from his beautiful betrothed Helen Armstrong, to find the chirography so dainty and exquisite, and the language so refined and intellectual.

"For mercy's sake, Helen, what are you doing?" he said, one day about a month after they were married, as he came in from the store and found his young wife cosily ensconced in the luxurious corner of the tete-a-tete, her fine dark eyes all aglow with enthusiasm, and a nameless light irradiating her whole face, while the same slender hand he had placed the wedding-ring upon, clasped a sheet of paper closely scribbled with suspiciously short lines, and the other held the pretty gold pencil-case he had given her.

"She started up in alarm at his hasty words, and looked around wildly to account for the utter horror his face betrayed. I was sitting with my worsted-work in the rocking-chair opposite the tete-a-tete, and for half an hour had been quietly watching the pretty picture she made, while the inspiration of her verse drifted in light or shade across her face. How vexed I was with him for his rude interruption, and the feeling deepened into indignation as he proceeded.

"What have you there, Helen? Is it possible you are writing poetry?"

"Comprehending his meaning now, Helen blushed the deepest crimson, and stammered:

"Why, Fred, I was only stringing a few rhymes while resting from my morning's work. A few thoughts came which I wished to catch while they were fresh. But what is the matter with you?"

"He was thoroughly vexed and could not hide it, eying the inoffensive paper on the carpet, as if he would gladly have trampled it under his feet.

"I never mistrusted such a thing!" he muttered.

Something more than surprise flushed Helen's cheek now, and I saw the tear swelling up to her eye, and quiver of the lip that said meekly, "I do not understand your meaning, Frederic. You seem offended at I scarcely know what. I wish you would speak plainly."

"Well, I will, dearest. How in the world you came to think of such a thing as writing poetry, is a mystery to me! But like a dear little wife you'll promise to give up the habit, won't you?"

"She looked thoroughly distressed and grieved, and thinking it was getting to be a domestic scene, scarcely fitted for the presence of a third party, I quietly gathered up my work, and was passing out, when Fred arrested me.

"Don't go, Miss Letitia—this isn't a quarrel, by any means. It's only fair I should explain my views to both of you. You see, dear Helen, I have a few peculiar notions, and one of them, the most decided of all, is a perfect horror of any literary attempts from a lady. I cannot find words powerful enough to express my abhorrence of a strong-minded woman. Such a one is as much out of place, as your pure-leaved camellia there, Helen, would look in a lawyer's dusty, smoky office, or as that heliotrope, so deliciously sweet here in the parlor, would be amid the coarse sights and sounds and smells in my store, among the West India goods. A woman is sweet and pure and lovely, the guiding, ministering angel of our home, but any attempts on her part at science, literature, or business, are ridiculous enough. Of course, I don't want an ignorant wife. I rejoice to have you enjoy books, and be capable of entering into refined conversation, but a writer, a blue—horrible! horrible! And now my little Helen knows why it frightened me to see her attempting rhymes. True, in poetry women have won fame, but it must always be at the expense of domestic happiness. No good wife can be an authoress."

"With which profound remark, this one of many arrogant, self-sufficient lords of creation concluded his speech, and looked around as if he had silenced forever any doubt in our minds. I did not speak, but his wife said quietly, al-

though I detected the restless, troubled undercurrent beneath that calm, sweet tone:

"Thank you, Frederic; I am glad you have acquainted me with your sentiments. They are entirely new to me, but rest assured you shall never be disturbed by any further literary attempts from your wife."

"He kissed her fondly, patted her flushed cheek, and said, so patronizingly, I could have boxed his ears for indignation, 'there's my good little wife!' lit a cigar, and disappeared. As the door closed after him, Helen raised the paper from the floor, and carrying it to the grate, threw it upon the glowing bed of coals, standing to watch it crumble, then brighten into a fiery sheet, with every pencil stroke standing out vivid and distinct as if carved of ebony, finally blacken and fall away to dull, gray ashes. With a forced smile, far more melancholy to me than a burst of tears, she said:

"It was an ode to his birthday. Fortunately enough I have escaped the folly of presenting it."

"The tone betrayed how many bright hopes and joyful anticipations had fallen to ashes, as well as the luckless poem. I scarcely knew what to say, but she did not expect a reply, and was entirely absorbed with her heroic efforts at self-control and cheerfulness. She took out her work and began to sew furiously, but I saw how widely the needle sped of its mark, and how the fingers trembled that held it. Presently the work was laid aside, and her head drooped forward to the sofa-cushion, with the face averted from my gaze. But it needed no glance at the familiar features, for me to know Helen Brownell's heart. I saw how it was writhing beneath the humiliating, bitter discovery of the clay in the hero she had worshipped. I read the torturing agony of a proud heart and noble mind, compelled by the hand the best beloved, to submit to be treated like a pretty, petted child, instead of a sympathizing, noble-minded woman. And my indignation at this summary putting down of talents so superior to his own, almost made me dislike as well as despise her husband. A smothered, long-drawn sigh drew me to her side instantly. I laid my hand on her forehead, and whispered, 'It's a cruel shame, darling!'

"Ah, children, I was young then. I have since learned it will never do, no matter how great our sympathy or indignation, it will never do to hint a doubt of the kindness and tenderness of one to the other of a married couple. And this true, sweet wife resented even the implied reproach.

"No, no, Letitia, Frederic is not cruel—he does not mean to be. Never husband loved a wife better than I am loved. But he has caught the narrow-minded sentiments of some of his associates. I can soon convince him of his error."

"She lifted her head, as the rose suddenly rises up shaking off the shower that oppressed it, and smiled bravely.

"Yes, yes, I must find a way to open his eyes, without allowing him to suspect I am taking a physician's part. Not write! Why, Letitia, though I never touched a pen, how could I help thinking poetry? It is in my soul, and if it was not meant to be nourished and cultivated, why was it implanted there? Ah, I acknowledge it grieves me deeply to find my husband has no

higher standard for the wife he has chosen to walk by his side on a life-long journey. I know—I feel it within me, that we women are capable of more than needlework and household duties—more even than encouraging the drooping hearts, or tending the beds of our sick kindred. Heaven knows I would have none of these common duties neglected, but I see not why a cultivated intellect, an aspiring genius, may not enliven these homely duties, making them more surely and cheerfully fulfilled. I am confident they can all be combined in one.' She rose to her feet, her face glowing with the inspired resolve. 'What did he say? Domestic happiness must be sacrificed to fame—no good wife could be an authoress? I will prove it false. He shall yet acknowledge the wrong he has done the sex!'

"Then came a flood of tears, deluging and cooling her burning cheeks, and when they were wiped away the storm had passed, and she was tranquil and serene again.

"Come and see us very often,' called out both my friend and her husband, as I left the house that evening. And so I did, keeping a friendly and most interested watch over the course of their domestic life.

"Fred Brownell was a kind, amiable, well-meaning man, but he was thoughtless and inconsiderate, and inclined to be exacting and overbearing in regard to his pet theories, while his wife was one of those delicate, sensitive temperaments, so keenly alive to every implied reproach, or latent slight. Such opposing qualities must certainly have caused misunderstanding, alienation, and possibly open warfare and misery, but for the quick intellect and firm, self-reliant will, that rendered Helen so superior to many jealous, unhappy, irritated wives, with just such sensitiveness as hers. Yet they were very happy, even though the business panic affected Frederic's trade likewise, and rendered it necessary that the expenses of the household should be closely attended to. And what a model house it was! So neat and clean and cheerful, amid its unpretending elegance. No one could help echoing Fred's own proud declaration that there was not another such genteel and capable little housekeeper in town.

"It's all owing,' said he, laughing, to me, 'to that wee bit of a lecture I gave her so early after our marriage. Such a splendid little economist she is without any one's mistrusting it. Why, Letitia, it is perfectly wonderful how she makes a tiny sum of money hold out for a dozen wants.' A twinkle in Helen's eye made me think, just then, that perhaps the pen and inkstand locked up so carefully in the secretaire, might have a word to say about compound interest, or at least partial payments. 'Yes, yes,' he continued, 'you see I have proved right. Now just imagine how it might have been. Fancy the house littered from one end to the other, with scraps of paper, rolls of manuscript, and everything, from the table-linen to Helen's rosy fingers,

bespattered with stains of ink. And at dinner, you and I, while vainly endeavoring to swallow indigestible bread and uncooked pudding, might be regaled with scraps of original poetry or plots of new dramas. Horrible, horrible!'

"He laughed, and so did I, and so did Helen, longest and heartiest of either, and the moment he left us, she came dancing up to me holding aloft the dainty fore-finger, on whose fairness rested a tiny black stain.

"Only look, Letitia, at this guilty proof of my disobedience. All the time he was talking there was that atrocious blot of ink on my finger. I tried my best, but could not erase it, any more than Mrs. Bluebeard could cleanse the fatal key.'

"Another time, two years after this last visit, while I was with Helen, Fred came home with a new book just then exciting attention, with the favorable criticisms of which all the papers had been filled.

"There, Helen,' he said, tossing it over to her side, 'there's something worth reading, I can tell you. The man who wrote it may well be proud. And judging from the number of editions, he has a snug little sum for the bank.'

"I supposed the author was unknown,' said I. 'Why do you say a man? Perhaps it is a lady who has been so fortunate.'

"His lip curled a little. 'You don't suppose a woman wrote a book like that, do you?' and peremptorily dismissed the subject.

"I did not care myself to pursue it further, for I had caught a sudden flash shimmering through Helen's drooping lashes, and was overwhelmed with the new revelation that broke upon me.

"It was not so cheerful a scene, when next I visited the house. Helen's colorless cheeks lay against the scarcely whiter pillow, and from the coverlet, beside her, peeped up a dark, downy little head. She received my congratulations



CHINESE CIGAR-VENDER.



THE OMNIBUS DRIVER.

absently, and despatching the nurse from the chamber, turned eagerly to say:

"Dear Letitia, I am so glad to see you! You are the very friend I need. Something is amiss with Frederic. His cheek is pale, and his manner embarrassed and distressed, and every time he looks at the precious little one, his eye fills with tears. Will you go to him and find out what it is? He tries to hide it from me, but it is far more injurious to lie here, and worry, worry, all the time, surmising a state of affairs, a great deal worse, I dare say, than the truth. Go, dear Letitia, and win his confidence. If it is business trouble, as I suspect, hasten to tell me."

"It was evident the uncertainty kept her very restless and nervous, so the moment Frederic came into the house I hastened to meet him. I did not wonder his wife was anxious, when I saw his haggard face and feverish eye. I explained my errand at once. He looked distressed and annoyed."

"Poor child, why will she seek to share a man's troubles? I have tried to keep it from her, lest it should injure her in her present delicate health. The fact is, Letitia, I am ruined!"

"He jerked the word out, bitterly, wrathfully, as if injured through his own conscious innocence."

"Not even the house here, can I call my own. I am not sure the unfeeling creditors will leave a bed for that helpless darling and her babe to lie upon. God help her!"

"He stopped suddenly. The veins across his forehead knit themselves like cords. The pent emotion so long smothered down came surging up, and with a deep groan, he covered his face, and burst into a passion of tears."

"Poor Helen! sweet, delicate, helpless darling, with her little babe. It is for her sake I grieve. What will become of her!" he groaned, again.

"I saw he was sincere. The privations he dreaded for her wrung his heart more than his own loss or humiliation. At that moment of his deep distress, I forgave him all his injustice towards his noble, gifted wife, for the sake of his true and abundant love."

"I tried my best to soothe and comfort him, and at length he grew more calm."

"You must use your own judgment," he said, 'about telling her. I confess I am almost afraid. Perhaps it will be best to consult the doctor.'

"We did so, and kind Dr. W. decided when I whispered I did not imagine the announcement would cause any distress, that it was wisest to gratify her."

"I was not disappointed. A radiant smile illuminated her face, the moment she was acquainted with her husband's loss of wealth."

"Now, Letitia," she cried, 'is the hour I have waited for so long! Now is my hour of triumph!'

"Nurse," continued she, authoritatively, 'I want you to raise me up with the pillows, and bring the prettiest wrapper from the closet. There's a dressing cap, too, in the drawer, Letitia. I want you to dress me for company,' laughing a low, sweet laugh."

"The nurse remonstrated, but she was peremptory, and we saw plainly contradiction was far more injurious than indulgence. So the pale, pink wrapper was folded around the slender waist, and the dark, glossy hair put back beneath the pretty cap, a fanciful but most becoming mixture of airy lace, gossamer bows, and velvet bands."

"How surpassingly lovely she looked in the becoming costume, the rich hue of her wrapper, and the soft, pink flush on her cheek, setting off so charmingly the shining dark eyes, and extreme fairness and delicacy of complexion."

"Now," said she, with a sigh of satisfaction, 'baby must have his embroidered blanket, and then call Frederic in.'

"We obeyed. The husband came in slowly and dejectedly; we saw how he dreaded the meeting. The doctor, the nurse, and I, quiet spectators of the scene, at her earnest request. As his eyes rested on the pretty picture, he smiled fondly, and a deeper gloom settled down upon his face. She took his hand tenderly in hers, and looked up, with fondness into his face."

"Frederic," said she, 'have I been a careless and negligent wife?'

"He looked up in surprise and reproach."

"What a question for you to ask me, my Helen."

"Answer me, my husband, yes, or no."

"No, my blessed wife, I have not deserved one half your goodness."

"Has your house or your clothes suffered for want of my care?"

"Pained and grieved, he replied, 'I do not understand your meaning. There has been no chance for complaint, Helen. Who has dared insinuate such a thing?'"

"Her face was gloriously beautiful, the silvery voice thrilling with tenderness and exultation."

"And yet, Frederic, I have dabbled with pen and ink. I have been so lost and misguided as to become an authoress. But since it has not been, as you predicted, at the expense of home comfort or affection, will you not forgive me? At any rate let these plead for me." And she passed the bank books, I had placed at her request upon the pillow, in his trembling hand.

"The bewildered husband opened the books mechanically, saw the name and sums written therein to his wife's account, not in hundreds, but in thousands, and ejaculated: 'Good heavens, Helen! What does this mean?'"

"Nothing, dear Fred, only you are not yet ruined in business if you are in character, by having an authoress for a wife. You remember the book you assured us was written by a man. O, Fred, to think how you praised a woman's literary efforts, then, and that woman of all others—your wife." Her clear laugh was delicious!

"Well," said Aunt Letitia, "perhaps some one will see you, Harry, just as humiliated and crest-fallen, and as delighted to be so, as was Frederic Brownell."

"What a splendid story, Aunt Letitia," cried Katy, "And such a grand denouement."

"Hush, hush," said my aunt, softly, wiping away a flood of tears that came dripping down her cheek. "We laid her back, so beautiful and happy, and bade her be quiet and sleep. While Fred, touchingly penitent and grateful, took the baby in his arms, a better and wiser man, and sat down in the rocking chair, gazing thoughtfully upon its tiny features. We remained very quiet for nearly an hour, when suddenly Helen called out, in a sharp, unnatural voice:

"What is that roaring? How dark and cold it is. Fred, Letitia, where are you?"

"We saw the white arms thrown up wildly, and sprang to the bedside. But it was too late. Helen was dead! Ah, children, too much joy is death for some."

**A WELL-MADE HUNCHBACK.**—They tell a story of a preacher, who, descending from the pulpit after preaching a sermon in which he had affirmed that everything God had made was well made, was apostrophised by a cripple, who maliciously asked him whether he thought his assertion would hold good, as a general rule. "By the way, Mr. Parson, do you think I am well made?" "Well, yes, my good friend, I consider you are very well made—for a hunchback," was the prompt reply of the clergyman.

#### LESSONS OF THE HEART.

Here the heart  
May give a useful lesson to the head,  
And learning wiser grow without his books.

COWPER.

#### A CEYLON JUGGLER.

As this was one of the idle seasons of the year, during which labor is suspended while waiting for the rain of the monsoon, ere recommencing the sowing of rice, the Kandyans were lounging about their villages, or gathered in groups by the roadside, engaged in listless and sedentary amusements. In one place a crowd was collected to watch the feats of a juggler, who, to our surprise, commenced his performance by jumping up on to a pole, and placing his feet upon a cross bar six feet from the ground. On this he coursed along by prodigious leaps, and returning to the audience, seated himself on his perch, and then opened his exhibition. This consisted of endless efforts of legerdemain: catching pebbles from his confederate below, which, upon opening his closed hand, flew away as birds; breaking an egg shell and allowing a small serpent to escape from it; and keeping a series of brass balls in motion by striking them with his elbows as well as his hands. Balancing on his nose a small stick with an inverted cup at top, from which twelve perforated balls were suspended by silken cords, he placed twelve ivory rods in his mouth and so guided them by his lips and tongue as to insert the end of each in a corresponding aperture in the ball, till the whole twelve were sustained by the rods, and the central support taken away.

This, and endless other tricks he performed, balancing himself all the while on the single pole on which he stood. He took a ball of granite, six or seven inches in diameter, and probably fourteen pounds weight, and standing with his arms extended in line, he rolled it from the wrist of one hand across his shoulders to the wrist of the other, backward and forward repeatedly, apparently less by raising his arms than by a vigorous effort of the muscles of the back; then seizing it in both hands he flung it repeatedly twenty feet high, and watching it in its descent till within a few inches of his skull, he bent forward his head, and caught the ball each time between his shoulders; then bounding along the road, still mounted on his pole, he closed his performance amid the smiles of the audience.—*From Sir. J. Emerson Tennent's Ceylon.*

#### THE WILL AND THE WAY.

The Springfield Republican talks in this wise: "Where there's a will, there's a way," says the maxim, but the maxim lies. There's a will in all men to get rich, but there is not a way for a fifth to a fiftieth part of them to do so. 'God helps those who help themselves'—sometimes. It depends a good deal upon what a man is trying to help himself to, and whether it is, on the whole, desirable that he should be helped. 'I'll try' has been doing journey-work in infant schools and Sunday schools till the poor little girls and boys have supposed that there was a magic in it which would ultimately introduce them to a glory equal to that of Whittington, Lord Mayor of London. The trouble is that it is the weakest head that takes the most encouragement from these maxims and proverbs, and is most acted upon and influenced by them. A boy with brains is never troubled by these things."





THE FORTUNE-TELLER.

"Hark, my maiden, and I'll tell you  
By the power of my art,  
All the things that e'er befel you,  
And the secret of your heart.

"How that you love some one,—don't you?  
Love him better than you say;  
Wont you hear, my maiden, wont you?  
What's to be your wedding-day?"

"Ah, you cheat, with words of honey,  
You tell stories, that you know!  
Where's the husband for my money  
That I gave you long ago?

"Neither silver, gold, or copper  
Shall you get this time from me;  
Where's the husband, tall and proper,  
That you told me I should see?"

"Coming still, my maiden, coming.  
With two eyes as black as sloes;  
Marching soldierly, and humming  
Gallant love-songs as he goes."

"Get along, you stupid gipseey!  
I wont have your barrack-beau;  
Strutting up to me half tipsy,  
Saucy—with his chin up—so!"

"Come, I'll tell you the first letter  
Of your handsome *sailor's* name"—  
"I know every one, that's better,  
Thank you, gipseey, all the same."

"Ha, my maiden, runs your text so?  
Now I see the die is cast;  
And the day is—Monday next." "No,  
Gipseey, it was—Monday last!"

(ORIGINAL.)  
 "DREAMING."

BY B. FRANKLIN HOOKER.

One night as I was sitting  
 In my chamber dark:  
 The fire was faintly flitting  
 An uncertain light;  
 Soon I fell to dreaming—  
 Dreaming of the past:  
 Of the many pleased  
 In my childhood east.

Dreaming of my playmates,  
 And the pretty dell  
 On the old estates,  
 Where our parents used to dwell;  
 And of the pranks we played  
 Upon our parents kind,  
 But now they all are laid  
 Beneath the grassy vale.

As I sat there dreaming  
 By the smouldering fire,  
 My brain with thoughts was teeming  
 With memories of the past.  
 And as I still kept thinking,  
 I gazed into the fire;  
 The embers, faint and dying,  
 Spoke the word, retire!

(ORIGINAL.)

LEND ME FIVE POUNDS!

BY WALTER CLARENCE.

THE Rector of Chirley in N—shire, England, was one of those fortunate individuals who, being blessed with moderate desires and ambitions, was the happy possessor of everything that could render life agreeable. He was not past middle age; he possessed a handsome, portly person, a pleasant set of features, a beautiful and amiable wife whom he dearly loved, and by whom he was loved dearly in return, two lovely children—a son and a daughter—and a good living of fifteen hundred pounds a year in a delightfully romantic part of the country, of which no one, not even the bishop of his diocese, could deprive him, so long as his conduct did not do outrage to his sacred calling—a thing not very likely to occur with a man of the Reverend Charles Markham's character and temperament. For, though he was remembered by his classmates to have been a wild lad at "Harrow," and was spoken of by his fellow-colleagues as having been by no means remarkable for his hard reading at Baliol College, Oxford University, and as having been fonder of his dog and his gun than of the duties pertaining to the midnight lamp, he was now regarded with esteem and reverence by

his parishioners; and his only uncanonical habit and delight—if, indeed, it may truly be termed uncanonical—was, that he still adhered to his college liking for a glass of generous wine, taken in moderation, and was never happier than when, as he was in the habit of doing once or twice a week, he was enjoying his wine and his long clay pipe (he was above the snobbishness of cigars) with the lord of the manor, the squire, the village doctor, and occasionally a neighboring clergyman, together with his own curate, who—to do the worthy rector justice—was always invited on these innocent festive occasions.

I knew the Reverend Charles Markham when I was a boy, and seldom failed to spend a few days at the rectory on the occasions of my return—at periods long distant—from my sea voyages. I recollect it was always a matter of wonder with those who had known Charles Markham in youth and early manhood, by what means he, possessed of no family influence and no superabundance of money and no extraordinary talents, came to be inducted into a living which many a wealthy country gentleman, or even many a titled personage, would have been glad to have secured for a younger son.

To be sure, Charles Markham had been at Harrow—one of those great public schools at which, generally speaking, the sons of the nobility and gentry only can obtain admittance, on account of the expenses attending a boy's education there—and he had subsequently taken the degree of A. M. at Oxford; but it was known that he had been at Harrow, as it were, on suffrage, and that some time before he quitted Oxford to accept a small curacy of fifty pounds a year, he had become very poor.

The father of Charles Markham had made a moderate competency in the hosiery business, and retiring, had been seized with the mania of making his only son a gentleman. Though it cost him nearly half his income annually, he resolved to send the boy to Harrow, and to afford him such an allowance of pocket money as should place him, in that respect, on a par with the sons of the wealthiest; and though the lad's humble birth was somewhat against him in that assemblage of high-born youths, his spirit and good temper, together with his generous expenditure of money, and his readiness to oblige those of his school-fellows who, if his superiors in station, were his inferiors in wealth, had made him a favorite. The like generosity on the part of his father enabled young Markham to pass through his first three years at Oxford with *éclat*, amongst the aristocratic young men there assembled; but at the end of the third year, old

Mr. Markham lost nearly the whole of his property through some unfortunate speculation, and dying with old age and grief, left his son, with no rich uncle or aunt to look to for assistance, to fight his way through the world as best he could.

Of course the son of the bosier was cut by his aristocratic companions, as soon as it was discovered that he no longer had the means to compete with them in their extravagant expenditure; but Charles Markham, instead of foolishly taking this sad reverse of fortune to heart, united himself with the graver and, generally, humbler class of reading men, and set himself to work to fit himself for a college "fellowship," or, that failing, a humble curacy.

With what many persons called foolish precipitancy, the young man very soon rendered himself ineligible for a "fellowship" by falling in love with, and marrying the pretty daughter of a farmer in the vicinity of Oxford; and as after taking to himself a wife, it was absolutely necessary to do something to maintain her, he was very thankful, shortly after, to accept the curacy already alluded to, which was offered him by the father of a young man who had still regarded him with some degree of friendship, when the rest of his college chums had forsaken him.

To the curacy the now Reverend Charles Markham retired with his pretty young wife; and all who knew him supposed that he would remain a plain curate for the rest of his days. Consequently everybody was taken by surprise when, some five years after, the announcement was made in the clerical record that the Reverend Charles Markham, late curate of St. Mary's in Chelsea, near London, had been presented with the rich incumbency of Chirley, N——shire, the income attached to which amounted to fifteen hundred pounds per annum!

On the occasion of one of my visits, by some chance the conversation, one evening when the squire and the lord of the manor and other of the reverend gentleman's friends were present, turned upon the chances which sometimes lead to fortune, and a gentleman present remarked that oftentimes that which at one time appeared to be the very bane of a man's existence, turned out to be a stepping-stone to fortune.

Mr. Markham had listened to the conversation without taking part in it. Presently, however, he laid down his pipe, and giving a preliminary "ahem!" thus commenced:

"Gentlemen, I know that it has been a subject of wonder to many of those whom I now esteem as my friends, how I, the son of a tradesman, without family influence—and through the unfortunate failure and decease of my poor

father, in the later years of my youth left without money—came into the possession of a living which I know the Earl of M——, whose estate lies in the adjoining parish, had expressed himself desirous of securing for one of his own younger sons. I have hitherto never mentioned the circumstances which led to my advancement to any one beyond the members of my own family; I will, however, now relate them to you, and you shall judge for yourselves how much or how little I am indebted to chance or fortune for my extraordinary success—for I acknowledge that I desire no loftier position than that I now hold, nor no greater share of this world's goods. Thousands whose prospects were far superior to mine, would be glad to be as I am to-day. But before I begin, gentlemen, fill your glasses! This claret wine you will find excellent. It is a present from the earl, and is of a rare vintage."

The glasses and in some instances the pipes were re-filled, and the Reverend Charles Markham thus continued:

"At the time of my father's decease, I was on the point of marrying my present wife. My father's death caused a postponement, and, as many thought, rendered it very improbable that I should marry for years to come, since, as many of you are aware, I was left almost without a penny in the world; but Susan and I loved each other, and a kind friend having offered to procure me a curacy of fifty pounds a year, near London, I eagerly accepted the offer and married—as everybody said, foolishly. However, at the end of a year, my wife's father died, leaving her a small property which, having been invested in the three and a half per cent. consols, brought us the very comfortable addition of one hundred and fifty pounds a year. We thought ourselves rich; and, happy in each other's society, were content to pass through life without burthening ourselves with ambitious desires for that which seemed to us unattainable. But Providence always sends some trouble to vex us, in order that we may not become too much wrapped up in ourselves, to the injury of our spiritual welfare.

"When I was a boy, I recollect that an old gentleman, who was always attired in a snuff-colored coat of antique cut, knee breeches of the same color, and worsted stockings, who wore buckles on his shoes, and an old three-cornered cocked hat set upon a rusty scratch wig, was a frequent and I fancy not a very welcome visitor at my father's house. He was an odd-looking little man, with a sharp, pinched-up face, and he appeared to make the same suit of threadbare though decent clothing last him forever, for his

clothes never looked better nor worse. I have a faint recollection that he was perpetually wanting to borrow money in small sums, and that he usually succeeded, much against my father's will, in obtaining what he wanted, or at least in obtaining *some* money, for which he was particular in writing out formal acknowledgments, the which, as soon as his back was turned, my father with a smile, half of vexation, half of pity, used to tear to pieces and throw into the fire. He always patted my head, said I was a fine lad, and would be sure to get on in the world, and asked me many questions relative to my studies. Who or what he was, or how old he was, I did not know; but if I recollect right, he professed to have known my father when *he* was a boy. So he must have been pretty well advanced in years, for my father was not a young man when he married my mother.

"After I went to Oxford, I saw no more of the old gentleman, and had almost forgotten his existence, when one day, soon after my wife had received her father's legacy, our maid-of-all-work entered my study, as I sat writing and compiling the three sermons I had to preach the next day (for my rector, who enjoyed a living of seven hundred pounds per annum, made me do all the work for fifty pounds), and informed me that a gentleman wished to see me.

"Show him in, Hannah!" said I, thinking that it was the church-warden, who was accustomed to call on parish business occasionally.

"In a few moments who should enter, to my great astonishment, but the identical old gentleman of my boyhood's recollection, clad, as it appeared to me, in the self-same threadbare snuff-colored garments and three-cornered cocked hat, knee-smalls, shoe-buckles, scratch-wig and all, that he had been wont to wear, and appearing to me not a day older than he had appeared at least twelve years before! To my great astonishment, did I say? to my amazement! His appearance confounded me—shocked me! Had it been midnight, I should have thought that he had stepped forth from the grave, where I believed he had long ago been laid; but there he stood, palpably, materially, in *propria personae*, before me—a living man, with now every well-remembered wrinkle just as I had seen them in my father's house.

"I rose from my chair, but was for some moments too confused to speak. He was the first to break the silence.

"My dear sir," said he, advancing and seizing me by a button of my dressing-gown, 'this is indeed a pleasure, a happiness long eagerly sought for, until I almost despaired of its accom-

plishment; but'—and he drew back and surveyed me from head to foot with an expression of amazement—'how you *have* grown! Why, I recollect you when you was no higher than the table; ay, and I recollect your poor dear respected father, too, when he was not more than so high!' holding his hand some four feet from the floor. 'Ah,' he continued, with a sigh, 'what a wonderful thing is memory! A kind gentleman was your father—my late respected friend. He did me many kindnesses. I shall always remember him in my prayers—yes, in my prayers—and, God bless me!' holding me at arm's length, 'how much you resemble him! You are just like what he was at your age—only, perhaps, not quite so handsome a man! You will excuse me for saying that, I know. Ah, Mr. Markham, my old and respected friend, was a fine man—but people sadly degenerate—yes, sadly! Still you *do* put me in mind of your dear father.'

"By this time I had sufficiently recovered from the shock his sudden appearance had given me, to speak. Of course I expressed my pleasure at seeing him, said I perfectly recollected him, and begged him to be seated. At the same time, I intimated that I had forgotten his name. I don't know that I had ever heard it.

"Warlock!" said the old gentleman; "Joshua Warlock. Dear me! can it be possible that you have forgotten the name of your late father's best friend, who knew him when he was a boy only so—"

"I put a stop to the repetition that I foresaw was coming, by pretending that I now recollected the name perfectly well.

"Ah, I knew you would!" he said. 'I knew you couldn't have forgotten old Joshua, as your respected parent was wont jocularly to call me. Yes, he was fond of a joke—very fond—was my dear old friend Markham. You must often have heard him speak of my large property in the North and in the West Indies?'

"A sudden thought crossed my mind.

"Ah, yes!" said I. 'That accounts for your long absence. You have been in the West Indies since my father's death?'

"O, no—never was there in my life! The property I speak of belonged to my great grandfather, Warburton Warlock! It was given to him by the premier of the First George as an acknowledgment of some great political service rendered to the government. He might have been Sir Warburton Warlock, baronet; but he preferred a grant in the island of Jamaica, and a large grant of money with which he purchased the estate in N—shire.'

" 'I congratulate you, Mr. Warlock,' said I, with some surprise. 'I was not aware that you were so wealthy a man. You see me a poor curate.'

" 'Yes,' he rejoined; 'but if I have not been misinformed, your amiable wife has succeeded to a property of one hundred and fifty pounds per annum. That, with the profits of your curacy, amounts to two hundred pounds per annum—quite a respectable income!'

" 'Enough,' I replied, 'to maintain us, with care and economy; but a mere nothing to a gentleman who possesses an estate in the North of England, and large West India property.'

" 'Just like your father!' said the old gentleman. 'He was very fond of a joke, as I have said. You are pleased to be facetious. Ah, a very facetious gentleman was my dear friend, Mr. Markham! He often joked me upon my West India property.'

" 'A jest, Mr. Warlock,' said I, 'that you I presume was very willing to take, though it was scarcely civil from a simple tradesman like my father.'

" 'Your father was a kind-hearted man, who had a salve for all his jests,' continued the old gentleman. 'He knew, and felt for my poverty.'

" 'Your poverty, with the property you have alluded to?' I cried, in some surprise at this remark.

" 'To tell the truth I began to think the old man was a little touched in the brain.'

" 'Can it be possible,' he resumed, 'that you have forgotten the case of Warlock vs. Burbage? My dear young man, the property has been in dispute since my great-grandfather's death. In chancery—O, that tiresome chancery! But I have hopes—yes—I have hopes. It is not, it has not been forgotten. It comes up from time to time. No less than nine lord chancellors have at various periods during the last century given their special attention to it, and I have every reason to believe that the suit will terminate shortly in my favor. Every reason! The Tomkinsons and the Boraxes, and the Ewbanks, who profess to be the descendants of the defunct Burbages, will eventually be flooded; yes, my dear young man, flooded! I say it emphatically, *flooded!*' and he struck his shrivelled fist a heavy blow upon the table, 'and I shall regain possession of my great grandfather's immense wealth.'

" 'It was half an hour past my dinner hour. Hannah had been once to inform me that dinner was ready, and twice my wife had gently opened my study door, and made me a private signal.

I had alluded to it—said that I was deeply engaged upon my sermons, and had looked repeatedly at my watch. Still the old gentleman would not take the hint, and as an old friend of my father's, and one whom I had known in boyhood, I could not avoid, at length, asking him to take dinner with us, or lose all chance of getting any myself. Still, I knew that it was Saturday, and in our economical household, we could not afford a fresh joint every day. On Saturdays, especially, we had always a makeshift dinner, made up of the cold meat of the day or two previous, hashed or stewed, and I knew that my wife would not like the presence of a stranger on such an occasion.

" 'However, I had no help for it, and the old gentleman consented with joyful alacrity. Poor old fellow, I believe he had called with that object in view.'

" 'As I suspected, my wife was ill pleased. She frowned, and spoke to me in a sharp whisper. It was the first, and almost the last time that ever we had a difference; but if I had had any idea of claiming the Dunmow flitch of bacon, certain it is that old Joshua Warlock would that day have put a bar to my obtaining it.'

" 'He lingered long after dinner, and, at length, when I was almost compelled to hint to him that it was time that he should take his departure, he called me aside, saying that he had a word for my private ear. I recollected what I had seen at my father's house, and guessed what was coming. However, I reconducted him to my study. He led me aside, behind the curtain, and stood on tiptoe as he whispered in my ear:

" 'Could you—could you—lend me a five pound note—till—till—the case is settled? I will be sure to repay it—with—with all the little sums—of which I have kept, I assure you, a most correct account—that at different times I have borrowed from your late lamented father.'

" 'Really, Mr. Warlock,' said I, 'I cannot. With my small income it is impossible.'

" 'Ah, my dear Mr. Markham,' cried he, with a comical whine, 'that is not what your respected father would have said. He would not have refused me.'

" 'My father, Mr. Warlock,' I rejoined, 'was better acquainted with you than I am; besides he, at the time you speak of, was a comparatively wealthy man.'

" 'All I could say, however, was of no use; beside, I really pitied the poor old fellow, and at last, for old acquaintance sake, I let him have the five pounds he asked of me.'

" 'He insisted upon writing an acknowledgment in an expressly legal form. I could not

help smiling, when I bethought me of the acknowledgments he used to write for my father, and the disposal he made of them. In this respect, when the old gentleman had at length taken his departure, I followed my father's example, and threw the acknowledgment into the fire, after which I returned to my studies, not a little put out at the idea of having been so foolishly wheedled out of my money.

"From that day I was continually bored with the old gentleman's presence, and as continually he asked for the loan of money, sometimes coming down in his demands to a few shillings, but always managing to obtain some trifling loan, for which he always insisted in writing his acknowledgment.

"If I told my servant to say I was busy, he would wait till I was at leisure. If out, till I returned. See me he would, if he had to wait for hours. When disappointed of seeing me in the house, he would come to the church on Sunday and seat himself right under the pulpit, often on the pulpit stairs, ready to waylay me when I came down, before the whole congregation, and seriously discomposing me while preaching or reading prayers, for I knew what was coming; besides, I began to fear that my congregation would suspect that he was a bailiff, dunning me for some debt I owed. I often saw them whispering in each others' ears when he made his appearance in the church.

"He never but once again asked for so large a sum as five pounds; but the money he obtained, in sovereigns and crowns, and half crowns, and even shillings, must have amounted to a very considerable sum. How much I knew not, for I never kept an account, nor his acknowledgments.

"He would bore me all sorts of ways, always introducing his subject with his acquaintanceship with me when a boy, and with my father, when he was so high; and then he would ask me to listen to a long rigmarole respecting the suit in chancery, leaving all manner of musty, yellow, closely-written parchments for my perusal, to amuse me in my leisure hours, forsooth!

"The second occasion on which he asked for the loan of five pounds came about as follows: He had been absent a whole month. God forgive me! I hoped I had lost sight of him forever. I thought he was dead. It was Saturday, his usual day of calling. I heard the door-bell ring, something told me it was my 'bore,' my 'Monsieur Tonson' come again, and it was he. I heard the girl hastening to announce him, but he outstripped her, and without even knocking, entered the study.

"How do you do, my dear sir? How do

you do?' he exclaimed. Evidently he was unusually excited. 'But I need not ask,' he continued, 'for you look charmingly; so like your respected father. I declare, you are growing stout. Your father was inclined to corpulency. Poor soul, he was a good creature—so generous, so free, so kind!'

"Perhaps, Mr. Warlock,' I interposed, 'he was too generous for his own good.'

"Ah, he was indeed, as you say, too generous, too liberal. Forgive this tear to his memory. Ah, my dear sir, you grow strangely like him; you do, indeed.'

"Well, well, Mr. Warlock,' said I, somewhat sharply—I knew what all this preceded.

"Just what your dear father would say, sometimes. You have just his assumed irritability—merely assumed to cover his generous actions; but I know what you mean. You are hurried, and you wish me to proceed to business?'

"Really, Mr. Warlock, I have no time—'

"Not five minutes, my good friend, I will not detain you five minutes. I'll sit here. Thank you. No nearer the fire. O, no, not a foot.'

"Mr. Warlock,' said I, out of all patience, 'you see that I am busy, and I have an appointment—'

"Pray pardon me, not a word, make no excuses. You have heard me speak of the chancery suit?'

"Heaven knows I had, too often! He continued:

"Dear me, how like your frown of impatience is to your late father's! Well, Ewbank is at it again; but at the next session he is sure to be floored—I could see it in the lord chancellor's countenance. There is a petition on the part of the infant Jowler, the third and only surviving child of Ewbank's elder brother; but he is a lunatic, and so was his father, and Nancy Higgins, who was Ewbank's nurse before old Jowler—'

"Good Heavens, Mr. Warlock,' I exclaimed, 'you will drive me mad.'

"He did not heed me, and proceeded:

"Before old Jowler cut his throat— Now if this is refused, as it assuredly will be, I shall immediately come into—'

"Mr. Warlock, I really cannot at the present moment—'

"Of course not, until you have read the petition. I have a duplicate. It covers ten sheets of parchment crossed. I will read it to you, and then the analogy will be quite clear—'

"I didn't mean—'

"Certainly not; you would not be so pre-

capitate, I know; but besides the petition, I have a letter in the handwriting of the testators dated in the third year of the reign of George the Second, which—

“‘Gracious, I shall go mad!’

“‘Rather I shall, with delight; but I know your kind sympathy. Now listen—’

“‘Mr. Warlock, I must insist, I cannot hear it now.’

“‘Well, if you think it will overcome you I will leave it, and you shall peruse it at your leisure. You will find it exceedingly interesting. When shall I call for it? Monday? No, not Monday; that will hardly give you time. Say Tuesday, at twelve o’clock? Good. On Tuesday, at twelve I will call.’

“‘Very well,’ said I, glad to get quit of him any way, and inwardly resolving that he should never be admitted into my house again.

“‘He laid the petition and the letter upon the table, and resumed his old battered hat.

“‘Good morning, Mr. Warlock. Forever,’ I muttered to myself.

“‘One moment, my dear friend. You will pardon me, I know you will; but on this pressing occasion—I hope the last time—may I venture to ask—I’ll write an acknowledgment—for the loan of five pounds?’

“‘No,’ I said, sternly.

“‘No,’ he repeated, mildly. ‘Ah, your good father would not have refused me. He was indeed a friend. I knew him when he was so high.’

“‘Mr. Warlock, I cannot, I will not—’

“‘Two pounds ten, then. Let me write two pounds ten? No! Ah, the world is not what it used to be. There is less kindness, less generosity. One pound ten? You will not refuse me, for the sake of the past? Say a sovereign. You will not? Ten shillings, then. Yes? Thank you, you are very kind. God bless you, my dear sir. How like your father—so open-hearted, so generous and liberal! Read the documents. On Tuesday at twelve o’clock, I will return for them. God bless you!’

“‘He was gone. I rang the bell. The servant appeared.

“‘Hannah,’ said I, ‘when Mr. Warlock calls for these papers, hand them to him; but on no account admit him. Shut the door in his face—slam it. Mind, if he gets into the house again, you lose your place immediately.’

“‘Hannah promised to keep him out if I said so. She always thought him a beggar, and hated the sight of him.

“‘He came on the Tuesday, punctual to his appointment. I heard the altercation at the door,

and laughed in my sleeve. Hannah was talking to him through the keyhole, afraid to open the door, and at last she handed the papers through the window. He begged very hard to see me, but Hannah was firm, and at last he went away.

“‘After that he came repeatedly; but the door was never opened to him, and I gave directions to the doorkeeper not to admit him to the church, saying that he was a lunatic, and that I feared he would create annoyance. I heard that he often came to the church door, but went away meekly on being requested so to do, expressing his regret.

“‘Once he kept me prisoner for hours by taking his seat on the steps of my house, and I was thinking of sending for a constable to carry him away; but my heart smote me, and at length he left of his own accord.

“‘It seemed now as if I had wearied him out. Two months elapsed, and he was not seen or heard of. He was, I thought, dead, or in the lunatic asylum, or had gone to some distant part of the city. I blessed my stars that, at last, I had got quit of him.

“‘Alas, I had reckoned without my host. One day business called me to the west end of the metropolis. I was walking along Bond Street, when I heard my name called in his cracked but well-known voice. Without glancing toward him, I hailed an omnibus, sprang in, and the driver drove on. Unfortunately, omnibuses make frequent stops for passengers. The driver waited a long time for some ladies, at the corner of a street, and after the ladies, in stepped my persecutor. I was near the door. He did not see me; but passed to the far end, where alone there was a seat. I observed that he wore the same old-fashioned suit; but somewhat cleaner and fresher. He had had his clothing renovated. Presently he saw me, nodded, and began to make his way toward me.

“‘Stop!’ I shouted to the driver.

“‘I got out and called a cab, into which I hastened.

“‘Where to, sir?’ asked the driver.

“‘Anywhere—as far as you can go,’ I replied.

“‘The man stared, but said nothing, and drove on. Presently I heard the sound of wheels behind, and the voice of some one shouting, ‘Stop, stop!’ I peeped out of the window, and saw a cab following at a rapid rate, the driver shouting, and the old gentleman adding his own cracked shouts, and gesticulating with his arms for my cab to stop.

“‘Driver!’ I said, in the calm tones of despair, ‘I must avoid that madman. Drive on rapidly

till you distance the other cab, then when they cannot perceive you, put me down, and I will trouble your fare."

"In ten minutes I was set down in the Hay-market. A coffee house was close by, and I slunk into it like a thief. I took a paper in my hands, but had not read a line, when to my horror, in walked Mr. Warlock. There was now no retreat; I braced myself up for the meeting.

"The old gentleman advanced, smilingly as ever. I now perceived that his clothes, though cut after the old fashion, were new!

"So glad, so very glad to see you," he commenced. "Have tried every means; was determined to do the business at last. My dear friend—how like your father you are at this moment, sitting there with the newspaper before you, just cocking your eye over the top—I owe your father and you a thousand, thousand thanks; and more, I owe you, as my dear old friend's representative, all the money I have borrowed from him on various occasions, as well as from yourself—always giving my acknowledgments. There, there it is, all right, with the interest at five per cent. added. I have had it in my pocket since the day I called for the documents I left with you. Couldn't get to see you. Sent it once in a letter, the letter was returned to me. You will see that it is all correct. I won't stay to count it now. I have gained the suit, as I told you I should, and more than that I am now Sir Joshua Warlock, of Warlock Castle, N—shire, baronet. God bless you! You will hear from me again."

"Before I recovered from the stupor his appearance and words had occasioned, he was gone. I should have thought that I was dreaming, but there lay the money—a heap of notes, gold, silver and copper, before me—palpably before me. I at length recovered my senses sufficiently to count the money. It amounted to £700, 16s., 4 1-2d.! With it was a general statement of all the moneys borrowed from my father and myself, at dates extending over thirty years, with the interest added; and I, for months had been hiding myself, and refusing to see the man who wanted to pay me all this money!

"I returned home, astonished, confounded, yet delighted. The money was a godsend. So thought I, so said my wife.

"A few weeks afterwards I received a letter; it was from Sir Joshua Warlock, and in it he informed me that he had great pleasure in presenting me with the living of Chirley—worth £1500 per annum—as a slight token of his regard for my late father and for myself! He furthermore stated that he was on the point of sailing for

Jamaica to visit his estates on that island, and that he expected to remain abroad two years; but he hoped to see me on his return to England.

"Poor old man! he never returned. He died in Jamaica a year afterward, in the eighty-seventh year of his age, and the title and estates passed into the family of the Earl of —, to whom he was distantly related; but the living once presented could not be taken from me, and I have since held possession of it, and expect to hold it till the day of my death.

"Thus, gentlemen," said the reverend gentleman, in conclusion, "that which at one time was the bane of my existence, the destruction of my peace of mind, proved eventually to be the cause of my singular prosperity."

#### A BEAUTIFUL COAL MINE.

Dr. Buckland mentions some remarkable instances of the persistence of forms of vegetation traceable in coal: But the finest example is that of the coal mines of Bohemia. The most elaborate imitations of living foliage bear no comparison with the beautiful profusion of extinct vegetable forms with which the galleries of these coal mines are overhung. The roof is covered as with a canopy of gorgeous tapestry, enriched with festoons of most graceful foliage, flung in wild, irregular profusion over every portion of its surface. The spectator feels himself transported, as if by enchantment, into the forests of another world; he beholds trees, of form and character now unknown upon the surface of the earth, presented to his senses almost in the vigor of their primeval life—their scaly stems and bending branches, with their delicate apparatus of foliage, are all spread forth before him, little impaired by the lapse of countless ages, and bearing faithful records of extinct systems of vegetation, which began and terminated in times of which these relics are the infallible historians.

#### THE TRANSPORTATION SYSTEM.

The first distinct notice of the modern transportation system is to be found in 18 Car. II., c. 3, which gives the judges power, at their discretion, to execute or to transport for life the moss-troopers of Cumberland and Northumberland. The punishment was inflicted frequently in an illegal manner up to the reign of George I., when its operation was extended and legalized. During the reign of James II. transportation, or rather reduction to slavery, was a favorite, and to many parties a profitable punishment. Dr. Lingard quotes a petition, setting forth that seventy persons, who had been apprehended on account of the Salisbury rising of Penruddock and Grove, after a year's imprisonment, had been sold at Barbadoes for 1550lbs. of sugar. Among them were divines, officers, and gentlemen, who were represented as "grinding at the mills, attending at the furnaces, and digging in that scorching island, whipped at whipping-posts, and sleeping in styes worse than those of hogs in England."—*The Australian Colonies.*



(ORIGINAL.)

## LOST.

BY EDWIN S. LISCOMB.

Have any of you seen my child?  
 Her hair was threads of gold;  
 Her ways were winning, sweet and mild,  
 Her gentleness untold.

She strayed in innocence away,  
 To loiter on the shore;  
 To watch the sunlit billows play,  
 And list the breakers' roar.

Some wayward ship, I fear me now,  
 With wanton grace and glistening sail,  
 Hath marked my child's angelic brow,  
 And lured her to the gale.

I wander restless up and down  
 The desolated beach,  
 And, moaning, glean each gathering frown,  
 Across the ocean's reach.

I gaze upon the ships that go  
 In beauty on the sea;  
 And still they're gliding to and fro,  
 But bear no hope to me.

(ORIGINAL.)

## MY HUSBAND'S DAGUERRETYPE.

BY MRS. C. ELLIS HOWE.

I HAD been a teacher just six months in Mr. Hamilton's Young Ladies' Seminary, B—, Virginia, when I received a letter from my mother's physician, informing me that he regarded her situation as extremely precarious, although he apprehended no immediate danger, and advised me as soon as I could conveniently, to relinquish my school duties and return home.

I had been supremely happy in my present relation as teacher, the warm-hearted, pleasure-loving southern girls had found their way into all the crevices of my affections, and between them and me there existed strong bonds of sympathy and love.

I was not yet eighteen, and but a recent graduate at school, but my pupils, so far from taking advantage of my youth and inexperience, sought in every possible way to lighten my cares and promote my happiness.

It was, therefore, with feelings of the deepest regret that I thought of parting with them, and the teachers with whom I had been so happily connected; but my anxiety and love for my mother would not permit me to remain an hour longer than was absolutely necessary for me to complete the preparations for my journey.

As soon as it was known that I was about to leave, presents were showered in upon me from all sides, many of them of much beauty and value, not only from the various classes which it had been my pleasure to instruct, but from the scholars individually, and from nearly every one I received some token of affectionate remembrance. In fact my room, the morning of my departure, presented quite the appearance of a miniature museum.

I was to leave at one o'clock in the afternoon, and had been busily engaged for two hours, packing my effects into the smallest possible compass, when a slight tap was heard at my door, and upon opening it, I beheld Nellie Grahame, a sweet, gentle little girl of eight years, the youngest of my pupils, and a great favorite of mine. She was an orphan, from the far South, and had been consigned to the especial care of the teachers.

"Come in, Nellie, and sit down," I said. "I am very glad to see you."

"No, thank you, Miss Manning, I can't stop. I've only come to—"

Here the child stopped, as if at a loss how to proceed.

"Well, what did you come for?" I asked, encouragingly. "Did you want me to do anything for you?"

She looked up into my face, and with the prettiest simplicity imaginable, said:

"O, Miss Manning, you don't know how sorry I am you are going away, and I am going to give you a present, something for you to remember your little Nellie by when she is far away from you, and I have brought you a daguerreotype, just such as the other girls have been giving you, only a great deal handsomer, will you accept it?"

She spoke in a low tone, as if doubtful how her present would be received.

"Gladly," I replied, "though I do not need anything to remind me of you, Nellie, you have been such a dear, good little girl, and have given me so little trouble, that I shall always remember you, even without any keepsake."

The child's eyes sparkled with pleasure at my words, and she drew from under her shawl a daguerreotype, which she placed in my hand.

"Open it," she said, "and see if it isn't beautiful."

I did so, and found to my amazement a picture, not her own, but of a person whom I had never seen, a fine, intellectual-looking gentleman, of perhaps twenty-six or eight, and with a particularly pleasing countenance.

"Nellie," said I, as I gazed admiringly upon

it, "this isn't your picture, you've made a mistake, and given me some one's else instead of your own."

"No, I haven't, it's mine; my brother Mark gave it to me when he brought me here to school," she said quickly, eager to convince me that she was giving away only what rightfully belonged to her.

"Yes, I know," I said, "the daguerreotype is yours, because it was given you; but that isn't what I mean. It isn't your picture, a likeness of yourself; it's your brother's, he sat for it, and it was taken for him."

"No, Miss Manning, it's mine, Mark had it taken on purpose for me." And then, as if overcome by a sudden outburst of affection, she threw both her arms around my neck, exclaiming, "O, my dear, dear Miss Manning, you don't know how much I love my brother, and next to him I love you, better than any one else in the whole wide world."

I knew that were I to refuse Nellie's gift, it would be inflicting a deep wound on her feelings, and though I felt extremely unwilling to take the daguerreotype which she prized so highly, yet I accepted it in the spirit with which it was given, though to tell the truth, the moment I closed the door after her, I sat down on my trunk, and laughed immoderately for some minutes. The idea that the value of a daguerreotype consisting of a handsome picture, enclosed in a handsomer case, of no matter who, rather than of the likeness of a friend, was altogether a novel one, and I could scarcely refrain from laughing outright, even before Nellie had left the room.

That afternoon I left, and in the course of a few days found myself once more within my New England home. I never returned to Mr. Hamilton's school, for although the summer sufficed to restore my mother to her usual health, yet my own had become a good deal impaired, and I knew that my strength would be insufficient to perform again the laborious duties of a teacher; but I ever retained the pleasant remembrances of the time passed there, and of my former pupils and friends. The presents I had received from them at parting, I ever regarded with much pleasure, and there was not one that I prized more highly than I did the daguerreotype of the unknown gentleman, for the sake of the sweet little giver.

Four years passed by. I had received pressing invitations from Mr. Clark, a cousin of mine, and a planter in Georgia, to pass the winter at his house, which I at last concluded to accept.

I travelled from New York to Norfolk accompanied by a friend, but the rest of the journey I was forced to perform alone. I found no difficulty, however, for our polite and gallant countrymen are ever ready to assist a lady who by chance happens to be travelling without an escort. The cars took me no further than M——, a distance of twenty miles from my cousin's plantation, and here I was in the expectation of meeting him, for I had written to apprise him of my coming, but as I stepped from the cars and beheld not one familiar face, I could not but feel a good deal disappointed, and somewhat apprehensive as to how I should be able to reach my place of destination.

"Has Mr. Clark been here?" I inquired of the depot-master after the train moved off, and I could see nothing of him.

"No, he has not," was the reply.

"Are any of his servants here with his carriage?" I asked, a faint hope remaining that if Mr. Clark had been prevented from coming himself, he had sent some one in his stead.

"There is no one here," answered the depot-master politely, "but if you wish I will find some other mode of conveyance for you."

"I regret I have not my carriage with me," said a pleasant-looking elderly gentleman near us, "but if the lady will consent to ride in my buggy, I will take her with pleasure over to Mr. Clark's."

"Thank you," I answered, "I shall consider it a great favor, but I am afraid it will occasion you a good deal of inconvenience."

"Not in the least," was the gallant reply, "it will be an especial favor to me to have the pleasure of your company. My plantation joins Mr. Clark's, and it will be but little out of my way."

In a few moments I found myself seated by Mr. Johnson, in his buggy, whom I discovered at once to be a gentleman of much refinement and culture. We rode rapidly over a hard, smooth road, leading past gentlemen's residences of much elegance and taste, until we came into an open country, and here Mr. Johnson turned off from the main road, and took a much less frequented one, which led directly past his own and my cousin's plantations.

We had ridden about five miles, conversing pleasantly upon the various topics of the day, when a large tree, upon which two negroes had been hewing, fell with a crash by the side of the road just as we were passing it. The noise occasioned by the falling of the tree, together with the shouting of the negroes, frightened our horse, which was a high-spirited animal, and he shied out so suddenly that we came near being

precipitated down a steep embankment, then giving a sudden spring which almost threw me off my seat, he dashed furiously ahead, without Mr. Johnson's having the least power to control him. For two miles he ran a regular John Gilpin race, we were enveloped in a perfect cloud of dust, the buggy swayed to and fro like a ship in a gale, and the wheels scarcely touched the ground over which we passed. In a short time, however, the horse began to slacken his speed, and Mr. Johnson, who now spoke for the first time since the horse had commenced running, said:

"If anything happens, Miss Manning, and we are likely to be overturned, you must jump. I think you can do it without injury; but don't jump till you—"

The words were scarcely out of his mouth when one of the reins broke, and the horse, frightened anew by this fresh disaster, darted on with redoubled fury. We were now rapidly approaching a corner, around which it would be impossible to pass without being overturned; a thick stone wall was upon both sides, and we should be in imminent danger of being thrown against it.

"Jump," cried Mr. Johnson, "jump quick, and I will follow you."

And seizing my arm, he assisted me as I sprang upon the seat, and from thence leaped to the ground; but in doing so, my dress for an instant got entangled, and I was hurled with violence against a large log by the roadside. Whether I was stunned by the fall, or fainted, I cannot say; but certain it was I became unconscious, and remained so for some time. When I recovered my senses I found myself lying on a sofa, in a handsomely-furnished parlor.

My bonnet and shawl had been removed, and a lady was bathing my head in cologne water, and near me stood a gentleman and a young girl, both evidently regarding me with great interest.

"Where am I?" I exclaimed, bewildered at finding myself among strangers, and in a strange place.

"With friends," said the gentleman, in a deep, melodious voice. "You were thrown upon the ground in consequence of your horse taking fright, and brought here."

"O, I remember now," I said, comprehending at once my present situation, and for an instant my gaze was riveted upon the fine, handsome face of the gentleman.

Where had I seen him before? was the thought that occupied my mind, for his features were perfectly familiar to me. At that moment a cry of joy burst from the lips of the young girl, and

springing forward she threw both her arms around my neck, bestowing upon me a shower of kisses.

"It's Miss Manning!" she cried, "my dear, dear Miss Manning. I am so glad to see you again—"

"Nellie," said the gentleman, endeavoring to draw her from me, "you are rather too demonstrative in your joy, you must remember that the lady is sick, and has not yet recovered from her fall."

But she paid no attention to his words, except to speak in lower tones.

"Is it possible," I exclaimed in surprise, "that I again behold my young friend, Nellie Grahame?"

"Yes, it is I, Nellie—your own little Nellie, as you used to call me. No wonder you did not know me; just see how I have grown." And she drew herself up to her full height, revealing a form and face of much beauty and symmetry.

She then introduced me to a lady as her aunt, and to the gentleman, whom I recognized at once, from his resemblance to the daguerreotype, and before she told me, as her brother.

"We are no strangers, I believe," said Mrs. Grahame, smiling; "although we have never before had the pleasure of a personal meeting. But Nellie has given us such glowing accounts of her school life at B——, and told us so much of you in particular, that we have long regarded you as an old friend."

"And now you are here," interrupted Nellie, "we shall not let you go till you have made us a long, long visit. Wont it be delightful, Mark?" she said, appealing to her brother, her face radiant with joy.

"It will certainly afford us great pleasure," was his quiet reply.

"But where is Mr. Johnson?" I inquired. "I hope no harm has befallen him from this accident?"

"He has just ridden over to Dr. Smith's," said Mr. Grahame. "You remained so long unconscious, that we feared you had sustained some internal injury. But here they are now," he added, as the door opened and Mr. Johnson, accompanied by the doctor, entered.

I attempted to rise, but my foot refused to bear my weight. It had been paining me for some time, but I had hitherto taken no notice of it; and upon examination, it was found to be a good deal swollen.

"It is not a bad sprain," said the doctor, "though it threatens to confine you to the house for a short time."

"O, I am so glad!" interrupted Nellie; "not

because you have sprained your ankle, but because you cannot get away." And she began eagerly telling the doctor of our former acquaintance.

"I too am greatly indebted to Miss Manning," said Mr. Grahame; "for I was suddenly obliged to go to California, and could not get off short of a six months' trip, and was forced, much against my will, to place Nellie at a boarding-school until my return. For all your attention and kind care of her," he added, addressing me, "I am deeply grateful."

"Then this is the teacher, is it, whose merits have been sounded in my ears ever since Nellie's return? Your pupil, here, has certainly a high appreciation of your kindness," said the doctor, laying his hand on her head as he spoke; "and since you have fallen in with such good friends, Miss Manning, I advise you to remain with them for a short time, at least until you are better."

"I am afraid my cousin will—"

"No, Mr. Clark is not expecting you," said Mr. Grahame, interrupting me, "for I saw him yesterday, and he told me that he should look for you in the course of a fortnight. Your letter has doubtless been miscarried."

"Then you must stay," said Nellie, decidedly. "We shall not let you go."

"I shall insist upon it," said Mrs. Grahame.

"And I shall take it quite an affront if you leave us for one week at least," re-echoed her nephew.

I could not refuse such pressing invitations, and passed with the Grahames one of the most delightful weeks of my life. No one who has ever been South, can fail to admire the hospitality and cordiality of the Southern people. True, they have not the energy and enterprise which are the leading characteristics of the Northerners; neither is education so widely diffused among all classes as with us; but in point of sociality and hospitality, we should do well to imitate them.

It was a delightful morning in the latter part of November, when the cool, invigorating autumnal breezes were bringing strength to the debilitated frame and roses to the cheek, that I bade adieu to Nellie and her aunt, and took my seat beside Mr. Graham in his handsome chaise, which was to convey us to the residence of Mr. Clark. A ride of a dozen miles over a good road, with a fleet horse, is not much; and an hour brought us within sight of a large, tastefully built cottage just peeping out from beneath the trees, and half hidden by the surrounding shrubbery, which Mr. Grahame pointed out to me as my cousin's plantation home.

"What a lovely spot!" I exclaimed, eagerly leaning forward to see if I could not catch a glimpse of some of its occupants.

"You are going to take them completely by surprise," said Mr. Grahame, "for they have not had the least intimation of your arrival, and are not expecting you for some days."

"I know it," said I, "and I can scarcely restrain my impatience to see them."

Mr. Grahame, however, seemed to take no notice of my impatience, for instead of increasing the speed of his horse, he drew him almost to a walk. Our ride, thus far, had been rather an unsocial one; Mr. Grahame was not in his usual conversational mood, and several times had fallen into a profound reverie.

"Miss Manning," said Mr. Grahame, smiling, just as we were turning up the avenue leading to the house, "Nellie has been telling me of the present she made you some four years ago, and I think a daguerreotype of a person you had never seen, and in whom you could have no possible interest, could hardly have been a very acceptable gift."

"On the contrary," I replied, "it was a most acceptable one, for the giving it away involved a good deal of sacrifice on Nellie's part, and contained a strong proof of her affection for me; and I have always valued it highly."

"And I hope," said Mr. Grahame, a rich colour mounting to his face as he spoke, "that the acquaintance, begun with the daguerreotype, will be continued with the original, and that you will value it hereafter not only on account of the giver, but for the sake of the giver's brother."

"I most certainly shall," I answered, "after having received so much kindness at your hands."

Mr. Grahame gave the reins a slightly nervous toss, and then in a voice which I never afterwards forgot, said:

"Our acquaintance has been very short, I am aware, Miss Manning; but this one week has sufficed to inspire me with feelings of the most profound respect and admiration of yourself. And now may I claim the inestimable privilege of becoming a frequent caller upon you, whilst you remain at your cousin's home?"

The words were simple enough; but there was a depth, earnestness and feeling in his tones, which I had never seen before. I bowed an assent, for I had no time to reply; our approach had been discovered, and Mrs. Clark came tripping down the steps of the piazza, followed by her husband, to meet us. And O! what a warm welcome we had! how delighted and astonished every one was to see us!

"And now, Mary Manning," said my cousin Frank Clark, after the first exclamations of surprise were over, and I had laid aside my bonnet and shawl, "I should like to know where you came from, and how you have contrived to pick up my friend Mark Grahame on the way?"

"O," said Mr. Grahame, answering for me, "it was one of the accidents of travelling that brought us together." And then turning to me, he added, with a mischievous smile: "And I trust it will prove a most providential accident, too."

Four months from that time, I was again travelling homeward; but this time I was not unattended, for my companion was Mark Grahame, with whom I had agreed not only to take a trip to the North, but also, by the holy marriage vow which we had just exchanged, to perform with him the whole of the long journey of life, and we were now on our way to pass the summer with my friends at home.

Reader, two years have passed since that eventful period; and if you will come and visit me in my happy Southern home, I will show you, enclosed in a case of purple velvet, the daguerreotype of a handsome, intellectual looking young man, which all the gold in California could not tempt me to part with. It is my husband's daguerreotype which I prize so highly, for I learned to love it long before I ever saw or loved its dear original.

#### MUSIC AS A MEDICINE.

Eugene de Mirecourt, in his lively little biography of Felicien David the composer, whose recent work, "*Herculeanum*," was so successful at the Paris opera, tells that when in the East, David cured a man sick with fever by his piano-forte performances. The sick man at the sound of the instrument felt his fever leave him, and when it threatened to renew its attacks, David would chase it away by a few preludes. In a week the man was well. This was not unlike the genuine original David playing before Saul. This fact is worth receiving the attention of the faculty. To treat people by music would be an excellent method of introducing harmony into the conflicting medical systems. A dyspeptic affection would probably be cured by three days of the cornet-a-piston. Nothing has yet been advanced to prove that neuralgia could withstand an hour of violoncello, and an attack of cholera, however violent, would not stand more than twenty minutes of ophicleide. Half an hour of bassoon would drive away the headache, while deafness could be effectually cured by the united efforts of these instruments in one of Verdi's finales.

As to Flattery, the current commodity of the world on which Fashion lives and thrives, it is at most, a lie in its best clothes.

#### MUSIC.

Of all music, that is best which comes from an articulate voice. Whether it be that man cannot make an instrument so melodious, as that which God made, living man, or because there is something in this, for the rational part as well as for the ear alone. I think he hath not a mind well tempered, whose zeal is not inflamed by a heavenly anthem. Music is good or bad as the end to which it tendeth. Surely they did mean it excellent, that made Apollo, who was the god of wisdom, to be god of music also. It argues it of some excellency, that it is used only of the most aerial creatures; loved, and understood of man alone; the birds next have variety of notes. The beasts, fishes, and the reptiles, which are of grosser composition, have only silence, or untuned sounds. They that despise it wholly, may well be suspected of something of a savage nature. The Italians have somewhat a smart censure of those that affect it not: they say God loves not him, whom he hath not made to love music. I believe it is a helper both to good and ill; and will therefore honor it when it moves to virtue, and beware it when it would flatter into vice.—*Owen Feltham's "Resolves."*

#### THE TRUTH AT LAST.

In a certain town in the North of England, not long ago, lived (and died) a worthy well-known sculptor and dealer in marble monuments. A customer called one day at the works for the purpose of giving an order. Walking into the yard he saw no one but a stolid looking mason, who was busy chiselling a death's head and cross bones. "Is Mr. Boeson in?" inquired our friend. "Naw," was the monosyllabic answer. "Never mind, I'll look in afterwards." A second time he made his appearance, put the interrogatory, and received the same answer. A third time he called, and found the same man still busy with mallet and chisel. "Is Mr. Boeson come in yet?" he again interrogated. "Naw." "Do you think he will be in soon?" The answer was conclusive. "Naw, aw dinna think he'll be in suin; *Mr. Boeson's died!*" and again the mallet and the chisel went on as before.—*English paper.*

#### THE KORAN DISGRACED.

Some time ago a number of handkerchiefs were brought, or rather smuggled, into Mogadore, having printed upon them passages from the Koran. One of them got into the hands of the emperor, who, thinking the Christians were ridiculing the sacred book, ordered instantly all the cities of the coast to be searched to discover the offender who introduced them. Happily for the merchant, he was not found out. His highness commanded that all the handkerchiefs which were collected should be destroyed. When Dr. Davidson was at Morocco, he prepared some seidlitz water for the use of the sultan, and placed on the sides of two bottles, containing the beverage, Arabic verses from the Koran. The sultan was exceedingly exasperated at this compliment to his religion, and had it privately intimated to Mr. Davidson not to desecrate the holy book in that abominable manner.—*Richardson's Morocco.*

[ORIGINAL.]

## RECORDARE.

BY ELIZA FRANCES MORIARTY.

I once had a sweetheart—O, long, long ago!—  
 With eyes like a dove and a brow like the snow;  
 Her lips were like cherries, as ripe and as red,  
 On her fair cheek the rose and the lily were wed;  
 Her hair fell in ripples of light wavy gold,  
 Her round shape so lovely was beauty's own mould;  
 O, each movement of grace, and each step blithe and free,  
 Made her dearest of all in the world to me!

Her words breathed a spirit of joyance and truth,  
 Her heart was a fountain of love and of ruth;  
 The tones of her dear voice, so girlish and low,  
 Sought the depths of my heart in a musical flow;  
 Quick vanished before her each shadowing care,  
 That angel so near me but not unaware.

In the springtide of love, in life's hallowing hour,  
 The winds of the churchyard sighed o'er my lost flower;  
 O woe of my boyhood! O grief of my prime!  
 Lone grief, that can never find solace in time,  
 Thou 't darken this bosom till life's spark has flown  
 To the land where the sad tear of sorrow's unknown!

[ORIGINAL.]

## NELLIE.

BY MATTHEW S. VINTON.

I ALWAYS knew, from the time when we were children together, that Nellie Herbert was a roguish, tantalizing little witch (and a pretty one, withal!); but I never guessed one half her wickedness, until lying one blessed summer afternoon in the summer-house, dozing with my eyes open (and ears too, as it happened), I overheard her as she paced up and down: one of the garden paths near by, in company with a chatty girlfriend of hers (Sue Deane, her name was), indulging in rather a confidential conversation, to which I knew, sooner than have had me for a listener, she would have pulled her little rosy tongue out by the roots, and gone speechless the remainder of her days—the saddest destiny on earth for a woman, you will allow.

Perhaps you will say I wasn't gifted with a very keen sense of honor or delicacy. Well I don't pretend to be perfection, so it can't much matter. Think of me as you please, for I am going to confess (candor is one of my faults) that, although I was conscious the pretty minx hadn't the faintest suspicion of my whereabouts, and couldn't so much as guess that my eyes took in every flutter of her white gown through the wall of shrubbery between us, at the same time my ears (quite inquisitive for the masculine article) caught every syllable of her musical talk,

somehow the fact didn't tempt me in the least to clap my hands over my organs of vision, or thrust my fingers' joint deep into my organs of hearing, or even to get up and go away like the dear honorable darling of a man that I was.

Instead of that I turned over leisurely upon my side (perhaps it was because my former position wasn't an easy one, and then perhaps—well, I rather think it was because I could see and hear still better—impertinent fellow!) and watched and listened to the best of my ability.

"How long is it since Charley Hammond proposed?"

That was Sue's voice, and I remember distinctly how, as I raised myself, for they had reached the farthest end of the walk from where I was lying, and my position had become quite intolerable (for my ears), the ashes of the half-smoked cigar which I held loosely between my fingers took a notion to sift down to the ground, but changing their mind before they got there, came waltzing up on a little puff of wind, into my face. One ash (is that grammatical?) was mean enough to hop into my eye, and I shed more tears in consequence than a hypocrite during a revival.

If I hadn't lost Nellie's answer, however, I wouldn't have minded this extravagant waste of lachrymose material, though to be sure I had been saving it up carefully to shed for my sins, when I should get old and meditative.

An indistinct murmur, and a little laugh, dainty and sweet as the tinkle of silver bells, was all I caught of the reply.

"Henry (that was my name, and I opened my mouth so wide with curiosity that it must have looked like a dilapidated water-pail, with the bail fallen out) hasn't offered himself yet, has he?"

"Henry!" What a pretty womanly affectation that soft, surprised exclamation was! "Why, no, goose, I hope you don't think Henry Burnett has any serious intentions. La, he's my cousin—didn't you know it?—and it isn't pretty or proper for cousins to marry."

Now that was a fib, and the jade knew it. If to be the adopted son of her stepmother's cousin's widow's brother, was to bear any blood relationship to her, why then we were cousins, not otherwise. And as for serious intentions, hadn't I kissed her every time I caught her in the hall after dark for the previous six weeks? And hadn't I squeezed her hand, till I dared not squeeze any harder for fear of crushing the white, beringed, tremulous bit of a thing? (It looked like a symmetrical fragment of dimpled swan's down—excuse a lover's extravagant conceit—with

pink seashells for nails.) And hadn't I shaved off half my beard to please her, and played the unconquerable hero to every other young lady in the neighborhood, that she might have no cause for jealousy? Hadn't I, in fact, done everything but get down on my knees to her? (I should have done that, let me tell you, only I had a new pair of—of—how shall I say it for blushes?—of that kind of garment which strong-minded women are supposed to monopolize after marriage, and I didn't like to wear the gloss off the knees of them!) Serious intentions indeed! In my mortification at being so poorly appreciated, I came near groaning aloud. I prudently restrained the impulse, however.

"What a pity! But, O, Nellie!" I heard a distinct clapping of hands, "I can have him, now, can't I? Strange I never thought of it before! Say, Nellie, may I?"

"You are welcome to him, for aught I care. I am very sure of that."

I wasn't so sure of it if she was. I hadn't been the victim of threescore serious flirtations, to lie there that eventful July afternoon, in the year of our Lord eighteen hundred and forty-nine, minus experience in the ways of women. I hope I'm not constitutionally a vain man, yet I would have wagered my new box of Alexander kids, and not been afraid of losing them either, that that same Nelly, in spite of her pretended indifference, would have swallowed her friend (I speak figuratively, of course,) if she had thought there was any real danger of having her for a rival in my affections. She liked me, Nellie did, and I liked her—ay, loved her to distraction—the red-lipped, blue-eyed, brown-curled little flirt.

"Now aint that delightful, dear? The most relentless coquette in all Christendom yielding up the handsomest, wittiest and best-natured of her admirers voluntarily!"

If anything will make a bashful man feel peculiar, it is to hear himself praised. I modestly shut one eye and looked up at the clouds. Somehow they made me think of Nellie's hair, they were so soft, so lustrous, so tenderly, goldenly brown!

There was no reply to Miss Sue's exclamations. I was glad of that, for while I was too modest—I was really, now—to believe that her admiration was all the genuine article, I knew that if Nellie had entirely sympathized with her friend's mood, she would have expressed as much in words. For that reason her silence gratified me.

"I shall set my cap immediately. And, O, sha'n't I be proud of my handsome beau, when I've caught him? Mind you don't come poking that saucy little nose of yours in the way, to

spoil my fun. But what's your notion of giving him up so readily? He's a deal more agreeable than Charley, and besides, you've rejected him already."

"You speak as if there were only those two men in the world—the conceited creatures! I'd die an old maid for all either of them."

O, how my ears tingled! I came near swearing that she should die an old maid in good earnest, before any interference of mine should prevent her. Conscious, however, that, to use a vulgar, but expressive comparison, I should "only be biting my own nose off" in that case, I prudently restrained the incipient vow. There had been considerable uncalled-for pique and irritation in Nelly's voice, which betrayed—What? Well, as I said before, I hope I am not a vain man, but thinking of that, I chuckled so audibly with inward satisfaction, that I feared for a moment I had betrayed my whereabouts.

But no. The girls took two or three more turns round the shaded path, which they wouldn't have done had they heard me, and then arm in arm sauntered slowly to the house. I had formed a resolution, in the meantime, a resolution of which revenge was the father, and love the mother. The child of an ill-assorted couple, maybe.

I rose up, threw away my cigar, whistled a bar of "Hail Columbia," by way of rousing my courage, and then followed them into the house. Going directly to my room, I brushed my hair and whiskers, till I came near falling in love with myself, they were so glossy; put on a clean dickey, tied a stunning bow to my cravat, made myself generally fascinating (I am not a vain man, remember), and then marched straight down to the parlor, and seated myself on the sofa beside Sue Deane.

She looked a little flustered at so unusual a proceeding, for I had never paid her much attention; but when I took a flower from the button-hole of my vest (it was a beautiful wild flower that Nellie had gathered the day before, and placed on my table in one of her delicate Sevres vases), and begged leave to arrange it in her hair, telling her with my most winning smile how beautifully the white, waxen blossom contrasted with the purplish blackness of her magnificent braids, she looked absolutely bewildered, and glanced toward Nellie in the most puzzled air imaginable.

As for Nellie herself, the only reward I got from her for my premeditated hatefulness, was one surprised, indignant, wide-open flash of her superb eyes. It shot through and transfixed me like an arrow.

All that afternoon I was devoted to Sue. I threw admiration into my eyes, passion into my gestures, tenderness and devotion into the tones of my voice. If I played a deceptive and consequently wicked part, I have the satisfaction of knowing that I played it gloriously and with complete success.

Nellie was completely thrown off her guard, though I think Sue, who was less interested, partly understood me all the while. Through my lashes I watched her face (Nellie's) assiduously—detecting every change that passed over it. It was rare sport to see the angry crimson rise and waver and die away, only to rise again in her cheek; to detect the knitting of the soft white brows, as if half in scorn and half in pain; to watch the toss of the small, proud head, the convulsive locking together of the dainty hands, the quivering of the grieved mouth, like a rose-leaf stirred by the wind. Rare sport, I say! It might have been, had I not loved her. As it was, I came near breaking through the cruel farce a dozen times, for I knew her pride would never, never let her forgive me, if she once detected me watching her, and knew that I understood the cause of her agitation.

That night, after I had escorted Sue home, I walked back and forth in the street for an hour, to make little Miss Indifference think something that wasn't exactly true—i. e., that I had been spending my time in said Sue's company. When I re-entered the parlor, it was dark and apparently deserted; but as I turned to leave the room, a little disappointed at not finding Nellie there, the sound of a stifled sob smote my ear. I was back again in an instant, pushing the muslin drapery from one of the low windows, only to find Nellie crouching down, with her face hidden in her folded arms, and to hear the audible weeping that even my coming could not check or soothe.

My first impulse was to take her to my breast, tell her how dear, how very dear she was to me, and kiss her back into smiles again. But there were a few dregs of malice in my heart even then—sweet angels, forgive me!—and so I only said, gently enough, but not tenderly:

"Why, what ails my little cousin?" (I had never acknowledged the title as legitimate before.) "Charley hasn't proved faithless, has he? I should be tempted to cowhide him, if I thought he had anything to do with those tears."

"Charley!"

If a rosebud could snarl, I should say that Nellie's mouth snarled then. She lifted her head and dashed the long, moistened hair away from her forehead with a proud gesture, the effect of

which was counteracted the next moment by a little sob that *would* come, in spite of her.

I said nothing more, just then—only lifted one of her white hands, and commenced idly slipping the rings back and forth across the dimpled fingers. She let it lie passively in my clasp, and with triumph—it was a reverent and happy triumph, dear Nellie!—I felt the tremulous thrill that ran through it at the half-carressing way in which I held it.

"Charley! I *hate* Charley!" she broke out at last, passionately, seeing I had let the matter drop.

"Why I thought him one of the best of fellows, and he is certainly very fond of you!" I answered, gravely, dropping her hand as carelessly as I had taken it up. "By the way, what a sweet girl that little friend of yours is—Sue. I never realized it completely until to-day. I have nearly lost my heart to her. What a soft voice she has—and what glorious eyes! Don't you think so?"

"They are well enough, I dare say," she replied, a little curtly, pulling at the lace edge of her handkerchief. "I never thought them remarkable."

"O, of course you wouldn't be expected to admire her so much as myself! I always had a fancy for black eyes and soft voices, you know."

She nodded a silent affirmative to my remark:

"If I am any judge of character, she is more than commonly amiable in disposition, too. I can hardly imagine such a thing as a frown on her forehead, or an angry or rude word slipping from such a mouth."

"There you are mightily mistaken, at any rate! You ought to see her in a passion once, as I have done. You might change your views."

"But don't you like her? I am surprised—and sorry, too; for I was about to ask you how she would please you as a cousin, supposing I could have the good fortune to make an impression."

"Well, then, I *don't* like her!" she exclaimed, with a suddenly darkening face; "the artful—"

She checked herself, as though suddenly struck dumb with repentance.

"But I thought her your dearest friend, and a perfect little jewel of a woman?"

"And so she is, and I ought to be ashamed to have spoken so of her!" she said eagerly, as if to atone for her former words, and bursting into a paroxysm of passionate tears, as she spoke. "She is a dear, sweet, affectionate darling, and it would break her heart to know what I have said."



My brave, true hearted, womanly Nellie! How I loved her for her penitent words and tears!

"Then you *would* like her for a cousin, wouldn't you, after all?"

She looked up at me quickly, and I hated myself for the moment for the look of pitiful anguish that dilated her eyes and whitened her compressed lips.

"Yes—no—O, please don't talk about it any more to-night! I am ill and tired. Sometime—to-morrow, maybe, I shall be glad and happy to hear you."

"What a fib, Nellie!"

"But—"

"O, please—please, don't! You can't guess how my head aches! Let me go!"

She rose and tried to pass me. Did I let her? Instead, I drew her down into my arms and whispered softly: "But I *must* talk of something, Nellie, and if you won't hear that, why—"

Pshaw! What's the use of finishing that sentence on paper? It must be enough for you to know, reader, as it was for me that happy night, that the poor words I said (all words are poor that try to express love) stirred Nellie's pure heart to its sweetest depths, and that in her surprise and delight she put her white arms about my neck, and— Well, did she? or didn't she? Yes, she kissed me. But that wasn't all she did. When she found out that I had listened to her conversation in the garden, she actually boxed my ears, the minx! And that wasn't all she did, either. Six months after, she married me.

O, she is the sweetest little wife—my Nellie!

#### ELBRIDGE GERRY'S MONUMENT.

Elbridge Gerry, one of the Massachusetts delegates to the provincial congress in 1776, minister to France in 1797, and vice president in 1813, died suddenly at Washington, while on his way to the capitol. His monument occupies a conspicuous position in the congressional burying ground, by the side of one erected to the memory of another deceased vice president, George Clinton, who died in 1811. Mr. Gerry died September 23, 1814. Upon his monument these words of his are inscribed: "It is the duty of every citizen, though he may have but one day to live, to devote that day to the good of his country."—*Washington Union*.

#### ENVY.

The lion craved the fox's art;  
The fox the lion's force and heart;  
The cock implored the pigeon's flight,  
Whose wings were rapid, strong and light;  
The pigeon strength of wing despised,  
And the cock's matchless valor prized.  
The fishes wished to graze the plain;  
The beasts to skim beneath the main.  
Thus, envious of another's state,  
Each blamed the partial hand of fate.—GAY.

#### A DANGEROUS INK.

A ingenious Parisian stationer, who for some years past has taken up his abode at Shanghai, has returned to Paris, bringing with him a curious Chinese invention. This extraordinary discovery consists in the composition of a paper which can be made to last as long as one wishes, by the use of a water or *eau magique*. The paper must be beforehand prepared, by some means known only to the buyer and seller, and is then saturated with the water, which is colorless, tasteless, and scentless. The length of time that one desires the paper to last is regulated by the introduction of pure water to weaken the effect. For instance, if the paper is to be decomposed within six days, the *eau magique* is put on without adulteration; if a month, a certain quantity of pure water is to be used. With this paper, then, the wily Chinese write their *billets doux*, taking care, however, that the corrosive water and their passion shall be of the same weight. The water is called "Divine Ink," and the paper "Exquisite Prudence." If Divine Ink and Exquisite Prudence take up their permanent abode in civilized countries, what a death blow it will be to all breaches of promise suits, which, for the most part at least, are founded on love-letters, written promises, etc. And then, again, how many dishonest persons would sign promissory notes, knowing that, thanks to the *encre divine*, their signature would soon disappear; in fact, such an invention is a most dangerous one, reversing the present order of things, and opening a wide field for rascality.—*Liverpool Times*.

#### THE ARABS.

The following story is related of Count La Borde: "When among the Arabs, he saw a very fine mare, which he wished to purchase. While the bargain was going on, hearing a talk, the Arabs thronged round, and jostled against him rather rudely. He drew his sword; but as quick as his ready steel flashed, came forward the rummah and cobba of the Arabs, and he was borne back by numbers. Burning with rage, he plucked off his head-dress, when his wig came off too, and he cast it amidst the crowd. They fell back in terror from this wondrous man. "Ya wallah! the Kaffir has plucked his head off! God help us! God pardon us!" This gave time to appease all anger; the count replaced his wig, which has proved to him a better defence than the triple shield of Ajax, or the petrifying head of Medusa. *Backshish, Backshish*, and all was forgotten.—*Colonial Recorder*.

#### SEWING BY ARTIFICIAL LIGHT.

Persons whose vision is somewhat defective can sew white cloth by candle light, but they are unable to perform the same operation with black cloth. The following plan, however, affords a partial remedy: Pin or baste a strip of white paper on the seam of the black cloth to be operated upon, and sew through the paper and cloth, and when the seam is completed the paper may be torn off. The black thread will be distinctly seen on the white paper, and by drawing the stitches a little tighter than usual, good work will be produced. This method is well adapted for sewing by machinery as well as by hand.—*Scientific American*.

(ORIGINAL.)

## SPEAK KINDLY.

BY MRS. R. B. EDSON.

Speak kindly!—'tis a simple thing,  
 Yet bears a wondrous power;  
 'Twill shed the bloom of summer time  
 O'er every darkened hour.  
 'Twill calm the jarring chords of life,  
 By grief or passion stirred;  
 Like oil upon the troubled waves,  
 Is a kindly spoken word.

And they who fought, but, yielding, fell,  
 Were wrecked by passion's blindness,  
 Though fallen, may be won by love  
 And blessed words of kindness.  
 Then let no cold, self-righteous spirit  
 Place love and pity under ban;  
 Con vail this season's holy teachings,  
 "Deal gently with thy fellow-man!"

Speak kindly!—many a bitter word,  
 In thoughtless moments rashly spoken,  
 Through weary years of vain regret  
 Its galling chains remain unbroken.  
 The sweetest glimpses of paradise,  
 The truest types of heaven above,  
 Are beaming smiles, and kindly deeds,  
 And gentle words of love!

(ORIGINAL.)

## MEASURE FOR MEASURE.

BY EMMA M. A. KIMBALL.

MARION GEORGE was a coquette, and played her cards with consummate skill and adroitness, as many a pierced heart among her large circle of male acquaintances can testify. The cunning hand of nature had moulded her face and form in accordance with her highest ideas of beauty and grace, and tinted the former with the freshest and purest color. Marion had a pretty, demure way of casting her eyes to the ground, perhaps in the consciousness that her long black lashes looked well curving upon her delicate-hued cheek, or of the fact that she had a more bewildering surprise in store for the beholder, when slowly lifting them she brought the splendor of two of the richest and darkest violet eyes to flash upon him it was seldom the lot of mortal to see.

These were the traps which were sprung upon Odin Moore, making him, without hope of escape, a prisoner of love, in the power of the most merciless and speculating of all flirts. He placed her in his heart upon a pedestal, high above all others, and worshipped her as the realization of his ideal. Every word that parted those cherry lips was to him heavy with wisdom

and polished with wit. He loved her reverentially. How his impatient fingers would gladly have rested on the low, broad forehead, and twined in the heavy, silken bands of her hair, or thrilled to hold the perfect little hand (Marion meanwhile wondering why he was so stupid as not to do it), had he not thought it almost desecration. Woman to him was the embodiment of everything pure and angel-like. He remembered a sainted mother, the memory of whose soft hand, trembling with its weight of love upon his boyish head, brought the best and holiest thoughts to cluster in his soul, and he had grown to manhood with one of those rare and noble hearts which partake more of the divine than human. An intense love of the beautiful characterized him, and in whatever created thing it was met there his humble reverence became due.

Marion George had awakened in him this emotion, which by her arts she so quickly caused to be followed by love, that the veil was over his eyes which would admit nothing but perfection through its meshes. A glance over his shoulder at his journal reveals where he stood.

"One hour ago with Marion. Would that the blessed joy of saying my Marion were mine! I trembled lest my new-born earthly love should alienate me from Him who should have my first and best thoughts. But Marion, guileless and pure and beautiful as she is, would be the dearest gift my heart ever craved. My Father, make me worthy of her, if thou canst see fit to give me this precious boon."

Then a lingering spirit might have seen him bowed in prayer, thanking God for the pure being he had given him to love.

Another one at the same hour, looking into Marion's heart, or upon the sheet of paper over which she bent with a mischievous face, could have read words cruel enough to coil about the noble heart of poor Odin and sting it with all a serpent's venom. The address ran thus, after the style of devoted friends—"My darling Nellie," and then followed information concerning her last new lover.

"He is very good looking, pale and interesting, you know, but has a wide, open face and heart, and 'whoever runs may read' what is there. O, but he is stupid. He gazes at me with his great, thoughtful eyes, and sits in silence most of the time, and has never so much as given me a single kiss! He writes beautiful notes, and tells me that he loves me next to his Heavenly Father; and that brings me to the funniest part of it. To-night when he was here, I was feeling as mischievous and wicked as possible (which is an unusual thing for me), and had just quoted

something that I thought extremely witty, when he, looking most vacantly, said, 'I don't understand you!' Was not that cold-waterish? He continued grave as a deacon, and very soon after asked me what my hopes of heaven were! I can't think of telling you what I answered him, but I was as considerate as possible to his feelings, and before he went he knelt and prayed for me. It was as much as I could do to keep from touching him with my foot and sending him over backwards; but as it was, I laughed so behind my handkerchief that he thought I was sobbing, and called them blessed tears. I wish you were only here, Nell, to help me have a good time with this honest son of Adam, for I am nearly tired with him alone, and mean to 'ship' him the first good chance that offers."

Odin Moore had no thought of all this, as he walked with her a few evenings after upon the beach. He drank in like wine the beauty of the sky and earth around him, and but one sound had more music to him than the low, melodious murmur of the stranding billows. He talked to Marion to awaken that sound; but she was wisely silent, for she had no appreciation in common with his. He seated her upon a broad rock and himself where he could look in her face, alternately with the scene around him—the gigantic, throbbing ocean tossing restlessly before them, the rival sea above, where angels sail their golden barks, and his whole soul was filled with reverence, adoration, awe and love.

Marion was impatient. It was not enough for her to know that she was loved by Odin Moore as few women are loved, but her selfish heart coveted words that would bring it to her ears in glowing and passionate reiterations. She was therefore disappointed when, turning towards her, he said:

"The name of God seems written upon every leaf of nature, Marion. It is wreathed in golden letters upon the blue scroll of the evening sky, and the skill of his hand is seen in the purple and gold of the sunset and silver and rose of the dawn. The wild-leaping sea hymns sonorously of him who holds its waters, and the deep-mouthed thunder interprets with awful voice the tracing of the vanishing lightnings."

He paused, as if awaiting a reply, but Marion had thrown into her face an expression of great thoughtfulness, and leaned her cheek upon her dimpled hand, knowing that the pensive air became her remarkably well, and her hand never looked whiter than when in that position. Moore thought—"She has an appreciative soul, and trusts not her emotions to words."

He glanced at her head, with its massive, shin-

ing crown of braids, the delicate ear, the well-turned and snowy throat, and then at the wondrous waves of rich, soft crimson upon her cheeks, the dangerous eyes, the sweet-pouting lips, the cunning chin, where nestled the most bewitching dimple that was ever impressed upon flesh. What milk-white marble was ever moulded and polished into such perfect arms, and hands, thought he, and then that beautiful gauze drape of colour de rose, sweeping over the rock in such graceful and flowing outlines, allowing just the tiniest bit of a slipper to peep out coyly from its hiding-place.

She had changed her position, and leaning with pure grace against a side rock, was looking far out upon the foam-capped waters, as if entranced by the holy beauty of the place and hour. Just the slightest motion of the bow-like lips, and how innocently twin dimples in either cheek flashed and darted out, putting the finishing stroke upon Odin's fascinated heart. Away down in its depths he whispered, "Beautiful as an angel," and aloud, with tones burdened with earnestness:

"Marion! Marion, I love you better than life itself! Will you be my wife?"

"Why, how you frightened me, Odin Moore!" said she, starting from her position with a well-dissembled nervous flutter and quick breathing. "Pray, what was it you said?"

Alas for Odin! His tongue threatened to refuse him utterance, and his face grew paler yet from the shock. "She could not have understood me," thought he; and bowing his head upon the hand he had dared to take, he said, with a more subdued tone:

"Will you be mine, Marion—my wife?"

"Why, really, Mr. Moore, you have been very sudden and precipitate, and the truth is, I have looked upon you as—a friend, and I am—an engaged."

She met no words in return, but a face so deadly white that her own paled with alarm. She took the arm that was proffered in silence, and carrying her wide-brimmed hat in her hand, endeavored to assume a very self-possessioned air as they walked to her home. Not a word as they parted at the garden gate, for Odin's heart was too full of bitterness and disappointment to frame an adieu, and Marion too proud of spirit to solicit one. She passed up the walk soliloquizing:

"This is a queer piece of business, at any rate, and performed mighty quick. He went overboard sooner than I imagined; but the stupid thing is well got rid of. This makes four this very summer. I must write about it to Nell." And the heartless girl soon grew very merry and facetious

over a narration of that evening's pastime, as she coolly called it, to her friend.

But Odin had one to love him, and that with as much devotion and earnestness as he hoped from the false-hearted Marion. A singular, and wilful madcap of a girl was his only sister, and one who had tried his deep, pious heart most severely by her odd pranks, nevertheless she was his dearly loved sister, and he knew that in her nature were deep seated throbs of tender feeling that would respond to his own bleeding heart, and give him consolation and sympathy. He knew where her favorite resort was in the evening's glooming, and thither he went. She looked up with a smile, and prepared to welcome him to a lounge upon an ottoman, with his head in her lap, but noticing his white face said, with emphasis :

"Why, Odin! you must be very ill. What is the matter? Let me get you something."

"No, no, Marcia," waving her back with his hand, and trying to smile. "My case does not need medicine. I trust to Time as a successful physician. But if you will let me have my old place, I will tell you all."

He gave her a brother's confidence, and she listened with all her soul's indignation to a wrong done a trusting heart like his. He ended with "but call her more fickle than false, Marcia."

"More false than fickle, Odin. I know her well by reputation, and it says of her that she is as destitute of principle or a single iota of a good heart as a marble representation of her would be. O, she is a heartless flirt—a vain, capricious, wicked—"

"Hush, hush, sister! You must not speak thus of her. She may have had no kind mother's teachings to make her better. Let us forgive her, and leave her in peace. It is well, perhaps, that my foolish trust in human nature should be destroyed in this way."

"It is *not* well, in such a manner as this," Marcia said, silently, in her heart, and as she looked at her brother's pale features, high, thoughtful brow, and slender, consumptive form, she could not repress the rising tears. After the good-night had passed between them, she went to her chamber to meditate in anger on what he had told her, while his voice floated to her ears, with Marion's name borne upward on the wings of prayer. No one but herself knew of what she thought as she viewed with satisfaction her tall, well-developed figure in her mirror, and thanked fortune for substantial hands and feet, and the sickness which brought her black, curling locks under the clip of the barber's scissors. Some words escaped her lips audibly:

"Her measure shall be meted back to her, pressed down and running over. My brother, with his generous soul, will forgive and forget it if he can. His conscience is tender, while mine is as elastic as hers upon some matters, and this is one of them. He shall be avenged."

It was scarcely a week after Marion's dispensing with the love of Odin Moore, and she was beginning to feel ennuied, and impatient to return to her city home, in search of some new subject for experiment. It mattered not to her whether they were scented and milky-mouthed gallants, that babbled to her of never-dying attachment and adoring love, or men who poured the saved up love of a lifetime into her treacherous ears, as had Odin; a conquest was a conquest, even if the victim, forgetting the kind blue eyes of a confiding wife, should swear to be hers forever and none other's. Then the scorn with which she treated the poor dupe was magnificent, and the dilating violet eyes were full of shivers of flame for the trembling wretch who would have thought her an immaculate goddess were it not for vivid recollections of covert encouragement once read on the now triumphant face.

She sat gazing out of the window towards the beach, yawning, and wishing for some adventure, when the thought possessed her to call Neptune, her splendid great Newfoundland, and start for a roam on the shore. Away they went together, in high glee, the huge fellow racing and tumbling against her in his doggyish good spirits.

"I wonder if I can row that boat," said she, aloud, glancing at her damask palms, and then at the sailboat dancing most temptingly upon the water at the end of a long rope. "Nep, here, take hold with your teeth and help me pull it in." And the dog, seeming to understand her, did as his young mistress commanded.

"Perhaps if you are to have a sail this beautiful evening, you would not object to a stranger hand taking the guidance of the boat."

A most graceful start betrayed her surprise, as she turned in the direction of the voice, and saw a young gentleman after her most approved model standing, hat in hand, to hear her reply. She could find no objection to the well-trimmed whiskers and forked moustache so glossy and black, nor the soft, wavy hair, contrasting so well with them, nor the eyes, so very pleasant, even grave, as their owner was trying to make them look, nor the lips, nor the white teeth; and his dress, it was a la mode, and therefore he must be a gentleman born and bred. Be sure there was a dash of impudence in his presuming to address her, a perfect stranger, but then she could see no trace of it in his manner and face, so she thought,

as she concluded her hasty glance of survey, that an adventure was before her (such things being doted upon with supreme delight by all such young ladies as Marion), and an Adonis for its hero. A charming blush rippled over her cheeks, and demurring a little, she said with a smile that brought a sparkle of admiration to the young stranger's eyes, as she interpreted it :

"With your word that you did not rise from the sea in quest of a hapless body to take back with you, and will bring me safely to the shore again, I will thankfully accept your services."

It was a slight but pleasant laugh that came from the young stranger's lips, as he bowed his thanks and said :

"I assure you that your fears are groundless. I address, I have no doubt, Miss George, for whom to exist is to be known ; but as I am an obscure individual I can claim no such distinction," handing her a card, upon which was written, "Shirley Horton."

They were soon seated in the boat, moving gaily over the water, for Marion's companion proved sufficiently entertaining, choosing, with great aptness, the very topics most interesting to her. He administered delicate compliments, in doses moderate enough to cause her to feel assured that they were not intended as mere words of flattery, and was so kind and solicitous in regard to her personal comfort that she really held him in esteem. Neptune, like a discreet dog, sat far apart, and bayed at the rising moon. He was obedient as well as discreet, and a single word from his mistress would have silenced him, but of course she did not care for that, as his noise made it convenient, proper, and very agreeable for the dark, handsome stranger to incline his head a trifle nearer hers in order to insure a more distinct hearing.

Neptune, if he heard, was not a good linguist, so no one could have their curiosity appeased by him, while the waves kept up their chant, deaf to all else, and the roguish stars only winked the merrier if now and then they caught a syllable. But the hour declared that it was time for them to be returning. Accordingly they obeyed, and headed their boat in the direction of the land, which was reached in due time, without Marion losing her balance and catching a bath in the briny element, or anything like a squall appearing to disturb the tenor of her spirits, which were remarkably even and placid. Before taking the walk to the house, her escort, with her upon his arm, turned to the sea and called her attention to that and the serene beauty of the night, discoursing eloquently of the former, as it lay glittering and shaking at the feet of the moon, as if in joy

at the shower of shimmering light she threw lavishly down upon him, while the "rocking, white-capped waves" careered over his monstrous back in choruses of ringing glee.

"This is a very beautiful world, Miss George, especially in pleasant weather," remarked Horton, as they walked slowly away.

"It is, Mr. Horton, but I never thought so much of it as I have this summer, the only one indeed ever passed by me in the quiet country."

"Have you not enjoyed very much communion with nature in this lovely place?"

It was too bad that Marion was obliged to fib, but she was determined to make a good impression.

"I have intensely. Such splendid sunsets I never saw, and such glorious evenings."

She might have gone on and told him how once she went into raptures over a pink cloud, and would not be contented until she had searched every dry goods store in the city to obtain a fancied match.

"But the dawn, Miss George—you have certainly missed no opportunity to see the gates of day opened, and its god appear in all his regal glory?"

"Nep, keep off my dress, you dirty dog! See, he has put his paw right through this delicate tissue!" exclaimed she, as in great trepidation she held up the edge of her skirt, to discover the rent to be only a naughty footprint. She was enabled to regain her placidity by means of Horton's sympathy, and all calm again, her tormentor commenced :

"Let me see, what were we talking about just before? O, the sunrise, aurora—did you say you enjoyed the prospect?"

"Confound aurora! No, I don't like the prospect of being plagued like this all the time, by a bunch of conceit," was what she wanted to utter aloud, and what she thought, but with great sweetness she said, instead :

"Of course, one would be the possessor of a very dull mind not to enjoy it. The morning air is very bracing, and seems so elastic that one feels like being enervated from the ground by it."

"An elevation would not be safe so near the water, and if there is danger of it, I shall see that some one prohibits your taking morning walks."

His lip did not bleed as he bit it under his moustache, and Marion was too much engrossed by her own distress of mind to notice it if it had. She answered with a light, affected laugh, but said nothing.

"You must have an imaginative brain, Miss George. Do not the exquisite panoramas spread

above you cause an expansion of soul and fledging of innate, though perhaps until this summer latent, poetical ideas? Or perhaps you are not inclined to a romantic or sentimental turn."

"O, romance!" said she, catching enthusiastically at the word. "I delight in it. If there is a being who has a passion for romance it is I. Sometimes my soul has been so full of it that I have thought I could if I chose write poetry."

Horton glanced at her face, and saw it turned to the sky with an ecstatic expression.

"But have you never written verse?"

"None of any importance—but I adore to read it."

"What kind has your preference, sentimental, didactic, epic, or epigrammatic?"

"I like all equally well. But which should you recommend me to read?"

"Sentimental for the present, and should you tire of that, by all means didactic would be the most suited to your mind and mood."

"Thank you. But will you not come in?"

"Thanks; but not this evening. Miss George, a repetition of the enjoyment of your society would be valued by me as a rare treat."

"Then I have not the heart to deprive you of it, sir. Good-night."

She laid her head upon her pillow that night a little piqued, very much pleased, but determined to see the end of what promised so pleasing a triumph. "Ay, he is smart, handsome, and I know by his jewelled repeater that he is rich. What will Nell say?"

Summer passed from sight, garlanded with withered flowers, and autumn, in her gorgeous robes and golden sandalled feet, reigned successor. Marcia Moore had watched her brother with an anxious eye, and saw with pain his tender, mournful eyes grow larger and more brilliant, his once firm step slow and feeble, and the white temples sunken. The hand of that flattering, insidious destroyer, consumption, was upon him; but as if in pity for the sensitive heart that had so suffered, was leading him gently down towards the gloomy valley. Marcia saw all this, and knew that when the soft-falling snow should enwrap the earth he would be lying in his last, dreamless sleep beneath it. She laid the burden at the door of Marion George, and from the deepest hatred of her heart cursed her for it.

Meanwhile, Shirley Horton continued his attentions to Marion. He shared her amusements and recreations, and his manner since the first evening had been studiously free from everything that could make her feel ill at ease. She discovered that his mind was richly cultivated, and the pearls of genius, talent, and wit shone in his

brain. He had travelled, and could bring to her stores of information, and his ready language, always choice and elegant, with the low, pleasant tones that fell with such strange music upon her ear, succeeding in weaving securely the chains of fascination about her. Her first intention of adding him to the list of conquered lovers passed from her mind, and she now aimed to secure him for life. She loved for the first time, and with all the tender, thrilling, passionate devotion of such a love. Horton saw and knew it by her manner towards him, for she strove in vain to conceal it, and his only care was to rivet the chains tighter and make them more secure. Not a word of love had he spoken to her, with the exception of sentences which she knew were in jest, but had not every kind attention spoken it, every glance of the dark, deep eyes, so full of mysterious light? She knew that he loved her, and why did he not give words to it? She sat with him in the twilight, and playfully said:

"I was thinking to-day that you always chose the evening for visiting me. Why do you not allow the sun to light your footsteps here?"

"I promised my companionship to a sick friend during the day, and I must not be too selfish, you know."

"Who is this friend?"

"Odin Moore."

She could not repress a start, and an anxious look, as she inquired:

"Is he your friend? how long has he been so?"

"Since our days of youth. He seems in the grasp of consumption, and probably will never be better. Do you know him?"

"A slight acquaintance, that is all."

"It is said that a disappointment in love was the cause of his declining so rapidly. His sister told me this, but he has never mentioned it."

"Do you know the lady's name?" said Marion, with discomposure visible upon her features.

"I never inquired, and Miss Moore, probably in consideration of her brother, kept it from me. I have the impression that she is dead (to all things lofty and good, said he, mentally), and that was the nature of the disappointment."

"O, sir, you relieve me much by saying this. My first impression was that some heartless flirt had been practising her arts. I consider it a solemn thing to trifle with the affections."

"Most surely, Miss George, and one that brings its own reward. If any crime is punished upon earth, I think this is the first to be visited."

"It ought to be. They should be made to suffer in like manner."

"I am glad to find your feelings so in accordance with mine. It is like finding a pure dis-

mond to make the acquaintance of a woman with a good and noble heart. It has been my determination to make such a heart mine when I should find it. Do you think such a woman would trust me with it?"

He looked very earnestly into her eyes, and she, trembling with joy at his words, laid her head upon his shoulder, and sighed:

"O, I am very happy! I have loved you long, dear Shirley!"

"Such words are very dear to me, Marion. Have I the permission to call you *mine*?"

"Yours, forever! You have all my love." She wept glad tears, as he folded her closer, and for a long time nothing was said.

"I must return now, Marion, and to-morrow leave the place on business, which will keep me a fortnight or more. You may think of me in the meantime as much as you please; and when I see you again, we will talk of—something else."

Marion's friend received far less of the particulars of this case, as she did of Odin's—for Marion this time, in her love, was chary of her confidence. However, she wrote to her that she was a bride elect, and should *probably* be married within a month, and begged her to come up and assist her in some preparations. Horton returned at the time specified, and Marion sent him a note, asking him if he had any objections to their marriage taking place on a day which she named, as she had a dear friend who wished to witness it before she returned, as she was obliged to do so soon. She received in reply:

"Consult your own convenience in regard to your marriage; it can have no possible relation to mine. I have never told you that I loved you, nor asked you to marry me. I shall never marry any woman—but have won your love, that you may know how cruelly my poor brother has suffered from your hands. You see it all now, my precious piece of artlessness, and remember, perhaps, that by your own words you condemned a coquette, yourself the chief among them! Take your punishment—and I care not if it humiliate you in the dust. I hope that you will find didactic poetry pleasant reading now. My brother is on his dying bed, and prays for you, the one who brought him there. Remember that, and recognize justice."

It was signed "Marcia Moore, alias Shirley Horton."

She read it with a blanched face and trembling lips, and with a moan sank to the floor, saying:

"My punishment is harder than I can bear!"

A fever followed, and for weeks she tossed upon waves of delirium. Consciousness returned one gloomy day, when a heavy cloud-hung sky

lowered over earth. The wind rose and sank in sobbing breaths, and the cold rain struck aslant on the pane, and drove through the air in sheets. Marcia Moore stood at her brother's bedside with an agony in her heart never felt before. She knew by the cold moisture of the brow, that the death-angel had baptized it with the dew from the dark river, and that his feet were already descending into the cold clasp of its waters.

Down he went in holy confidence, leaning upon the arm of an invisible Friend; and as his weeping sister watched him, a strange light passed over his features, like the reflection of an angel's wing, and told that he was at rest.

Marion's experience seemed to transform her whole character. She was pale and spirit-like, and one evening was seen upon her bended knees before God, acknowledging the justness of her punishment, thanking him for her life, with the solemnly spoken vow to never again be guilty of a like transgression.

Marcia saw her changed manner and life, and actually humbled herself before her as a suppliant for forgiveness.

"Ask God, as I did, Marcia Moore. The lesson you taught me was the best of my life. I thank you for it; for in that hour's crucifixion, I felt the thorns my own hands had placed upon the heads of others, and from my remorse was lifted to a better life."

#### NON-INFLAMMABLE DRESS FABRICS.

The ladies will be glad to learn that a method has been discovered by which any dress fabric may be rendered *non-inflammable*. By direction of Queen Victoria, two distinguished English chemists undertook a series of experiments which have resulted in determining that a solution containing seven per cent. of the crystals or sixty-two per cent. of anhydrous salt is perfectly anti-flammable. They remark: "Tungstate of soda ranges among the salts which are manufactured on a large scale, and at a cheap rate. A solution containing twenty per cent. renders the muslin perfectly non-inflammable. It acts, apparently, by firmly enveloping the fibre, and thereby excluding the contact with the air. It is very smooth and of a fatty appearance, like talc, and this property facilitates the ironing process, which all other salts resist." The following formula is given as having proved efficacious, and will simplify the application: "A concentrated neutral solution of tungstate of soda is diluted with water to 28° Twaddle (an alkalimeter, so called), and then mixed with three per cent. of phosphate of soda. This solution was found to keep and to answer well. It has been introduced into her majesty's laundry, where it is constantly used." The solution can be applied to any fabric. It is only necessary to dip the cleansed article in the prepared fluid, then drain and dry it, after which it may be ironed; or, if preferred, the solution may be incorporated with the starch to be used in the stiffening.

[ORIGINAL.]

## "IN MEMORIAM."

BY J. HOWARD WERT.

Sweet roaming in the balmy breeze beneath the purple tide,  
I first beheld, one golden eve, my beautiful, my bride;  
Her fastooned locks of silken curls were flung around her face,  
Whose joyous smile bespoke no care, nor sorrow's dimming trace.

Her lips with tints of ruby pearl, and eyes of azure blue,  
Fixed my bewildered gaze on her, yet why, I scarcely knew;  
The silver cadence of her tones fell softer on the ear  
Than sighing zephyrs in the plain, or Thetis' sea-born tear.

The warbling streams that ripple by in Maia's flowery hours,  
Or nymph-like brooks in Cnidus thrown, from Crete's  
refulgent bowers,  
Chant not so sweetly on their course, nor beam so soft  
and bright,  
As does the music of her voice, and beams her eye with light.

She was the image of my hopes, my passions, and my fears,  
The angel form, of whom I dreamed through long-forgotten years;

But memory such as mine of her so very much endears,  
When death is nigh my latest sigh will not be life's, but her's.

[ORIGINAL.]

## GOLDEN HILL.

## A STAFFORDSHIRE STORY.

BY LIEUT. T. SMITH REED.

ABOUT half a century ago there was a famous battle fought in Belgium, and a great many good soldiers were killed there, and although it is almost forgotten now, and there remains little of the victory but the name of the thing, it was thought much of in those times; wise men said that it had settled Europe, had driven Bonaparte and all his family out of France forever, and had firmly fixed the Bourbons on the French throne. We do not see many remains of all these fine effects now-a-days; but the memory of the battle may serve as an introduction to a little story about one of the soldiers who fought then.

Jean Gerrard, a captain in H. M. 12th, or as it was disrespectfully called, in the service—the dirty dozen—had put himself right in the way of a Polish lancer, who put his lance through Jean's body, just as a boy would put a pin through a fly. Jean, who had served in the "die-hard," would not readily give up the ghost; he was

tumbled over by the lancers as they rode forward, and he was tumbled over by them again, as followed by the English heavy dragoons, they rode back again. But Jean held fast to his life, and some six months after the battle, was in full enjoyment of half pay at a place he had down in Staffordshire.

And a queer old place was Gerrard Cross. Somehow or other the estate kept growing smaller and smaller, as it grew older. Jean's grandfather had given a great dinner to George II., and a great slice of the best land about Gerrard Cross, somehow or other, was used for the dinner. Jean's father, among roystering gentlemen, experimenting adventurers, and unsuccessful attempts to find a coal mine, used up another great piece of the family estate, so that there remained for Jean Gerrard very little besides the old house, a couple of hundred acres of black-looking, stony land, and the abandoned shafts of an unproductive coal mine. Jean, however, was received and welcomed as quite a hero by the landed gentry in the neighborhood, and was an especial favorite with Sir Edward Melburn, of Melburn Grange, who one fine morning in October rode under the windows of Gerrard Cross, and hailed the half-pay officer.

"Come along, Jean, the hounds throw off at 10 at Copley Corner; we drag the scrub—sure of a find—lovely morning! Come along!"

"My mare's lame, Sir Edward," Jean Gerrard answered, as he stood at an open window.

"Why did you not send word? Here's Davis, however, with Trumpeter, jump on. Davis, let Captain Gerrard have Trumpeter, you can go back and bring out Squirt or one of the others. Come, get into your scarlet and come along."

Jean Gerrard put his head outside the window frame, and as he did so he changed color at perceiving a young lady on horseback, in conversation with a handsome young man, who was very impassioned in his manner. Sir Edward Melburn noticed Jean Gerrard's disturbed look, and unaware that the lord and the captain knew each other, attributed them to a touchy dislike of new acquaintance, as he knew Jean was rather haughty in that matter, so he said, carelessly:

"It's only Lord Stanmore and Flora."

Sir Edward Melburn thought that this piece of information ought to be quite satisfactory to Jean Gerrard, who, however, was not of the same opinion, and the baronet added:

"Flora is to marry him. Come along!"

Gentlemen don't swear now—they sometimes swore pretty roundly, when "our men were in Flanders," forty years ago, and Jean Gerrard had not left off his habit of swearing, when he



put off his uniform. He rapped out a round oath as he mounted Trumpeter, and said, half aloud: "Ha, ha, my Lord Stanmore, we shall have a gallop to-day!"

"Come, Gerrard, we're late," Sir Edward called out, as he turned half round in his saddle, and looked back.

Sir Edward did not for an instant suppose that a half-pay captain, even with a Waterloo medal on his breast, would be in love with Flora, and if he had thought that Jean Gerrard could be afflicted with such insanity, he would have regarded him with the pity one bestows upon a harmless lunatic.

There was hard riding that day. The two young men, although scarcely civil to each other, rode together in competitive emulation, aware that Flora Melburn was the spectator of their daring horsemanship. Jean Gerrard fancied that Flora endeavored to draw him aside from the rest of the hunt, but with jealous ill-temper, he avoided a *tete-a-tete*, until late in the afternoon on their way homeward, he found himself in a lane, with Flora alone at his side.

Flora's red lips pouted a little, a flush of pale pink added to the beauty of her fair complexion, her golden hair was a little ruffled by the wind, and her bright forehead drooped upon her arched eyebrows as she said: "Captain Gerrard, you treated me unkindly to-day."

Jean Gerrard's heart bounded, and with one great throb every sentiment of jealous anger was displaced by gratified and grateful affection for the confiding tone of the woman he loved. He desired to hear those kindly-spoken words again drop softly from those red, restless lips, that quivered a little in unison with the tear that trembled but did not fall, and Flora repeated:

"You treated me unkindly to-day."

"It was unintentionally, then, and unknowingly. Tell me how?"

"You should not have left me so much alone with Lord Stanmore."

Jean Gerrard's heart gave two or three big bumps that threatened the button-holes of his waistcoat. The words rang in his ears, the tone thrilled to his marrow, and the look that flashed under the long lashes of Flora's dark blue eyes, disturbed his equanimity and philosophy more than they had been affected by the French batteries, or the lancers' charge at Waterloo. But Jean, although a young man, was an old soldier, and he had not the most remote idea of surrendering himself, body and soul, to a woman, or admitting the enemy into the citadel of his heart, at the first summons. In fact he suspected treachery, or at least an ambushade. He knew

his exact position in society; he was fully aware of the great littlenesses that separated him from the heiress of the rich baronet, whose estates spread far and wide over the hills and valleys, and embraced coal and iron mines in their wealth, and he had very cautiously determined that he wouldn't risk an action with the beautiful and wealthy young lady, until he was pretty certain of success. So saying to himself, "We'll throw out our skirmishers before we advance in line," he replied to Miss Flora:

"Really, and was I not right in declining to play gooseberry to you?"

"What do you mean by gooseberry?"

"Monsieur de Trop! Mr. Onetoomany?"

"Captain Gerrard, are you not my friend?"

"Yes, very much your friend, Flora; but you know Lord Stanmore is your accepted lover."

"No, Jean Gerrard, there you are misinformed. I have not accepted him. But what can I do? Advise me."

Jean winced. Those large blue eyes, shining like violets wet with morning dew, made the old lance wound twinge again—they looked right into his heart—and as he could not think what to say, he whistled, and tickled Trumpeter's ears with the lash of his hunting whip. Flora rode close to his side, leaned towards him, and laid her hand upon his wrist.

"Now, Flora, don't touch me, I'm a barrel of gunpowder, and if you put the match to me, I shall go off with a bang. Don't touch me!"

Flora's red lips parted with a smile, and the two friends rode on in silence, which Jean Gerrard was the first to break. He said:

"Lord Stanmore swears he'll shoot any fellow that makes love to you."

"Does he, though?"

"Yes, he does. He showed me his pistols the other day, and explained exactly how he intended to use them."

"That was very kind of him," said Flora, smiling and flashing her eye.

"There's a good many fellows that would not mind being shot, if they were sure of going to heaven afterwards, Flora."

Flora's smile left her lip, and Jean Gerrard continued:

"People say 'A dark man is a jewel in a fair woman's eye. Don't you like Stanmore, he's very dark!'"

Flora answered with a peremptory "no!" and she looked at the sunburnt face of Jean Gerrard with a glance that said, "You are the darkest man I ever knew," as plainly as if she had spoken the words.

"Why don't you send him about his business?"

"I have refused him seven times, Jean Gerrard."

"And you mean to have him at last?"

"Advise me, Jean Gerrard. My father wishes it, and although he will not control me, he endeavors to persuade me. He has taken a great interest in the match, which seems very desirable to everybody except poor Flora Melburn."

Jean Gerrard was bothered. He had finished his education under the Iron Duke, who always prepared for a retreat before he made an advance, and Jean, who looked upon love much in the same way as Wellington watched Massena, knew that he had no lines of Torres Vedras to retire to if he should propose to Flora and be refused.

"There are lots of fellows in love with you,"

"Are there? Who are they?"

"There's Charley Pritchard."

"Don't like him well enough, Jean."

"Fred Hardinge."

"Wont do, Jean."

"Jack Airy."

"No. Is there nobody else, Jean?"

Jean gazed straight between Trumpeter's ears, and rode on in silence for half a minute. Then pulling Trumpeter across, so as to bring Flora's horse to a standstill, he looked full into the anxious eye of the beautiful girl, and said abruptly:

"Who's that fellow that you are always laughing at, because, as you say, his face is all snuff and butter?"

Flora's face suffused, and then turned very pale. Jean Gerrard rode on again, and said:

"A man who loves a woman, does not like to be laughed at, and ridiculed by her, Flora."

"How is a woman to know that a man loves her, if he does not tell her?" Flora inquired.

"By ever so many ways, ever so many things."

"Tell me some of them."

"First of all, a man that really loves a woman, thinks of her happiness more than he cares about his own; he remonstrates with her, when he thinks she is doing wrong, or acting foolishly; he watches over her, as a miser watches over his hoarded gold; he is always trying to do something to please her, and if he fancies that his attentions are troublesome or unwelcome, he keeps out of her way."

Flora smiled wickedly as she replied, "Lor, Jean, why that's just what you do."

"Me! O, I'm old snuff and butter, you know."

"Forgive me for that, Jean?"

"On one condition."

"What is it?"

"Tell me, honestly, can you ever love old snuff and butter?"

Flora did not speak, but somehow or other Jean Gerrard's arm got round her waist, and—No, I'll not tell what happened, something must be left to the reader's imagination.

"And now, Flora, you must speak to your father," said Jean.

"Me! That's excellent."

"Of course, if we are to help each other up the rough hill of life, the sooner we begin the better."

"Well, you must speak to papa."

"No, you, Flora."

"No, no, you, Jean!"

"No, no, I shall have to settle with the lord; you must talk to the baronet."

"My dear Jean, I dare not tell my father, so that's a fact."

"Well, Flora, if I am to tell him you must take care that all the doors and windows are left open, for he will certainly pitch me out of one of them, and I would rather not be forced through the glass or the pannels."

The *tete-a-tete* was abruptly terminated by the appearance of Sir Edward Melburn and Lord Stanmore, and the lovers separated. That evening, as Jean Gerrard was pacing backward and forward in the old hall at Gerrard Cross, his servant announced Major Goldie.

This gentleman, an officer exceedingly well made up, and attached to the cavalry department at Stafford, in consequence of the unusual magnitude to which his breast was padded, was called the "pewter pigeon."

"Ma deere feller," the major commenced, "this is a deuced unpleasant affair, aw! The fact is, Lord Stanmore is deucedly annoyed at your attentions to Miss Melburn, aw!"

Jean Gerrard was not so impressed by the major's importance as the major desired, and replied carelessly: "Is he, indeed?"

"Yaas, and of coorse you know, as his lordship is the young lady's accepted lover, it is highly improper that you should pay her particular attention."

"But supposing, major," said Jean, with a good-natured laugh, "supposing his lordship is a discarded lover, what then?"

"Really, aw, I cannot, really I cannot, suppose anything so ridiculous."

"It is the fact, nevertheless. I think that I had better see Stanmore, and explain the affair."

"O, aw, impossible, altogether contrary to usage. I act for my principal, and will receive any explanation."

"Major, you'll get no explanation from me."

"And you will persist in your attentions to Miss Melburn?"

"Most assuredly. There, now, don't be in a hurry, don't let us make a mull of the affair. Don't call me out, because I sha'n't go."

"Really, aw," gasped the major, almost petrified with astonishment, "really, this is most extraordinary."

Jean Gerrard laughed gaily, and the major looked angry as he said:

"I hope, Captain Gerrard, you are not laughing at me."

"Not at all, my dear fellow, not at all, I assure you. There, I see Stanmore himself; excuse me for five minutes, I'll be back directly."

Jean Gerrard bounded out at the French window that opened on to the lawn, and ran down to the bottom of the avenue, where Lord Stanmore was impatiently waiting the return of his messenger.

"Goldie has just been with me, Stanmore, and I thought it better that you and I should talk the matter over by ourselves, as I have a high opinion of your judgment, and am sure that you would not unnecessarily make Miss Melburn a subject for the scandal of all the country."

"Certainly, I would not, sir."

"Well, then, I'll tell you a secret that is known only to Flora and myself. We are going to be married."

"Impossible, sir!"

"Nevertheless, quite true. You know there is no accounting for a woman's taste, and it is a fact that if you should be in the church, and your wedding ring half upon Flora's finger, if I should whistle to her, she would come to me. Now just fancy what a pretty life you would lead with that woman for your wife. Think over the matter seriously, and with that excellent common sense for which you are well-known. Flora likes you very much as a friend, so do I; and when we are married, we shall be delighted to see you at all times."

"Captain Gerrard, I am accepted by Sir Edward Melburn as his son-in-law."

"My dear Lord Stanmore, I am accepted by Miss Melburn as her husband. There is no use in the world for us to quarrel about her. If you shoot me, she cannot marry you afterwards, because I am really her husband."

"What, married?"

"No, no, but we are engaged as man and wife, as far as man's and woman's truth can bind us. I would not tell this to Goldie, because I want to make a friend of you. Everything has been fair and above board. Flora told me everything this morning, and I as a man of honor, tell you, confiding in your honor. If we should fight about the matter, we should certainly be laughed at, and

I—whatever you may think I don't know—I hate to be laughed at."

"It is not pleasant," Lord Stanmore replied, a little testily.

"Don't take my word for what I tell you, just ask Flora, she will receive you as her friend, as our friend; tell her just what I have said, and if she does not confirm and repeat what I have told you, why then you shall fire at me as long as you like. I hope, however, that that excellent sense for which you are so generally admired, will lead you to the conclusion that your happiness will be best consulted by your continuing to be Flora's friend."

At this part of the dialogue, Major Goldie came down from the house and said, pompously:

"Really, Captain Gerrard, this is a very irregular proceeding, you must be aware that in these affairs, the principals should have no personal communication."

"Such an affair as the present, major," replied Jean Gerrard, "is unusual, and you shall excuse me, if I arrange it according to my own notions. Good evening!"

The next morning early, Jean Gerrard was in Sir Edward Melburn's library.

"What is it now, Jean?" said Sir Edward.

Jean was restless, fidgetty and undecided as to what he should say.

"I want to speak to you, Sir Edward."

"Speak? well, speak."

"I have something particular to say to you, Sir Edward."

"Say it now."

"It must be said, and the sooner it is said the better. Sir Edward—I—" And Jean blurted out, "I love your daughter!"

Sir Edward Melburn whistled.

"And, Sir Edward, Flora loves me."

"The deuce she does!"

Jean could not mistake—Jean saw that the old gentleman was in a towering passion; but Jean had expected a much more violent outbreak, and he continued:

"And so, Sir Edward, I have come to ask your consent to our marriage."

"Ugh, and if I don't give my consent you intend to marry without it, perhaps?"

"No, sir, it is a bad beginning to a husband's happiness, if her wife's first step is made in opposition to her father."

"Hang your aphorisms, sir! Now, Captain Gerrard, you expect Flora will bring you a fortune?"

"I did not think much about it; but I suppose she will."

"Captain Gerrard, you know that I have had

a very high opinion of you ; if I had not thought very much of your honor, I should not have permitted you to say half what you have said upon this subject. But, Jean Gerrard, I will not consent that you shall marry Flora."

"Very well, sir. Flora will not consent to marry any one else."

"That's all very fine. You both are excellent calculators, no doubt ; but you are like young bears—all your troubles are before you."

"Sir Edward, they are so far ahead that we never shall overtake them."

"A very fine resolution, Captain Gerrard. Meanwhile, as there is not much more for you and I to say upon this subject, and as we need not express our differing opinions any further, suppose you leave me to talk the matter over with Flora ?"

That morning Jean received a short note from Flora, telling him she was locked into a suite of rooms, consisting of bedroom, sitting-room and library, and that the servants had most absolute orders to prevent his entrance on the premises of Melburn Grange.

Every one who has witnessed a fire in a remote country district, at a distance from every large town, will know that the devastating element is seldom arrested under such circumstances as long as there remains anything that can be consumed, and the reader will not be surprised that when a fire broke out at Gerrard Cross, the thatched roofs, wooden barns, sheds, pig-sties, corn-stacks, and hay-ricks, were consumed with the old mansion of the Gerrards.

Jean Gerrard's premises were uninsured. He looked at the ruins of his lost property as at the destruction of his last chance of obtaining Sir Edward Melburn's consent to his union with Flora, and when one of the many persons from the neighboring village and mining district who had been attracted to the scene, congratulated Jean upon his good fortune, he grimly thanked the facetious gentleman for his ill-timed pleasantry. But when the visitor, a well-known and experienced iron master, persisted in his opinion that the Gerrard Cross would make Jean Gerrard one of the richest men in the country, Jean not only listened to him, but accompanied him to examine the ashes of a stone wall that had been burnt. No great surprise had been expressed when the stone wall caught fire, because the people about knew that it had been built of a sort of bituminous shale that had encouraged the unfortunate mining adventure of Jean's father, but were not sufficiently ignitable for sale. But the astonishment was great when the residue of the wall was declared to consist of nearly

pure iron, and every one wondered that a mere accident should have discovered a metallic substance so mingled with inflammable matter, that, without additional fuel, it would fuse itself by the action of fire. The people immediately named the place Golden Hill—and a golden hill it proved to Jean Gerrard. The mere mention of the name unlocked the door of Flora's prison, and Jean and Flora met under the trees in Melburn Grange. A few days afterward Sir Edward Melburn met Jean, and said :

"Have you given up your pretensions to my daughter, Captain Gerrard ?"

"No sir !"

"Look here, Jean Gerrard ! I have heard of your meeting under the trees, and I have heard of your good fortune, so give me your hand ! Now ride over to the Grange to dinner, and settle with Flora about the wedding day."

If the reader should travel in Staffordshire, and should visit Golden Hill, he will see there on the spot where the old mansion of Gerrard Cross once stood, steam engines, furnaces, and all the varied apparatus of extensive iron works ; and if he should receive an invitation to Melburn Grange, Captain Gerrard, now an old man, will give him a reception to his happy home circle.

#### AN OLD "SALT'S" OPINION.

"You see," Buzzy would say to Fred, "it's not altogether that her figure-head is cut after a perfect pattern, by no means, for I've seen pictures and statues that was better ; but she carries her head a little down d'ye see, Master Fred, and there's where it is ; that's the way I gauges the worth of young women, just accordin' as they carry their chins up or down. If their brows come well forward, and they seems to be lookin' at the ground they walk on, I knows their brains is firm stuff, and in good workin' order ; but when I sees them carryin' their noses high out o' the water, as if they was afraid o' catchin' sight o' their own feet, and their chins elevated, so that a little boy standin' in front of them couldn't see their faces no how, I make pretty sure that t'other end is filled with a sort o' *musak* that's fit only to think o' dress and dancing."—*Day Book*.

#### SMALL THINGS.

The simplest flowers with honeyed sweets are stored,  
The smallest thing may happiness afford,  
A kindly word may give a mind repose,  
Which hardly spoken might have led to blows ;  
The smallest crust may save a human life,  
The smallest act may lead to human strife,  
The slightest touch may cause the body pain,  
The smallest spark may fire a field of grain,  
The simplest act may tell the truly brave,  
The smallest skill may serve a life to save,  
The smallest drop the thirsty may relieve,  
The slightest look may cause the heart to grieve,  
The slightest sound may give the mind alarm,  
The smallest thing may do the greatest harm ;  
Naught is so small but it may good contain,  
Afford us pleasure, or award us pain.—EDMUND HILL.

[ORIGINAL.]

## THE PARTING.

BY ELIZA FRANCES MORIARTY.

We parted when the merry Spring  
 Went dancing through her world of flowers;  
 The love-birds, that so sweetly sing,  
 Were building in the budding bowers,  
 And the south wind softly blowing,  
 And the streamlets gently flowing,  
 Made sweet music down the hills,  
 Mid the golden daffodils.

We parted when the morn awoke  
 And lightly chased night's shades of sadness;  
 Beside the way these words you spoke,  
 "In God's good time we'll meet in gladness."  
 And we saw the glory quiver  
 O'er the laughing, bubbling river;  
 Down on rock and hill it fell,  
 As we breathed a long farewell.

We parted, and I stood alone,  
 Thy words of love and faith repeating;  
 The light from out my heart had flown,  
 As thus I watched thy form retreating.  
 Woodland anthemings beguiling,  
 Nature all around me smiling,  
 Mocked the grief that o'er me swept  
 As, beloved, for thee I wept.

[ORIGINAL.]

## THE YOUNG PRIVATEER.

BY LIEUTENANT MURRAY.

## CHAPTER I.

ABOUT the period of the famous tea-party in Boston harbor, when a whole ship's cargo was emptied into the bay by the determined citizens, and when the mother country received a startling and unmistakable hint of what sort of material the Bay Provinces was composed, the opening scene in our story commences. The northern portion of Boston, that region now known as North Street, was then the court end of the town, peopled with the wealthiest and most refined of the inhabitants.

At that period fine residences, with pleasant surroundings, and large, well-cultivated gardens sloping down to the shore, graced what has since become the resort and abode of vice and misery. Where the vile dance-cellars and gin-shops now are, refinement and beauty graced the scene; stone walls and thickly clustering tenements had not entirely excluded vegetation, for here and there noble old trees bent gracefully over pleasant house fronts, and even fruit trees bore grateful fruits, and garden flowers flavored the atmosphere with dainty fragrance.

In the rear of those dwellings lay the beautiful harbor, the islands dotting the bay with fairy-like grace and beauty, covered with thrifty foliage, now entirely gone; but few sails were seen here and there, where forests of masts now lie, for Boston was in its infancy, and gave little promise of the thrifty and rich metropolis of the present day. The people, though restive under the arbitrary rule of the mother country, yet offered no open resistance to the royal sway, but the seeds of revolution were already sown, and would soon burst forth, to grow and strengthen into open revolt.

The residence of Lionel Bancroft, a wealthy merchant, was located in the immediate neighborhood we have described, his vessels anchored within long pistol shot of his garden walls, and a happy family sat around his plentiful board. Adjoining the residence of the Bancrofts was that of Colonel Hugh Browness, a civil and political agent of the home government, who was a strong royalist, while Lionel Bancroft was as ardent a champion of the patriot stamp, and save upon this one topic the two men and their families were the warmest friends. Especially were Herbert Bancroft, an only son, and Lydia Browness, the only daughter of the colonel, dear and intimate friends.

Herbert and Lydia had grown up together, constant playmates in childhood, and still constant companions at the ages of sixteen and twenty, Herbert being just four years the senior of his gentle companion. The intimacy of their children seemed to coincide perfectly with the wishes of the parents, and there appeared to be no turbid waters in their pleasant stream of life and love. They were seldom separated, except by an occasional voyage which Herbert made in his father's vessels, at first as supercargo, but afterwards as second, and then as first officer, until indeed he had been raised to the post of captain at the age of twenty. Self-reliant and manly in every respect, he had proved himself fully equal to the trust, and was indeed a good sailor.

Herbert and Lydia were already formally betrothed, and their young and loving hearts were looking forward to the tender consummation of their happiness, when the bitterness arising between the home government and the colonists began to assume an earnestness that foreshadowed the coming contest. Colonel Browness, as an agent of the throne, was bitterly sarcastic on the matter of politics, while Lionel Bancroft was firm in the support of his principles. The hitherto warm friends gradually became separated in interests and feelings, until all intercourse be-

tween the families ceased. Herbert was absent on his last voyage which was to transpire previous to his proposed marriage, at the time when this state of affairs had opened the aspect of which we have spoken.

Soon a British army occupied Boston, the property of the patriotic citizens was seized and confiscated. Rich merchants became beggars, or equivalent to beggars in point of possessions, and Lionel Bancroft, among the rest, lost all. Herbert, fully sympathizing with his father, and the patriot cause, formed a compact with a few daring spirits, and fitting out a schooner of convenient size, rendered himself a constant thorn to the government authorities, by capturing and destroying every small craft that ventured to sea, or was inward bound from Europe. The daring of himself and crew became proverbial, and scarcely a week passed that he did not send arms and ammunition, captured from the enemy, to the patriot army encamped without the city.

Thoroughly acquainted with every bay and inlet upon the coast, his adroitness enabled him to evade the English cruisers, and yet to take advantage of every circumstance that offered in the way of prizes. At length General Washington broke ground on Dorchester Heights, and when he threatened to open fire upon the invading army, it was with some of the very guns and powder which Herbert Bancroft had captured and furnished for his country's cause. Success rendered him too daring, and after months of singular luckiness, and after rendering vast aid to his suffering country, both by crippling the enemy, and by the valuable munitions he captured, young Bancroft was captured by an English cruiser, and himself and companions sent in a convict ship to England, to be treated as criminals of the deepest dye.

His father, Lionel, fell at Breed's Hill; the only sister and mother sank under deprivation and sorrow, and the once rich and happy family was thus dispersed, and save the prisoner, Herbert, had gone to their long rest, where wars, and rumors of wars, are heard no more.

## CHAPTER II.

Peace had just been declared in England between Great Britain and the United States, the long and bloody war of our national independence had at length been brought to a close. Commerce, which had been completely stagnated between the two countries, was again about to open, merchants on either side of the Atlantic were eager to exchange their wares, and a fleet of sails were preparing at Liverpool for an

American voyage. Seamen were in demand, and good ones very scarce and hard to find. The good ship *Sea Nymph* was lying at a single anchor, only waiting to complete her crew in order to spread her broad wings for the transatlantic voyage, when a shore boat pulled alongside, and a poorly dressed young man, with a rough, heavy beard, hailed the deck, and asked if a hand was wanted on board the *Sea Nymph*?

"We want just one more man before the mast, can you ship as a good seaman?" was the query of the officer.

"Ay, ay, sir."

"Where are your traps?"

"I have nothing but what is about me."

"Hey, that don't look just right, but we are in haste now," continued the captain, for such he evidently was, "so tumble aboard, you look as though you might do duty."

In a moment more the new-comer was on the deck, and after a few words with the captain was sent forward to his duty. The anchor was hove up, and sail after sail sent in rapid succession, until the *Sea Nymph* carried a little mound of foam caused by her speed, under her fore-foot. Before night came on the watches were set, the decks cleared up, and the voyage might be said to be fairly commenced. Jack Foster, as the last comer had given his name, bore a ready hand, and showed that he was no stranger to the deck of a ship, whatever fortune or roguery might have sent him aboard.

The *Sea Nymph* had a valuable freight of miscellaneous goods, and in the cabin a couple of passengers, who were evidently father and daughter. During the pleasant days of the early part of the voyage, the lady, who was a young and beautiful being, passed much of her time on the quarter-deck, where the captain had a spare topsail rigged as an awning, and under which she sat with her father, and read or chatted pleasantly of the various themes suggested by the wide expanse of ocean, and the trifling variations of the voyage. But this pleasant beginning of the voyage was destined to be of brief duration, and Captain Gore, the commander, found his hands full, in meeting the emergencies of hard weather and contrary winds. In the haste to get to sea, and in the dearth of good sailors, he had been compelled to ship a couple of men as mates, who soon proved themselves notoriously inefficient as officers, and consequently the captain did not dare to leave the deck for a moment in severe weather.

It had been a very threatening afternoon, but the wind had not been heavy; there only seemed to be a storm gathering, but no actual violence

had yet been manifested by the brewing storm. The two passengers were standing quietly on the quarter-deck near the captain, who was watching the signs of the weather, when there came a sudden lull, and immediately after a heavy flow of wind struck the ship and careened her so far over that her main yard dipped in the sea, and every one was thrown from their feet. As each one upon deck recovered his position, it became instantly evident, first that Captain Gore had been struck a blow by some substance in his fall, which had completely stunned him, and also terrible to behold, that that fair and beautiful being who had been the light of all eyes a moment before, was now tossed far over the ship's side into the sea!

Consternation seemed to have seized upon every one. There stood the father at the ship's side, with frenzied eyes and outstretched hands towards his child, the two mates stood confounded and silent, the crew looked on in amazement, while the captain lay senseless, if not dead! At that moment a light but manly form was seen to spring into the mizzen chains, at the same time throwing off his coat and hat, as he shouted to the man at the wheel:

"Down with your helm, hard down!"

"Ay, ay, sir," exclaimed the obedient helmsman, instinctively.

"Look alive, men!" continued he who had thus spoken. "Do you sleep? Back the main yard, lively, with a will now. Lay aft here, some of you, and lower the quarter boat, and pick me up!"

These words were uttered in a deep, cheerful voice, but every syllable breathed of authority, and the men sprang to obey, while the form of Jack Foster, for it was he who had come forward at that critical moment, was seen to leap fearlessly into the sea!

The steady stroke of the brave seaman soon brought him by the now half-lifeless body of the fair girl, who had not yet entirely sunk from sight at any moment, the sustaining power of her clothes being sufficient to float her for some moments, but her head was under the wave, and life was fast ebbing away. The arm of Jack Foster, however, was soon about her, supporting her head above the water, and there sustaining it, he slowly but steadily exerted himself to keep the surface of the treacherous element until the boat should reach them.

The ship had drifted some distance before the boat could be launched, but the men bent their ashen oars half double with every stroke, and at length, but not one moment too soon, the almost exhausted seaman and his precious burthen were

safely hauled into the boat. Notwithstanding the cheer of gladness which those hearty, whole-souled men poured out at the rescue, yet a thrill of horror passed over their faces, as all beheld the significant sight of a shark's dorsal fin above the surface of the water, just where the two human beings had been but a single moment before!

Father and daughter were soon again in each other's arms. In the meantime, Captain Gore was borne to his cabin, and the passengers and steward made every intelligent effort to revive him. He was not dead, but fearfully stunned and wounded.

### CHAPTER III.

THE *Sea Nymph* had made but indifferent speed, and had been driven at times much out of her course; at the present moment, she was in the vicinity of the Western Islands. Scarcely had the boat been once more hoisted to the davits and secured, after the events described in our last chapter, before ~~she~~ *a* gale came down upon the ship in earnest, and owing to the circumstances already described, the craft was in a most unfortunate condition to withstand its power. The first squall struck the ship flat aback, and with a crack and snapping of stays, her main to'gallant masts broke off short at the topmast head and came thundering down upon deck. The mizzen to'gallant mast, deprived of its head stays, and strained by the shock, now followed—crashing down upon the poop-deck.

A scene of wild confusion followed. The ship was almost upon her beams' end, and unless speedily relieved, destruction was inevitable. Some of the men, in their desire to do *something*, and in the absence of all authority, had let go the to'gallant halyards and sheets, and the top-sail halyards, but the yards were pressed so closely to the masts, that they could not be clewed down. Twenty voices were raised, with as many different propositions, when Foster, still dripping with water, sprang upon the quarter deck.

"Silence, fore and aft!" he shouted, sternly. "Lay aft here and shiver the maintopsail, all of ye! Cheerily, men—cheerily! Have ye never seen a squall at sea before?"

These tones thrilled through the crew, and even the mates sprang with the rest to obey the order by clapping on to the main braces. Order after order followed, given in true seaman-like tones and spirit. The ship having been boxed round, the yards were squared, and she ran before the wind until the canvass had been properly re-

duced, when she was once more laid as near to her proper course as possible.

"Who took the ship out of that squall?" asked the captain of one of the mates who came to him in his berth at this time.

"The fellow rated as Jack Foster."

"Well, sir, do you hear? that man commands this ship until I come on deck again. I heard his orders. He's a true seaman. Send him to me, for I cannot stir from here. I've got a heavy hurt, certainly."

Jack Foster came below to Captain Gore, as he ordered, and after a few words of intelligent and seamanlike conversation, the captain sent for the mates and told them his wishes, and gave them orders to obey *Mister Foster*. He emphasized the prefix, and look ye, it is *Mister Foster*, from this time. The heroic sailor was at once transferred from the forecabin to the cabin, and stepped as quietly and unostentatiously into his new position as though he had shipped in that capacity at the commencement of the voyage. Scarcely had this arrangement taken place, and ere Mr. Foster had time to procure dry clothing, even had he been supplied with the necessary change, when duty called him again to the deck.

That startling cry on shipboard of "breakers ahead!" rang through the ship, and as soon as the new officer reached the deck, he saw that the first mate had at once attempted to tack ship, but she would not go in stays under so short sail. The wind was blowing a gale, there was no room to wear, and on—the vessel drove towards the breakers. One quick, intelligent glance sufficed to inform the new commander of the position of everything, and the full extent of the danger.

"Lay aloft, some of you for'ard, and loose the foresail!" he cried, with startling energy.

And in a moment, a dozen brave fellows sprang up the rigging to obey the order.

"Man the fore sheet! Stand by to slack away handsomely on the lee clew garnet and buntlines, three or four of you. Hold fast your bunt gasket till we are ready. Have a care, now!"

"All ready, for'ard, sir," cried out the mate.

"Very well, let fall the bunt. Haul home the sheet. So—belay! Board the fore tack. Take it to the capstan!"

And as the capstan turned rapidly round, the weather clew of the huge sail came slowly down to its place.

"Belay every inch of that. Set the mainsail."

In a most incredibly short space of time the mainsail was loosed and safely set. Then came the prompt order:

"Station for stays. Down with your helm. Hard a lee!"

"Hard a lee!" echoed the men, as each one ran to his station.

The ship's head came slowly to the wind, and in a moment more the head sails were aback.

"Tacks and sheets. Mainsail haul!" was the next order.

The men gathered in the braces hand over hand, as the after yards swung round; and intelligent glances were exchanged among them, as they saw that the ship was successfully going about under the power of a prompt will and good discipline.

"Belay all. Head yards. Fore bowline. Let go and haul!"

In a moment more the head sails had filled on the opposite tack, and the *Sea Nymph* began to gather headway. Slowly she was brought up to the wind with the helm, until the weather-leach of the topsails trembled, and then many an anxious eye was turned towards the outer point of the reef, which now bore almost directly ahead. It seemed scarcely possible that the ship would pass to windward of it, unless she could lay still nearer to the wind. The quick eye of the new commander saw this.

"We must have the fore to-gallant sail, or go ashore," he said to himself, aloud. "Lay aloft a couple of smart hands, and cast off the gaskets."

The crew watched the expression of his features and sprang to obey his orders. The fore to-gallant sail was started home, and the ship came up still nearer, until the reef bore down under her lee bow.

"She springs her luff," said Mr. Foster, to one of the mates by his side, indicating that the ship had come a point nearer the wind. "Now send me a man that I can depend upon at the helm. Stay, I will trust no one." And walking aft, he took the wheel from the helmsman, and firmly grasping the spokes, fixed his eye upon the extreme point of the reef.

It was an intensely exciting moment. Every one was on deck save the captain—every one seemed to hold even his breath in the intensity of excitement. The ship bounded forward like a race-horse, under the heavy press of canvass and the power of the gale. She is close upon the reef, the spray from the foaming breakers flies high above her main-yard and descends in showers upon the deck, the roar of the elements is deafening, the men cling instinctively to the rigging in anticipation of the impending shock and certain death!

The new officer is the only cool and collected man on board. His eyes change from the reef to



the sails, which he has thus far kept a good full, as seamen say. But now, when the ship was actually in the very jaws of death, he on whom all eyes were turned, suddenly whirled the wheel down and luffed the ship sharp up, causing the sails to flap with a most ominous sound, just abreast of the extreme edge of the outermost of the breakers. A breathless moment followed. Then the helm was reversed with lightning-like rapidity, furling the sails just as they were on the point of catching aback! Ere the crew could realize the fact of their safety, the *Sea Nymph* was rapidly leaving the reef astern!

Days of calm, beautiful weather succeeded the boisterous ones we have described, and the whole duty of command was sustained by the new officer. His intelligence and gentlemanly bearing, notwithstanding the impoverished character of his personal appearance, soon won him the confidence of the lady passenger and her father, and the grateful girl (she was scarcely more than a girl), seemed more than pleased with his delicate though not pressing attentions. Captain Gore gradually recovered from his severe injury, until at last he once more appeared upon deck, but not before the head lines of Cape Cod were in sight.

#### CHAPTER IV.

It was a pleasant and gay company that were assembled at the house of a worthy citizen a couple of weeks after the safe arrival of the *Sea Nymph* at Boston. Among the beauty of the scene, floated a light and graceful form, which might have been recognized as the lady passenger who had been so providentially saved from a watery grave, as has been described. The favorite of all that fair company, she engaged all eyes and attentions.

Near one of the doors of entrance there stands the person of a young man, plainly but very neatly dressed, his smoothly shaved face being the very personification of manly beauty, while his lithe and well developed figure gave token of great strength. He was regarding the belle of the evening with fixed attention, and now for the first time had just caught her eye, as it rested inquiringly upon him. He bowed low and respectfully and both drew nearer to each other, while the lady spoke:

"I beg pardon, but I cannot recall your name, sir, though the features are strangely haunting my brain."

"You do not remember me then?" he asked.

"The voice? yes, but the face; here I am puzzled."

"Jack Foster was the name under which shipped in the *Sea Nymph*."

"Is it possible? I see your beard has entirely disappeared."

"Yes."

"Strange," she continued, "but other memories haunt me now."

"Lydia Browness!" he said, with peculiar emphasis.

She started and looked about her in amazement. She turned her eyes first upon the speaker, then about the room, as though in a dream. At last she placed her hand upon his arm and said:

"Is this possible? Are you—"

"Herbert Bancroft!" was his quiet reply.

She did not faint, though she trembled in every limb. But she placed both of her hands in his, and together they sought a retired nook in the hall.

It would be folly for us to describe their conversation. Years of absence and separation were discussed, and sad experiences of both were related. Two fond hearts were again united. Col Browness was no less surprised than delighted at the discovery, for he had long known that his daughter's heart was buried in her faithful affection for this long lost but now regained companion of her youth, nor did he hesitate, ere many months were past, to bless their union.

#### THE MOON AND THE WEATHER.

The late Marshal Bugeaud, when only a captain, during the Spanish campaign under Napoleon the First, once read in a manuscript which by chance fell into his hands, that from observations made in England and Florence during a period of fifty years, the following law respecting the weather, had been proved to hold true: "Eleven times out of twelve the weather remains the same during the whole moon as it is on the fifth day, if it continues unchanged over the sixth day, and nine times out of twelve like the fourth, if the sixth day resembles the fourth." From 1815 to 1830, M. Bugeaud devoted his attention to agriculture, and, guided by the law just mentioned, avoided the losses in hay-times and vintage which many of his neighbors experienced. When Governor of Algiers, he never entered a campaign till after the sixth day of the moon. His neighbors at Excideuill and his lieutenants in Algiers would often exclaim—"How lucky he is in the weather!" What they regarded as mere chance, was the result of observation. In counting the fourth and sixth days, he was particular in beginning from the exact time of the new moon, and adding three-quarters of an hour for each day for the greater length of the lunar as compared with the solar day.—*French paper.*

There is none so innocent as not to be evil spoken of; none so wicked as to merit all condemnation.

[ORIGINAL.]

HELP!

BY S. L. TURNER.

Help me, my God, to see thy way,  
My own blind path I would no longer keep;  
From thee my fainting heart would, day by day,  
Glean precious antidotes to deathly sleep!

Too long this puny war of flesh  
Hath vainly racked the 'wildered, throbbing soul:  
Thy grace alone can comfort or refresh—  
O Saviour, on thy hand my name enroll!

Help now the heart one simple word to learn,  
By which thy perfect love may spring within,  
And living ever there, in brightness burn—  
O, let "abandonment" the treasure bring!

[ORIGINAL.]

## MY FATHER'S STORY.

BY GEORGIE C. LYMAN.

"Mr. Harry is in the parlor, and would like to see you, Miss Lizzie."

"Tell Mr. Harry that I am engaged and cannot see him."

The girl stood looking at me in mute wonder. I felt my face flush, but I did not add to my words, and after a moment's embarrassed silence, she withdrew. Then when she had descended the stairs, I opened the door of my room and listened breathlessly, while she delivered my message.

"Engaged—to me?"

"Yes, sir, that is all she said."

I leaned forward, listening eagerly to the sound of his footsteps as he walked slowly along the hall to the door. He seemed to stand there a moment in puzzled silence, and then he said:

"She is quite well, Mary?"

"Yes, sir, I suppose so."

An instant more and the heavy hall door clanged to, and then I ran to the window and watched him as he walked silently down the street, a look of perplexity and disappointment clouding his handsome face.

"There!" I said, when at last he had disappeared from my view. "Perhaps some one else is uneasy now, Mr. Harry Lynn! A very satisfactory feeling this paying off one's debts."

I returned to my seat and taking my pencil bent over my drawing, but my hand was very unsteady, and there was a strange, uncomfortable choking in my throat. I could not see plainly what I was doing, and at last a great tear splashed upon the paper. I gave up, and

had a good cry—sobbing as heartily as a child. When I had grown calmer, I threw myself upon the lounge before the fire, and tried to sleep, that I might forget my trouble. But I was still too much excited to admit of that, and so I lay quiet, thinking sadly of my quarrel with Harry. No, not a quarrel, but what I considered good cause for one. Let me explain.

A few days before, the great tragedienne, Madame R., had arrived in town. I was very desirous of seeing her, and had set my heart upon attending the theatre on the very first night of her appearance. I had expressed this wish to Harry on the day before the entertainment, and had been much disappointed by his reply. He said that there was not a desirable box unengaged, on account of the number of persons who knowing how great the rush would be upon this night, had secured their seats beforehand.

"Besides," he added, "I have engaged to meet my brother and his family at the depot this evening, when the nine o'clock train arrives. They are strangers in the city, and will depend upon seeing me. Now don't feel badly," he said, bending to kiss my clouded face. "You shall certainly go the next time."

I tried to bear my disappointment bravely, but my eyes filled with rebellious tears, and after he had gone I covered my face and had a good cry, which relieved me wonderfully.

But the next night when I rose from the tea-table, my father bade me dress myself to accompany him to the theatre. "I knew how much you wanted to go, Lizzie," he said; "and so I engaged a box for this evening the first of the week."

I was very much surprised and delighted, and should probably have enjoyed the entertainment as well as I had anticipated; but an incident occurred which entirely destroyed my pleasure. As I sat quietly looking around the house upon my entrance, my father bent forward and said:

"Do you know who that very pretty girl is in the second box before us? I had a sister who much resembled her and died when about her age."

I glanced in the direction indicated, and shook my head in answer to my father's question. At the same instant the curtain rose and he did not notice the involuntary start I gave, or my change of color. By the side of the young beauty, with his arm resting carelessly on the back of her seat, and almost embracing her, sat Harry. There was no mistaking him; I should have known those glossy, brown curls with their golden tinge and rich abundance among a million uncovered heads. Only occasionally could I see

his face, and that was when he turned towards his companion. How radiantly beautiful she was! She could be hardly more than fifteen, I thought, and possessing one of the most perfect faces and forms I ever saw. The features were regular and expressive, and the complexion so beautifully tinted as to look hardly natural. Her coal black hair was short and curling, and clustered in silken masses about her ivory white brow, and danced in glossy rings against her crimsoned cheeks.

All the evening my eyes scarcely strayed from them. I noted every glance, every whispered word; not a motion of his or a look of hers escaped me. I hardly raised my eyes to the stage, and could not have told at the close of the evening's entertainment whether Madame R. was tall or short, light or dark, a good or an indifferent actress. My father marvelled at my abstraction as we rode home, but I hurried from him when we reached the house, and looked myself in my chamber. I could not conceal from myself that I was jealous of the beautiful stranger, mere child though she was, distrustful of Harry's truth, surprised, grieved, angered and confounded.

I passed a sleepless night, and arose unrefreshed in mind and body. My heart was still sore, and my thoughts full of anger and revenge. So that on the following morning when Harry called I refused to see him, supposing that his own conscience would give him the clue to my displeasure.

What a long forenoon that was! I did not dare to leave my room lest my swollen eyelids and sad face should excite remark. I eyed a severe headache as the cause of my non-attendance at breakfast, and it was a truthful excuse, for my crying, and the restless night I had spent, almost made me sick. But at noon my kind aunt, who had taken care of me from my infancy, sought me out and gained my confidence. Her gentle expostulations and sensible counsel did a great deal towards calming me, and showing me the matter in its true light, as not being so bad as my excited fancy had induced me to believe it. And so after half an hour's cool reflection, I bathed my flushed face and went down stairs, with the humbling conviction that I had been very foolish to make myself so miserable about an act which, because I could not comprehend it, I had taken for granted as being quite dreadful.

When my father came home from the counting-room, weary and harassed in mind, I took my guitar and sitting at his feet sang to him all his favorite songs. Gradually the careworn look faded from his face, and after a while he bent

forward and drew me into his arms. There, seated upon his knee, with my cheek laid against his, I told him of what had occurred, and how unhappy I had been. I was sure of his sympathy, as I had always been, but I was not prepared for the look of inexpressible sadness that stole over his face.

"Avoid being rash, Lissie," he said, very earnestly. "This may be, and probably is, a mere misunderstanding."

"But, father," I said, "does it not look like a wilful deception?"

"Not any more than certain incidents once appeared in my own lifetime, Lissie, and they proved to be mere circumstantial evidence."

He paused a moment and then said:

"Put your arms about my neck, darling, that I may know how much you love me, while I tell you a story that may be useful to you."

"You have never heard me speak of Aline Grant. Her name has not been uttered aloud by my lips for more than twenty years. She was my first love; can I confess it to you when you look at me so sadly with the violet eyes of your dead mother? My only love! Your mother was a gentle, childish creature, but seventeen when she died. Aline was a woman ever since I can remember her—quiet, noble-looking, deep-hearted. We were situated precisely as Harry and you are—she an only daughter, I, the confidential clerk of her father. We had known each other since we were children of a dozen years, and were neither of us hardly of age, when with her father's permission we plighted our troth. I cannot tell you how I loved her—but through her I worshipped the God that gave her being. Her nature was not so passionate as mine, but when she put her white hand in mine and said, 'Guy, I love you,' with her clear eyes looking straight into my own, I was satisfied."

"It was while on a visit to some relations in an adjoining town that she became acquainted with a young man named Harry Hunter. He was a very handsome, bright, intelligent sort of fellow, possessing a good reputation, yet with all this I found cause to dislike him. He returned to New York with Aline, and there seemed to exist an intimacy between them that I did not like. She had a playful way of addressing him, and seemed strangely free and easy in his society, I thought, for one of her reserved habits."

"My uneasiness I could not conceal, neither could she help noticing it, but nothing more than an occasional grave look, or an unusually tender caress when I was particularly gloomy, betrayed her knowledge of its existence. Sometimes when her head was resting on my breast, and

her dark eyes raised to mine, as we sat alone together of an evening, I would look steadily and searchingly into their clear depths. But their brightness was never shadowed—they never shrank from my questioning gaze. But the subject was never mentioned between us. She never broached it, and I was too proud to do so, knowing that she understood me and kept silent from choice.

"Gradually I came to hate Hunter. He seemed always in my way, and as Aline's house continually. Once I saw them in a store together as I passed by on the street, and often bowed to her as she rode by in her father's carriage, he ever by her side. Between us, his name was never mentioned, and Hunter himself seemed entirely oblivious of my antipathy. His manner to me was always courteous, respectful, and completely free from embarrassment.

"One morning I called at Aline's house, intending to make arrangements to have her attend a concert to be given that evening. I stepped into the house, as I had been in the habit of doing, without ringing, and quietly entered the front parlor, expecting to find her there as usual. But I was mistaken; there was no one there. Hesitating a moment, I heard voices in the adjoining room and listened, wishing to know if Aline was there. Distinctly I heard Harry Hunter say:

"We must be married at ten o'clock, so as to be ready to start for the falls directly after dinner. The train goes out at one. Be sure and look your loveliest, Albie. By the way, don't fail me this afternoon about going to Fay's. I couldn't do a thing without you. I should send home bright blue carpets and yellow window drapery! *Au revoir.*"

"I heard him laugh gaily and Aline answered in a low voice; then a door shut and my betrothed, with a smile on her lips, came forward from the room which was only separated from the one in which I stood, by folding doors. She started on seeing me, and held out her hand with a pleasant, 'Good morning, Guy.'

Almost with an oath I pushed her from me, and burst into a storm of frenzied words. Heaven only knows what I said. I never knew. I have a vague remembrance of accusing her of perfidy, deception and treachery, of reproaching her in the bitterest terms. She did not attempt a reply, did not utter one syllable, and I accepted this as conclusive proof of her guilt.

"At length I rushed from the house, leaving her standing white and still in the attitude she had involuntarily assumed upon my first outburst. I paced my room all that night alternately

ly cursing her and myself—half crazed with my sorrow.

"But when morning came, with its cold, gray light, I grew calmer. But my life that had been so bright with my hopes but a few weeks before, was now as dark and cheerless as the coming day. The dreary rain plashed against the windows and the wind wailed about the house, till I thought its incessant moaning would drive me mad. It was the darkest day of my life.

"That evening just at twilight Mr. Grant requested me to go to his house and bring him a package of papers that he kept locked in his private desk. For a moment I was about to refuse, but suddenly remembering that Aline seldom sat in the library and I should not be likely to see her, I went.

"When I had reached the house I passed directly up the stairs to the room I was seeking. Swinging open the door noiselessly I entered, but my heart sprang to my throat! Seated upon a low ottoman by the window was Aline. The graceful folds of her dark, wine-colored dress rested upon the carpet, upon which, at her feet, crouched her favorite dog—an immense Newfoundland. The shaggy head of the animal rested upon her knee, and his great, brown eyes were fixed steadily upon her face. One slender hand supported her cheek as her arm rested on the window ledge, the other lay listlessly in her lap. But her face! I could hardly recognize her. The features were calm and colorless as marble, and to the deep sadness of her eyes my passionate grief was mockery. For an instant her whole appearance was that of a beautiful wax figure shown off to advantage by the dark, rich background of purple window drapery. The next, she was on her feet, her splendid head thrown back, her eyes flashing, the white, jewelled hand pressed against her bosom, the other employed in shaking the dog from her robes. For a moment there was perfect silence, and then guided by, Heaven only knows what impulse, I sprang forward.

"Aline, Aline," I cried; 'how could you deceive me so? How could you deliberately work all this misery? Nay, do not speak. Hear me first. In my blind idolatry, my trust in your truth, my perfect faith in your sincerity, I have borne in silence acts which, had I been less deluded, I should have known were the preliminaries to this—your shame. And now, Aline Grant, how can you stand there, in that attitude of insulted womanly dignity, knowing that I know what I do. What respect, think you, can I have for a woman who has proved herself so utterly base? Who has disgraced and degraded

herself below the lowest standard of womanhood? You have not forgotten to blush yet, I see; and I marvel at it. Strange that this token of womanly shame should be left, where so little womanly truth and purity remain?

"Blush! Heavens, how the rich crimson flamed up into her face while I spoke! Her beautiful lips quivered as if she struggled for breath, and she staggered as if my insult had been given by a blow. Then she raised her eyes to my face, and what she saw there—for in my scornful wrath I must have looked like a very fiend—seemed to give her strength.

"Guy Wilmonth, God forgive you for the words you have uttered. Sometime, perhaps he will show you your error; I never shall attempt it. I utter no reproaches, attempt no explanation. And now farewell! May your way never be so dark as you have made mine."

"She swept from the room, and I stood as if spell-bound, and made no effort to detain her. I have never seen her since.

"I do not remember of leaving the house or going to the hotel where I boarded, but I was lying upon the bed in my room when some one tapped lightly at the door. Then it was pushed open and Henry Hunter entered.

"'Wilmonth,' he said, gaily, sitting upon the foot of my bed; 'I've come to be congratulated. I'm to be married to-morrow to one of the most charming girls in Christendom! Hasn't Aline told you about it? How queerly you look!'

"I could have strangled him as he sat there in his gay triumph, but I schooled myself to say as naturally as possible, 'I wish you all happiness.'

"'Thank you,' he replied. 'Aline has promised to attend the wedding and you must not fail to accompany her. Promise,' he cried, laying his hand lightly on my shoulder.

"I shivered beneath his touch, but did not speak.

"'You are cold, and no wonder, with this window open.'

"He arose, closed the window, and came back to his seat.

"'What a dear, sensible girl Aline is,' he went on, in a lighthearted, boyish way. 'I really don't know what I should have done without her these last three weeks. She has excellent taste.'

"Rather puzzled by his words, I made no reply.

"'Mellie is a mere child about such matters, and has left all the purchasing and fitting up of our little establishment to Aline and me. And I flatter myself that we have managed the matter to a charm. Our parlor is a perfect miracle

of beauty and cosiness. But promise me to come to the wedding. Aline and myself are going to C—— in the first train, and you must be ready to accompany us. That is my little lady's home, where Aline has been visiting this summer, you know, and we are to be married in church there, and then ho for Niagara!'

"He ran on in this gay manner for some half an hour, and then suddenly remembering an engagement, took himself off. The light his last words let in upon my bewildered brain almost blinded me. I raved like a maniac, striking my forehead with my clenched hands, cursing and loathing myself. I never closed my eyes all that long, wretched night, and when morning came I was raving in the delirium of brain fever.

"It was six weeks before I left my room again, and then I learned that Aline and her father had left the city and were on the continent. They were travelling in the south of France for the improvement of Aline's health. Henry Hunter and his young wife, Mellie Grant, were married, and just returned from their wedding tour.

"I felt too keenly my shame and disgrace ever to attempt a communication with Aline, and crushing back the yearnings of my heart, tried to accept uncomplainingly the lot my own rashness had forced upon me.

"I left New York, and for years toiled persistently in the West—a quiet, disappointed man. I never mentioned the past, and no one knew my history. Then I met your mother—a lonely orphan, and my heart grew tender as I gazed upon her innocent beauty. We were thrown into each other's society much, and she grew to love me with a passionate ardor I had not believed her gentle nature capable of. In time I married her. She was happy with me for one short year, and then at your birth she died. Since, you have been the dearest thing on earth to me. Kiss me, Lizzie—my child, my darling."

I was weeping with him, and pressed passionate kisses upon his brow.

"And you shall always have me, father. I will never leave you."

"I do not wish this of you, Lizzie. All I wish is to see you happy."

We sat together in the great chair, I nestled in his arms, with my cheek laid against his. Only the firelight shed a mellow glow throughout the room: the gas was not lighted all the evening. At length the clock struck ten, and then he kissed me gently and sent me away to my chamber. And when I came down into the room the next morning, rather earlier than usual, he was sitting in the same chair and in the same

place, with his eyes fixed on the dying embers.—During the day, I concluded what it was best for me to do, and when Harry called in the evening, I went down to meet him. He saluted me as usual, and we sat down together. Then before I had an opportunity to broach the subject (for I had determined to tell him of what I had seen, and ask an explanation), he observed that he had attended the theatre the evening before, for the purpose of accompanying his niece—his elder brother's only daughter.

"The child was bewitched to go, had already a box engaged, and her father could not accompany her, so I was sent off, and had the pleasure of listening to the little witch's extacies all the evening. These bachelor uncles are mighty convenient in large families. By the way, Julie will make a fine woman if she isn't spoiled by flattery. She has a beautiful complexion, and the handsomest eyes I ever saw."

A hot flush of shame and pleasure crept up to my forehead while he was speaking. I made him no reply, but bent forward to arrange the fire, that he might not see my confusion.

"Don't," he cried, suddenly drawing me back to my seat. "You are making a fire that will soon roast us alive. Sit still; I want to talk to you. Haven't you a confession to make?"

"What do you mean, Hal?"

He put his hand beneath my chin and held my face up so that I could not avoid his gaze.

"What if I should tell you that somebody else had gone to the theatre Wednesday night, and had then and there seen something that had made her very miserable ever since?"

There was a moment of blank silence. Then a quick retort rose to my lips, but the clear dark eyes with their look of grave inquiry were still fixed on my face, and after an instant's quivering of the lips, I broke down.

"You were too bad, Harry!"

"My foolish child—my dear little Lizzie," he said, laughingly, yet drawing me soothingly within his arms.

But I had my cry out, and then felt better, and as willing to laugh as he was. But when I raised my head, I caught sight of a suspicious brightness in his own mocking eyes.

The next October we were married, but I did not leave my father. We all lived together in the old house, and my father became almost as proud of his son as he is of his daughter and her son—my little Guy.

My father was still a handsome man. I thought so for the hundredth time while I watched him one morning as he sat in the sunlight by the parlor window, reading some letters

which he had just received by mail. The dark eyes were still keen and clear; the mouth yet proud and firm, and the beauty of the curling chestnut hair not marred by the silver threads that twined among it. My boy crept to him and picked up one of the letters that had fallen to the floor. Fearing that he would tear it, I took it from him. As I did so, my attention was attracted by the extreme beauty of the chirography.

"Father, father!" I cried; "I have discovered a secret. What lady correspondent have you?"

He looked up in surprise, took the letter, and turned strangely pale while he read it. When he had finished he tossed it to me, saying, as he rose from his seat:

"Do not stay to read it now, Lizzie, but assist me to leave town in the noon train."

He was so much excited that I forbore annoying him with questions; but when he had gone, I eagerly perused the letter, or rather note. It read as follows:

"Guy, they say that I am dying. Will you come to me? There is much that should be said between us.  
ALINE GRANT."

It was eight weeks before my father returned, and during that time we often heard from him. His letters were short, and evidently hurriedly written; but I gradually learned from them as time passed by that Aline Grant was not to die, and a new sweet hope sprang up in my heart. And the last letter we received before he came, contained the following words:

"Lizzie, do you remember that I told you that Aline Grant was my first and only love? She will return with me. We are to be married tomorrow. Be ready to receive us."

I was wild with joy, and committed so many extravagances that Harry threatened a straight jacket. At the time appointed they arrived, and when she, so pale, and calm, and fair, put out her arms to me, I sank sobbing upon her bosom, like an over-excited child, instead of welcoming her with the dignified ease of a matron as I had planned. And we are so happy together! My father grows blither every day in his happiness, and Aline, with her noble, pure face and gentle eyes is more like a dear, elder sister than a mother, though she often calls me her "dear daughter."

#### A PICTURE.

And there the fisherman his sail unfurled,  
The goatherd drove his kids to steep Ben Gholl;  
Before the hut the dame her spindle turned;  
Counting the sunbeam as she plied her toll;  
For, wake where'er he may, man wakes to care and toil.  
SCOTT

[ORIGINAL.]

## A CHAT ABOUT EYES.

BY ANNIE LINDA RAY.

So you wish me to tell you a few of my thoughts  
On the subject—we both can agree  
That it's better, far better for us to decide,  
Since we surely hope always to see.

Yes, I'm talking of eyes—of the blue and serene,  
With a tint that might vie with the skies:  
So earnest and loving, they thrill with a glance—  
True, the blue are oft beautiful eyes!

Now, don't look so sly, though I know you will say  
That I truly am thinking of Bill;  
Such a killer of hearts seldom comes to my mind:  
Don't tease me!—I pray you, be still!

Then the dark eyes so large, and with mischief replete,  
I am sure you will own it is true  
That the eyes that are bright with a flashing of fun,  
Can surpass e'en the handsomest blue.

What care I for Bob? Yes, I know very well  
That his eyes are magnificent, too;  
But he knows it, and has such a share of conceit—  
You may stare, but the glass knows it true.

Then the gray, with the lashes so drooping and dark:  
Ah, there you are lost for a name!  
Yet I prize the dear owner far more than the rest—  
Than riches, or titles, or fame.

What matter the shade of the beautiful orbs,  
If the soul through the pure depths can shine?  
So look not so earnest, you sunny young truce,  
And heed not the color of mine!

[ORIGINAL.]

## A TANGLED WEB.

BY ESTELLE GRAY.

"You see, girls,"—and my aunt composed herself into a story-telling attitude—"you see, my mother died when I was but fourteen, and as I was the oldest, I was left in charge of the four younger children, and a strict injunction from my dying mother to be to them what she had been, as far as lay in my power. Now this would have been a very difficult duty for me to perform, if it had not been that the children were very good and obedient, and helped themselves to a great degree.

"My father was a quiet, melancholy man, who never took much notice of us, and who, when he was in the house, sat gazing with great, dreaming eyes into the fire, and out upon the landscape. Somebody had told me that my father was a disappointed man, though in what the disappointment had consisted, I did not know until

long afterwards. At any rate, he never attempted to govern us, and in time I came to regard him in much the same light as I did the children, and to care for him much in the same way.

"My brother Richard was next to me in age, and him I had the most difficulty in managing. He was very wilful sometimes, and often when he looked at me with those great, flashing, passionate eyes of his, a thrill of some unknown but mysterious power ran through me. But I was gentle with him, and I think he loved me better than any one upon the earth.

"Hetty, the next in age, was the beauty of the family; she had the fairest of complexions, deep blue eyes, and hair of that rare golden shade that we read of in novels, but seldom see. She had besides, the sweetest of dispositions, and a great taste for domestic matters, and already she took half of the household burden from my shoulders. The two youngest, Mattie and Esther, were very good little girls, with nothing remarkable about them.

"Time passed on, and I had reached my nineteenth year, and it was just at this period that troubles began to arise in the family. We were very poor, for my father had no faculty for earning money and times were very hard. Sometimes the money brought into the house was barely sufficient to cover the expenses of half a week, and yet we knew that it must answer for the whole seven days. On such occasions I used to take counsel with Hetty, and my little house keeper, as I called her, generally suggested some way by which the few and hardly-earned dollars were made to hold out most amazingly, till a new supply came in. As for Richard, who was now quite old enough to work, he was obliged to remain idle, for times were very hard, as I said before.

"In this state of affairs, I held many a serious conference with myself, and in the end my resolution was taken. I must go away and seek employment, and naturally enough, in connection with this subject, I thought of Lowell and its factories, for there was much talk about them at that time. I talked with Hetty about the matter, and though she cried at the idea of my going away, yet she promised to assume my place in the household, and to take good care of our little sisters. Richard broke out into the most passionate language when he heard of the project. He declared many times that if I went away it would be the ruin of him; and though I sought to know what he meant, he only shook his head and repeated the remark. My father wrung my hand, and said, with tears in his eyes, "God bless you, Anne, you are a good girl."

"Sufficient money to pay my expenses to Lowell had been set aside from the weekly earnings, and this money I secretly put upon Hetty's table; for I would not spend one cent of it upon myself. So one bright morning I set out with the intention of walking to Lowell, a distance of twenty miles from us. I walked along, carrying my little baggage upon my arm and trying to feel as cheerful as possible, though I was very far from being happy, when I heard the sound of wheels behind me, and in a moment more the heavy wagon stopped and a rough, but not unkind voice said:

"If you are willing to ride in my wagon, miss, perhaps I can give you a lift a part of your way."

"I looked up and hesitated, but only for a moment; the stranger was a rough, farmer-looking person, neither very young nor very old, but with such an honest face that I felt that he was one to be trusted. He helped me very kindly into the wagon, and spread his overcoat over the seat to make it more comfortable for me; although I objected to this proceeding, he was obstinate, and as it was rather a warm spring day, I had no great fears about his taking cold.

"We rode on several miles, carrying on a conversation by fits and starts, until—I never knew, girls, exactly how it happened—but I had told the stranger my story, and where I was going. Then we went on in silence for a long time, I, ready to bite my tongue out for being so imprudent, and the stranger evidently in a deep study. At length we came within a mile of Lowell, and there the wagon was to turn off. So I descended from it, and having obtained the needful directions and thanked my companion, I was about to resume my journey, when what do you think the stranger said?"

"Good-by, perhaps," said some one of our circle.

"No," said my aunt, "he made me an offer of marriage, and that in so honest and sincere a manner that I could not be offended, nor did I feel any inclination to laugh. I never knew exactly what my answer was, but I suppose I refused him, for he merely answered 'very well,' and drove off."

"And did you never see him again?" asked the youngest listener.

"That remains to be seen," said my aunt, with an arch look. "Well, I arrived at Lowell, discovered with some difficulty the person to whom I was to apply for work, and then I stood with beating heart to hear my fate pronounced.

"Have you ever done such work?" asked the gentleman, looking towards me with an exceedingly pleasant smile.

"No," said I.

"What makes you think you can do it then?" said he.

"Because I generally accomplish a thing that I set out to do."

"Very well," said he, "you can try."

"By night I was settled in a boarding-house, and in a few days I had learned to do my work almost as well as the other girls. I was homesick enough at first, but I soon got used to the people and the place, and should have been quite happy if I could have heard from home regularly; but that was a somewhat difficult matter in those days. One day I was working away at my loom very busily, when happening to glance up, I saw with amazement that the eyes of all the girls were directed towards me, and turning a little to one side, I discovered the very gentleman to whom I had applied for work. He stood about two feet from me, and held in his hand a letter, which he presently laid down upon my loom.

"From Hetty," I said with delight. And I was about to open it, when I remembered the gentleman, who was still standing by the loom pretending to examine my work, though I believe in reality he was studying my face.

"So you want to read it, do you?" said he, "well, then I won't stay any longer this time." And he turned and went away. Then, for the first time I remembered that I hadn't thanked him.

"You're a lucky girl to make such a conquest, Anne," said Jennie Butler, to me that evening.

"What do you mean, Jennie?" said I, for I hadn't the slightest idea what conquest I had made.

"What do you suppose Mr. Bennett came to your loom this morning for?" said Jennie.

"To bring me a letter," answered I, simply.

"A letter indeed," said Jennie, with a laugh; "you wouldn't catch Mr. Bennett coming to our looms, if we had a cart-load of letters. No, no, he came to see you, and mark my word, Anne, he'll contrive to see you again before long."

"I laughed at the idea, and then tried to dismiss it from my mind, but the more I tried to forget it the more I thought of it. Sure enough, in a few days I met Mr. Bennett again, very unexpectedly, upon my part, at least. Well, affairs went on until it was no uncommon thing for me to meet Mr. Bennett every day, and—well, girls, it's the same old story, he had fallen in love with me, and I went right to work and fell in love with him."

"But you didn't marry him, aunt," said I.



"No," said my aunt, "and I'm going to tell you why. One day, as I sat at my loom, as usual, one of the girls passed by, and said she, glancing at my work:

"'Why, Anne, what a curious mixture of colors you've got there.'

"'Mixture!' said I, 'why, I thought it was all one color.'

"She stared at me in wonder. 'Well,' said she, 'if my eyes don't deceive me, there are three colors there for certain, if not more.'

"I sat quite still for several minutes after she had passed, and then I looked slowly around the room, and you don't know how curious everything looked. It was as if a shadow had fallen right down between me and the objects I gazed at, and consequently everything looked dim. Well, I imagined that I had looked too steadily at my work, and a little rest would cure my eyes, so I gave up work for that afternoon and walked out. But the next day I couldn't see a bit better, nor indeed quite so well; and so it kept going on, until at the end of a week I couldn't see to sew or read. One day I called at the house of a somewhat famous optician in Lowell, and what do you think he told me? That I had a cataract growing over each eye, and that in a short time I should be entirely blind.

"You never could imagine the agony that I experienced when I heard the doom pronounced. I raved—I was very nearly frantic when I thought of the family at home, and when I thought of Mr. Bennett; for of course I saw at once that that beautiful dream was forever dispelled. After a while I grew calm, and then I sat down and slowly and painfully, so painfully that I remember every word now, I wrote a farewell letter to Mr. Bennett, telling him of my misfortune, and begging him never to try to see me again. Then I packed up my things, took leave of the girls, who all pitied and sympathized with me, and that very afternoon I walked into our kitchen at home, to the complete astonishment of Hetty, who at first imagined me to be an apparition. When she was satisfied, however, that I was real flesh and blood, there was no end to her transports of joy.

"Indeed the whole family exhibited so much delight at seeing me, that part of my old cheerfulness returned, and I began to look upon my misfortune with a braver spirit. I said the whole family, but one of its members I had not yet seen since my return, nor had any allusion been made to Richard. That night when the rest of the family had retired, I told Hetty all I knew myself about my blindness, and spoke, though somewhat reluctantly, of Mr. Bennett. Ah, hers

was a sunny nature, for though what I had told her made a deep impression upon her, yet gently and skilfully she led me to view the bright side of the matter. In the midst of our conversation there was the sound of an opening door below, and a heavy step resounded through the house. Hetty's face turned deadly pale, and her eyes assumed a look of terror. I asked no questions, but slowly descending the stairs, I passed into the kitchen, and there I saw my brother Richard sitting with his head buried in his hands. I touched his shoulder, and then started back, as those great flashing eyes were turned towards me.

"'What do you want? Let me alone, I say!'

"It needed not these words to tell me that he had been drinking deeply. Already I saw the youthful bloom of his face had departed and he had the manner and air of an habitual drunkard. But I saw it wouldn't do to leave him where he was, so I touched his shoulder again, and again he raised himself in a fierce, desperate way.

"'Do let me alone, will you?'

"'No, Richard, I shall not let you alone. Go up stairs to your room.'

"Though it was clear that he did not recognize me, yet from habit he obeyed the sound of my voice, and rising, he staggered from the room, and we heard him crawling up stairs in a miserably drunken fashion. The next day I had a long talk with Richard, in which I vainly endeavored to make him promise never to drink again. But in vain did I entreat, he declared that it was his fate and he could not escape it.

"In the meantime, a night of utter darkness was slowly but surely settling down upon me. I had taken my last look of all beautiful things of the earth, and even Hetty's face grew dim and faded from my sight. It might have been about a week after I had ceased to see anything, that one day as I sat knitting—for I could knit as well in the dark as in the light—we heard a knock at the door. Hetty ran to the door and opened it, and then I heard Mr. Bennett's voice asking for me. Never in my life had I felt as happy as I did at that moment, though I had forbidden Mr. Bennett ever to see me again.

"I hardly knew what I did or said during that interview, or which was the happiest, Mr. Bennett, Hetty, or I. Mr. Bennett had been absent upon a long journey, and had only just heard of my misfortune, and upon hearing it, had hastened immediately to me.

"One thing he besought me to do, and that was to have my eyes examined, so that we might know whether the blindness was curable or not. I did not give him any definite answer to this, but promised to think of it.

"Hetty was delighted, and she was never tired of praising Mr. Bennett to me. She was also so anxious that I should have my eyes examined that she gave me no peace upon the subject. So one day I found myself in the office of Dr. C—, then one of the most celebrated opticians in the city of Boston. My eyes were examined, and then I waited with outward calmness to hear the decision of Dr. C—. It came at last.

"'Yours is a very peculiar case; I cannot give you a decided answer, because it would be cruel in me to raise hopes that might be dashed to the ground. But I think if the experiment were tried, there would be more chance of your seeing again, than that you would not. Still, the operation would be a very hazardous and delicate one, and would require a great deal of courage, and the result after all might be unfavorable; but, as I said before, I should strongly believe in a favorable result.'

"I thought over the doctor's words very often, and at last I had determined upon my course. It was better, I thought, even with the small hopes held out to me, to undergo the operation, than to sit down contentedly in the darkness. And if the result were unfavorable, yet I could be no worse off than I was now. Mr. Bennett came very often, and was always most cordially received by Hetty and me. I would not hear one word about the renewal of our engagement, until it should have been decided whether I was to see again.

"The winter passed away much more cheerfully than we had anticipated at its commencement, and the first raw, wet days of spring had come. Upon one of these days it had commenced raining in the morning, and had rained violently all day, and the snow that had lain upon the ground had melted and had swollen the streams frightfully. It had been a gloomy day in the house, for somehow I could not help thinking of Richard, who had not been at home since morning. I thought of his brilliant talents of which I had been so proud in his younger days; of his early beauty, which no one would have guessed now, so bloated and disfigured was his face. It was evening, and we had drawn the curtains to shut out all that was disagreeable in the weather. Somehow my thoughts of Richard had made me nervous and anxious, and I was impatient for his return. I was continually listening for his step, and when the clock struck eight, and then nine, and he did not make his appearance, I arose and paced the room, whilst a thrill of mysterious fear, which I vainly tried to check, crept over me. The clock struck ten, and urged by one of those impulses which every one recog-

nizes at times, but which no one pretends to explain, I arose, took down my bonnet and shawl, and prepared for a walk in the rain.

"'Where are you going?' asked Hetty.

"'To find Richard,' was my answer, as I busied myself tying the strings of my bonnet.

"'You don't mean, Anne, that you are going out at this late hour of the night, and in such a storm. Why not wait till Richard comes, he will be here soon.'

"Hetty's argument seemed reasonable enough, but I had a foreboding that would not allow me to keep quiet. So I made no answer to Hetty, but went on with my preparations. I soon found, however, that she was getting ready to accompany me, and then I had positively to forbid her going. In vain she entreated, I was deaf to all entreaties. My father, who had been sitting by the fire, now rose and took down his coat, lit his lantern, and without saying a word to me, or any one, passed out of the door behind me. We went on in silence in the rain, which fairly drenched us, blown hither and thither by the wind, which came every now and then in wild gusts, and going much over shoes in the melted snow and mud. Though I was blind, yet I was so familiar with the neighborhood, that I could find my way at any time about it. So I led the way directly to a deep gully, which I knew to be in the path Richard would take coming home. In ordinary weather, this gully was far from being a dangerous place, for the banks were not very high, and the ground was soft. But I feared that owing to the thaw that had taken place, the gully might be half full of water.

"As I said before, I do not pretend to explain why I went to this place rather than to any other, only that I was impelled to do so. Followed by my father, I walked cautiously along the edge of the gully, pausing every now and then to listen; but the wind blew so wildly that listening was almost impossible. I had reached the extreme edge of the gully and was pausing a moment before I retraced my steps, when amid the storm and the wind I thought I heard a feeble groan; my sense of hearing was very acute, as is usual with the blind, but nevertheless I was not sure but what I had heard was the wind. Again, however, I heard the sound, feebler than before, and coming evidently from the depths of the gully. Without taking further thought, down I slid, preserving myself in some miraculous manner from falling head foremost. I stretched out my hand and it encountered the icy water, but how deep it was I could not learn. Cautiously I crept along, holding by the shrubs and weeds

that grew here and there. At length my feet struck against something that impeded my progress, and reaching forward, I placed my hand on what seemed to be a human face, as icy cold as the water about it. I shouted loudly for my father, and while he was creeping along slowly by the aid of the lantern, I had lifted the head in my arms, and was endeavoring to ascertain by the torch, whether life was yet extinct.

"Never before had I appreciated the resolution of my father's character; that night he was a hero in my eyes, and he afterwards told me that I was the only heroine he had ever known. With almost superhuman strength, we dragged the dead body, as we thought it, up the bank, and managed together to convey it home. As we bore our sad burden over the threshold we met Hetty, and never shall I forget her first agonized question:

"Is he dead?"

"He was not dead, but mercifully preserved for a better life than he had led. Wonderfully preserved, too, for if it had not been for his strong constitution, he could never have borne what he did upon that memorable night. Long afterwards he told me the story. He had set out for home the middle of that stormy afternoon, and being in a state of intoxication he had fallen into the gully, which at that time had not much water in it. In vain he tried to extricate himself; in his inebriated state it was impossible. So, sinking back upon the soft ground, he fell into a drunken slumber. But the water rose and recalled him to his senses, and again he made an attempt to escape; he managed only, and that with great difficulty, to keep himself from the reach of the water. Perhaps upon the full recovery of his senses, he might have managed to crawl up the bank, had not a portion of the earth above, worn by the water, fallen down, bearing with it an enormous stone, which fell upon poor Richard's foot. Then, in that hour of agony, the whole of his worthless life passed before him, and he made a vow to himself to lead a better life if he were preserved. Many months passed by before he rose from his sick bed, and then he was lame for life. But never again did intoxicating drinks pass his lips, and now, as you well know, girls, he fills one of the most important offices in the gift of his native State, and has the esteem of all that know him.

"And now I suppose you want to hear about myself. The shock that Richard's danger and sickness gave me, so affected my nervous system, that the operation upon my eyes was deferred till the autumn of that year. In spite of my secret fears, it was successful, as you see, and

I saw again the beautiful earth which I supposed I had looked upon for the last time.

"And, indeed, from this time all seemed to prosper. My father, aroused from his indifference by the events of that memorable night, entered into business with renewed energy, and his family no longer wanted for the necessaries and even the luxuries of life. Richard's talent began to be noticed, and Hetty shortly after married Mr. Bennett, and—"

"Why, aunt," interrupted we, indignantly, "I thought you were going to marry Mr. Bennett?"

"So I was, children," said my aunt; "but I discovered that if I did so, I should destroy Hetty's happiness forever—though she never would have complained if I had done so. But she was handsome, much younger than I, and I saw that Mr. Bennett's eyes often rested upon her; and so, children, I thought it my duty to give up all claim to Mr. Bennett, though what it cost me, I shall not tell even to you."

My aunt, who was "fair, fat and forty," here suspended her story, but I had still another question to ask.

"What became of the farmer-looking man who asked you to marry him, aunt?"

My aunt laughed, and then rose and walked to the window. I gazed at her, thinking her the most beautiful woman of her age I had ever seen.

"Come here, girls, and you shall see the farmer-looking man."

We ran to the window, and there, just dismounting from his buggy, was our father's friend, Mr. George Hayward. We were not at all surprised when, shortly after, our aunt became Mrs. Hayward.

#### DREAMS.

Sir Wm. Johnson possessed great influence and popularity among the Indian tribes. Without adopting the Indian habits, he gratified the savages by accommodating his manners to theirs. He even descended to imitate and retort their tricks and knavish manoeuvres; and the Indians were better pleased to have their ingenuity foiled in this manner, than to be addressed with the insolence of a grave rebuke. A sachem who came to pay Johnson a visit, announced one morning, that he had dreamed, the previous night, that his host presented him a rich suit of military apparel. Johnson, according to the Indian custom on such occasions, fulfilled the dream; but next morning related, as a dream of his own, that his guest had presented him with a valuable tract of land. The Indian, regarding him with a sly look, replied, "The land is yours, but let us dream no more."—*Dwight's Travels*.

#### SOLITUDE.

Solitude is sometimes best society,  
And short retirement urges sweet return.—MILTON.

[ORIGINAL.]

## SPRINGTIME.

BY WILLIS E. FADOR.

Now "the voice of the doves in the land"  
Shows that springtime gladdeneth earth;  
And the fairies that kiss her soft hand,  
Have christened the violet's birth.

How sweet through the sunshine to pass,  
And mase on the goodness that sends  
Us the blossom, the flower, and the grass,  
And perfume that springtime attends.

Though the "winter, now over and gone,"  
Carries with it a little white shroud,  
We have comforting thoughts while we mourn:  
We rejoice while in grief we are bowed.

For the angels that wait at the door  
When our darling wee Willie went in,  
Said that there he would suffer no more,  
That then he was free from all sin.

And though springtime with sunshine and flowers  
Finds us childless, sweet memories rise;  
And the wings of the swift-speeding hours  
Bear our thoughts and our hopes to the skies.

[ORIGINAL.]

## FORTUNE-SEEKING AND FORTUNE-HATING.

BY MRS. M. T. CALDER.

"AND so, Maurice, you think to convince me that this forthcoming visit of Miss Egerton's is of no unusual interest to you. Pshaw, man, for once be candid, and confess the plans for besieging the fair lady, and fairer fortune, are already matured in that cool head of yours."

The speaker, a little slender, young man, pushed away a mass of short, auburn curls from a forehead fair almost as a girl's, and bent his gay, blue eyes curiously upon his companion.

He whom he addressed raised himself from his stooping posture above a workbench, littered with tiny wheels and bands, and screws, and the other appearance of a mimic machine, and shaking off the steel filings from his hand, which seemed like that of a giant beside the effeminate one of the first speaker, answered in a ringing tenor voice by no means belieing the appearance of him whose massive frame was so unusually suggestive of strength and vigor.

"There'll be no convincing you about the affair, Allerton; I'll not take the trouble to argue with you. At present my thoughts are too much engrossed by this new machine of mine to dwell a moment upon Miss Egerton, or her money bags

either." And as he finished the sentence Maurice Shelton resumed his work, and began arranging the little wheels and bands as earnestly as if no one had spoken, or was present.

Harry Allerton twisted a delicate curl of steel shaving round and round his finger in nervous embarrassment, casting uneasy glances at the busy workman, gazing, too, at the manly, vigorous form with a sort of envious consciousness of its superiority over his own delicate frame, and then coming closer to the bench, said again:

"You're a queer fellow, Maurice, I'd give considerable for a look inside that scheming brain of yours. I really believe you do care more about that trashy machine than about this wonderful chance of obtaining a beautiful girl and splendid fortune, all at once. Come, tell me all about it. Leave off a minute, do, and tell me about it."

Once more the workman raised himself and turned a flashing black eye upon the speaker.

"Keep in latitudes you're acquainted with, Harry, and not talk to me about trashy machines. What are you driving at, man? Speak out plainly."

"Well, so I will," replied the other, with a light laugh which could not hide the anxious eagerness of his words. "What I want to know is this; if you are going to enter the lists against me, when Miss Egerton arrives, because if you are, I shall give it up, being by this time well made aware of your faculty for succeeding in everything you undertake."

"Be quite at ease, then. You may rest secure from any attempts of mine to win the golden prize. My ambition, at present, lies rather with iron and steel."

"But why," persisted Harry, "you don't mean you are foolhardy enough to despise wealth, and the advantages it confers?"

"Faith, not I," laughed Maurice. "What do you suppose I fire both my brains and fingers at the wheels yonder for, but that I hope my inventive genius may bring me a snug little pile of the glittering ore? I'm a little too much like a church mouse to indulge dielike for wealth."

"Yes, that's a fact, you're poor enough. Worse off by far than I, who am slenderly enough portioned, and that's why I can't understand your indifference. For my part, I frankly admit I am all alert to use every stratagem to win this charming girl, and a magnificent fortune both at once, and shall never cease to thank my aunt for this glorious opportunity. Only think how exceedingly comfortable it will be, to rest secure from the wearisome toil otherwise before us both."

Maurice looked at the glowing, excited face with a bright, self-reliant smile.

"Well, Harry, if it suits you, try for it by all means, and success attend you. But as for me, I'd rather crush this right hand of mine in the vice yonder, than take into it, for life, the hand of a girl to whom I should owe even the purse of Croesus. I want no money with a wife. I want a fortune my own hard labors have won me, and, please God, some time I'll have it."

How strong and powerful he looked, his tall form erect, his head thrown proudly back, and his eye piercing and brilliant as an eagle's! Harry Allerton sighed again as he looked at him, and slowly and thoughtfully turned away from the little workshop.

Maurice Shelton and Harry Allerton were half brothers, and both orphans, residing with their wealthy aunt, Mrs. Carew. Maurice, the elder, was the image of his father, who had been suddenly stricken down, in the midst of health and strength, by a fearful railroad disaster. The youthful widow was soon married a second time, and her younger son inherited her own fragile and graceful beauty, as well as a small competency at the death of his parents. Although widely different in character as well as appearance, the brothers were much attached, and had never been separated, passing through college at the same time, from which they had now been graduated a year or more. Neither had fully decided his future course, although Harry had applied to a lawyer friend of his father's for a chance in his office, and Maurice's passion for machinery threatened, as his worldly, fashionable aunt declared, to throw away entirely the advantages of his college education.

The great event of interest, just then, at the Carews' elegant country seat was the expected arrival of the charming Miss Eagerton, a distant relative of Mr. Carew's, whom, however, he had never seen, since she had been educated in Paris, where her father died, leaving her the sole heiress of a fortune almost fabulous for American merchants to attain. On hearing of the young lady's arrival in her native city, Mrs. Carew, with the shrewd calculation of immediately securing the prize for one of her nephews, partly from affection for them, and partly from an innate love of manoeuvring, had written a warm, motherly letter, urging the lonely girl to make a long visit to their country seat. A grateful reply had been received, accepting the invitation, and adding that she should bring with her her cousin, Flora Eagerton, a namesake of hers, who had hitherto been supported by her father, and still continued with her.

Anabel Carew, the pretty and only daughter of Mrs. Carew, was nearly wild with excitement

upon the day of the expected arrival, and although he strove to conceal it, Harry Allerton was scarcely less so, and both marvelled exceedingly at the coolness and carelessness of Maurice, who wandered around in his workman's jacket, while the others, glossy and fine in their extra adornments, waited stiffly beneath the verandah, watching the appearance of the long expected coach.

It came at the very moment when Maurice, still in the odious jacket (it was not so very unbecoming, after all), was nailing up a stray climber of the vine wreathing about the pillared verandah. What perturbed, anxious glances were cast upon the coach door, as the driver slowly opened it. A tall, queenly form, robed in a richly-wrought travelling dress, descended languidly, an elegant lace veil was thrown aside, revealing a fine, rather haughty face, brilliantly lighted by a pair of Italian eyes, and shaded by heavy raven braids.

"The very ideal of my dreams," thought Harry Allerton, as the soft, white hand, sparkling with costly diamond circlets, rested a moment in his, sending a thrill of happiness to his heart.

"A thousand welcomes, my sweet Miss Eagerton," cried the enthusiastic Mrs. Carew. "Nay, but I shall take you to my heart at once, and call you Florence"

"Thank you, pray do, at once. My friends all call me Florence, and my cousin we call Flora, to distinguish her from me. O, I had forgotten her, where is she?"

So had all the others forgotten her, excepting Maurice. He had not yet addressed Miss Eagerton, but when he perceived a little slight thing, in sober gray dress, with a bag and bundle of books in her arms, standing, still hesitating within the coach, his generous heart was at once moved to avert uncomfortable feelings, and advancing at once to the coach door, hammer still in hand, he said, courteously:

"Can I be of any assistance to you? Pray let me take these books for you, and come into the house at once," glancing up at the doorway where the other ladies were disappearing. "My aunt and cousin are so much excited by the honor of this visit that they have lost their usual self-possession. But you may be certain of a cordial welcome."

A tiny snowflake of a hand, with only a plain mourning ring upon it, brushed away a shower of chestnut curls, and a pair of wondrously soft brown eyes looked up gratefully into his face, and then glanced from the coarse jacket to the hammer, inquiringly. He smiled at the look, laid

down the hammer, and held out his hand for the books, saying :

"I see I must introduce myself; I am Mrs. Carew's nephew, Maurice Shelton. And you—"

Her smile in return, Maurice compared afterward to a glimmer of mingled moonbeam and starlight, and she answered, simply :

"Miss Egerton has gone into the house. I am only Flora."

"'Only Flora' must permit me to exhibit her subjects in the garden to that queen, by-and-by."

Another smile from the downcast face, and she had skimmed lightly over the lawn and disappeared within the house.

Maurice carried the hammer to the workshop, loitered around a short time, and then, despite his assurance to Annabel in the morning, that she need not look to see him there till evening, exchanged his jacket for a coat, and entered the drawing-room.

Miss Egerton, richly dressed, was there, brilliant, witty and condescending; but as Maurice decided, after a few moments' quiet observation, too showy, and conscious of her own attractions to please him. But she was surrounded by a delighted, admiring trio—Harry, Annabel and Mrs. Carew, who nearly overwhelmed her with attentions and caresses. She was very handsome certainly. But though Venus herself, Maurice Shelton would not allow her beauty to entice him, from the very fact that added such lustre to her charms in the opinion of the world, the golden treasures that sparkling hand could bestow.

So he turned away, looking for the little brown figure of Flora. There she was, half-hidden by a festooning window curtain, the chestnut curls bent down over a portfolio of engravings, unnoticed and uncared for. She gave a nervous start as the deep-toned voice asked pleasantly :

"Have you found 'the Huguenots' yet? I think it the finest there."

"I was just admiring it," returned she timidly, lifting the brown eyes slyly to his, and holding up the engraving, "it is very fine."

"Pictures are always like day dreams to me. I don't choose to indulge myself in the society of either very frequently."

She looked up so wonderingly that the shy eyelids forgot their duty, and he met the full liquid brightness of eyes, that, why or wherefore he knew not, sent a sudden thrill to the stout heart which had never quailed under such artillery before. Yet he recovered his self-possession in a moment and continued :

"Why, your eye asks, so I'll answer candidly? Because I am too poor to afford myself such lux-

uries. I have to deal with plain matter-of-fact, every day work, and do not think it wise to cultivate enervating tastes beyond my means."

Again she gave a swift, questioning glance more eloquent than words.

"Yes, I dare say, such an honest confession amazes you, used as you are, to the gay society surrounding your brilliant cousin, yonder. It's only now and then you'll come across a frank fellow like me, not ashamed to own his poverty," and he laughed gaily in her face.

"It is refreshing, at least," she answered, smiling back, "to know there is such an anomaly existing. But I don't exactly comprehend," she paused, hesitated and glanced around the luxuriously furnished room.

"Comprehend what?" inquired he. "How any one can acknowledge poverty's grim companionship, and still be gay and cheerful? If you cannot comprehend that, then you have not yet been taught how much more precious are heart and mind and soul, than riches which take to themselves wings."

His tone was grave and earnest, and swinging open a French window looking out upon a flight of steps that descended into the garden, he added gently: "Will you not come out with me and look at the pictures a Divine hand paints every-day for the poor man's eye?"

She glanced at the busy group around the piano, at the farther end of the long rooms, and quietly followed him. He led her some distance from the house, past the blooming flower beds, and gorgeous conservatory, to a rustic arbor, built on a ledge of rocks, from the crevices of which the scarlet heads of a few late columbines peeped out. The rising ground where they stood commanded a fine view of a rippling river, an emerald green meadow, and beyond it a grove of tall, hazy pines, and still beyond them, dark and distinct, against the cloudless sky a rising line of hills, blue and misty through the distance.

"Here," said Maurice, his black eye lighting up with enthusiasm, there is a picture one may gaze upon while he is still at work. The poor man truly has an artist constantly at work for him. What finer gallery can a nobleman boast? Now tell me what it is you cannot comprehend?"

Once away from the drawing-room, her timidity or reserve had vanished. She looked up with a free, fearless glance, and answered at once :

"I did not understand how you could appreciate poverty, living amid the surroundings of wealth, that was all? And yet I confess it still puzzles me that you should look so cheerfully, it seems to me exultingly, upon a life of toil and struggle."

"Yes, that is just the word," he cried, eagerly. "I own it. I do exult in the consciousness of being poor. But why is it strange? Do you see this strong right hand? It is that, and the ardent, throbbing, life-stirring brain and nerve, that shall win me fortune and riches of my own, that I shall owe to no one. And that is why I exult in being poor in the commencement." He paused, threw back his proud head, like a war-horse when he snuffs the far-off battle, and with his eagle eye fixed on the distant hills. "Ay, because I shall win my fortune myself," and then a moment after, his eye advanced upward to the smiling blue and he added, reverently, "God permitting, I mean, of course!"

Had it been a youthful Hercules standing before her, those brown eyes could not have gazed more admiringly, and suddenly a tear came glistening over the lustrous orbs, and laying the little snowflake hand impulsively on his arm, she said:

"I believe you. I like you, and I am sure we shall be friends."

He smiled brightly as he turned toward her. "Thank you. I agree with you, for something has already whispered to me, we shall be the truest of friends, which is more than your cousin, the heiress yonder, can ever say."

"And why, pray?" asked Flora.

"Because," he answered, "her father's heavy coffers lie between."

A pink flush just shone a moment on her cheek, and vanished. He imagined she had guessed the hidden meaning of his words, and to relieve the embarrassment, led the way to the workshop, saying, courteously:

"It may be a novelty for you. If you choose, you may come in, and see the theatre of my ambitious labors."

She followed, interested and quite at ease. He pointed out the half-completed machine, and said, seriously, "There is my hobby, the talisman that is to grant my fairy wishes. See how it looks, so insignificant and grim and unpolished; yet I feel confident if no one steps before me, some day that will bring me both shining gold and perishing fame." His eye was wandering with flattering hopes, his thoughts she saw plainly were far away, forgetful of her presence. "Ay," murmured he, brushing the wheels with a tender hand, "gold and fame, perishing both. Love were better than either. So I mean to win that, too, but not with fortune—no, never with fortune."

She thought he looked as if he had only to speak, and all three were at his bidding. Then as his last words echoed in her ear, the same pink

flush dyed her delicate cheek, and looking up into his face she said only—"Well?"

He laughed and shook his head, as if throwing off the cobwebs from his brain.

"I told you I would not indulge myself in dreams, yet here I was lost completely, in a most seductive one in your very presence. Does 'well' mean what more? Why, this is all. I am going to work here and there and everywhere, with what my college education has done for me, but take a profession I went, for these hands of mine must have active work as well as my brain. See how large they are—like sinews of iron, and nerves of steel? Don't you think they would feel ashamed turning over law books, or penning sermons, or resting their huge clasp on emaciated wrists? Pshaw!"

His glance wandered from the hands he held toward her to the little fingers clasping a stalk of columbine. "Ah," he said, smiling, "see the contrast between those soft little fingers, with their pearl and rose-tipped daintiness, and these!" and he took her hand admiringly in his, and spread it open on his palm. "And yet," he added, with a mischievous sparkle in his eye, "they look well together, the contrast is becoming to both."

She blushed crimson this time, and dropping her hand, he led the way to the house, saying as they reached the steps again:

"What an odd conversation we have had for the first! What did you say or do or look, that you have won all my thoughts away from me?"

"Well, Harry," said Maurice, looking up from his book, as late that evening his brother came dashing into the room they shared together. "Are you already on the high road to fortune?"

"I can't tell that, Maurice, but I do know one does not often find an heiress such a charming creature as that. I'm desperately in love, already."

"Gold has a magical way of gilding up common clay," was the dry response.

"For shame, you're a perfect heathen, Maurice. How can you insinuate there is anything common about her?"

"About who?"

"Miss Eagerton, the charming, lovely Florence!"

"Nonsense, Harry; I tell you it's the money bags that have bewitched you. Do you think if they had come into the room to-night, both cottage girls in simple white, you would have lingered longest at the side of that tall, dashing woman, while that sweet girlish Flora was before you? I tell you nay, brother Harry."

"Flora, who is that? I saw no Flora."

"I dare say not. However, I won't quarrel with you for not being in love with Flora. Win the heiress by all means, if you can. As for me, sometime—take care, that's an inkstand your elbow has overturned!"

Gay doings at the Carews made the days and weeks fly swiftly. The house was constantly thronged with visitors much to Annabel's delight and Harry's annoyance. So bright a prize could not be neglected, and the charming Miss Egerton was besieged by a crowd of suitors. It must be confessed, however, her smiles and favors were all bestowed upon Harry, who hardly dared credit his own good fortune. Maurice was scarcely civil, when all the rest were so obsequious and flattering, but was so little in her society, it passed unremarked. And the quiet, humble Flora, likewise, was seldom seen amid their fashionable coterie, which was, however, owing to her own choice, for she was in reality too lovely and refined to miss receiving admiration and attention from the more observing. She seemed to have a distaste for drawing-room pleasures, and preferred wandering with book or pencil through the pleasant country fields about the place. Quite often Maurice was her companion in these pleasant walks. Often and often, too, she might have been found sitting on the bench in the little workshop, while Maurice filed and fitted and arranged his model, chatting merrily with him when he rested, and gazing admiringly upon him when he was busy in calculation or earnest labor.

Singularly enough, too, it came to pass that Maurice felt more satisfied and happy when the quiet little figure was there, intercepting the broad stream of sunshine from the window, and began to realize a strange loss and vacancy, when the seat was empty, and he had the light full and strong upon his work. The day came when he said as much. Little Flora blushed as vividly as the carnation fastening in her simple muslin dress, and said, archly:

"But if it was Miss Egerton, the heiress, you would wish me to go away?"

"Certainly, with Miss Egerton I have nothing to do. I associate only with people of my own rank," was the emphatic reply.

A strange little ripple arched the dimpled lips, and an uneasy flicker disturbed the soft brown eyes. She half rose to her feet, then sat down again, and with averted face returned.

"I can't imagine why you should cherish such an antipathy against poor Florence. Is it a crime for her to be rich?"

"I can't imagine why you need to care!" he said, a little testily. "She has homage enough, without mine. I repeat, I like riches

when honorably earned by one's self. To speak plainly, it is only with a wife they are so hateful. I may as well acknowledge, once for all, it is the present fashion of poor young men seeking to mend their fortunes through a wife, that has filled me with such a horror of all young ladies so unfortunate, in my opinion, as to possess fortunes." He looked earnestly towards her, but the chestnut curls still concealed her averted face. "I hope you are not grieved for your cousin. She'll not pine at the coolness of a plebeian like me." And he laughed merrily.

She did not echo the laugh, and remained a long time silent, until all at once she asked:

"Are you as rigorous against concealment, too? Would you not forgive a little innocent deceit practised through friendly motives?"

"Deceit is never friendly," was his grave reply; when, to his astonishment, Flora burst into tears, and before he could recall her, ran away out of sight.

He came upon her again that evening in the arbor, sobbing bitterly. She looked like a fairy in the moonlight—so slender and delicate. But those tears! Ah, when Maurice saw those glistening drops upon her cheek, his heart gave a mighty throb, and lo, the secret he had so resolutely imprisoned there, came rushing forth. For once, his strength and iron will had failed him. Love, that mightiest of magicians, was more powerful than either. Before he was conscious of the act, he had caught in his little hands so tightly clenched, in this inexplicable grief, and whispered softly:

"Flora, dearest Flora, if tears must fall, give me the blessed privilege to kiss them all away!"

The bright moonlight revealed plainly the sudden flash of joy that danced across her face, and then vanished in deeper sadness.

"Flora, little Flora, you who have stolen into my heart and taken a place closer and hotter than ambition, or of fame or wealth, will you not give me some hope that when I have won my way to competency, I may claim a reward from you?"

She tore away her hands from his, wrung them despairingly, and faltered:

"Wait till to-morrow, Maurice. I will tell you all to-morrow." And then she fled away from him.

Lightly as a wild bird, her white robes like its fleecy plumage, she sped along the walks, up the staircase and into the chamber where Miss Egerton had just retired, radiant and blushing from a garden stroll with Harry. The tall, queenly figure was reposing indolently against the crimson velvet easy-chair, the brilliant black



eyes wandering dreamily about the apartment, when little Flora came dashing breathlessly to her side.

"So you are here!" cried Miss Egerton, a little sharply. "I was just wanting you. I am tired of this, I say. It is a cruel jest, and it must end. I have enjoyed it hitherto, but the rose has thorns, and I begin to feel them."

"You, Florence?" stammered little Flora, through the rising sob. "What can trouble you?"

"How can one help being foolish, when foolishness is the inherited constitutional weakness of a woman's character? That Harry is bent upon making himself irresistible, and—I'm wretchedly afraid he has succeeded. And don't I know these men are mercenary creatures, every one? Take away the well-invested million, and what do you think will become of Harry Allerton's offer of marriage and declaration of undying love made this evening in the garden to Florence Egerton—Miss Egerton, of Egerton fortunes, you understand?" And the haughty beauty gave a scornful laugh whose jarring bitterness sorely touched the already overflowing heart of little Flora.

Suddenly the latter raised her head and dashed the tears away proudly.

"No, no, Florence, they are not all mercenary. Truly there is one—but let it pass. Keep it still, now, always—dear Florence, I can forego the fortune, but I *will not* lose him!"

The listener's face was turned towards her in amazement.

"Are you insane, Flora? Who is it you will not lose?"

Whereupon Florence and Flora Egerton, arms interlaced, and chestnut curls and raven braids closely blending, told over to each other, with an odd mingling of smiles, tears and blushes, a long recital—not meant, dear reader, for you or me to hear.

But the next morning, to their mutual astonishment, Maurice and Harry met face to face in the library, whither they had repaired to keep very different appointments. At the same moment the two Miss Egertons came gliding in; but a strange metamorphosis had taken place. The tall, queenly maiden wore the simple muslin, and the tiny sylph was robed in glistening gossamer, the white arms circled with bands of gold and the chestnut curls looped away with a spray of pearl. The gentlemen gazed bewilderedly at the apparition. One could hardly tell which face wore the most blank and pitiable expression, of those astonished lovers.

Then little Flora laid her head on Maurice's arms, and the brown eyes, the soft brown eyes

no change could come upon, looked up to his through pleading tears.

"Maurice, dear Maurice, I answer now—I love you. Will it take away the love you offered last night, to know I am Florence Egerton, who commands to-day a million dollars, but will throw them all away to-morrow, if you will not take her with them?"

Poor Maurice! what a trial it was! to have loved, have wooed and won the heiress, after all! He could scarcely understand it yet. But there she stood—the same sweet face and gentle eyes and glossy curls. He loved her; he could not learn to un-love her. What could he do?

And Florence—shivering and trembling, she had turned to the disconcerted Harry.

"I told you last night, Mr. Allerton, you should have your answer to-day; but to-day finds me another person, and you are released from the consequences of all attentions bestowed upon the heiress.

One moment, honor to Harry! only one moment the doubt and hesitation lingered on his face. The next, he had taken respectfully the outstretched hand.

"If another person to-day, fair Florence, let me repeat anew the declaration; and since you are nearer my own station, I shall venture to plead more boldly."

What a smile released the compressed and quivering lips, as the hand was left in his! Then it was little Flora came forward from Maurice's encircling arm, saying joyously:

"She is not quite penniless yet, Mr. Allerton, for half my father's fortune shall be her wedding portion. Nay, nay, dear Florence, not a word. It is only justice, after this dangerous masquerade, and I am only obliging Maurice here, who is longing so much to be poor, that he may work and become rich. After all, it may be a good lesson for each one of us. Fortune-seeking and fortune-hating must both be cured through failure, winning both success."

Not many months afterward, the newspapers were busy over a fashionable marriage festival, where the brides resigned the names that had perplexed acquaintances so long, and were neither Flora nor Florence Egerton again. At the same time came the announcement of the invention of a remarkably ingenious machine, which was attracting the attention of the whole country. So Maurice, fortunate fellow, had won the three—wealth and fame and love!

#### HUMAN IGNORANCE.

All nature is but art unknown to thee;  
All chance direction, which thou canst not see;  
All discord harmony, not understood;  
All partial evil, universal good.—POPE.

[ORIGINAL.]

## KEEP HEART.

BY EDNAE E. WATSON.

As bubbles break to rise no more,  
As waves dash on the pebbled shore,  
With angry surge, or sullen roar,  
Then die away,

So some vain charm that won thine eyes  
With its gay splendor from the skies,  
Like bubbles burst, no more will rise,  
Nor longer stay;

So clouds, that darken o'er thy way,  
Or grief, that wards can ill portray,  
May come, but coming, will not stay,  
But pass away.

Then bravely bear all grief and pain,  
And know the sun will shine again,  
And always brighter after rain,  
Its cheering ray.

So sit not down to nurse thy grief,  
But seek in duty's round relief,  
And all thy sorrows shall be brief  
As winter's day.

The soul, full oft by trials tried,  
Is thus refined and purified,  
And more, to God and heaven allied,  
Each added day.

Then conjure up no vanished sorrow,  
Nor from the future trouble borrow:  
All needful grace shall crown to-morrow,  
As 't has to-day.

[ORIGINAL.]

## THE MIDNIGHT MEAL:

—OR,—

## A SURREPTITIOUS SEA-PIE.

BY JOSEPH H. WHITMAN.

THE skipper of the bark *Undine* was one of the meanest men that ever walked a quarter-deck. His men often declared that he would "steal the coppers from a dead nigger's eyes, and then swear because they wa'n't quarters;" and we have no doubt but that the assertion was correct. Certainly, if the man ever existed, who was capable of committing petit larceny under such circumstances, and adding profanity to the felonious act, that man was Captain George Lucas, master and owner of the little bark *Undine*.

Such being the character of the captain, it was not, by any means, probable that the crew of the *Undine* would ever become enervated by a profusion of luxuries, or in any danger of apoplexy from high living. On the contrary, they were in far greater danger of being starved to death, for

the supply of food for the fore-castle was always exceedingly limited as to quantity, and equally poor as to quality.

During the voyage on which occurred the incident which we are about to relate, the food was even poorer and more grudgingly bestowed than usual. The regular bill of fare, on alternate days, was as follows: For breakfast, bread and beef, with a small quantity of "hot, wet and dirty." For dinner, beef and bread, with bad water *ad libitum*. For supper, bread and beef again, with a crowning glory to the luxurious repast, a half pot of "water-bewitched and tea-begrudged." On other days, an agreeable variety in the bill of fare was made by changing the order of the dishes at the several meals; thus, for instance, for breakfast, beef and bread instead of bread and beef, etc.

But the landsman reader must not for a moment suppose that bread and beef, on any ship, much less on board the *Undine*, means anything like the delicious rolls, and light, wheaten loaves, or the juicy steaks and noble sirloins to which he is accustomed. Far from it. Both the beef and bread of the *Undine* were condemned navy stores of very uncertain age. The salt junk, both in color and closeness of fibre, exactly resembled mahogany, ornamented here and there with stripes of a lively green; and the bread, we will only say that it teemed with animal life to such an extent, that a piece of it, if laid upon the deck, would travel off with great rapidity. By holding a cake of it between the thumb and finger, and giving it a vigorous puff of the breath, it could be instantly converted into impalpable dust.

Notwithstanding the vile quality of the bread, however, it formed the subject of many jocose remarks in the fore-castle, where some of the jolly mariners often declared that it was bread and meat together—a kind of animated sandwich, in fact.

The sleeping and other accommodations of the *Undine*, were, like their provisions, of the meanest kind; and, to add to the discomforts of their situation, eight able seamen, who composed the crew, were not by any means the only occupants of the vile little dog kennel which was called by courtesy the fore-castle. Innumerable rats and mice infested the apartment, and every available fissure, as well as the folds of the bedding, swarmed with myriads upon myriads of cock-roaches—not the comparatively harmless little insects which occasionally find their way into the abodes of landmen, but immense and ferocious monsters, some of them measuring three or four inches in length, and so bold in their attacks

upon the provisions, and even upon the men themselves, as to render them the terror of the fore-castle.

In addition to these troubles, the curse of perpetual dampness hung over the miserable fore-castle. It was built on deck, having two doors opening forward, one on each side of the fore-mast; and the Undine, being in the strictest sense of the term a "wet craft," the briny flood was constantly eddying among the chests upon the floor, and often dashing its spray into the bunks. The reader can well imagine the condition of the Undine's crew was pitiful indeed; but it was not worse than that of many who "go down to the sea in ships," before the mast.

We have sufficient malice in our composition to desire the power to place the author of "A life on the ocean wave," or any of the innumerable fresh-water, fair-weather sailors, who "blow" so exceedingly about the "romance of the sea," for a few days, only, in just such a place as the Undine's fore-castle. How quickly their ideas in regard to salt water would undergo a radical change!

But that which rendered the whole ship's company, both forward and abaft the mainmast, more thoroughly uncomfortable than bad food, wet bunks, and vermin could alone have done, was the fact that Mrs. Lucas, the captain's wife, had accompanied her husband upon the present voyage. Being a great termagant, and, withal, meaner, if possible, than Captain Lucas, who stood in wholesome awe of his better half, the unfortunate bark was under petticoat government of the most obnoxious character.

Although Mrs. Lucas seemed to consider decent food a superfluous luxury for Jack Tar, she was particularly fond of a well-supplied table for her own use; and had compelled her husband and very humble servant to purchase ten pigs and several coops of fowls, as well as numerous cabin stores of the best quality before leaving port. One of the pigs was invariably killed, on Saturday afternoon, and served up on the following day for the cabin table, together with a pair of fowls; but not a morsel of either of these luxuries ever found its way into the fore-castle. There was much grumbling at this, and the feeling of discontent constantly increased, particularly after the scurvy, which might have been prevented by a small amount of fresh provision, made its appearance in the fore-castle.

On the following Sabbath, while the crew were seated at their miserable dinner, the oft-discussed subject of the captain's meanness formed the topic of conversation.

"I say, shipmates, this 'ere stuff aint fit for a

hog to eat, let alone a human being," said one of the men.

"True," replied another, "and the worst of it is, that the scurvy will soon put us all on the sick list, unless we have some fresh provisions."

"Shipmates," exclaimed a fine-looking man, who was considered by all the best seamen aboard, "this state of things must not last any longer. We must have better grub, and that soon, or I will not answer for the consequences. I should be the last man to counsel insubordination or mutiny under ordinary circumstances; but in this case, justice to ourselves demands that we no longer submit to be treated like dogs. Come, what say you, will you back me up, if I will go aft and ask the old man to give us something fit for Christians to eat?"

"Ay, ay, that we will, Bob, and fight if it need be, to protect you from the old man's anger," was the unanimous response, for the men had nearly reached the point of desperation.

Bob accordingly hastened aft, and entering the forward cabin, where the captain and his wife, and the two mates, were discussing an excellent dinner, respectfully stated the condition of the men in the fore-castle, and begged for a supply of fresh provisions.

Both mates looked at Bob with an expression that said plainly, "That's the talk, Bob, we are glad to hear you stand up for your rights;" and even the captain seemed half inclined to give the man a favorable answer, but before he had time to speak, his wife had taken the case into her own hands.

"Leave the cabin instantly, you impudent wretch," she exclaimed. "You may be sure you'll get nothing better than beef and bread this voyage, and if you ever again dare to ask for more, I hope Captain Lucas will have you flogged. Do you hear? Go, I say?"

But Bob remained motionless, apparently taking no notice of the woman's command.

"Leave the cabin, Bob, I cannot grant your request, and I advise you never again to be guilty of such a piece of impertinence as coming to me with a demand for fresh provisions," added the captain, taking the cue from his superior officer!

Bob made no reply to this, but, as he turned to depart, he gave Captain Lucas a look which caused that worthy officer to wish, in the bottom of his heart, that he dared disobey his wife, and give the men something fit to eat, lest a refusal should provoke them to open resistance.

Bob immediately reported the captain's answer in the fore-castle, and the many muttered curses upon the head of Captain Lucas and his amiable spouse, which followed, were sufficient

indications of spirit which filled the bosoms of the men, in view of this outrageous piece of tyranny.

"And now what do you propose to do, shipmates?" said Bob.

"Anything, Bob," was the reply. "Whatever plan you may approve of, will suit us, and we'll follow you to the death. If you say go aft and put the captain and his wife in chains, and help ourselves to the cabin grub, we're with you."

"No," replied Bob, "we will not resort to such severe measures at present. But I'll tell you what we will do. We will have one good meal in spite of the old man, as good a meal as can be prepared from the stores provided for the use of the cabin."

"Good good," shouted the men.

"We'll have sea-pie with the fixins, in this forecabin, in the early part of the middle watch to-morrow night," continued Bob.

"Bravo, Bob! But how is this to be brought about?"

"Listen to me and you shall know." And Bob proceeded to explain his plan, giving each of his shipmates some particular duty to perform in the way of perfecting the arrangements for a surreptitious sea-pie, to be served up at the midnight hour, on Monday night.

Every one cordially approved the plan, and during the following night some of the men contrived to enter the half-deck, and procure from the cabin stores ample materials for a sumptuous banquet, not forgetting to add to their plunder two bottles of brandy, and a box of figs for a dessert. All these articles were then concealed in the forecabin, ready for use on the following night.

The starboard watch kept the first four hours on deck, on Monday night; but instead of turning in at eight bells, the larboard watch also remained on deck to await a favorable opportunity to commence operations. By two bells (nine o'clock P. M.) a profound silence reigned over the Undine. The inmates of the cabin had all sunk into slumber, and the second mate had stowed himself into a sunny corner by the skylight, and lighted a cigar with the intention of enjoying a quiet reverie, and perhaps, if all seemed to be going along safely, a stolen nap.

And now the members of both watches began to make busy but noiseless preparations for their sea-pie. In the first place, two strong men crept stealthily into the cook's sleeping-room, which adjoined the galley, and seizing the slumbering doctor, quickly bound him hand and foot, and gagged him to prevent his outcries from arousing the people aft; for he was a faithful tool of the

captain, and would have prevented the operations of the amateur cooks, if he had not been placed in limbo.

One of the pigs was then caught, and before he had time to utter more than a single stifled squeal, his innocent throat was cut so effectually that he died without a struggle. In the meantime, others of the crew had built a roaring fire in the galley stove, and as soon as the water in the coppers had reached the boiling point, the pig was hastily deprived of his hide and covering, and cut up into pieces of suitable size for a sea-pie. Two of the fattest fowls were also deprived of existence, and prepared for roasting.

For more than two hours the men pursued their tasks without molestation, or discovery; but just as Bob had pronounced the sea-pie "done to a charm," and the fowls "almost cooked," the second mate, who had just awakened from a long nap, chanced to stroll forward. To his surprise, he observed that the galley fire was in full blast, and his surprise was not lessened when, upon entering the galley, he discovered all hands officiating as cooks.

"What in time does this mean, boys?" he asked.

The men promptly explained the matter, telling him that they had determined to have one good meal, let the consequences be what they might.

"I don't blame you a bit, boys," said the second mate, "and I wish I hadn't found it out; but I suppose I shall be obliged to report you to the old man, or he'll give me particular figs."

"We shall eat our sea-pie in spite of the old man, sir," replied Bob. "So you may tell him as soon as you please."

"No, I won't tell him till just before eight bells, so you hurry up and get everything ready by that time." And the second mate returned to the quarter deck.

But the dinner was not quite ready to be placed upon the table, when the bell struck eight, and the captain, who had been aroused a few minutes previous to that time by the second mate, made his appearance at the galley.

"Here's a pretty go!" he exclaimed, in a towering passion. "Come out of that galley, every mother's son of you, or I'll break your heads!" And he was about to enter the galley, when he observed that the men were approaching the door to prevent his progress with drawn sheath-knives in their hands, and very prudently changed his mind, and remained upon the outside.

After vainly commanding the men to come on deck, he hastened aft to procure the assistance of the mate, but was met on the way by his wife, who had learned what was going on forward from the second mate.

"I'll put a stop to their doings," she exclaimed. "I'll teach 'em to kill my pigs, and make sea-pies at night!" And she rushed furiously toward the galley.

Captain Lucas thought that she was drawing it rather strong when she spoke of "my pigs," which he himself had bought and paid for; but he dared not correct the error, and silently followed his enraged spouse to the galley.

"O, you impudent dog, how dare you kill my pigs!" exclaimed the tigress to Bob, who stood in the galley door. And as she spoke, she fixed her nails deep in his cheek.

Bob hastily retreated into the galley, pursued by the fury, who quickly succeeded in tearing a handful of hair from his head. Captain Lucas, perceiving that his beloved wife had gained an entrance into the enemy's camp, attempted to follow her; but the galley door was suddenly slammed in his face, and fastened upon the inside. Immediately after, he heard a smothered scream from the partner of his bosom, and inwardly thanked his stars that she, and not himself, was in the clutches of the enemy.

As soon as the galley door had been closed, one of the men had approached the raging Amazon from behind, and dexterously slipped a large bag—used for boiling duff in—over her head, drawing the mouth of the bag close together around her neck by means of its string. Finding herself so unexpectedly bagged, she began to scream and struggle violently to escape from the grasp of her captors; but, in spite of her efforts, her hands were speedily bound behind her back, after which a whole bucketful of dirty water was poured upon her head, and then the galley door was opened, and she was banded out on deck in the most unceremonious manner imaginable.

Captain Lucas, as in duty bound, sprang to the assistance of his spouse, but he could scarcely avoid laughing aloud for very joy, at the sight of her sorry condition; for she had often given him a striking specimen of her pugilistic skill, which he had not dared to resent. Of course, he gave vent to many expressions of sympathy; but as he conducted her into the cabin, he felt, in his heart, that he could freely forgive the men for stealing and cooking his pig, in consideration of the wholesome chastisement which they had inflicted upon his tormegant wife.

Meantime, the men improved the opportunity offered by the captain's absence from the scene of action, to convey their sea-pie and "fixins" to the forecabin; for although both mates stood by the galley door, they had no desire to oppose the men's operations. A table had been constructed in the forecabin, by placing boards upon

several chests set on end; and after driving the cockroaches back, so as to leave the festive board free from these pests, the men proceeded to set out their dishes in tempting array. The sea-pie, which had been made under Bob's immediate supervision, occupied the centre of the table, and was flanked by the two roasted fowls. The remaining surface of the board was covered with various delicacies which had been procured from the cabin stores. Tin pans served for plates; and sheath-knives and spoons performed the onerous duty of conveying huge mouthfuls of food from the dishes to the capacious "potato traps" of the hungry seamen.

Before the men sat down to their feast, they took the precaution to fasten the forecabin doors upon the inside; and when Captain Lucas, after comforting his injured wife to the best of his ability, with words of sympathy and a stiff glass of gin and water, returned forward, he found that his rebellious subjects were "*non comestibus*." Upon this, he turned to the mate, who stood near by, and exclaimed in a loud voice, expressly intended to reach the ears of the men:

"We will leave them alone, sir, for the present; but let all hands be summoned aft immediately after breakfast, to-morrow morning; and then, sir, we shall see—what we shall see!"

And having delivered these words of terrible import, he strutted majestically aft and retired to his berth.

Before the men in the forecabin had tasted a morsel of the tempting dishes before them, they had set apart a generous share for their two shipmates who were compelled to remain on deck—one at the wheel, and the other upon the lookout; but as soon as the old man had gone below, the mate hastened aft, and, taking the wheel from the helmsman's hands, bade him "go forward and help his shipmates scoff their sea-pie;" while the second mate, in like manner, relieved the lookout man.

"All things earthly have an end;" and the midnight meal of our heroes, although enjoyed with a zest which a well-fed landsman can form no conception of, and greatly prolonged by means of the two bottles of brandy aforesaid, was no exception to this general rule. When every one had become fully satisfied with eating and drinking, the fragments of the repast were carefully gathered up, the table was removed, and everything restored to its wonted condition. Last of all, the captive cook was released from his bonds; after which, the second mate and his watch went below, to spend the two hours yet remaining of their watch below, while the port watch took possession of the deck.

Directly after breakfast, next morning, all hands were summoned aft, and promptly obeyed the call. Mrs. Captain Lucas and her husband (we place these individuals in the order of their respective positions on board), together with the two mates, were standing around the main-deck capstan, evidently holding a council of war. At length Captain Lucas exclaimed :

"Men, you are aware of the fact that you have committed a great outrage, which calls for immediate punishment; but as I am willing to believe that you were so far deluded as to think that your conduct was justifiable upon certain grounds, I have decided to temper justice with mercy, and, if you will reveal the name of your leader, the rest of you shall escape, this time, scot free !"

This "pooty" declamation, delivered in a melo-dramatic style, did not seem to have the effect upon the men which Captain Lucas had expected; for, instead of promptly betraying their leader, and humbly thanking their captain for his clemency, they only winked at each other and smiled contemptuously.

"I give you one minute to decide," continued the captain, with rising anger. "Tell me who is your leader, or I'll flog the whole lot of you within an inch of your lives !"

"You'd better not try to fulfil that threat, captain !" replied Bob, calmly, stepping out from among his companions.

"Better not, eh? You infernal scoundrel, do you know whom you are speaking to? I guess not; but you will know very soon. Here, Mr. Davis," he continued, addressing the mate, "seize this fellow to the sheer pole in the main rigging. Make a spread eagle of him, and give him the end of the main sheet till he can neither move nor speak !"

"If you flog him, sir, you must flog the whole of us; and before you can do that, you must kill us !" exclaimed another of the men.

"What! will you mutiny, you wretches?" demanded Lucas.

"Ay, sir, if there's no other way to settle the matter; and if it comes to fighting, sir, you had better make your will and say your prayers; for we might as well be hung for a sheep as a lamb, and both you and your wife will soon be food for sharks !"

"These are bold words!" cried Captain Lucas, with forced calmness; but, as he gazed in the faces of his men, he began to turn pale and his limbs trembled slightly, for he saw *fight* in their eyes, and began to realize that they meant just what they said.

"Mr. Davis, why don't you obey your cap-

tain's command and flog that villain?" interposed Mrs. Lucas.

"Because I do not see fit to do it, madam," replied the mate, calmly.

"And you intend to disobey your captain?"

"Yes, madam; I do in that respect, most certainly. I will never raise my hand to punish the men for their deeds of last night, for I think their conduct was perfectly right and justifiable."

"So do I," added the second mate; "and as for flogging the men, why Captain Lucas may do it himself, for all me. But I wouldn't advise him to try the experiment."

"Do you hear that, Captain Lucas?" exclaimed his wife, in a furious rage.

"I do; and I am astonished to find that my officers are disposed to justify the conduct of a mutinous crew. However, if they refuse to do their duty, I must do it myself." And he advanced towards Bob with the evident intention of striking him in the face; but the latter quickly drew his sheath-knife, and would certainly have plunged it into the captain's bosom, if the mate had not opportunely sprung between them, grasped Bob by the collar with one hand and the captain's shoulder with the other, and while holding them apart at arm's length—for he was a very powerful man—he exclaimed :

"Have done with this nonsense! You, Bob, put up your knife; and you, Captain Lucas, will do well to send the men for'ard and say no more about the matter."

"Let me go, Davis!" replied the captain, trembling violently, and struggling to escape from the grasp of the mate.

Davis immediately released him, taking care, however, to keep between him and the men; but this precaution was not needed, for the captain had no intention of essaying another attack, and with a face as pale as death, he turned to the men and exclaimed :

"You have got the advantage of me for the time; but your triumph will be a short one, for there will come a fearful reckoning when we get into port. Go for'ard, you villains, and attend to your duty !"

The men were not slow to obey this command, for they would have been sorry to resort to violence, although they would have done so, rather than submit to punishment.

Mrs. Lucas had fainted at the moment when Bob had menaced her husband's life with his knife; and as the men departed from the quarter-deck, the captain silently raised his wife from the deck and bore her below.

From that time forth, no allusion was ever made by the captain, his wife, or the mates, to the

events which we have just described; but by the captain's orders, a pig and a pair of fowls were cooked for the fore-castle every Sunday for our dinner.

By the time the Undine arrived in port, Captain Lucas had either forgotten the mutinous conduct of his crew, or had repented of his hasty design of proceeding against them. However that may be, it is certain that no legal measures were taken against them; but one and all deserted the bark and speedily shipped in other vessels, where they found better fare and more comfortable quarters than the Undine had ever afforded, even in her palmiest days.

#### A SINGULAR CASE.

In Dr. Currie's work, on the authority of Dr. Robertson, Surgeon General of the Naval Hospital at Barbadoes, is narrated the following singular effects of cold water by absorption and its medicated influence upon the body: A gentleman whose name was Weeks, a resident of the island, and a great votary of Bacchus, for twenty years was in the daily habit of intoxicating himself. In this state he was taken to a pond, in which he lay and slept, supported by a negro servant. In one or two hours he awoke, feeling no lassitude, no headache, no debility, no nausea, but cheerful and refreshed, and free from all the effects of inebriation. On one occasion his servant who watched him fell asleep himself, and his master was nearly drowned. He then had a trough constructed, with a pillow to accommodate his head; and on this being filled with cold water, he was thrust therein whenever he was overcome by deep potations. He said his sensations were very pleasant. During one day abroad he alternately got drunk and sober three times before midnight. He revived each time by sleeping in cold water. The last time he was so immoderately intoxicated that his friends took him in a chair, carried him to a pond, immersed him in water to his chin, and there held him for an hour. At home he would sleep in his watery bed one, two and even three hours, and ever experiencing the greatest refreshment. When his wife or family required him, they would wake him up by taking out the plug and allowing the water to escape, when he would pleasantly complain of the "loss of his bed clothes." Sleeping on one occasion in the trough without the water, he was seized with extreme rigor and chills; followed by fever and rheumatism. He lived, however, some years longer, but drank to excess and died of apoplexy in the 64th year of his age.

#### AFFECTION.

There is in life no blessing like affection;  
It soothes, it hallows, elevates, subdues,  
And bringeth down to earth its native heaven;  
It sits beside the cradle patient hours,  
Whose sole contentment is to watch and love;  
It bendeth o'er the death-bed, and conceals  
Its own despair with words of faith and hope.  
Life hath nought else that may supply its place;  
Vain is ambition, cold is vanity,  
And wealth an empty glitter without love.

MISS LANFORD.

#### NEEDLE-WORK.

There is something extremely pleasant, and even touching—at least, of very sweet, soft, winning effect—in this peculiarity of needle-work, distinguishing women from men. Our own sex is incapable of any such by-play aside from the main business of life; but women—be they of what earthly rank they may, however gifted with intellect or genius, or endowed with awful beauty—have always some little handiwork ready to fill the tiny gap of every vacant moment. A needle is familiar to the fingers of them all. A queen, no doubt, plies it on occasion; the woman-poet can use it as adroitly as her pen; the woman's eye that has discovered a new star, turns from its glory to send the polished little instrument gleaming along the hem of her kerchief, or to darn a casual fray in her dress. And they have greatly the advantage of us in this respect. The slender thread of silk or cotton keeps them united with the small, familiar, gentle interests of life, the continually operating influences of which do so much for the health of the character, and carry off what would otherwise be a dangerous accumulation of morbid sensibility. A vast deal of human sympathy runs along this electric line, stretching from the throne to the wicker-chair of the humblest seamstress, keeping high and low in a species of communion with their kindred beings. Methinks it is a token of healthy and gentle characteristics, when women of high thoughts and accomplishments love to sew, especially as they are never more at home with their own hearts, than while so occupied.—*Hawthorne's New Romance.*

#### ANTIQUES.

In no particular has the present generation become more fastidious than in what is requisite for the use of ladies in their own dressing-rooms. Essences, powders, pastes, washes for the hair, washes for the skin, recall the days of one's grandmother, when such appurtenances were thought essential, and were essential; for our great-grandmothers were not rigid in points of personal cleanliness; and it is only uncleanness that requires scents to conceal it, and applications to repair its ravages. Our great-grandmothers wore powder and pomatum, and had their hair dressed three times a week; going to bed in the cushioned structure, after suffering torture for some hours, lest they should, in the weakness of human infirmity, lean back in their chairs. Our great-grandmothers, too, had their white kid gloves sewn to the bottom of each sleeve, lest they should incur the calamity of a sun-burnt arm. Our great-grandmothers were afraid of cold water, and delicately wiped their faces with the corner of a towel no larger than a pocket-handkerchief. There were those amongst them who boasted that they had never washed their faces in their whole span of existence, lest it should spoil their complexions, but had only passed a cambric handkerchief over the delicate brow and cheeks, wetted with elder-flower-water or rose-water.—*The Habits of Good Society.*

Happiness is not in a cottage, nor in poverty, nor in learning, nor in ignorance, nor in a passive life; but in doing right from right motives.

[ORIGINAL.]

## BEREAVED.

BY IRWIN L. LEIGH.

The winter's drear and chilling blast  
Sweeps sadly o'er the little mound,  
Where, mid the snow, thy form is cast—  
Is cast upon the frozen ground.

The flowers were springing in the vale,  
The summer wind was sighing low,  
When death drew nigh, and then the wall—  
The wall of anguish spoke thy woe.

Thy spark of joy, thy earthly boon  
Lies mouldering now beneath the sod:  
Why should that tiny form so soon—  
So soon have pressed the frozen clod?

Are scarce its gentle accents formed  
Sweet words to bless thy throbbing heart,  
Death woke thy sense, and thou wast warned—  
Was warned that bliss from thee must part.

[ORIGINAL.]

## MY SYREN:

— OR, —

## THE DEMON-LOVER.

BY JAMES FRANKLIN FITTS.

"There are more things in heaven and earth, Horatio,  
than are dreamed of in your philosophy."

I.—SALOME.

In the singular, nay, improbable tale which I have now, for the first time, resolved to reveal to the world, I expect not to receive the slightest credence or faith. It is not for this purpose that I thus consent to unbecom myself of the startling secret of my life—far from it. But to the end that those who have so earnestly, perhaps kindly, remonstrated with me, because I have chosen to wrap myself up in an impenetrable garment of repulsion, and who have striven incessantly to compel me to mingle with the world and my fellow-beings—in order that these may understand my motives for doing as I have done, and fully appreciate the fact that I am not ungrateful—I am about to unfold to them and to the world, my narrative. To them and to the world I dedicate it; convinced that whilst they will rigorously discard, as the veriest fiction, every line of it, they will at least pity and respect the misfortunes of one whose mind, as they will erroneously judge, has become thereby shattered.

But first, a word—let me present a theory which has of late been irresistibly forced upon my mind. That there are mysteries around and about us, standing out boldly, even in the eye of

the noonday sun, no human creature will dispute. Mysteries all will concede; but capable, all will say, of elucidation upon natural principles. I am tempted to smile derisively at such positions. The truth, I religiously believe, is here; that there are, even in the centre of our most material being, phenomena which can never be reduced to any origin in natural causes, but which are known and comprehended by few, infinitely few, among mankind. There are, as I think, sight-seers, whose unveiled eyes can see almost nightly the fleshless phantoms of an unseen world; and there are phenomena in this life which can be comprehended by few—explained by none. But my tale, when I have told it, will perfectly explain my meaning.

The year 183— found me fairly launched upon a career which bore every promise of being a singularly prosperous and happy one. I was young, and buoyant with hope, wealthy, and had honorably concluded a full university course, and joyfully throwing books and duties to the winds, I hastened away from England, intent upon a full tour of the continent. Chance, more than any special inclination, led me first to Paris; and here commenced the remarkable train of circumstances which have so wonderfully influenced my destiny.

The first circumstance to which I particularly allude, occurred at one of those grand, carnival-like balls, for which the French metropolis is so renowned. As the evening wore on, I retired somewhat apart from the throngs of dancers which crowded the saloons, and leaning carelessly against a marble column, occupied myself with listening to the swell of the music, which seemed to roll upward, and break in great waves of melody against the frescoed ceiling, and in watching the movements of the fast-flitting forms around me.

Opposite where I was standing, and a little distance away, was another column, like that against which I was supported. I stood with my back towards it, but I had in some indefinite manner contracted the idea that it was also being occupied.

"I will conjecture first, and then turn and discover," was my thought. "If any person, who should it be who retires from such a scene of enjoyment, to make himself miserable with his thoughts? Some cynic, like myself, I will engage—but let me be certain."

With the words, I cast a glance over my shoulder, at the place just spoken of. The glance became instantly riveted into a fixed and continued gaze; and changing my position, that I might see it more perfectly, I folded my arms,



and bestowed every faculty of my senses upon the rapt contemplation of the remarkable object which I beheld.

This object was a woman—a girl—which, I could not determine, for she seemed to partake so strangely of the distinguishing qualities of both. Her figure was slight and graceful, and yet rounded into a perfect womanly development; so that before her face was fully exposed to my observation, I intuitively began to wonder whether that face were in reality that of childhood or womanhood. In a moment she turned, looking directly towards me; and amid the thrilling raptures of a sensation perfectly new, I confessed to myself that here was a living ideal of beauty—ay, and a more glorious one than I had ever dared to dream of.

That face I hardly dare describe. Ever before me, sleeping or waking, since my earliest boyhood, although I had never yet beheld it until that eventful moment—and ever haunting me since with its weird enchantment, gazing at me as if daguerretyped upon the paper upon which I write, with 'all its wonderful loveliness—how, how can I describe it? If I could, I would give you an idea of an oval, olive, Italian face, set in a frame-work of raven-hued hair—of a clear, translucent complexion, which I fancied might be stained with the shadow of the rich blood beneath—of a forehead like a smooth tablet of alabaster—eyes, dark, glorious, dreamy, passionate eyes, into which you might look and fancy you could see the image of a soul fluttering down in their clear depths, like the shadows of tall trees which seem to lie upon the bottom of some clear, waveless lake—lips which parted just enough to disclose a line of dazzling white beneath—a neck which would not have graced so well the shoulders of a queen—I would tell you of these, and more, I would tell you of her, as I afterwards knew and loved her—but I forbear. Smile, if you please, but I cannot speak of her as I would; language is feeble, speech seems weak and impotent to express what I then felt.

She turned and saw me, and in an instant her eyes seemed to be riveted upon me with all the fascination with which I had looked upon her. She smiled a sweet, sunny smile, and beckoned me to approach. Had a lighted shell laid at her feet, I could not have hesitated; attracted, and yet repelled by an undefinable something in her whole person and actions, for which I could not account, I advanced eagerly to where she stood. The spell of magnetism was upon me; that strange, mysterious agency by which the human will can triumph and be triumphed over. What a mighty, what a fearful phenomenon is this!

With a complete intoxication of delight, I submitted myself to the influences which had thus suddenly surrounded me. Of what we talked, I remember nothing; I merely remember that we did converse together, and that I at length learned that my companion was an Italian countess. I called her *Salomé*, as she had requested me to do. I learned, too, that her husband had died some months before, and that she had sought refuge from her loneliness in the gay circles of Paris. At length, she took my arm, and we walked together through the saloons. I felt inspired, elevated to a higher level, by the influence of my companion; this brief association with her seemed to endow me with new powers. The consciousness that those dark eyes were constantly upon me, the sound of her voice, the contact of her arm, all thrilled me with emotions unspeakable. If I speak extravagantly, I also speak faithfully, and of a mental delirium completely absorbing.

But this was merely the beginning of my enthralment. Sleeping or waking, my visions were now of one bright presence—and this *Salomé*. Accident, or more frequently, design, brought us daily together. I strove not to conceal from myself, nor from others, the fact that my life had found its one grand master-passion—love for the beautiful countess. I know not how to account for the perfect submission under which I acted, unresisting as it was, unless upon the principle of that magnetism to which I have before alluded. I was passively fostered into a servitude more grateful than ever before blessed a human creature. The blush, the trembling of the lip, the downcast eye, with which at length *Salomé* confessed her love, were as heralds to confirm and proclaim my happiness. Never, never had it entered into my imagination to conceive that such happiness was contained upon earth, as I experienced in that moment. We were married without a week's delay, and retiring from the great world of Paris to a suburban villa, where *Salomé* had sometimes resorted, we prepared to fulfil together our anticipations of wedded bliss. Our acquaintances in the city were few; friends we neither sought nor desired; we were best satisfied to discard everything that might have intruded upon the delightful harmony of our intercourse, and to live in and for each other. And if I linger over these days of unalloyed happiness, it is because their remembrance is so strong as to become almost part and parcel of the substance of the mind itself.

I have said that I was perfectly happy, but perhaps there should be here made a single reservation. Even at this early day, I can remember

her to have seen at times, shades of sadness steal over the face of my wife, seemingly denoting the presence of trouble or fear. Yet, when I tenderly questioned her as to the cause of her emotion, she would again recall, with an effort, the brightness to her eyes, and scatter my surmises by a light, joyous laugh. Once, in particular, I saw her, when she must have thought no eye was observing her. She sat leaning her face upon her hand; tears trickled over her cheek, and her lips trembled convulsively. The next instant her head was bowed into her lap, her form swayed to and fro like a willow, and bitter sighs of agony welled up from her breast. In an instant I was by her side, kneeling and clasping her in my arms. She looked up, her head fell upon my bosom, and a torrent of tears fell from her eyes. For a moment, neither of us could speak. As for me, I knew not what to fear; thoughts of impending evil flitted darkly through my brain, and some great sorrow seemed about to overwhelm me. Her voice, as she recovered from her agitation, first aroused me:

"Forgive my weakness, Ethel." And her white arms were wound more closely about my neck. "It is nothing which should cause either of us to fear. Let me keep my secrets, foolish as it is. I will forget it and be happy again."

"You love me, Salome?"

"If I thought you doubted it for an instant, I could take my life. Love you, Ethel? Better, my beloved, than you can ever know!"

The words were spoken in an inexpressibly tender voice. They chased away all doubts; I kissed her, and was once more happy.

## II.—THE DEMON.

I have dwelt at some length upon the singular manner of my introduction to Salome, and upon those things that were most notable during the first month of our married life, at the delightful little villa where we had secluded ourselves, simply because I have deemed it necessary that they should properly precede the narrative of the incredible events at which I have now arrived. These are occurrences which are shrouded in mystery still. Lonely and heart-broken, for twenty years I have miserably brooded over this fearful enigma, and vainly—the misfortune which has blinded me, I cannot comprehend.

But let me recur to my story. It was upon a sultry, oppressive afternoon of summer. All the neighborhood seemed resting under the dull, drowsy influence of the heat. There was hardly a sound or a stir of life about the villa; Salome, as I supposed, was in her room, in another part of the house, and I was alone in the drawing-

room. I had been lying at full length upon the sofa, reading a favorite author; but as the first insensibility of sleep overcame me, the volume fell from my hand, and I closed my eyes in a doze, which soon strengthened into sleep, deep and unconscious.

How long this slumber lasted, I have no means of knowing. When I did awake, it was with a sudden thrill and shudder which ran through every nerve of my body. The transition from slumber to wakefulness was instantaneous—produced by a sudden and inexplicable conviction of danger, which sped with lightning-like rapidity through my mental being, even while I slept. I awoke; and as I still lay upon the sofa, my eyes fell upon the object which must have filled the very atmosphere around me with the breath of alarm.

It was an object frightful and hideous in the highest degree, standing in the doorway, and glaring upon me with the eye of a basilisk—the figure of an old hag, tall and bony, clad in tatters, and repellant with all the accompaniments which wickedness gives to age; while in her long, skinny fingers, she clutched a gleaming knife! For a full minute she stood thus, actually gloating over me with her evil eye, like a very fiend; and sickening with the very apprehension of danger which had seized me, I lay powerless, bound in the fascination of her dreadful presence. I was as helpless as if bound with cords; with all my frantic exertions, I could not move a muscle. Finally, in my efforts, I uttered a faint cry, and at the sound the hag started fiercely towards me. In an instant she was bending over me, I could feel her hot breath upon my cheek, and the glitter of the upraised knife flashed in my eyes. Breaking, with one mighty effort, the influence which had thus far rendered me powerless, I caught her hand as it descended; driving the weapon with a true aim to my heart. The blow was arrested barely in time; and snatching away the knife, I sprang up to grapple with my assailant. But she was already defeated—turning, with a yell of rage, she fled from the room. She had but fairly disappeared when I reached the door in the pursuit, when my feet were arrested as I met my wife in the doorway, face to face. Recolling in surprise, I exclaimed:

"Good heavens, Salome—she cannot have harmed you! Where is she? Which way did she go?"

"She, Ethel—whom can you mean?" she asked, with an infection of surprise.

"That infernal hag, who would have murdered me! She passed from this door but this moment."

Salome shook her head incredulously. Passing rapidly to the outer door, I looked out, and then made a circuit of the house and out-buildings. Not yet convinced, I returned to the house and thoroughly searched every apartment, and still no living creature could be seen! Half-doubting my own existence I descended again to the drawing-room, revolving this unaccountable occurrence in my thoughts. That Salome must have met the hag, whoever she might be, had the latter escaped by the door, as I was confident she had done, I was well satisfied; that she was not in the house, I was as well assured; and that she had time to spirit herself out of sight during the few seconds in which I spoke with my wife, I knew was impossible. Where, then, was she? The whole transaction had occupied not more than five minutes, and this in broad daylight, and yet I was never before so sorely bewildered. It was inexplicable.

Salome was in the drawing-room when I returned. In a few hurried and excited words, I related to her all that had happened. She was perfectly calm, save a slight trembling of the lips, and smiling as I paused, she said:

"You have dreamed a frightful dream, my dear Ethel, and seen a frightful apparition. Do not, I entreat of you, sleep upon your back in the daytime."

"You disbelieve it, then?" I exclaimed, warmly. "But mysterious as this strange affair surely is, I will always affirm that it was not a dream, but a terrible actuality. And look—as I live, here is the very knife with which she menaced me!"

The weapon still lay upon the sofa, where it had fallen during the scuffle; and holding it up, I exhibited it to Salome. An instant pallor whitened her cheeks, and as I saw that she was about to fall, I hastened to support her.

"O God, this is terrible!" she murmured, and almost immediately lapsed into unconsciousness. Placing her upon the sofa, I called her attendant, and then left the room. Mystery seemed to accumulate upon mystery. Why was it that my wife had exhibited such emotion upon beholding the knife? Was it merely because the certainty of my miraculous escape from a most deadly peril was thus forcibly brought home to her? These and a hundred other questions I asked myself, but left them all unanswered. The whole occurrence was so clouded with doubt, and yet so startling in its nature, as to throw me into a fever of painful anxiety.

Gradually, imperceptibly, as I pondered in secret upon these matters, I was startled to discover that my thoughts had wandered entirely

from the mysterious hag, and her fiendish design, and were fixed intently upon the conduct of my wife. And though, in the agony which the discovery caused, I endeavored to pluck the strange suspicion from my heart, I was forced to the conviction that Salome knew, in whole or in part, what had happened in the drawing-room, when she met me at the door!

True, I arrived at this conviction by no process of reasoning; but the conviction was absolute, nevertheless. It was gained partly by reflecting upon her actions upon this occasion; partly, and which I am compelled to add, by the thought of her unaccountable emotion exhibited upon other occasions, which I have before alluded to; and quite as much by the suspicion, perfectly shadowy and intangible, but which I had formed and directed towards Salome. In short, there was no certainty; I merely entertained a baseless presentiment.

In an hour I again sought my wife. Neither of us alluded to the events of the afternoon; I refrained from doing so, because I saw that she was still agitated. Yet her smile was never more sweet, nor her manner more endearing; and once she placed her arm about my neck, and softly whispered the words which I had once asked her:

"You love me, Ethel?"

Doubt and suspicion could not withstand those tender, pleading accents; and I answered with words of devotion such as brought the smile back to her face, and yet, alas, what an enigma was here!

\* \* \* \* \*

It was several days subsequent to that of my adventure which I have described. Both Salome and myself had retired to our chamber, at the villa, for the night. Sleepless and nervous, I was lying in deep thought, with my eyes half-closed, while Salome lay by my side, apparently in a serene sleep. The room would have been dark, but for the starlight which faintly illuminated it, revealing the pictures and furniture indistinctly.

A slight noise startled me—the first sound that had broken the silence for an hour. Without moving, or further unclosing my eyes, I listened in breathless apprehension. Of late, the slightest of sounds was sufficient to arouse my attention.

Slowly, but perfectly distinct, a human figure now rose between me and the wall. Standing almost erect, it turned its face towards me, and again I saw the fiendish flash of that basilisk eye; the mysterious hag was before me! Hardly daring to breathe, I awaited her movements,

A pitcher, containing water, which my thirst often required upon summer nights, stood upon a stand at the head of the bed; and procuring a small vial, the hag emptied its contents, which seemed to be a white powder, into the pitcher. This done, she shook it, as if to dissolve the powder with the water.

The meaning of these movements flashed upon me with the certainty of revelation; I needed no explanation. Springing to the floor, I made one wild grasp at the fiend who had thus again sought to murder me. Shaking herself free from my hands, she fled—where or whither, I know not, for she disappeared so instantaneously as to defy pursuit. I staggered towards the bed, recoiling in quick and speechless horror—Salome was not there! No, nor was she in the room, though she had been lying by my side not a moment before.

But while I still stood in the middle of the floor, gazing with terror and dismay from the spot where I had last seen the hag, to the empty bed, the chamber-door softly opened, and Salome entered, habited in her night-robe. I turned upon her with fierce and stern words.

"Woman, where have you been—and why did you leave this room?" I asked.

"Do not reprove me, Ethel," was her half-frightened reply. "I must have been walking in my sleep."

"Salome, are you deceiving me? God pity me, this must be a fearful dream! Tell me, woman, temptress, have you leagued yourself with evil spirits to destroy me?"

Again I saw her face grow as white as the drifts of winter; without a word or cry she fell senseless at my feet. Raising her up, I carried her to the open window, and exposed her face and neck to the cool evening air. With a low-drawn, painful respiration, she unclosed her eyes, and as they rested upon my face, her arms tightened around my neck, and her emotion found relief in great sobs and tears of anguish.

"O, Ethel, Ethel, my husband," were her almost inarticulate words, "this agony will destroy me! Would that I might die for you, and end this wretched, miserable life! Trust me, dear Ethel, and love me, if you can, for I am worthy of it."

"Tell me then, Salome—"

"No, no—O, merciful God, ask me nothing!"

With a shudder of terror which thrilled me as deeply as it did her, she closed her eyes and concealed her face in my bosom. And until morning I held her thus, as I might have held an infant. Occasionally she would start in her sleep, muttering confused words; and through the

night her slumbers were broken and fitful.—

In the morning I carefully analyzed the contents of the pitcher; my examination revealed the startling and significant fact, that sufficient strychnine had been mingled with the water to cause the deaths of ten men. And this was the draught that had been prepared for me!

### III.—THE REVELATION OF DEATH

The villa where we had passed so many happy hours, had grown hateful and irksome to me; I longed to seek peace and rest in some other land. I mentioned my desire to my wife; she concurred passively. And when I added the remark, "We may be happier elsewhere, she smiled a sad, dreary smile. It was as if she had spoken the words, "no hope!"

The next year was passed beneath English skies. Yet, had we compassed the world for a place of rest, we might not have found a spot where the demon could not follow. And though there were intervals when for a time its influence seemed to fail, and something like the old love came back to Salome and me, yet the coming of the hag-fiend was not less certain. My nights were passed without sleep, and daybreak found me weak and faint. My life, indeed, seemed now reduced to a single study; how I could best defend myself from the demoniac efforts which were aimed so perseveringly at my destruction. Innumerable times I saw the hag, haunting my bedside, dogging my footsteps, and employing every art which its demon-nature could invent, to ensnare me. And more than once I escaped death as narrowly as upon the occasion of our first meeting.

Time passed on, and the restlessness of my troubled spirit desired a change. Reckless of the consequences, since no change of location could shield us from the tormentor, I proposed a return to our villa, in France. Salome gave a willing consent; she seemed latterly to depend on me for her very powers of volition. She clung to me like a terrified child, and seemed never to feel secure when absent from my arms.

Once more, then, we were at the villa. All seemed as when we left it, quiet and peaceful; and I sighed as I thought how happily two lives not cursed by fate might be passed here. Bitter was the reflection; but from it sprang into being a sudden energy which I had not before known.

"This happiness may yet be ours," I earnestly soliloquized. "If this evil spirit can by any possibility, and by human hands, be exorcised and slain, I will do the work. I may triumph yet, spite of this long suffering and misery."

I strove to be as wakeful as ever, that night, but nature at last asserted herself within me. Dozing between sleep and watchfulness, the former at last overcame me. Only observing that Salome was slumbering safely by my side, I closed my eyes and was soon lost in sleep.

Suddenly I awoke, recalled to sense by a feeling of strangling and suffocation, well-nigh overpowering. I was pinioned down, as if by a ponderous weight; my throat was compressed with the grasp of a vice; a hot breathing seared my cheek, and two glaring eyes burned from the darkness. The fiend was again upon me; and now, as it seemed, for a final struggle! But as for me, I was unable to resist; my breath came feebly, and I was growing weak and faint. The moment must have been my last, had I not remembered that my pistol lay beneath my head. With a painful struggle I succeeded in reaching it, and the next instant it was discharged full into the breast of the hag! Her hold relaxed, and she fell sideways across my body, the blood bubbling from the wound.

As my strength returned, I raised the body, in order to free myself from its weight, and it was while thus engaged, that the form and face became fully exposed to the light of the lamp which burned upon the stand. Heaven and earth—was I dreaming—and could this last astounding discovery be a reality? For there, slowly bleeding to death in my arms, I discovered, not the hag whom I had thought to destroy, but Salome, my wife!

And she died, there, and in my embrace, but not before I had learned the fearful story which this tragedy concluded. It was, briefly, that she was possessed of *two individualities*, one represented by Salome, and the other by the hag. Without the action of her will, she was transformed into an entirely different being, possessing attributes and passions as fiendish and hateful, as her own were good and lovely. And this—horrible thought!—this, while she wept and prayed in secret, that this devilish transformation which had thus cast its awful blight over both her life and mine, might be forever broken! There she lay, smiling in the sublime beauty of death, while I strove to warm her cold lips with kisses. I had slain the demon, but with it, such an angel as this earth may never more behold!

Let me pause; my brain is sick and weary with these crushing thoughts. I might relate the dying words with which she blessed me, and how tenderly she looked upon me, even as the light faded forever from her eyes; but I must forbear. This is my story; I have told it, and my heart bleeds anew! \* \* \*

There are two faces forever haunting my dreams; one, hateful with all dark, withering passions—the other, glorious as a seraph's vision of beauty. And amid the shadows of this dark life-mystery, I can receive one ray of light, cherished in my inmost heart—the memory of the loved, the lost, the sainted Salome!

#### A DAMP FESTIVAL.

On the 12th of April, the last day of the Burman year, Mr. Johnson and myself were invited to bear a part in a sport that is universally practised throughout the Burman dominions on the concluding day of their annual cycle. To wash away the impurities of the past, and commence the new year free from stain, the women on this day are accustomed to throw water on every man they meet, and the men have the privilege of retorting—a license which, as you may imagine, gives rise to a great deal of fun, particularly amongst the young women, who, armed with long syringes and flagons, endeavor to throw water over any man who passes, and in return receive the water with perfect good humor. But you must be told that dirty water must not be thrown, nor must a man or boy lay his hands upon a woman or girl; moreover, if a woman declines to take part in the sport, she must not be molested, for it is taken for granted she is ill.

Well, on the 12th of April, about one hour before sundown, we went to the house of the governor, and found his wife had provided to give us a damp reception, for in the hall there were rows of water jars, with bowls and ladles ready to hand. Upon entering the hall, we were each presented with a bottle of rose-water, a little of which we poured into the hands of the governor, who sprinkled it over his own vest of fine flowered muslin. The lady then made her appearance at the door, giving us to understand that she did not mean to join in the sport herself, but made her daughter, a pretty child in the arms of a nurse, pour from a golden cup some rose-water, mixed with sandal wood, first over her father and then over us. This was the signal for the commencement of the sport, for which we were prepared by being dressed in white vestments.

About fifteen young women then rushed into the hall from the inner apartments, and surrounding the governor, myself, and Mr. Johnson, deluged us without mercy, and, of course, laughing heartily if we appeared at all distressed by the water flung in our faces. At length, all parties being tired, and completely drenched, we went home to change our clothes, and in the way met many damsels who would willingly have renewed the sport, had they received encouragement from us; but truly we had had sufficient for that day, especially as it came from antagonists whom politeness prevented our repaying in full. When we had changed our clothes, we returned to the governor's, and were entertained with a dance and a puppet show till the early hour of morning.—*The White Elephant. By William Dalton.*

#### WILD FLOWERS.

Wearied infants on earth's gentle breast—  
In every nook the little wild-flowers slept.

SIR E. B. LYTTON.

[ORIGINAL.]

## DIED LAST NIGHT!

BY MRS. E. B. EDSON.

Died last night! a sunny, fair-haired child,  
 A mother's firstborn, wildly worshipped one,  
 Whose little grave casts shadows o'er her path,  
 Which the bright sunshine never can outrun;  
 Whose little hand bright links of love hath brought,  
 With sunny brow and witching smile, her darling one!

Died last night! while maiden grace and loveliness,  
 And fresh and guileless purity its blessed sunshine shed  
 O'er her young heart, and lighted all the way,  
 And fell in rippling glory o'er her bright young head,  
 So sinless and so pure, that a kind angel came  
 And wrote her name among the early dead.

Died last night! in manhood's stalwart prime,  
 Ere age hath wrought one shadow on his polished brow;  
 Ere slackened pulse or sluggish blood betrayed  
 The faintest shadows of the well-kept vow  
 Which Time hath registered, but which he eludes,  
 By going in his perfect manhood now.

Died last night!—the early morning bells  
 Chimed out on the still air his ripened years;  
 His palsied limbs bathed in immortal youth:  
 His silvered locks a glory-wreath appears—  
 And casts a holy radiance o'er the upturned face,  
 Unquenched by floods of bitter, burning tears!

[ORIGINAL.]

## A LEGEND OF SORRENTO CASTLE.

BY HOWARD LIVINGSTON.

A DEEP bay window in the west room of the Castle del Sorrento held two figures, that showed clear and distinct in the bright rays of a clear October moon. One was of a youthful cavalier, with a profusion of dark curls shading an olive brow and cheek. The other was that of a fair-haired girl, whose white arms and hands looked still whiter in the moonlight, and whose soft low tones contrasted strangely with the passionate voice of the youth.

"It is in vain, Julio," she said, softly. "My grandfather has threatened me with imprisonment in the lowest cell of the castle, if I do not receive the count as my husband. I am watched momentarily by that horrid Montani whom my grandfather employs, I believe, expressly because I dislike him so much; and whom I have only eluded now because he believes me fast asleep in my chamber."

"And there is no hope, Armida?"

"None, Julio. This hour must be our farewell. Think of me sometimes in the lonely cell to which I am doomed; for, believe me, I will never marry the count."

"Nor shall the cell be your portion, dearest! Trust me, I will find some way to help you avoid it."

"Ah, Julio, you know not the resolute character of my grandfather. Once determined upon a matter, he will move heaven and earth to accomplish his wishes. It was so with my poor mother, whom he married to a man older than himself; and I feel sure that already the chain is tightening around me."

She looked up mournfully into his eyes, with such an expression of keen, unmitigated anguish at that moment, that Julio's heart was more deeply touched by her sorrow than by his own. It was a hard fate indeed, that of a sweet, childish thing like Armida, with no alternative from a prison, save that of marrying an old and disagreeable man. For Count Luani was of a stern, unyielding and dictatorial disposition; and Armida knew how unceasing would be his watch upon her very words and looks. Better a hut in the Alpine solitudes, with Julio Adimari, than the splendid palace of Luani with its morose and selfish master.

Armida's grandfather, the Count Carafi, had become very poor from some cause unknown to the public or even his own family. Men whispered that the confidential servant, Montani, held a rod above his head for some deed committed long ago; and that the drain upon the old man's estates found its way into the pockets of Montani. It was well-known that the latter held a sharp oversight upon Armida, and that he was eager that she should marry the rich old count who claimed her hand upon the strength of her grandfather's promise.

Years ago, the Count Carafi, in a moment of uncontrollable rage and jealousy, had killed one who had been his bosom friend, but who had crossed him in an affair very near to his heart. Montani was the only witness to the deed which was performed in the dark forest belonging to the Donati castle, where Montani was keeper. The count succeeded by dint of extravagant promises, in whiling him away from the Donati, and securing him in his own service; but he had in turn become Montani's slave. Knowing that he could at any time bring him to ignominy, he was forced to submit to the most galling and humiliating restraints from his own servant. Montani knew his advantage and pursued it without mercy. The scheme of marrying the young Armida to the count originated wholly with him. Carafi's purse was running low, and the estate was already heavily saddled with debt. Montani's hopes of obtaining money in future, were at a low ebb; when suddenly the Count

Luani appeared, to raise his drooping spirits by falling in love with the grandchild of his friend.

Already had Armida's heart been touched by the mute devotion displayed in the countenance of Julio Adimari. Both young in years, and timid from the strict seclusion in which they had lived, they exchanged no word of love, until the terrible announcement of her grandfather's wishes sent Armida, pale and tearful, to consult her only friend, how best to avoid the coming evil. This interview disclosed to them the state of their own and each other's hearts; and for awhile they lost sight of their unhappiness; but at the meeting above recorded, Armida's apprehensions could not be concealed; Count Carafi having that morning threatened to confine her until she was willing to submit to his decision. Montani had desired him to do this; and the poor old count, haunted by his crime and hunted down by his implacable enemy, had consented to employ any means to bring Armida to terms, that Montani's avarice might suggest.

It was evening when Montani himself led Armida to the tower which he had graciously substituted for the lower cell which he had threatened. Her grandfather could not endure to go with her himself; his heart was not yet dead to emotions of tenderness, and he could not inflict upon his child the punishment which he had consented should be the penalty for her disobedience. The thought of her mother, whose young life had been sacrificed to the same insatiable avarice, arose to his mind, and he left the castle to avoid hearing the cries which he imagined she would raise in her progress to her prison.

He had mistaken her spirit. To all Montani's taunts, she preserved a dignified silence, and on reaching the room, she pushed away the arm that would have guided her in, and entered with the step of a princess. Two or three hours had added years to Armida's experience. She was no longer a child—but a woman whom suffering had made stronger and more mature. She looked around the room, to which a small lamp gave a feeble light. A table on which it stood, held a jar of water and a basket of thin cakes. The count had pleaded with Montani for a little fruit, but he had failed to provide it. He had no idea of making her abode more comfortable than could be helped; and his low mind conceived that Armida could be touched by things of mere personal gratification.

A small couch was the only bed provided for her; and this was hard enough to suit the strictest anchorite. There was a brazier, in which coals were smouldering; but the warmth was

doubtful. Armida looked out of the window. The small crescent moon showed her a lake beneath the tower. There was no way of escape, and she would probably see no one but the hateful Montani—perhaps not for months. Of one thing she was certain. Julio would be watching the castle, and she could at least place her light where he could see her figure, as she moved about the room. The tower was at the extreme western end of the castle, while the count inhabited the eastern part. Even in the day time, she could be seen; for the tower was so high that no precaution had been taken to have the windows grated; and it was so small that there would not have been sufficient light without burning a lamp all day, had there been any bars.

Stern as was the Count Carafi, the thought of his grandchild shut up in this dreary place worried and oppressed him. Contrary to Montani's advice, he visited her and tried to persuade her to do as he wished in regard to the Count Luani.

Had Armida been at first disposed to listen, there was an object at that moment meeting her view that would have effectually prevented her. A boat was upon the lake, and her heart told her that the fisherman who guided its oars was Julio himself. Trembling lest her grandfather should recognize him, or Montani's ceaseless vigilance detect his disguise, she forbore making the signal which she doubted not he was seeking from her; and, when, after rowing several times across the lake, he disappeared behind a cliff, she was rather gratified than disappointed, so great were her fears. It was something to have even this mute token of his love, and she knew that he would be there as often as prudence would warrant him in coming.

Fortunately she had a pencil and a piece of white cloth about her. She wrote a few brief words, wrapped it around a bit of light wood that would be likely to float, and dropped it in the lake. The fisherman looked up and caught it as it fell, for the boat was just then beneath her window. He pressed it to his lips in token that he knew the writer, and again shot away behind the cliff. The next day he came again—but this time the pencil was broken; though a telegraphic communication was opened through the hands that inspired confidence and hope.

When Montani made his customary morning visit, she was sitting always in the same spot, her head leaning upon her hand and her face turned away from the window. She asked him for a pen and ink, and he, hoping that she was about to write her willingness to accede to their plans, unwittingly consented to furnish her with writing materials. The moment he was gone,

she commenced writing these words—"Come by moonlight. I will be prepared to descend to you." Throwing it into the lake and waiting to be assured that Julio had read it, she fell on her knees and uttered a fervent prayer for freedom.

The door suddenly opened, and Montani's face looked in upon her. She started in dismay, feeling for a moment that even Julio was not safe against this man's vengeful wrath. But this time his cunning was at fault, although he had certainly heard the prayer she had uttered. Fortunately, he did not go to the window, for already Julio was holding the handkerchief in his hand, and she dreaded lest he should have been watched as he picked it up.

"The poor, dear child!" said Julio, to himself. "Does she think it possible to come down to me from that high tower? But I will rescue her from her imprisonment, or die in the attempt!"

The next day, a tall, brown gipsey made her appearance among the servants of Count Caraffi, offering to tell their fortunes. Anything out of the common course of their terribly dull and quiet life at the castle, was eagerly caught at; and even Montani did not object to having the woman taken to the servants' hall and delivering her sage oracles. Among those assembled, was a little waiting maid who had often accompanied Armida on her excursions in the neighborhood. The child's eyes were red with weeping for her mistress's confinement. The gipsey very naturally deferred telling this girl's fortune until the last, on account of her being younger than the others; and the older ones had hastened away to compare notes upon what she had told them, leaving little Alice and the gipsey entirely by themselves. Their conversation was carried on in a low tone. After a few brief words, the woman said:

"Now do not start or show any agitation at what I say. You love your mistress, do you not?"

Spite of her warning, the gipsey saw that Alice trembled all over and was about to speak.

"Hush! you will injure her if you do not obey me. Do you wish to release her from her confinement?"

It was well that the face of Alice was turned away from the open door that separated the apartment from that in which the servants were now at work. She eagerly expressed her assent, and the gipsey went on.

"Are you admitted to her room?"

"No, but please God, I shall see her to-night."

"How?"

"I dare not tell."

"No harm shall come to you. I, too, wish your mistress to be free. She was kind to me once, and I owe her jailer a grudge."

"Her jailer?"

"Yes; Montani. He is her jailer, not her poor old grandfather. You see, Alice, that I know all. Now tell me, how you will manage to get to her?"

"I am almost afraid; but I am dying to see her, and as you seem so friendly, perhaps I may trust you."

"You may indeed."

"Well, then, I have concealed the duplicate key of the tower. It was dropped by the count this morning, and I—O, what have I been saying?"

"Hush, my child. I, too, will confide in you. Meet me in the wood at noon, and I will tell you who I am. Not another word!"

"Alice!" shrieked the old housekeeper. "Alice, come! It has taken twice as long to tell your fortune as it did the rest. Come away to your work!"

And Alice was obliged to go, and the gipsey soon disappeared, leaving the servants in amaze that she did not contrive to steal even a chicken, as those of her tribe usually did when they came to the castle.

Punctually, the little maid kept her appointment; but, to her surprise, no gipsey was there. But one met her there whom she was equally glad to see—the Signor Adimari; and to him she related her sorrows, her hopes and her fears, that the gipsey had deceived her.

"Nay, Alice, the gipsey is true. I will pledge life and honor that she is so. Have you got the key?"

"Yes, signor, here it is."

"Give it me then, my good girl, and have no fears. Now go, for you may be suspected."

Alice gathered the herbs which she had promised the housekeeper, and departed. How long were the hours of that weary afternoon to the faithful little maid! But night came at last, and she was summoned to await on Montani, for he had assumed his dly state. She had been his attendant, though a reluctant one, since Armida's confinement. She had told this to Julio, and he had taken advantage of the circumstance, to give her a powder for Montani's wine, which he assured her would do him no farther harm than to make him sleep profoundly until morning. At ten, the house was still. Alice stole out of it, as Julio had directed her, and waited at a distance. Then, as the echoes from the old tower had died away, Armida, who was holding her



nightly watch by the little window, saw Julio's boat drawn up close to the castle wall beneath her window, and long before she could plan what to do or how to communicate with him, the key was noiselessly turned in the lock and he stood before her. Not a whisper passed between them, as the moon faintly lighted their passage down the winding stairs, and along the narrow strip of pathway to the river. The boat was soon rocking on the water, and then Armida threw off the gipsy hood, in which he had enveloped her head and, for the first time, saw that Alice too was beside her.

Montani slept soundly until his strange non-appearance set the household wondering. When he awoke, it was broad noon, and his first thought was of Armida. He went instantly to the tower, and his rage at not finding her may not be described.

The old count secretly rejoiced that she had escaped. He believed her safe, because Alice, too, was missing, and he felt assured that the little maiden had possessed herself of his key to free her mistress. He inwardly exulted that Montani could no longer touch him through the sufferings of his grandchild.

Now he resolved to do what he ought long before to have done—to confess his long-ago crime at the feet of royalty, and rid himself of the incubus that had weighed upon him so long in the tyranny of Montani.

Committed so far back in the past, he readily found his pardon. The dead man had no friends to revive the memory of the crime, or to require his life or liberty to appease vengeance; and royalty not only accorded a full and free pardon to the aged count, but also banished his tormentor to a distant shore.

These tidings reached Julio and Armida in their hiding-place, and brought them back to the home where Caraffi's heart was yearning for his lost child. Enough was left of his possessions to make them all happy, although Montani had done his best to rob and despoil. No one but little Alice ever suspected that the gipsy fortune-teller was other than she seemed. Even the old count always believed that Alice planned the escape of her mistress.

The Count Luani solaced himself with a more willing bride—one far more suitable to his age, and who brought him untold wealth to compensate for her want of beauty and intelligence.

The pleasantest things in the world are pleasant thoughts, and the greatest art in life is to have as many of them as possible.

## FAIRY STORIES.

All a child wants at first is a "story," about good or bad people matters not—whether with or without a moral. Every impression must be conveyed in the broadest coloring and simplest outline. The young mind instinctively refuses to perplex itself with nice distinctions of right and wrong. Brave little Jack attacking the cruel giants, Cinderella's unkind sisters punished by seeing her exaltation, and, in fact, the general tenor of old-fashioned fairy lore, where all the bad people die miserably, and all the good people marry kings and queens, and live very happy to the end of their days, furnish as much moral teaching as can be well taken in at the age of six or seven. And the intellectual, like the physical appetite is not a bad gauge of its own capacity of digestion. Therefore, we cannot help suggesting that there may be some little mistake in the flood of moral and religious literature with which our hapless infants are now overwhelmed; here every incident is "usefully applied," and the virtuous and the wicked walk about carefully labelled "This is the good," "This is the bad," so that no child can possibly mistake one for the other. And, without wishing to blame a very well meaning class of educators, it may fairly be questioned how far it is wholesome to paint children going about converting their fathers and mothers, and youthful saints of three-and-a-half prating confidently about things which we are told, "the angels themselves desire to look into," yet cannot or dare not. We honestly confess that we should very much prefer "Jack the Giant Killer."—*The Age of Gold.*

## HABITS.

Like flakes of snow that fall unperceived upon the earth, the seemingly unimportant events of life succeed one another. As the snow gathers together, so are our habits formed. No single flake that is added to the pile produces a sensible change. No single action creates, however it exhibit, a man's character; but as the tempest huris the avalanche down the mountain, and overwhelms the inhabitant and his habitation, so passion, acting upon the elements of mischief which pernicious habits brought together by imperceptible accumulation, may overthrow the edifice of truth and virtue.—*Herder.*

## PROVERBS WORTH PRESERVING.

Hasty people drink the wine of life scalding hot.—Death is the only master who takes his servants without a character.—Content is the mother of good digestion.—When pride and poverty marry together, their children are want and crime.—Where hard work kills ten, idleness kills a hundred men.—Folly and pride walk side by side.—He that borrows binds himself with his neighbor's rope.—He that is too good for good advice, is too good for his neighbor's company.—Friends and photographs never flatter.—*The Modern Esop.*

## SYMPATHY.

The heart that bleeds  
From any stroke of fate, or human wrongs,  
Loves to disclose itself, that listening pity  
May drop a healing tear upon the wound.—*Mason*

## The Florist.

Gather ye rosebuds while ye may,  
Old Time is still a-flying;  
And this same flower that smiles to-day,  
To-morrow will be dying.—HZAARCK.

### Root-grafting Roses.

The process of root-grafting roses may now be performed, and it is the best method of increasing the hybrid perpetuals, though it may be safely practised with all roses. The roots generally used are those of the manetti, and splice or plain grafting the mode most practised. Prepare clean pieces of root about one inch, or an inch and a half long; pare off a thin slice smoothly at one end, to which the graft, prepared in a similar manner, must be adjusted. Apply the two surfaces, taking care to have the edges, or at least one edge, coincide; hold firmly with the thumb and finger until strongly tied with cotton twist; then smear with grafting composition, or common grafting paper coated with a mixture of tallow, beeswax and resin, such as is employed in fruit-tree root-grafting; insert the grafts in pans of sandy loam, and place in a gentle bottom heat.

### The Chrysanthemum.

The chrysanthemum is the pride of the amateur's garden; it is a flower easy of culture, and within the means of all. It grows by the cottager's porch and in the rich man's conservatory. It is used to form the bridal wreath, as well as the villager's nosegay. Gold is not its prevailing color now as of old. We have delicate white, soft yellow, pleasing blue, bright red, dusky brown, and all shades of these.

### Soil for Flower-Beds.

The soil for flower-beds should be neither too light nor too heavy. If too sandy, though the plants will come forward rapidly, yet in our hot dry summer weather they will require too frequent watering. If too heavy, it will be troublesome to work, and will be apt to cake and harden after rain. For manure, leaf mould, rotted sods and charcoal dust are excellent.

### Verbenas.

The seeds of verbenas are a long time germinating—sometimes a month, but they are pretty sure to come up. Sow in pots in the house, covering the seeds with a very little earth, early in the spring. They can be transplanted into the garden as early as any verbenas grown in hot-houses. If they do well, they will blossom in July.

### Edging for Flower-Borders.

The very neatest edging for flower-borders in a small garden is box. Great pains should be taken in keeping it evenly clipped, as severe formality is absolute necessary in box edgings. No old-fashioned garden was ever thought complete without its neat boundary rows of box.

### The Dielytra Spectabilis.

This elegant flower is that becoming a universal favorite. It was introduced from Japan via England, about ten years ago. As it forms a fleshy or tuberous root-stock, it is very easily propagated by division or cuttings.

### Birds' Eye.

This little plant, the botanical name of which is *primula farinosa*, is very pretty, and should be cultivated in soil which has a large proportion of peat, and kept moist.

### Arranging a Garden.

It is frequently found that in small gardens, and particularly those walled in, one part of it gets very little sun; perhaps one of the walls gets none; scarcely anything does well near that wall. It is a good plan to make the principal path near that wall. In this case a little border, not more than a foot wide, should be made for the purpose of planting ivy or climbing roses, or anything to cover the wall, and next that the path; the edging to the path should be London pride, thrift, or white Arabis. The other part of the garden which the sun reaches should be flower-beds for things which cannot thrive without it.

### Influence of Flowers.

Why does not every one have a geranium, a rose, a fuchsia, or some other flower, in the window? It is very cheap, next to nothing, if you raise it from seed or slip, and it is a beauty and a companion. As charming Leigh Hunt says, "It sweetens the air, rejoices the eye, links you with nature and innocence, and is something to love. If it cannot love you in return, it cannot hate you; it cannot utter a hateful thing even for neglecting it, for though it is all beauty, it has no vanity; and living, as it does, purely to do you good, and afford you pleasure, how can you neglect it?"

### Timely Hints.

Never work with bad tools. The difference between the work done in a month would buy a set of new ones. Have a place for every tool and never leave one out of its place. Never fill a pot so full of soil but that it may hold water enough to go through it; every pot should have an inch of space above the compost. Never grow a bad variety of anything if you can help it. It takes the same room and wants the same attention as a good one. Cover all seeds with at least their own thickness of soil, but as some gets washed off, you must allow for it.

### Bee Larkspurs.

The bee larkspur has become a very large family, called *delphinium*; of this one of the best is *delphinium formosum*. The seed of this sown when asters and stocks are sown, and similarly treated, will bloom the first year. The flowers are large and bloom in spikes, the color intense blue, the height about a foot. It is the richest of all perennials for the open border; the roots part for increase, but if left in the ground, it spreads and throws up more spikes.

### German Asters.

German asters should be raised in a hotbed in February or March, pricked out when the plants have two or three leaves, and transplanted into the open garden in May, where they will make a very fine appearance in September and October. They should be grown in light rich soil, or in loam and thoroughly rotten dung.

### Whitlavia Grandiflora.

This flower is appreciated wherever it is cultivated. It has a profusion of rich blue bell-shaped flowers, and blooms perpetually, beginning when the plants are but four or five inches high and continuing all the summer and autumn.

### Idly of the Valley.

This delicate and fragrant flower requires rather a moist soil, which should be tolerably light. The plant is increased by dividing the roots, which are very numerous; and though it is generally supposed to like the shade, yet it will not flower well unless it has plenty of light.

## Curious Matters.

### Preserves.

It is not generally known that at Coppet, on the Lake of Geneva, the residence of the late Madame de Stael, and her father and mother, the celebrated Monsieur and Madame Necker, the latter are not there buried, but preserved in a huge vat of spirits of wine. The curious, and they are not few, rush there to see this most painful as well as most disagreeable of sights. It was so much the desire of Monsieur Necker that he and his wife should be pickled in this strange manner, that, fearing his own family might not carry out his wishes, he left a certain sum to be paid yearly to the town for the support of a certain quantity of spirits of wine for that purpose. The vat is placed in the grounds close to the house, and partially hid by trees, which his grandson, Monsieur le Baron de Stael, had planted round it.

### Anecdotes of Beards.

Among the curious anecdotes of beards, the oddest is that told of the eminent John Mayo, a painter, at the court of Charles V., whose beard was so long that he could stand upon it. This cataract of hair he kept tied up with ribbons to his button-holes, sometimes unfastening at the emperor's wish, opening the doors and windows that it might blow into the faces of angry courtiers. Another famous beard was that of a Bavarian merchant, who kept it enclosed in a velvet bag, to prevent it from dragging on the ground. An old writer, of more gravity, we fear, than veracity, asserts that the inhabitants of Hardenburgh had formerly the singular custom of electing the burgomaster who had the longest beard and biggest foot.

### Is it so?

The St. John's News says:—"A gentleman of intelligence and observation informs us, from all the information he can obtain from medical men now having many cases of small pox under treatment, that there is no house in the city where gas is burnt, of the ordinary consumption, in which the disease has yet found lodgment. The gas, it is supposed, is a powerful disinfectant, and hence there is no contagion within the circle of its influence. He says that a person burning gas may contract the disease abroad and take it home with him; but it will not be communicated to any other member of his family."

### Mode of getting Practice.

Dr. Richard Mead, of England, was the first to introduce the custom of having himself "called out of church;" but he practised this ruse under more favorable advantages than most could. His father was a clergyman, with a large congregation, and when the doctor was summoned out, would say, "Dear brethren, let us offer a prayer for the poor sufferer to whose relief my son Richard has been called." In this way the son gained notoriety.

### Curious Formation.

Some months ago, Mr. John Johnson of Lockhaven, Pa., had the middle finger of his right hand amputated close to the lower joint joining the hand. The wound soon healed over, and almost immediately a new finger commenced growing from the stump of the old one; and six months from the time the finger was amputated, Mr. Johnson had a new and full grown one in its place, with the exception of the nail, which is just commencing to grow.

### Remarkable Discovery of Specie.

A Hanover correspondent of the Abington Standard says: "Remarkable discoveries have been made in the dwelling of Mrs. Hannah Robbins, since her decease. A tin pail filled with silver was found under her bed, and a kettle full of specie was also discovered. Some of it was mouldy and dusty with age, evidently having been undisturbed for years. The amount of specie thus discovered is \$1800. In addition to this, a thorough examination of the premises has brought to light a quantity of the old continental money, laid down in tobacco leaves. As this is of no value, it was not counted. All her property goes to a grandchild—the only survivor of a once numerous family."

### Singular Phenomenon.

A geological singularity occurred lately in Savoy, which will attract the notice of the geologists. At Orcler, in the mountain chain above Thonon, a part of the ground sank, and in its place a lake formed. The high chestnut trees disappeared entirely, with the piece of ground on which they stood, and in their stead rose trunks of trees to the surface, which had evidently long been under water, and which must have belonged to a species of tree not known about the country. At the same time a little brook has formed, that carries away the superfluous water of the lake.

### Singular Effects of Camomile.

A decoction of the leaves of common camomile will destroy all species of insects, and nothing contributes so much to the health of a garden as a number of camomile plants dispersed through it. No green-house or hot-house should ever be without it, in a green or dried state; either the stalks or the flowers will answer. It is a singular fact that, if a plant is drooping and apparently dying, in nine cases out of ten it will recover if you plant camomile near it.

### Growth of Hair.

"A young lady friend of mine," says a correspondent of the London Field, "was recommended by a *coiffeur* to use sage water. She was obliged to discontinue its daily use as it made her hair too thick. Pour boiling water on the sage leaves, and let them remain some time in the oven or near a stove; strain and apply to the roots of the hair daily. If any pomade is needed, an equal mixture of coconut and olive oils, with a little perfume, is very efficacious."

### That "That."

In thirty-one words, how many thates can be grammatically inserted? Answer, fourteen. He said that that that that man said was not that that that one should say; but that that, that that man said, was that that that man should not say. That reminds us of the following says and saids: Mr. B., did you say, or did you not say, what I said you said? because C. said you said you never did say what I said you said. Now, if you did say that you did not say what I said you said, then what did you say?

### King Bladud and his Pigs.

The city of Bath has a curious and somewhat comic tradition that the old British king, Bladud, being reduced by leprosy to the condition of a swineherd, discovered the medicinal virtues of the hot springs of Bath while noticing that the pigs which bathed therein were cured of sundry diseases prevailing among them.

### A remarkable Book.

Perhaps the most singular bibliographic curiosity is that which belonged to the family of the Prince de Ligne, and in France. It is entitled, "*Liber Passions Nostri Jesu Christicum caracteribus nulla materia compositis.*" This book is neither written nor printed! The whole letters of the text are cut out of each folio upon the finest vellum; and being interleaved with blue paper, it is read as easily as the best print. The labor and patience bestowed on its completion must have been excessive, especially when the precision and minuteness of the letters are considered. The general execution, in every respect, is indeed admirable, and the vellum is of the most delicate and costly kind. Rodolphus II., of Germany, offered for it, in 1640, 11,000 ducats, which was probably equal to 60,000 at this day. The most remarkable circumstance connected with this literary treasure is, that it bears the royal arms of England, but it cannot be traced to have ever been in that country.

### Measuring the Waves.

The height of waves has been often exaggerated, some stating that they are often higher than the masts of the tallest ships, and others speaking of them as "mountains high." The late Dr. Scoresby has left us some data of the height and velocity of waves, which may be relied upon as nearly accurate, and which will give a more correct idea of the subject than the fantastic description of the poet. In a great gale the waves average forty-one or forty-two feet in height; but as the vision was often disturbed by the tops of breaking waves, which rose much higher, the doctor placed the average at fifty feet. The average rate of the kind of waves known as "rollers," he found to be nearly the same in the Southern Ocean as in the Northern Atlantic—the former running at the rate of 54.84 feet per second, or 33.9 geographical miles an hour, while in the latter, from experiments made by the doctor in 1847, he found the rate to be 32.67 miles per hour.

### Singular Detection.

Between Orleans and Nevers, and not far from Cosne, on the Loire River, in France, lies the village of La Celle. In this village, standing at some distance from any other building, is the Giraffe Hotel, the proprietor of which acquired wealth very rapidly, and, to the villagers, most unaccountably. Recently a railroad was projected, to run through La Celle, and "mine host" of the Giraffe offered to have that part of the road which was to pass over a tract of land in his vicinity made at his own expense. This disinterested offer was not accepted, but laborers at once placed upon the spot, who, in the excavations necessary to make the proper grade, exhumed no less than twenty-five human bodies, some of which were recognized as merchants and travellers who had mysteriously disappeared after remaining for a night at the "Giraffe."

### Deformed Skulls.

Considerable discussion took place, lately, at a meeting of the Ethnological Society, in London, in regard to some deformed skulls found at Wroxter, near the Severn, but on an elevation of from thirty to forty feet above the level of the river, and about two feet below the ground. Many took the ground, that continued pressure since death had produced the singular shape of the skulls; but others seemed to think they belonged to a distinct race of beings. The meeting adjourned without coming to any decided expression of opinion on the subject.

### Curious Suicide.

The Akron Beacon gives the following particulars of the suicide by drowning of Mrs. Ann Dumbford, an Irish woman, in Tallmadge. The circumstances are very singular:—"She had recently given birth to an infant that did not survive its birth, and the anguish she experienced as to the destiny of this unbaptized offspring drove her to insanity. She left her bed at an early hour in the morning, and walked more than a mile barefoot over snow, frozen ground and ice, to the canal, got a rail from a fence, broke a hole through the ice, and plunged in. She was tracked from the dwelling to the spot, and the shawl floating in the hole indicated where the body was to be found. She was about thirty-five years old."

### Foreign Bodies under the Eyelid.

The following simple process for removing foreign bodies from beneath the eyelid is recommended by M. Renard:—"Take hold of the upper eyelid near its angles, with the index finger and thumb of each hand, draw it gently forward, and as low down as possible, over the lower eyelid, and retain it in this position for about a minute, taking care to prevent the tears flowing out. When, at the end of this time, you allow the eyelid to resume its place, a flood of tears washes out the foreign body, which will be found adhering to or near the lower eyelid."

### Bearded Women.

Michaëlis states that, in 1783, there lived at Dresden a bearded virgin. Her beard grew from each side of her chin, was three inches long, and of snowy whiteness. She cut it at first every month, then every fortnight, afterwards twice in the week. On her upper lip was a moustache of short black hair. She had a powerful voice, sat enormously, and was bold and courageous.—Elbe narrates that during the reign of Maria Theresa, a woman, who served in the army for many years as a hussar, and rose to the rank of captain, had a strong moustache.

### Curious Anecdote.

Towards the close of the Revolution the owners of the North Church, in New Haven, sent to Boston for nails to make repairs with, when one of the kegs sent in return for the order was found to contain Spanish silver dollars. The deacons wrote to the Boston merchant that there was an "error in shipping the goods;" but he answered that the nails were sold as he bought them of a privateersman, and he couldn't rectify mistakes. So the silver was melted up and made into a service of plate for the church, where it is in use at the present day.

### An ingenious Missionary.

The Rev. Mr. Hurlbutt, of Canada, a missionary among the Indians in British America, lately delivered a lecture in Detroit, giving an account of his labors among that people. Among other things, he exhibited a portion of the Bible printed in the language of the Cree nation, one of the tribes in the Hudson Bay region. This language he reduced to writing, inventing characters for the purpose. He then cut type from wood with a common knife, made a press himself, and then printed the book.

### The first American Carriage.

The first carriage said to be built in America, was built in Dorchester, Mass., by a man named White, for a private gentleman in Boston. It was copied from an English chariot, though much lighter, and was a credit to its maker.

## The Housewife.

### Perpetual Plum Pudding.

Three pounds of stoned raisins, three pounds of brown sugar, three pounds of currants, three pounds of grated bread, three pounds of suet shred very fine, three pounds of eggs, one pound of citron, three tablespoonful of flour, quarter of a pint of wine, quarter of a pint of brandy, two nutmegs, a little mace, and a teaspoonful of salt. Mix the ingredients well together, and divide into six equal parts; tie each part in a separate cloth; put them in water already boiling, and boil four hours. If they are to be kept, hang them in a cool place, and when wanted for use boil them again from one to three hours, according to the time they have been hanging.

### Silver Cake.

Two cups of fine white sugar, two and a half cups of sifted flour, half a cup of butter, three-quarters of a cup of sweet milk, half a teaspoonful of soda dissolved in the milk, the whites of eight eggs, and a teaspoonful of cream of tartar; flavor with peach, vanilla or rose-water; stir the sugar and butter to a cream, then add the whites of the eggs beaten to a stiff froth, add the flour, then the milk and soda; stir the whole together several minutes, then add the cream of tartar and spice.

### Gold Cake.

Take the yolks of the eggs, after using the whites for the silver cake, beat them to a stiff froth, and mix them with a cup of sugar and three-quarters of a cup of butter previously stirred to a cream; add two cups of sifted flour, half a teaspoonful of soda dissolved in half a cup of sweet milk; when well mixed, stir in a teaspoonful of cream of tartar; flavor with peach, almond or lemon. Bake both it and the silver cake in pans.

### To make Brilla Soup.

Take a shin of beef, cut off all the meat in square pieces, then boil the bone three hours; strain it and take off the fat, then put the broth to boil with the pieces of meat, a few carrots and turnips cut small, and a good sprig of thyme, some onions chopped, and a stick of celery cut in pieces; stir them all till the meat is tender. If not cooking brown, you must color it.

### A Spring Dish.

Upon a toasted bread place a layer of well boiled spinach about an inch thick; upon this place at equal distances poached eggs. This forms a pretty, light and nourishing dish; but be careful that the yellow of the egg is not broken, or the appearance will be lost, and the eggs not worth eating.

### Bread Cake.

To one pint of stale bread, crumbed fine, add five eggs, two teaspoons of flour, half a cup of butter, and one quart of milk. Soak the bread with the milk. Make in a batter, and bake as buckwheat cakes.

### For Stomach Ache and Dysentery.

If not of too long continuance, a wine-glass of super-carbonate soda every half hour, not to exceed six times, will cure.

### Ink-Spots from Mahogany.

Touch with oil of vitriol, for a moment or so, till gone, then wash off with warm water.

### Pigeon Pie.

Border a large dish with fine puff-paste, and cover the bottom with a veal cutlet, or tender steak, free from fat and bone, and seasoned with salt, cayenne, and nutmeg; prepare with great nicety as many fresh-killed pigeons as the dish will contain in one layer; put into each a slice of butter, seasoned with a little cayenne; lay them into the dish with the breasts downwards, and between and over them put the yolks of half a dozen hard-boiled eggs; stick plenty of butter on them, season the whole well with salt and spice, pour in some cold water for the gravy, roll out the cover three-quarters of an inch thick, secure it well round the edge, ornament it highly, and bake it for an hour or more in a well-heated oven.

### Rice Bread.

Take one pound and a half of rice, and boil it gently over a slow fire in three quarts of water about five hours, stirring it, and afterwards beating it up into a smooth paste. Mix this while warm into two gallons, or four pounds of flour, adding at the same time the usual quantity of yeast. Allow the dough to work a certain time near the fire, after which divide it into loaves, and it will be found, when baked, to produce twenty-eight or thirty pounds of excellent white bread.

### Black Ink.

Take of Aleppo galls bruised, one pound and a half; green vitriol, twelve ounces; powdered gum arabic, eight ounces; rasped logwood, eight ounces; soft water, two gallons and a half. Boil the galls and logwood in the water till it be reduced to two gallons, then add the remaining articles, and put the whole into a convenient vessel, stirring it several times during the day, for fourteen or fifteen days, at the end of which time it will be fit for use.

### Furniture Paste.

Scrape two ounces of beeswax into a pot or basin; then add as much spirits of turpentine as will moisten it through; at the same time powder an eighth part of an ounce of resin, and add to it, when dissolved to the consistency of paste, as much Indian red as will bring it to a deep mahogany color; stir it up, and it will be fit for use.

### Arrowroot Drops, or Biscuits.

Half a pound of butter beaten up to a cream, seven eggs well whisked, adding seven ounces of flour, six ounces of arrowroot, and half a pound of loaf sugar; mix all well together, and drop on a clean tin, size of a shilling; bake in a slow oven.

### Egg Butter.

One quart of good molasses well boiled with half of a lemon rind, eight eggs well beaten and stirred in slowly; boil fifteen minutes, add the spices preferred, and put away for use.

### Fried Peppernuts.

One pound of sugar, quarter of a pound of butter, seven eggs, a teaspoonful of soda dissolved in sour milk, and as much flour as will make a soft dough. Make them in rings, and bake in lard.

### Spots on Cloth.

To take spots produced by acids from cloth, calico, or any other fabric. Touch with volatile sal ammoniac or spirits of hartshorn, and they will disappear.

**Borax.**

The washerwomen of Holland and Belgium, who get up their linen so beautifully white, use refined borax as a washing-powder instead of soda, in the proportions of a large handful of borax powder to about ten gallons of boiling water; they save in soap nearly half. All the large washing establishments adopt the same mode. For lace, cambrics, etc., an extra quantity of the powder is used; and for crinolines (required to be made very stiff), a strong solution is necessary. Borax, being a semi-neutral salt, does not injure the texture of the finest linen.

**Muffin Pudding.**

Rub the tin mould with butter. Stick in the butter suitana or stoned raisins so thickly that no part of the mould be visible, unless you wish it to appear white in parts. Lay in the mould six or more sponge biscuits; and mix together two teacupful of cream, four yolks of eggs, one glass of brandy, and sugar. Pour this into the mould and boil it. Serve with sweet sauce. It can be eaten cold as trifle.

**Lemon Gingerbread.**

Grate the rinds of two or three lemons, and add the juice to a glass of brandy; then mix the grated lemon in one pound of flour, make a hole in the flour, pour in half a pound of treacle, half a pound of butter melted, the lemon-juice and brandy, and mix all up together with half an ounce of ground ginger and quarter of an ounce of Cayenne pepper.

**To cap Bottles.**

To cap bottles or jars with bladder, so as to be perfectly tight, always put the bladder, after wetting, with the inside to the bottle, and no escape can be made. The reason is, all fluids enter the bladder from the vessels of the exterior. It has no other manner of entrance. Fluid must enter only this way, and it has only one to escape.

**Stewed Beefsteak.**

Fry a tender steak in the usual way, but lightly, with the onions, turnips and carrots; then stew, and it will be better flavored than when in a large mass. It may be done with or without the carrots and turnips; if without them, the gravy must be flavored with anchovy sauce, and thickened with a little flour or arrowroot.

**To cure Chilblains.**

To effectually and speedily cure chilblains, even of most aggravated character, if not cracked, take *sassafras* bark, and make a weak immersion. Add a little to a decoction of "tencapitolls," or "asphes rhamedolls," and bathe slightly night and morning, and the cure is positive, never failing.

**To remove Glass Stoppers.**

To remove a glass stopper, if fixed in any bottle so as not to be removed, pour a few drops of sweet oil around the same; set in the sun, and it will soon work down and release the stopper.

**To cure Burns or Scalds.**

Cover them at once liberally with wheat flour, sweet and nice, and let them remain. They will heal rapidly, and all heat be drawn out.

**To restore the Color of Piano Keys.**

By applying fine sand-paper to the yellow keys of the piano, the color may be restored.

**To keep Suet.**

Suet may be kept for a twelvemonth thus:—Choose the firmest and most free from skin or veins, remove all trace of these, put the suet in a saucepan at some distance from the fire, and let it melt gradually; when melted, pour it into a pan of cold spring water; when hard, wipe it dry, fold it in white paper, put it into a linen bag, and keep it in a dry, cool place; when used, it must be scraped, and will make an excellent crust, either with or without butter.

**Lemon Cake.**

Beat six eggs, the yolks and whites separately, till in a solid froth; add to the yolks the grated rind of a fine lemon and six ounces of sugar dried and sifted; beat this quarter of an hour; shake in with the left hand six ounces of dried flour; then add the whites of the eggs and the juice of the lemon; when these are well beaten in, put it immediately into tins, and bake it about an hour in a moderately hot oven.

**Imperial Gingerbread.**

Rub six ounces of butter into three-quarters of a pound of flour; then mix six ounces of treacle with a pint of cream carefully, lest it should turn the cream; mix in a quarter of a pound of double-refined sugar, half an ounce of powdered ginger, and one ounce of caraway seeds; stir the whole well together into a paste, cut it into shapes, and stick cut candied orange or lemon-peel on the top.

**To sweeten Pie-Dishes.**

When these have long been used for baking, they are apt to impart an unpleasant taste, in consequence of the portion of oily matter they imbibe from the butter or lard. To purify them, place them in a boiler or large kettle of cold water, throw in a few hot ashes or cinders, and boil for an hour.

**Dysentery.**

Take Indian corn roasted and ground in the manner of coffee, or roast meal browned, and boil in a sufficient quantity of water to produce a strong liquid like coffee, and drink a teacupful, warm, two or three times a day. One day's practice, it is said, will ordinarily effect a cure.

**Soft Corns between the Toes.**

Wrap the toe on which the corn is, and one next adjoining, in soft linen or cotton, firmly, and let it remain. In a week the cure will be effected.

**To grease Boots, Leather or Harness.**

First let the leather be well dampened or pliable wet. Then the leather after greasing or oiling will be pliant; otherwise not.

**To Cure Ruptured Navels in Infants.**

Take a piece of adhesive plaster the size of a silver dollar, and apply over the navel until a permanent cure is effected.

**To cure the Poison of Ivy.**

Chew freely and swallow limbedly the leaves or green twigs of the white pine.

**Sting of a Bee or Wasp.**

Apply at once strong potash water, if obtainable; else saleratus water.

## Editor's Table.

MATURIN M. BALLOU, EDITOR AND PROPRIETOR.

### PRACTICAL JOKING.

We have time and again denounced, in no unmeasured terms, the practice of practical joking, more especially those kinds which consist of experiments on the nerves of unhappy victims. Many and many a timid person has been ruined for life by the sudden shock of an alarm given by some thoughtless buffoon. There is now in a female lunatic asylum at Hammersmith, says the London Court Circular, a lady of exquisite beauty, who was driven mad by being suddenly startled by her maid. The lady's name is H—, and she resided with her husband, Mr. H—, a wealthy sharebroker, at a splendid mansion in Cavendish Square. One evening, a few months ago, she strolled in the dusk into her husband's library, to procure a book. The lady's maid saw her enter the apartment, and in a mere frolic concealed herself behind the curtains belonging to the window, until her mistress had placed her hand upon the work she came in search of, when she suddenly sprung upon her with a loud shout. The lady was so astounded by the shock, that she was struck almost senseless. Delirium ensued; confirmed madness followed, which has ever since continued without abatement, to a degree dangerous to all who approach her, and it is more than probable that she will never recover her reason.

**A CITY OF THE DEAD.**—Greenwood Cemetery, Long Island, N. Y., was first opened in June 1840, since which time the mortal remains of 60,650 persons have been buried in the enclosure.

**A SHARP BOY.**—A shopkeeper in Bond Street, Liverpool, advertised lately for a sharp boy. One applicant grounded his qualifications of sharpness on the fact of his having cut from four places.

**HIGH PRICE.**—Horseflesh must have been dear in England in the time of Richard III., for he offered his "kingdom for a horse" and there were no takers.

**ENCOURAGING.**—As you rise in life so does the envy of the world increase—the man who makes a reputation, makes enemies.

### THE OLD OAKEN BUCKET.

The origin of Woodworth's popular song is given in a late number of the "Home Journal," on the authority of a private letter to one of the editors, as follows: "It was written in the spring or summer of 1817. The family were living at the time in Duane Street. The poet came home to dinner one very warm day, having walked from his office, somewhere near the foot of Wall Street. Being much heated with the exercise, he poured himself out a glass of water—New York pump water—and drank it at a draught, exclaiming, as he replaced the tumbler on the table: 'That is very refreshing, but how much more refreshing would it be to take a good long draught, this warm day, from the old oaken bucket I left hanging in my father's well, at home!' Hearing this, the poet's wife, who was always a suggestive body, said: 'Selim, why wouldn't that be a pretty subject for a poem?' The poet took the hint, and, under the inspiration of the moment, sat down and poured out from his very soul those beautiful lines which have immortalized the name of Woodworth."

**WHAT IS FAME?**—Dick Turpin has been made the hero of an English opera, so that his works live after him. He travels along the road of fame as rapidly as he went over that from London to York. It is a caustic practical comment on the nature of fame when Mr. Turpin is as immortal as Mr. Howard, or the Duke of Wellington, or Lord Byron, or Gibbon, or Sir H. Davy, or Scott, or William Pitt, or Lord Nelson, or Luther, or Washington.

**AWFUL IF TRUE.**—The Philadelphia Ledger, speaking of glove-makers, says "they generally prepare their own skins for making gloves." Glove-makers must be a short-lived race if they have to flay themselves alive to supply customers.

**WHAT A FALL!**—A man three years ago invested \$30,000 in real estate in St. Paul. He lately sold it for just \$1800.

**A GOOD ONE.**—Why is the world like a piano? Because it is full of sharps and flats.

### THE POETRY OF COMMERCE.

It is a common error to suppose that all poetry is contained in books; that everything outside of books must necessarily be prosaic. But there is a poetry of life, as well as a poetry of literature; a poetry of action, as well as a poetry of repose. There are living poets who have never written a line, and lives of action that are unpublished epics. In fact we live, move and have our being in an atmosphere of poetry, though we may be unconscious of it all our lives, just as Moliere's comedy hero had been speaking prose all his life without knowing it. Let us take, for example, a commercial life. Most people are apt to consider commerce and poetry to be "wide as the poles asunder;" but a more critical examination will convince them of their error.

Follow the history of commerce, from the most distant epochs. In the infancy of the world, its caravan slowly penetrated the arid deserts of Asia and Africa, and linked together the scattered members of the human family in those vast regions, as they do to-day. Commercial colonies spread the Greek civilization on the shores of the Mediterranean, and drew the bold adventurers of Tyre and Carthage to the north of Europe and the south of Africa. The mediæval cities, protected by their ramparts, defended the elegant arts against the iron yoke of feudal power. For many centuries the Hanseatic cities were the bulwark of liberty and property in the north and west of Europe.

The representative system germinated in the municipal franchises of the communes. At the revival of letters, the "merchant princes" of Florence welcomed to their palaces the banished arts of Greece. In the 15th century, the enterprising spirit of commerce developed that movement which drew Columbus to America, and inspired Vasco de Gama to double the Cape of Good Hope, till that time called the Cape of Storms, and invested with appalling horrors.

Since then, the modern system of international laws is solidly based on the interests and rights of commerce, and the necessity of securing them. Commerce spreads the treasures of the new world among the nations of the West; it gives a new strength to civil and religious liberty; by degrees it extends the colonial system to the extremities of the earth, carrying with it the elements of future independent and civilized republics.

But why should we dwell upon past centuries? What is it that renders the civilization of to-day so powerful and vital? Is it not the universal development of commercial relations, thanks to which all the products of sea and land, of mines,

orges and looms, all these which Nature furnishes us in her exhaustless bounty, all those which art and tireless industry create, reach the general market where supply and demand meet? In whatever region the liberal hand of Providence has placed a desirable product within the reach of man, in whatever region human skill is exercised, whether it covers with its perfumed foliage the mountains of China, whether it shines in the auriferous sands of California, whether buried in the deep abysses of Arctic seas, or ripens in the fertile plains of southern lands, beneath the ardent rays of the sun, whether it issues from the workshops of the English or American Manchester, commerce, the ruling power of the globe, attracts everything to itself for the purpose of applying it to the use and benefit of nations.

The white-winged messengers of commerce are also the white-winged messengers of gospel truth and peace. It is more than gold or silver, more than implements wrought by human hands, that commerce sends to distant islands and to strange and distant peoples. The light of religious truth and civilization is scattered broadcast in the desert places by the merchants of the world. Well may the men who embark in this mission, who give to it their fortunes, their intellects, their hearts—well may they be called "merchant princes," and we are fully justified in speaking of the "poetry" of commerce.

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**WAGES IN FRANCE.**—Wages in France, especially in the Southern departments, are said to be higher than at any period since the first revolution. In consequence, considerable difficulty is found in obtaining substitutes for the army, and some discontent is felt in Paris respecting this.

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**AN ARMY OF SCHOLARS.**—The enrolled Sunday-school scholars under the pastoral care of the Methodist Episcopal Church are 800,000, a number equal to the population of the city of New York.

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**YOUNG AMERICA.**—A man once asked a company of little boys what they were good for? one little fellow promptly answered: "We are good to make men of."

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**A LUCKY AUTHOR.**—It is said that Mr. Charles Dickens has made \$350,000 in the last ten years.

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**GOOD.**—An honest heart, says Prentice, makes a gentleman; but an honest modesty makes a gentle manner.



## MECHANICAL-CURIOSITIES.

It is only on reviewing the history of mechanism, that we can realize how much mental toil and valuable time and labor men of genius have wasted on toys for grown children. The construction of automata has ever been a favorite occupation of men of a mechanical turn. The earliest automaton on record, is the pigeon made by Archytas of Tarentum, 408 years B. C. Plato tells us that this artificial bird flew a considerable distance and alighted at the point from which he was launched. In 1260 Albertus Magnus, Archbishop of Ratisbon, and a Dominican, made a machine in the human form which saluted visitors in a few articulate words. He was rewarded for his labors by being accused of sorcery after his death. De Kempelen, one of the cabinet ministers of the emperor of Austria, exhibited a similar automaton to the Parisian Academy of Sciences in 1703, which articulated several long phrases. In the same year the Abbé Mical exhibited his *talking heads*, which were endowed with yet more wonderful educational powers. The learned Kircher and the philosophic Gassendi assure us that John Muller of Konigsberg, surnamed Regiomontanus, made an eagle which circled round the emperor Frederick in a circumference of five hundred paces, and ended by alighting on the spot from which he had started. Muller also constructed, says the same authority, an iron fly which flew about the room and alighted on the hand from which it had taken its start.

According to some chroniclers of the 16th century, when Henry III. made his solemn entry into Cracow in 1573, after his election to the throne of Poland, a mechanical prodigy no less remarkable was seen, and which did not less astonish the crowd. Wherever the king went, he was followed by a white eagle, constructed with such art, that he did not cease to float over Henry's head, beating his wings, during the whole ceremony. Cornelius Drebbel, a Dutch mathematician, made, in imitation of the famous statue of Memnon, a musical machine which wound itself up at sunrise, and played a continuous symphony so long as the rays of the sun fell upon it.

Vaucanson, acting on this idea a little later, produced his flute-player, whose renown, as the journals of the day attest, was not less than that of the duck. The artificial duck, it is well known, plumed itself, quacked, waddled, devoured and even digested food by means of a chemical solution by which the interior of the machine was charged. Every one has heard of Maelzel's automaton chess-player. This, however, has ceased

to be a mechanical marvel; it was only an ingenious deception.

Maelzel's automaton trumpeter was first exhibited in Paris in 1808. It was exhibited, in this city, together with his chess-player, mechanical rope-dancers, and speaking puppets, about thirty years ago. The trumpet-playing was very good. Every one has heard of Pascal's arithmetical machine, which performed a number of calculations, but which has been surpassed by the calculating machines of modern times.

The Jesuit Maimburg makes mention of a golden tree in the possession of the emperor Theophilus, laden with little artificial birds, which produced a concert similar to the song of nightingales, and thereby astounded all Constantinople. The *Journal des Savans* for 1840 speaks of two automata no less wonderful. The first was an artificial horse which could go over smooth ground seven or eight leagues a day; the second was a statue of iron, constructed by a prisoner, which, having issued from the prison, went and presented a petition to the emperor of Morocco in his palace and then returned again. John Walk, in his Latin discourses, speaks of a brazen spider made by a German clock-maker, which moved and imitated life so naturally that it was difficult to believe that it was not an actual spider. But Vaucanson seems to have surpassed all his rivals in this line. Besides his flute-player and the famous duck, he made, for Marmontel's tragedy of "Cleopatra," an asp, which crawled upon the bosom of the actress who played the heroine, and hissed; which induced a wag, who was asked what he thought of this wretched play, to answer: "Faith! I'm of the same opinion as the asp."

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AN ERROR OF THE PRESS.—In one of the Scottish editions of Buchan's "Domestic Medicine," there is an astonishing misprint, in which a prescription, containing one hundred ounces of *laudanum*, instead of that number of drops, is recommended!

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A BRUTE'S THOUGHT ABOUT WOMEN.—It matters very little how ugly she may be, a woman never sees a pretty one excepting in the looking-glass.

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QUEER.—It is somewhat singular that women are rarely if ever inebriated when it is known they are so fond of their glasses.

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SCOLDING.—The very worst use a woman can make of her tongue is to scold.

### MINDING ONE'S OWN BUSINESS.

Whatever faults John Bull may have, he has many noble qualities and traits; and among the latter—we speak of J. B. socially, not politically—that of minding his own business. Bayard Taylor says when he first visited London, he was compelled by his circumstances to put up at a humble chop-house which was the resort of actors, hackmen, sailors and pawnbrokers' clerks. Yet the people "respected his silence and reserve" and asked him no impertinent questions. He intimates pertinently that he should have fared differently in the United States; and he is right. Here a crying nuisance to which native and foreigner both are subjected is a constant cross-questioning and prying into his affairs. "What may I call your name?" "What may you follow for a living?" "Come here to settle?" etc., etc. Such are some of the rude questions put to a stranger which, if he does not choose to answer, his self-constituted inquisitors set him down either as an ill-bred person or a suspicious character, totally unconscious of the fact that they themselves are guilty of the grossest ill-breeding. No man of any refinement or delicacy can look at one of these eager-eyed, voluble Paul Pry's without a shuddering disgust. It is useless to palliate such a breach of minor social morality by calling it "intelligence," "smartness," a "thirst for information," etc. It is nothing but the insolent curiosity of gossips in breeches, and the sooner such a low habit is abandoned, the better for the good name of our people. Every man's own business is quite enough for him to attend to.

**FATE OF AN ENGLISH PAUPER.**—A pauper in a Liverpool workhouse, kept for many hours without food, tried to swallow his dinner whole and choked to death in the attempt. His hunger was so sharp he could not wait for the nurse to cut up his food, and was too infirm to do it himself.

**WHALEERS AND CRITICS.**—The whalers, says Turner, have a superstition that when they are going to harpoon a whale it is their duty to put their best jackets on. A good hint for the critic when he is going to strike a heavy fish.

**CONJUGAL DIALOGUE.**—"Don't you think, wife, that tobacco-smoke would kill the mosquitoes in our room?" "It might; but it would kill me first."

**A HARD TASK.**—It is not half so difficult to tempt a man into crime as to coax him out of it.

### BUYING FLOUR.

It is about as difficult a job to buy good flour as to buy a good horse. Let us tell our housekeepers how to go to work with it. First, look at color; if it is white, with a slightly yellowish or straw colored tint, buy it. If it is very white, with a bluish cast, or with black specks in it, refuse it. Second, examine the adhesiveness; wet and knead a little of it between your fingers; if it works soft and is sticky, it is poor. Flour from spring wheat is likely to be sticky. Third, throw a lump of dry flour against a dry, smooth, perpendicular surface; if it falls like powder, it is bad. Fourth, squeeze some of the flour in your hand; if it retains the shape given by the pressure, that too is a good sign. Flour that will stand all these tests is safe to buy. These modes are given by old flour dealers, and we make no apology for printing them, as they pertain to a matter that concerns everybody, namely, the quality of the staff of life.

**THE OXYGENATED BITTERS.**—In this long established and real specific, the dyspeptic has a ready relief from all the evils incident upon indigestion. This remarkable preparation is also a sure cure for liver complaint, general debility, and all the various diseases which arise from weakness of the stomach and digestive organs. Especially in the spring of the year the Bitters form a pleasant and never-failing tonic, and as there is no spirituous compound in their preparation, there is no reaction to their bracing and strengthening effect. We have known of remarkable cures effected by the Bitters in cases of sick-headache, jaundice, flatulency and the like. They may be found everywhere.

**AN OLD SAW.**—A person asked a Grecian philosopher what he thought was the proper time to dine. "Sir," said the ancient, "the proper time of dinner with the opulent is when they choose; with the poor man, when he can."

**A GRACEFUL JOKE.**—At a public dinner three gentlemen having stood up at the same moment to say grace, Sidney Smith, who was present, called them "the Three Graces."

**WITS IN COMPANY.**—Men of genius are often dull and inert in society, as the blazing meteor when it descends to earth is only a stone.

**INFANT MORTALITY.**—Out of every five infants born in London two die before they are five years old.

## THE BATTLE OF LIFE.

There is nothing surer than that there is no absolute peace in this sublunary life of ours. There are armistices and truces, halts on the march, periods of repose at bivouacs, moments of rest and jollity, but these are only episodes in the history of a stern campaign. On this side of the grave, we can only sleep on our arms. At any moment, the bugle-call and drum-beat may summon us to action: The sons of men are the grand army perpetually marching on, perpetually fighting. In their pathway, obstacles rise at almost every step; there are batteries to be taken, heights to be stormed, victories to be achieved. But there is a stern joy in this incessant strife; without it, our energies would sink, our strength waste away, our very virtues become merely negative qualities.

It requires years to realize this truth. Poets, and all the young are poets at heart, figure in a very different scene. To them life is an Arcadia, with eternal summer shining on its flowery meads and fragrant groves, peopled with the gentlest beings, filled to repletion with paradisaical lures and joys. No tempests ruffle the calm waters of the fancied Eden; no storms silence the music of its happy voices. Vainly do the pioneers on the march send back chilling reports of the desolate character of the tract they have travelled; only personal experience can teach a man the delusion of his dreams.

But how criminal it is in those who have charge of the young recruits who are destined to take part in this great strife, to conceal the dangers and duties which lie before them; to lull them into security and inaction; to lap them in luxurious ease, and sap the foundation of their moral strength. Even if we cannot convince the young that there is a hard fight before them, we can prepare them for the combat. We can teach them energy, self-denial, self-control and self-development. We can strengthen their minds and indurate their muscles; we can train them to take a pleasure in struggling with and overcoming obstacles. If the fortune of war favors them, then they are all the better prepared to enjoy it; if, on the contrary, they form no exception to the common rule, they are able to fight their way gallantly through the world. They ought always to be in "condition."

The English system of education for boys is a sensible one. At a suitable age, mama's petted darling, whom the winds of heaven are not permitted to visit too roughly, is sent from home and thrown into the vortex of a great school, no bad image of the world itself. It is, in fact, a world in miniature, made up by the youthful

representatives of various classes, rich and poor, noble, gentle and common. And here begins the strife which pre-figures the contest in the great theatre of the world; a sham-fight, as it were, preceding the great battle. Here a boy must stand up for himself, or go to the wall. He learns, to be self-reliant, and to help himself. He makes friends and enemies just in proportion to his qualities. All boys are born democrats, and in the play-grounds the son of a peer is no more than the equal of the son of a commoner. If he puts on the airs of a domineering bully, his self-conceit is thrashed out of him. In this little world, genius, courage, manliness and honor are sure to meet with ultimate recognition; sloth, cowardice, effeminacy and baseness, to be branded as they deserve. Right, to be sure, does not triumph over might without hard fighting; and is it not so in the great world? The fight between Tom Brown and the "Slogger," so graphically described in "Tom Brown at Rugby," is but typical of the great battles that history records—of such a strife, for instance, as that between Italy and Austria. The literary emulation of the schools is a preparation for the emulation developed in the grand careers of the profession, of politics and diplomacy. There are evils, and great ones, in the system; but we believe the good counterbalances the evil. The character of the English people, liberally construed, justifies their general plan of education.

In France, a different system of education and preparation for life prevails. There boys are subjected to a constant surveillance, night and day, in school and out of school. Teachers dog their footsteps and accompany them in every act of duty or relaxation. They are never left to themselves, and consequently acquire no habits of self-control and self-reliance. Hence, when emancipated from school, they require, as citizens, a very strong government, and a government which shall take a paternal care of them; which shall mark out and define the limits of their actions, which shall dog, by its spies, their footsteps by night and day. In those things with which government does not interfere, as in the pursuit of their private pleasures, Frenchmen exhibit a lamentable lack of self-control. We are confident that we are correct in attributing many of the defects of French character, as contrasted with the good qualities of their neighbors across the channel, to the peculiarities of their system of education. And let us remark, in this connection, that we recognize many excellent qualities in the French, and many unamiable qualities in the English, but so far as aptitude for the battle of life is concerned, the bold Britons must,

take the lead. Female education, in France, is established on an equally false basis. Until their marriage, French women are subjected to a rigid police discipline. They are brought up in ignorance of what life really is, and ignorance is the most vulnerable armor in the world. Many of the most inestimable privileges of youth are denied them, and every one knows into what wild license too many French women rush, when the pressure of their educational ligatures is removed.

In this country, the young are left more to themselves; and consequently young men emerge into the arena of life far better fitted to cope with its requirements and vicissitudes. They have fought with buttoned foils and with gloves; when they handle the cold steel, and clench the naked hand, they know what to do. The great evil of this system is the precocious development of individuals—the growth of "old heads on young shoulders." But this is an incidental and partial evil. Look at the great mass of the American people, with their strength, self-reliance, independence and energy, and say whether they have a superior on the face of the globe. Compare them with any people you may select—compare their achievements with those of any other nation, and, though you may theorize, you will find it impossible to substitute any living example of higher strife. In the great Battle of Life, there are no more energetic combatants.

**HEALTH AND HAPPINESS.**—A man is the healthiest and happiest when he thinks the least either of health or happiness. To forget an ill, is half the battle; it leaves easy work for the doctors.

**SCENE AT PARKER'S.**—Waiter—(speaking to the cook)—"One roast lamb and one potato." Old gentleman—"No, no! not so much lamb and more potatoes!"

**A BAD SIGN.**—It is a bad sign to see a man with his hat off at midnight, explaining the theory and principles of his political party to a lamp-post.

**A YOUNG LADY'S CONUNDRUM.**—Mary asked Charles—"What animal dropped from the clouds?" "The rain, dear," was the whispered reply.

**CHILDREN.**—Apropos of children, it was a beautiful saying of Richter's, that "the smallest are nearest God."

**RATHER FAST.**—The public debt of Dubuque, Iowa, is over one million of dollars.

#### BAPTISM OF A DYING GIRL.

The Albany Express says: "On Sunday morning several young folks were baptized at Rev. Dr. Magoon's church. The first person who was baptized was a young girl, perhaps sixteen years old, in the last stages of consumption. She was literally arrayed in her grave clothes, it being understood that the white robe in which she was baptized was to be worn by her when she was placed in her coffin. She obtained her mother's permission to be baptized and then acquainted her pastor with her desire. She was brought to the pool in the arms of her uncle, attended by her mother, and lifted in the arms of the pastor, who gently immersed her head, after repeating the usual words. The scene was very affecting, causing some of the spectators to sob with emotion. She was so far gone that it was feared she might expire during the ceremony, yet after it was performed she expressed a wish to be brought to the church in the afternoon, to partake of the Lord's Supper, which was granted. After the supper, when in another room, she sang the doxology, 'Praise God,' and when in her carriage Dr. Magoon asked her how she felt, she whispered, 'I have fought a good fight.'"

**"SEEING WARREN."**—A very good story touching this capital comedian is to be credited to the Saturday Evening Gazette: "Mr. Veri-green came down from the country, and went to see Warren at his benefit, Warren sustaining five characters. 'How did you like the performance?' I asked. 'Purty well,' said he; 'but that Warren's nonsense kind o' bothered me, so't I couldn't hardly make out the story. I should think he'd see that folks laugh at him.'"

**NARROW-MINDEDNESS.**—Narrow-minded men who have not a thought beyond the little sphere of their own vision, recall the Hindoo saying: "The snail sees nothing but its own shell, and thinks it the grandest in the universe."

**A GOOD IDEA.**—The life insurance companies are about inserting a clause in their policies, prohibiting their risks from risking their necks by ballooning or tight-rope performances.

**THE PRECIOUS METALS.**—Some of the silver ore of the Washoe mines, California, pays \$5000 a ton. Letters from Oregon confirm the account of the discovery of rich gold fields.

**SINGULAR.**—There are two hundred oil wells in Pennsylvania. Pray what is to become of the whaling business?

## Foreign Miscellany.

A London dramatist has succeeded in making "A Frightful Accident" a funny affair.

English army chaplains are to wear a uniform—black and gold.

Some English journals are getting fierce with the Napoleon-Savoy question.

The Japanese are gradually becoming more and more accustomed to the intercourse of foreigners, and are already giving up many of their old customs, and becoming civilized.

Lord Dufferin has been excavating on the banks of the Nile, where a small temple, with the columns *in situ*, and a considerable number of inscriptions, have rewarded the search.

In five years the public debt of France has increased above \$500,000,000, and is still increasing. This is considered alarming by all the financial men of Europe.

Cheap "pleasure excursions" to Tetuan from Madrid and other places are advertised in the Spanish capital by railway and steamboat companies.

At the Paris Observatory, recently, a splendid lens, valued at 25,000 francs, was broken by the carelessness or awkwardness of two workmen. A bronze statuette has been stolen from the Louvre. It is valued at 35,000 francs.

A relic of the true cross is on exhibition at an English convent. As it is encased in jewels, it is worth tens of thousands of dollars. We should think the pope had had crosses enough of late to supply all his followers with the article.

The Belgian Chamber has adopted some severe enactments against duelling. In the event of the death of one of the parties, the survivor will be liable to imprisonment of from one to five years, and with a fine of from 2000*fr.* to 10,000*fr.*

A letter from an officer of the African squadron says the discovery of coal in Liberia, all the hilly ranges abounding with it, will bring not only wealth but civilization to Africa. The only drawback is the want of proper harbors for vessels along the coast.

Sir Moses Montefiore, the distinguished member of the Jewish faith in England, has addressed to a Jewish citizen of Washington a letter, handsomely acknowledging his deep sense of the liberality of our House of Representatives, in inviting a minister of the ancient faith to offer prayers at the opening of the House.

The English government have purchased a splendid range of buildings at Fleetwood, for the sum of £20,000, where it has been decided to establish a school of musketry. The building will be converted into barracks for the accommodation of troops who may be sent thither for instruction and practice in musketry.

It is stated by Prof. Leone Levi, in a paper published by the Statistical Society, that the consumption of paper in Great Britain, in 1801, was thirty-six millions of pounds. In 1859, the population had not doubled, being under thirty millions, but the consumption of paper had increased between five and six fold, having reached one hundred and ninety-eight millions of pounds.

A medal to commemorate the treaty between England and France is about to be struck at the Paris Mint.

Statuettes in aluminium are now made in Paris. It has a very fine grain, is easily chiselled, and takes the place of bronze with advantage.

The Russian government has ordered a steam fire engine from the United States for use at St. Petersburg.

Few persons attend church in Prussia. In Berlin there is but one church to 15,000 inhabitants, and except on special occasions these are empty.

In consequence of the completion of the telegraph between Alexandria and India, news from India will now reach England in six days.

Mr. and Mrs. Charles Kean have just concluded an engagement at the Queen's Theatre, Edinburgh—the most successful that has attended their provincial experiences.

This year there is an increase in the British army estimates of nearly two million sterling (say \$10,000,000), the chief items of which will go for warlike stores by sea and land.

The total value of imports into the Sandwich Islands for 1859 was \$1,155,559; the custom house duties on which amounted to \$132,129. The total value of exports and supplies was \$628,575.

Sir Cursetjee Jamsetjee Jajeebhoy has given orders to a firm at Bombay to prepare a splendid court robe of crimson velvet interlaced with gold, which he intends to present to her majesty, the Queen of England.

The name of the emperor of China appears for the first time in the *Almanach de Gotha* for 1860. Sian Fien is the seventh emperor of the dynasty of the Tsins, who succeeded the dynasty of the Mins in 1644.

A dinner service has been manufactured in London for the Bishop of Mauriciastro. It is of solid silver, and capable of accommodating thirty guests. The cost was £12,000, or fifty-five thousand dollars.

The National Portrait Gallery has acquired a portrait of Sir William Herschel. It is one of the productions of Abbot, who is chiefly known as the painter of Lord Nelson. The picture was found at Bath.

The London Times says:—"It seems that the world is destined to be disappointed in all its hopes of Austria, and that we have in her a power which experience can neither teach nor calamity tame."

Mr. Norton proposes to furnish, in one volume, all the matter of Murray's European Guide Books. It will be issued in season for the summer travel, and will meet a great want of tourists who dread the incumbrance of accumulated luggage.

In London, lately, a police officer had a desperate struggle with a thief near the docks, during which the thief slipped overboard and sunk immediately. His body was not recovered for some time, when thirteen sheets of stolen copper were found wrapped about it, which was, undoubtedly, the cause of death.

## Record of the Times.

The first American vessel which sailed on temperance principles was the brig *Amazon* of Salem.

The estate of the Mount Vernon Association has very properly been exempted from taxation.

The present year, we are informed, is the centenary anniversary of Methodism in this country.

The State of Arkansas is the only State in the Union without a telegraph, and she has not a foot of line within her border.

A man in Indiana recently committed suicide through fear of becoming a drunkard, as he felt the appetite for liquor growing upon him.

It is rumored that Paul Morphy is to remove to Paris, with his mother, with the intention of making the French capital their home.

There are 998 booksellers in the eight Western States, Illinois standing first with 263, and Minnesota last with 18.

Some scoundrel removed a rail on the Ohio and Mississippi Railroad near Oakdale, recently, causing the smash up of a freight train, and left a note informing the company that this was only the beginning of difficulties.

In exhuming some bodies at a family graveyard, near Crawfordville, S. C., the body of a woman, buried some twelve or more years, was found a petrification, with each article of dress perfect.

Negro Sam, believed to have been upwards of 140 years old, lately died on the plantation of his master, A. J. Billingly, of Jones County, Ga. When captured in Africa he was 45 years old, according to his statement.

The greatest raise ever attempted in Chicago was commenced a few days ago. An immense block on Lake Street, extending from La Salle to Clark Street, was to be raised, and 600 men and 6000 screws were employed in the operation.

A man named George Worcester hung himself in Elkhart county, Indiana, recently. He tied the rope to a limb of a tree, climbed up in the limb and jumped off, giving himself as heavy a fall as if he had been on the drop of a scaffold. Domestic difficulties were supposed to have been the cause of it.

Captain Daniel Searles, doorkeeper of the Louisiana House of Delegates, lately committed suicide at Baton Rouge. For years he had kept his coffin and winding-sheet in his house, and he already had his tombstone in the cemetery with his name inscribed.

It is probable that Brazoria county, Texas, is the richest in the Union in proportion to the number of its population. According to the last comptroller's report, if the property of that county should be equally divided among its voters, there would be something more than \$13,000 to each man.

Mr. Ensign Eldridge, of Chatham, an unmarried man of about forty years of age, came to the determination to end his life by starvation, and for the last twenty days has persistently refused all sustenance. He is probably insane. Several years since a female relative of Mr. Eldridge came to her death by the same means, at the end of twenty-four days.

There are 2562 students in the various medical colleges of the United States.

The common schools of Ohio contain about 600,304 scholars.

The North Carolina fisheries promise to be better this season than for years.

Vertigo or giddiness in sheep is occasioned by the presence in the brain of a parasite, known as a *hydatid*—the *canaris cerebri*.

There is a lady residing in Elmira, N. Y., who is one hundred years old, and yet never saw but twenty-five birth days.

The swiftest horse ever known was "Flying Childers;" he performed 4 miles 380 yards in seven minutes and a half, which is at the rate of over 33 miles per hour.

There are two things which the Americans with all their ingenuity, have never been able to make equal to a Frenchman; one is a boot, and the other is a loaf of bread.

Ten pounds of walrus flesh and blubber Dr. Hayes saw an Esquimaux eat at a single meal. Well might the doctor say *as* he beheld this, "In-fat-u-ate!"

Native iron has been discovered in but very few parts of the world. Specimens have been found in Austria; and in Canaan, Conn., there exists a seam of native iron, two inches in thickness, from which horse-nails have been forged.

A 600 ton wooden ship, after being three years afloat, will absorb, by soakage, from forty to sixty tons of water, increasing the draft from six to nine inches, thereby increasing the positive resistance and reducing the speed.

The artificial breeding of fish has recently been successfully attempted in Canada. The legislature of Canada passed a fishery act two years ago, and appointed two superintendents of fisheries.

In a recent case of insolvency before the probate Judge of Franklin county, Ohio, the creditor claimed the spectacles worn by the defendant. The judge very properly refused the claim, on the ground that the spectacles were essential to the personal comfort of the debtor.

A Mr. Amunn, lately from India, has arrived in London with a parcel of diamonds, for one of which he asks \$1,500,000. The Hartford Times learns that a customer is waiting for him to get three more just like it, when he proposes to purchase the lot for a set of sleeve buttons.

A careful and expert mathematician has made a calculation, from which it appears that giving a steam engine a constant supply of water, and working it on a long stretch of twenty-four hours continuously, it will throw as much water as ten thousand men from hand engines during the same time.

In Crockett, Texas, Mr. T. P. Collins, a merchant of that place, lately published a scandalous piece of poetry about a Miss Whitwell, a school mistress. She sued him for \$6000 damages, and gained the case. The jury returned the verdict at midnight. So strong was public sentiment in favor of the plaintiff, that the verdict was received with shouts of the people, the firing of guns, and other demonstrations of gladness.

## Merry-Making.

A person who can afford *livery*, ought to live very well.

The poor birds are not a very bold race, and yet a great many of them *die game*.

Some folks hate mustaches. They would almost as soon be *hare-lipped* as *hair-lipped*.

When a lover dotes on his darling, a refusal acts as an *anti-dote*.

When is a man out of date? *Ans.*—When he's a weak back!

In some cases authorship is but another name for *pen-ury*.

A man who often gets "high" through drink, soon gets *low* in purse as well as in person.

Why are ladies' eyes like friends separated by distant climes? *Ans.*—Because they correspond, but never meet.

Who is that with Miss Flint? said a wag to his companion. "O, that is a spark which she has struck."

"I come to steel," as the rat said to the trap. "And I spring to embrace you," as the steel replied to the rat.

An old toper in an argument with a temperance lecturer, said—"I admit that water is useful for many things, but it's so thin."

A young lady in this city is so refined in her language that she never uses the word "black-guard," but substitutes "*African Sentinel*."

There is a lawyer so excessively honest that he puts all his flower pots out over night, so determined is he that everything shall have *its dew*.

A young lady who had lost or mislaid her beau, was advised to hang up her fiddle. She said the advice did great violence to her heart-strings.

"I wish, Mr. Speaker, to present a liquor bill," said a red-nosed member of a western legislature. "You never present any other kind," said a political opponent.

A lady once complained to her doctor that she could scarcely breathe. "Don't try, my good soul," replied the candid physician; "nobody wants you to do it."

Cuffy said he'd rather die in a railroad smash up than a steamboat burst up, for this reason. "If you gits off and smashed up, dar you is; but if you gits blowed up on the boat, whar is you?"

A medical gentleman wrote a letter in 1832 to Sir Henry Hallford on cholera, in which he took upon himself the credit of being "the first to discover the disease, and communicate it to the public."

"Jack is a good fellow, but I will not lie for any man. I love my friend, but I love the truth still more." "My dear," said a by-stander, consider now! Why should you prefer a stranger to an old acquaintance?"

A Wisconsin paper, after describing a farm which the advertiser wants to sell, adds, "The surrounding country is the most beautiful the God of nature ever made. The scenery is celestial—divine; also two wagons to sell and a yoke of steers."

The real New England revolver—the spinning wheel.

Why is an infant like a diamond? Because it is a "*dear little thing*."

The gentleman whose lips pressed a lady's "snowy brow," did not catch cold.

Somebody—Prentice, perhaps, he says so many things—says the life of a newspaper, like human existence—is dependent upon "the circulation."

The Gospel Banner gives a recipe for preventing cream from rising on milk. It is to *buy the article of the milkman!*

Mrs. Partington has taken a decided stand on the Savoy question. She insists upon it that the Savoy is twice as good as the drumheads.

The Hartford Times says that "next to 'twenty-four grains,' there is nothing like a mean man's pocket to make a penny wait."

If a lady wanted a boa and tippet why ought she to buy it at a baker's? Because there she'd get a *muffin*.

A cobweb marriage is thus noticed by one of our contemporaries: "Married, last week, John Cob to Miss Kate Webb."

Why is a chrysalis like buckwheat cakes? Because it is a kind of *grab* that makes the *butter-fly*.

The Albany Solons propose establishing a Tenant House Bureau. Why not include wash-stands and wardrobes?

A sentiment for a Dramatic Fund Dinner—England has but a single Tree, while we have a whole Forrest.

If a woman could talk out of the two corners of her mouth at the same time, there would be a good deal said on both sides.

Motto for the entrances to stages and cars, intended by Dante for the ladies—"Abandon hoops all ye who enter here."

Wanted to know, whether it is a sure sign, when a man slips down in the mud, that he has a *drop* too much.

"Ma, if you will give me an apple, I will be good." "No, my child—you must not be good for *pay*—you ought to be good for *nothing*."

If a rich old gentleman has a thought of marrying, let him consider well beforehand what it is that he stands in need of—a wife, an heiress, or a nurse.

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# BALLOU'S DOLLAR MONTHLY MAGAZINE.

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BOSTON, JULY, 1860.

WHOLE No. 67.

## SKETCHES OF LYNN, MASSACHUSETTS.

On this and some of the succeeding pages of our Magazine, we have placed a series of sketches illustrative of localities in Lynn, one of the most pleasant and flourishing cities in the neighborhood of Boston, drawn on the spot by Mr. Kilburn, noted for the fidelity of his delineations. Mr. Alonzo Lewis, the "Lynn Bard," in his "History of Lynn," one of the best town histories ever written, says:

"Lynn is one of the earliest towns planted in Massachusetts. Its settlement was begun in 1629. Among the authorities for assigning the settlement to this year, is the Rev. Samuel Danforth's almanac for the year 1647. He gives a list of the first towns settled in this State, to which he prefixes these words: 'The time when these townes following began.' By several ancient manuscripts it appears that the settlement must have commenced as early as the 1st of June.

"1629. The first white men known to have been inhabitants of Lynn were Edmund Ingalls and his brother, Francis Ingalls. A record preserved in the family of the former, says, 'Mr. Edmund Ingalls came from Lincolnshire, in England, to Lynn, in 1629.' The first settlers numbered five men with their family, probably comprising about twenty persons. 'They did not settle at Sagamore Hill,' says Lewis, 'because the Indians were there; nor on the common, because that was a forest; but coming from Salem, they selected a 'faire playne,' somewhat less than a mile in extent, where they built their rude cottages, and 'had peaceable possession.' John Wood appears to have been the principal person, and from him the village has ever since been called 'Wood End.' There the soil of Lynn was first stirred by the white man—there, surrounded by Indians, they laid the foundation of a town."

In 1630 fifty persons, with their families, settled in Lynn, each

occupying from 10 to 200 acres, and some of them taking up even larger tracts of land. "They were principally farmers," says Lewis, "and possessed a large stock of horned cattle, sheep and goats. For several years, before the land was divided, and the fields fenced, the cattle were fed in one drove, and guarded by a man who, from his employment, was called a hayward. The sheep, goats and swine were kept on Nahant, where they were tended by a shepherd. Nahant seems to have been sold several times to different individuals by 'Black William (an Indian)' who also gave it to the plantation for a sheep pasture. A fence of rails, put near together, was made across the beach near Nahant, to keep out the wolves, as these animals do not climb. When the people were about building this fence, Captain Turner said, 'Let us make haste, lest the country should take it from us.' The people of



MOLL PITCHER'S HOUSE, LYNN.



CENTRAL CHURCH, LYNN.

Lynn for some years seem to have lived in the most perfect democracy. They had town meetings every three months for the regulation of their public affairs. They cut their wood in common, and drew lots for the grass in the meadows and marshes. These proved very serviceable to the farmers by furnishing them with sustenance for the cattle; which was probably the reason why there were more farmers at Lynn than in any other of the early settlements. Mr. Johnson says, 'the chiefest corn they planted, before they had plowes, was Indian grain—and let no man make a jest at pumpkins, for with this food the Lord was pleased to feed his people to their good content, till Corne and Cattell were increased.' Their corn, at the first, was pounded, after the manner of the Indians, with a pestle of wood or stone, in a mortar made either of stone, or a log, hollowed out at one end. They also cultivated large fields of barley and wheat. Much of the former was made into malt for beer. They raised considerable quantities of flax, which was rotted in one of the ponds, thence called the Flax

Pond. Their first houses were rude structures, covered with thatch, or small bundles of sedge or straw, laid one over another. A common form of the early cottage, was eighteen feet square, and seven feet front, with the roof steep enough to form a sleeping chamber. The better houses were built with two stories in front, and sloped down to one in the rear; the upper story projecting about a foot, with very sharp gables. The frames were of heavy oak timber, showing the beams inside. Burnt clamshells were used for lime, and the walls were whitewashed. The fire places were made of rough stones, and the chimneys of boards, or short sticks, crossing each other, and plastered inside with clay. The windows were small, opening outward on hinges. They consisted of very small diamond panes, set in sashes of lead. The fire-places were large enough to admit a four-foot log, and the children might sit in the corners and look up at the stars. People commonly burned about twenty cords of wood in a year, and the ministers were allowed thirty cords. On whichever side of the road the



houses were placed, they uniformly faced the south, that the sun at noon might 'shine square.' Thus each house formed a domestic sundial, by which the good matron, in the absence of the clock, could tell, in fair weather, when to call her husband and sons from the field; for the industrious people of Lynn, then as well as now, always dined exactly at twelve. It was the custom of the first settlers to wear long beards, and Governor Winthrop says, 'Some had their overgrown beards so frozen together, that they could not get their strong-water bottels into their mouths.' 'In very hot weather,' says Wood, 'servants were privileged to rest from their labors, from ten of the clock till two.' The common address of men and women was Goodman and Goodwife; none but those who sustained some office of dignity, or were descended from some respectable family, were complimented with the title of Master."

What a contrast this picture of the early settlement presents to the Lynn of the present day,

the cliffs the eagle built their nests; the wild cat and the bear rested in their branches, and the fox and the wolf prowled beneath. The squirrel made his home undisturbed in the nut-tree; the wood pigeon murmured his sweet notes in the glen; and the beaver constructed his dam across the wild brook. The ponds and streams were filled with fish; and the harbor was covered with sea-fowl, which laid their eggs on the cliffs and on the sands of the beach. The Indian name of the town was Saugus, and by that name it was known for eight years. The root of this word signifies *great* or *extended*, and it was probably applied to the Long Beach. Wood, in his early map of New England, places the word 'Saugus' on Sagamore Hill. The river on the west was called by the Indians 'Abousett,' the word Saugus being applied to it by white men."

Bears, wolves and Indians were the terror of the more timid among the settlers. "At this 1630-1631 time," says Mr. Lewis, "there was



THE EXCHANGE, LYNN.

with its diversified pursuits, its dense population, its universal comfort and occasional elegance and luxury, with all the appliances that wealth, science, and the arts have supplied. We realize by such a contrast the immense progress that the arts of civilization have made in two hundred and thirty years; yet possibly, there are not a few who will regret the simplicity of manners which characterized the old New England settlements. One of the earliest acts of the settlers was the organization of a military company. This company possessed two iron "sakars or great guns." Lewis says, "the first settlers found the town, including Nahant, chiefly covered by forests of aged trees, which had never been disturbed but by the storms of centuries. On the tops of the ancient oaks which grew upon

no bridge across Saugus River, and people who travelled to Boston were compelled to pass through the woods in the northern part of the town, and ford the stream near the iron works, three miles north from the railroad bridge. The following extract from a letter written by Mr. John Endicott of Salem, to Governor Winthrop, on the twelfth of April, illustrates the custom. Mr. Endicott had just been married. He says: "Right Worshipful, I did hope to have been with you in person at the Court, and to that end I put to sea yesterday, and was driven back again, the wind being stiff against us; and there being no canoe or boat at Saugus, I must have been constrained to go to Mistic, and thence about to Charlestown, which, at this time, I durst not be so bold, my body being at present in an ill condition to take cold, and therefore I pray you to pardon me."

The first church at Lynn was organized June 8, 1632. We proceed to gather a few more interesting items from Mr. Lewis's History. At a court held in 1633, 'Mr. Thomas Dexter was ordered to be set in the bilbowes, disfranchised and fined X£ for speaking reproachful and seditious words against the government here established.' The bilbowes were a kind of stocks like those in which the hands and feet of poor Hudi-bras were confined.

— 'The knight  
And brave squire from their steeds alight,  
At the outer wall, near which there stands  
A Bastile, made to imprison hands,  
By strange enchantment made to fetter  
The lesser parts and free the greater.'

One of these elegant and commodious appendages of the law was placed near the meeting house; there it stood, the terror and punishment of all such evil doers as spoke against government, chewed tobacco, or went to sleep in a sermon two hours long. However censurable Mr. Dexter may have been, his punishment was certainly disproportioned to his fault. To be deprived of the privilege of a freeman, to be exposed to the ignominy of the stocks, and to be amerced in a fine of more than forty dollars, show that magistrates were greatly incensed by his remarks. If every man were set in the bilbowes, who speaks against government in these days, there would scarcely be trees enough in Lynn woods to make stocks of. The magistrates of those days had not acquired the lessons which their successors have long since learned, that censure is the tax which public men must pay for their adventitious greatness. "In the year 1637 the name of the town was changed from Saugus to Lynn. The record of the General Court, on the fifteenth of November, consist of only four words, 'Saugust is called Lin.'"

Here is a description of ancient Lynn from "The Wonder-Working Providence," a work written by Edward Johnson of Woburn, and published in 1651:

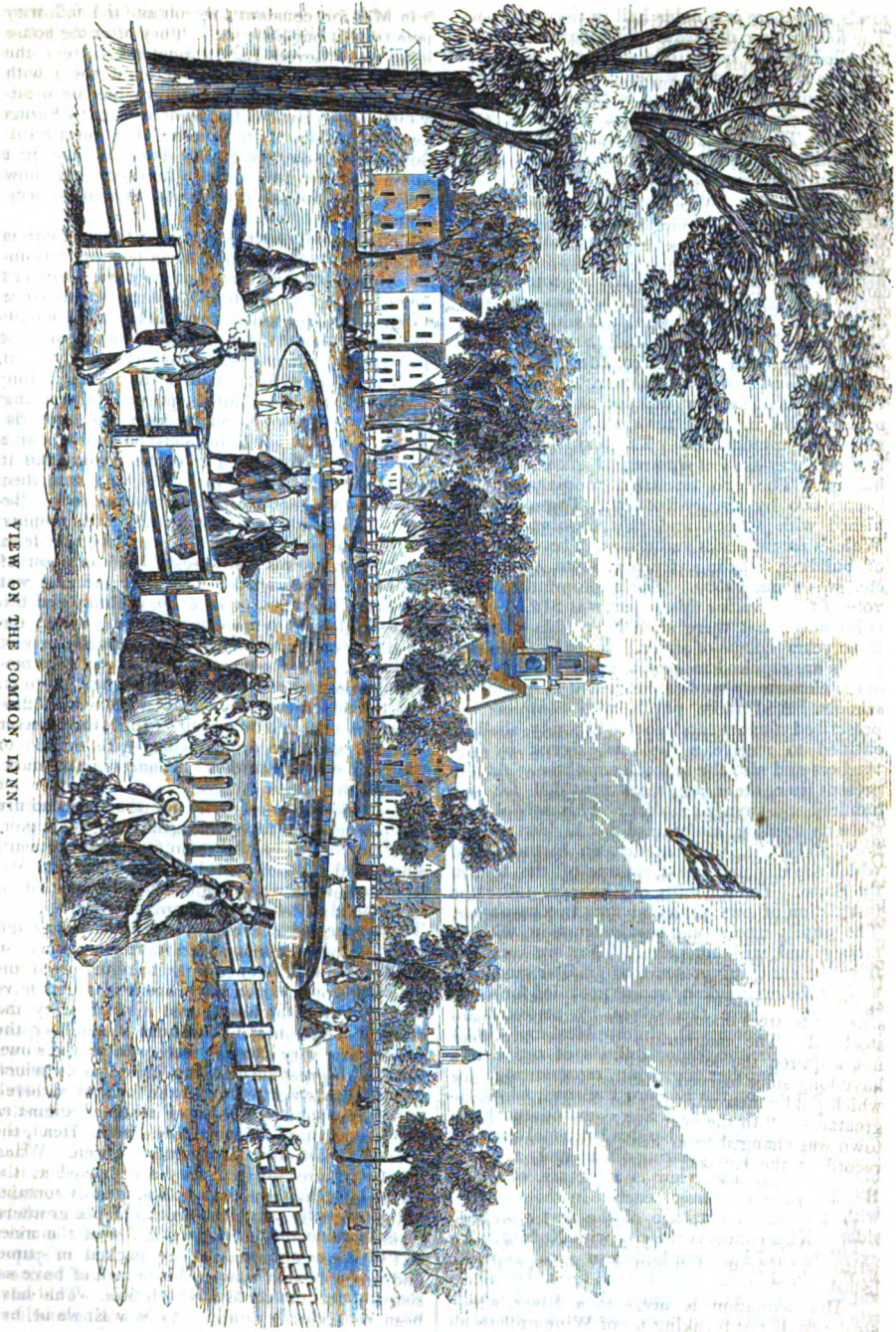
"Her situation is neere to a River, whose strong freshet at breaking up of Winter filleth all her Bankes, and with a furious Torrent ventes itself into the sea. This Towne is furnished with Mineralls of divers kinds, especially Iron and Lead, the forme of it is almost square, onely it takes two large a run into the Landward (as most townes do). It is filled with about one Hundred Houses for dwelling. There is also an

Iron Mill for constant use, but as for Lead, they have tried it but little yet. Their meeting-house being on a Levell Land undefended from the cold Northwest wind, and therefore made with steps descending into the earth, the people mostly inclining to Husbandry, have built many Farms Remote. Their Cattell exceedingly multiplied. Goates which were in great esteeme at their first comming, are now quite banished, and now Horse, kine and sheep are most in request with them."

The longevity of the early settlers of Lynn is noticed by Mr. Lewis, and accounted for. "Boniface Burton died in 1669, at the great age of 113 years; an age to which no person in Lynn since his time has attained. Joseph Rednap lived till he was 110 years of age, in the full possession of his faculties. In the year 1635, when he was in his 80th year, we find a vote of the town granting him lands at Nahant, for the purpose of pursuing the trade of fishing; and he seems as enterprising at that age, as if he were just beginning active life. Henry Styche was an efficient workman at the iron foundry in the year 1653, and was then 103 years of age. How many years longer he lived history has not informed us. Christopher Hussey was pursuing his active and useful life in 1685, when he was shipwrecked on the coast of Florida, at the age of 87 years. This great longevity and the general good health of the early settlers may probably be referred to the regularity of their habits and the simplicity of their diet. They seldom ate meat, and they generally retired to rest soon after sunset. A pitch pine torch in the chimney corner served to illuminate the common room until the family prayer was said, and then the boys and girls retired to their respective chambers, to undress in the dark. Nor did they steam themselves to death over hot iron. Cooking stoves were unknown, and no fire was put into a meeting-house, except the Quaker, till 1820." The reader who is curious to learn more of the history of Lynn, is referred to Mr. Alonzo Lewis's work, which is fairly entitled to be called a model town history.

The first of our engravings represents High Rock, with the famous Moll Pitcher's house in the foreground. Concerning the renowned fortune-teller of Lynn many romantic stories have been told, and she has figured in song, story and drama. Dr. Jones, of this city, made her the subject of a very effective piece, still played sometimes with great success, the incidents of which he afterwards worked up in the form of a novellette. The name of Moll Pitcher is almost as familiar as that of Norma of the Fifful Head, the fanciful prophetess of Scott's "Pirate." Had our Lynn sorceress flourished a little earlier, it is certain that her innocent impostures of fortune-telling by palmistry, the cards or coffee-grounds, would have consigned her to the tender mercies of the pious inquisitors of Cotton Mather's time, and probably that worthy divine would have assisted at an auto da fé of which Moll would have been the central figure. As it was, we believe she entirely escaped persecution. In the background is seen High Rock, a remarkable eminence on which the Hutchinsons (singers) built a cottage, and erected a pagoda, seen in the view. A splendid view of Lynn, the bay, the ocean, Boston and the neighboring towns is obtained from the summit of High Rock.





Our second engraving represents the Central Congregational Church on Silsbee Street. It is a fine specimen of Gothic architecture, with a spire of 160 feet. In the foreground is the crossing of Silsbee Street over the Eastern Railroad. Our

next view represents the Exchange Building, on Market Street. It is of brick, and makes no pretensions to architectural elegance, but it is spacious, and well adapted to its present purpose. The lower part is occupied by stores of various

kinds, and there is a noble hall in the upper part. The fourth view delineates the South Common, so called. It is beautifully shaded by trees, and encloses a fine sheet of water. The church seen in the centre of the picture is the First Congregational, corner of South Common and Vine Streets. The Rev. Parsons Cooke is the pastor. The other church is the Second Universalist. The fifth engraving of the series delineates the High School, a substantial and commodious structure erected at a cost of about \$7000, under the superintendence of a building committee appointed by the town, March 16, 1850. It was dedicated January 8, 1851. An appropriate address was delivered by Rev. B. Sears, secretary of the Board of Education, and addresses were also made by Messrs. Hood, Shackford, and Jacob Batchelder, Jr. The house is warmed and ventilated in the best manner. It is thoroughly built; and though without any superfluous ornament, is in good taste, and provided with ample accommodations. The main school room is about forty-six feet square and sixteen feet in height. The two recitation rooms are each twenty-two by twenty-five feet. These are furnished with settees, and the school-room with Wales's patent desks and chairs. The whole cost of building, grading, fencing, seats, apparatus, etc., was about \$9500. The appropriation by a vote of the town for this object was \$12,000. It is intended that there shall be, at this school, a three years' course of study. In order to enter, pupils are required to pass a good examination in the elementary studies pursued at the grammar schools. And those pupils who complete the prescribed three years' course of study, shall be entitled to receive a diploma, signed by the teachers and also the school committee. At the present time, there are seats provided for one hundred and twenty scholars. This school has, since its opening, maintained the highest reputation, and it is, undoubtedly, an institution of which the city may boast, as one of the best in the State. The school is, we believe, under the instruction of one principal and two assistants. The pupils receive the best instruction, without money and without price. They are removed from the annoying presence of smaller students; and, in the commodious rooms provided for them, they can prepare themselves, by an extended course of mathematical, philosophical and classical studies, for the responsibilities of active life.

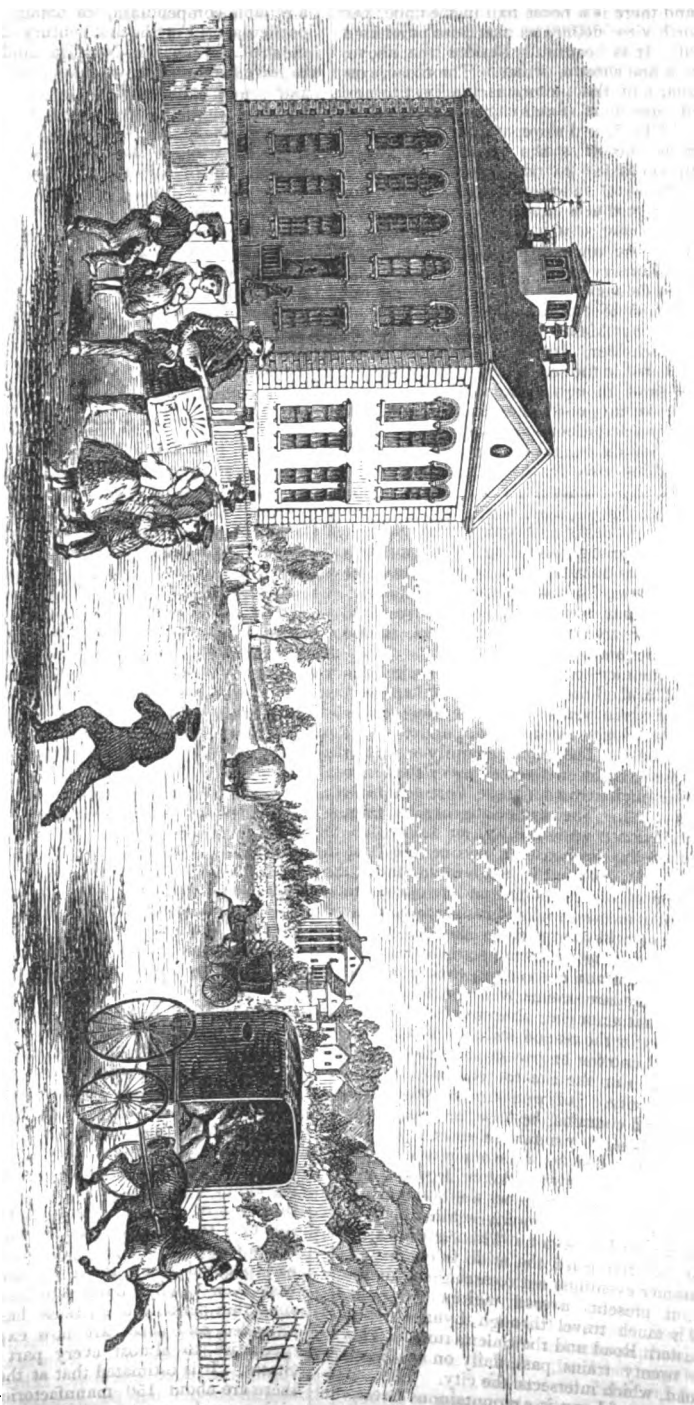
We add another engraving, representing the Lynn Station on the Eastern Railroad, which intersects the city. It is a fine commodious brick building, and contains, besides the usual railroad offices, Kellogg's printing-office and a book-binding. Our last view is a picture of Lynn Beach, one of the finest beaches in this country, with the rare advantage of the water on both sides. This connects the city with Nahant. An excellent road has been built at a great expense, so that the driving is good at all tides. On pleasant summer evenings, with carriages and equestrians, it presents a most animated spectacle. There is much travel through Lynn, by way of old Eastern Road and the Salem turnpike, while about twenty trains pass daily on the Eastern Railroad, which intersects the city. The north-western part of Lynn is a mountainous forest, the most thickly settled part being a plain between the hills and the sea. From the Lynn Directory,

a reliable compendium, we obtain the following particulars: For the first century after the settlement of the towns in New England, there seems to have been no census taken, or, if the inhabitants were numbered, no record has been preserved. In 1638, when Boston was "a village containing 20 or 30 houses," it is certain that Lynn had more than 100 families. Being a farming town, including a territory six times larger than Boston, it naturally invited settlers; and after the opening of the iron works, the number was greatly increased. But as many families afterwards moved away to form new settlements, the number of inhabitants at no time exceeded 2000. The first recorded census was taken in 1765, when the number was 2198. The following table exhibits the census as taken at eight periods: In 1765 it was 2198; 1790, 2291; 1800, 2837; 1810, 4087; 1820, 4515; 1830, 6138; 1840, 9367; 1850, 13,613. It will be seen that for twenty-five years, the increase was only 93. From 1790 to 1800, the increase was 546, or a fraction less than 25 per cent. From 1800 to 1810, after it had become decidedly a shoemaking town, the increase was 1250 or 44 per cent. Between the years 1810 and 1820, after Saugus, with its 748 inhabitants, had been separated from it, the increase was found to be 1176, or about 28 per cent. From 1820 to 1830, the increase was 1623, or 36 per cent. In 1830, the map and history of Lynn were printed, and being widely circulated and extensively noticed in public papers, perhaps they had some influence in giving a new impulse to the place, by calling attention to it; and the increase for the next ten years was 3229, or 51 per cent. From 1840 to 1850, the increase was not quite so rapid, being 4036, or 43 per cent. We have heard the present population estimated at 18,000.

The inhabitants of Lynn for the first century were mostly farmers, but gradually they gave their attention to the manufacture of women's shoes, and that is now the principal business. The stock for the shoes is cut in the larger buildings, called manufactories, by men termed clickers. The upper parts are then tied in packages and given to females, who reside at their own homes, to be bound. They are then returned to the manufactories, where they are put together in bundles with the soles, and distributed to the workmen, who make the shoes in small—quite too small—shops, usually at or near their own homes. The workmen are called cordwainers, or more properly cordovaniers; the word being derived from the Cordovan leather, originally manufactured at Cordova in Spain, from goat skins brought from Morocco in Africa. When the shoes are finished, they are packed at the manufactories, in wooden boxes, usually containing about sixty pairs, and sent to all places where there is a demand for them. A few of the nicer sort of shoes and buskins are packed in paper boxes of a smaller size. This branch of business was pursued before the Revolution. The sales were then chiefly confined to New England, but since that period the business has been greatly extended, and shoes are now exported in large quantities to almost every part of the United States. It is estimated that at the present time there are about 150 manufactories in the city, giving employment to 10,000 persons, more than half of whom are females; and that 4,500,000



HIGH SCHOOL, LYNN.



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pairs of ladies and misses' shoes are annually made, amounting in value to about \$3,500,000. From 400,000 to 500,000 pairs are also purchased from neighboring towns. Besides the above, there are manufactories of leather, morocco, cotton, prints, chocolate, glue, machinery, tinware, etc. Lynn has some vessels engaged in the whale fishery. In 1853, two ships arrived here, bringing 1656 barrels of sperm oil, 2120 barrels of whale oil, and 28,000 pounds of whalebone. The cod and mackerel fisheries are also carried on, and there is a considerable amount of coasting trade. There are two banks in Lynn, with a capital of \$250,000, a Savings Bank and two insurance offices.

Lynn became a city in 1850. It is nine miles from Boston, and occupies a pleasant situation. Its boundaries embrace a delightful variety of scenery, field, forest, pasture, cultivated land, rock, beach and bay, while the thickly settled portions abound in beautiful buildings, and exhibit every evidence of thrift and prosperity. Altogether, it is a fair specimen of many of the New England inland cities, and its nearness to Boston makes it a desirable residence for the business man.

#### MARRIAGES AMONG THE DRUSES.

The Druses are a powerful tribe inhabiting a portion of the mountainous range of Lebanon, or Libanus, in Syria. They are neither Mahomedans nor Christians, but have a peculiar creed of their own, made up from some of the tenets and doctrines of the two faiths.

Their women are generally very beautiful, being fairer than the other inhabitants of Lebanon, and they are distinguished by the most lovely dark blue eyes, long, raven tresses, and teeth of pearly whiteness. The men generally marry at from sixteen to eighteen years of age; they take but one wife, and always choose partners from their own tribe. The bride is generally from thirteen to fourteen years old. Three days before the wedding, the bridegroom, accompanied by his male friends, goes to the house of his intended, and demands her in a formal manner from the hands of her father, who formally gives his consent. Then they agree upon the amount of dowry which the husband shall settle on his wife. The bride is led forth a moment, closely veiled, accompanied by her mother, who vouches for the purity and honor of her daughter. The bride then presents her husband with the khanjar, or dagger, which serves at the same time to show the protection she expects to receive from him, or as an instrument of punishment, should the declaration of her mother be false, or should she subsequently break her marriage vows.

The bride, attended by the women, spends the day gaily in the bath; while the bridegroom and his friends amuse themselves with horsemanship, or in drinking coffee and smoking chibouk at the house of the bride's father. This continues for two days; on the third the bride is conducted, with considerable ceremony, to the house of the bridegroom, closely covered with a red gold-spangled veil, which, in the nuptial chamber, he removes, and presents her with a tantoor. This he places upon her head, where it remains both night and day, while life remains.

The Druse possesses absolute power to divorce his wife, first paying the stipulated dowry.

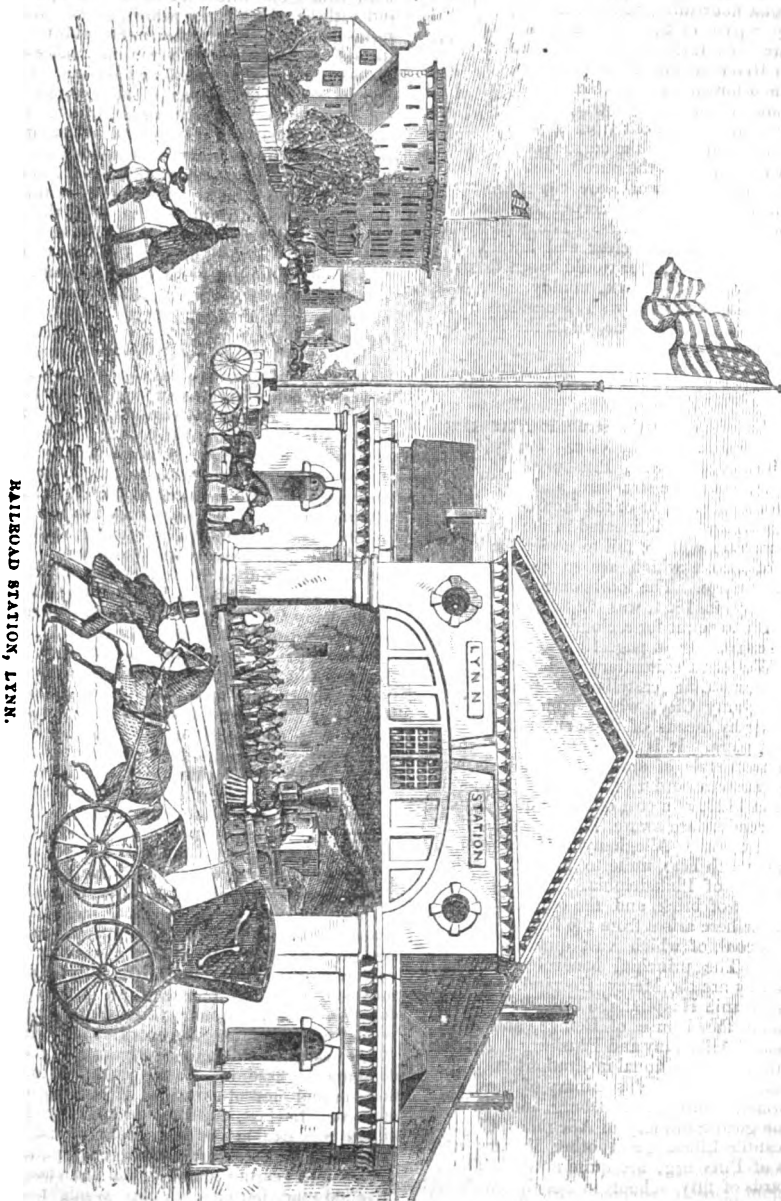
Nevertheless divorces are exceedingly rare, and they seldom take place at all, except for very serious causes. If a woman is guilty of conjugal infidelity—which is extremely uncommon—she always pays the penalty with her life. The husband sends his wife back to her father's house, and with her the khanjar which he had received on his marriage, but without the sheath. This notifies her disgrace does not attach itself to her husband, but to the relatives of the wife, and can only be washed out with her blood. The father sits in solemn judgment over the wife, at her husband's house, and if the evidence is sufficient, her doom is pronounced. A father's love is of no avail, a mother's shrieks cannot stay the hand that strikes, nor a sister's tears mitigate the punishment. The executioner, generally the eldest brother, severs her head from her body, and the tantoor, with a lock of her hair steeped in blood, sent to her husband, testifies that the deed has been accomplished.—*Notes and Queries.*

#### A DOG EXPRESS.

Daniel Henshaw, Esq., recently read a very interesting paper on "Statistics and Anecdotes of Travels" before the New England Historic and Genealogical Society, which has since been printed in the Gazette. He states that before the establishment of stage lines, people were sometimes greatly perplexed for means of transmitting messages and letters of importance. On one such occasion, the following very ingenious and extraordinary mode was adopted with entire success: A family living over fifty miles from Boston, who had removed from there a few years before, taking with them their favorite dog, Rover, had several times made their annual visit there, always accompanied by the same faithful animal. The necessity of sending a letter to Boston had now become urgent in the extreme, and indispensably necessary; yet there seemed no possible way of transmitting it but by procuring some one to go on express, which at that time was next to impossible. While they were deeply perplexed in contriving ways and means, some one said, perhaps more in jest than in earnest "send Rover." Now Rover had proved himself on many occasions intelligent and faithful beyond others of his race, and the idea took at once. It was decided at any rate to try the experiment of sending Rover as a bearer of despatches, provided he could be induced to undertake so arduous and hazardous a mission.

The letter was accordingly prepared, and while they were fastening it around his neck, the old dog would roll up his eyes in deep thought, as if pondering on the magnitude and responsibility of his charge, while he seemed to say—"I understand the business perfectly, but dislike the undertaking, and must beg to be excused." And when the crisis came, he *did* beg and plead most piteously. But, after pointing to the east, the command was peremptory—"go!" and away he went in good earnest, not on the old circuitous travelled road, but on a bee line, across lots, determined to make short work of it, and probably not stopping for rest or refreshment till he reached his place of destination, which was a little before daylight the next morning. There were two houses in Boston, not far apart, where the old dog felt equally at home. He gave notice at the

first by howling and scratching at the door; but the family, not understanding the purport of so unseasonable a call, refused to respond, and he soon repaired to the other, where the surprise and indeed an old friend, the representative of long absent friends, at a distance, and bringing glad tidings from afar. The fame of this achievement soon spread among the friends and through the



RAILROAD STATION, LYNN.

astonishment at seeing the old dog with his message was indescribable. He was welcomed and greeted with as much joy and gladness as if he had been an old, intimate friend, just returned from a long and dangerous sea voyage. He was

neighborhood, and Rover became the lion of the day. This is believed to be the only instance where a quadruped has ever acted as bearer of despatches, or post for carrying letters alone and so great a distance.

## NOTED AMERICAN SCENES.

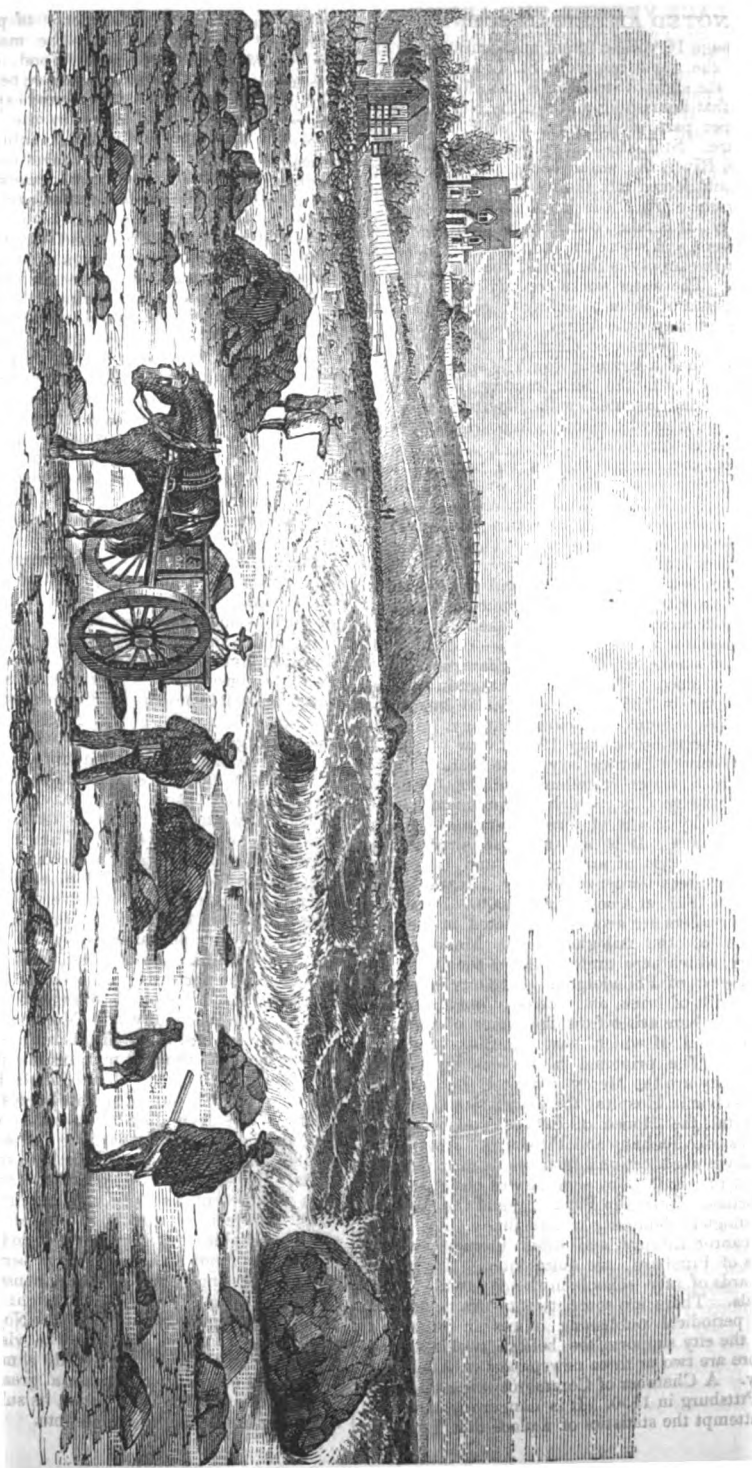
On page 16 will be found an accurate delineation of the great reservoir, St. Louis, Missouri, one of the sights a stranger is usually taken to see in that flourishing and wealthy city. It is in the upper part of the city, a solid and costly structure. St. Louis is supplied from the Mississippi River, the water being pumped up by steam and forced into the reservoir shown in our engraving, whence it is distributed to all parts of the city. It is taken out from a point above all the sewers, and where the current is the swiftest, so that the supply is the purest that can be obtained. The water-works are city property and the expense of them is defrayed by the water-tax, as in most other cities. The well-water of St. Louis is peculiarly clear and limpid in appearance, and a stranger would be apt to contrast it favorably with the dark, muddy river water, but it is impregnated with limestone, and on that account unwholesome, while the Mississippi is said to be very healthy.

The next picture in this set, on page 17, is a very striking view of the bridge over the Monongahela at Pittsburgh, and not only embraces a correct delineation of this structure, but gives a good general idea of the city. The bridge connects Birmingham with Pittsburgh. It is 1500 feet long, is a noble structure, and highly creditable to the city. One of the famous river steamboats is accurately delineated in the foreground. The spectator will not fail to notice the long columns of smoke which are so characteristic of this busy place. The total consumption of coal for the city in 1854, was 22,305,000 bushels—enough to account for a cloudy canopy.

The engraving on page 19 is a view of the famous *Western Penitentiary of the State of Pennsylvania*, a strong castellated building, situated in Alleghany City, which communicates with Pittsburgh by means of three substantial bridges, built on piers. It is an immense structure, in the Roman style of architecture, and is located on the western border of the city. It was completed in 1827, at a cost of \$183,000. Pittsburgh, as our readers are aware, is situated at the confluence of the Alleghany and Monongahela Rivers, which here unite to form the Ohio, 357 miles west of Philadelphia. The city is principally built of brick, and the only drawback to a residence here arises from the fumes of the bituminous coal, of which vast quantities are consumed. The principal benevolent institutions of the city are the Mercy Hospital, the Western Pennsylvania Hospital, the United States Marine Hospital, the House of Refuge, and the poor-houses of Alleghany and Pittsburgh. Among the literary and educational institutions may be mentioned the theological seminary of the Associate Reformed Church, in Pittsburgh, and the Western Theological Seminary in Alleghany City. The Mercantile Library, and other literary associations of Pittsburgh, are quite noted. There are upwards of fifty schools in the city, with 12,000 pupils. There are some twenty-five newspaper and periodical publishing offices in Pittsburgh, and the city supports, we believe, twelve dailies. There are two or three newspapers in Alleghany City. A Chamber of Commerce was established in Pittsburgh in 1850. It is dangerous, however, to attempt the statistics of a place that grows so

rapidly, and has such elements of prosperity within it. There is no limit to the manufacturing capability of Pittsburgh. Wood, coal and ores abound in the vicinity, and may be obtained with little expenditure of labor and capital. In this respect, there is no place in the world so favored. According to the latest published statistical account to which we have access, the manufactures of the city and vicinity employ 400 steam engines. One of the largest establishments is the Fort Pitt works, which, in 1853, consumed 3225 tons of pig and wrought iron, producing, among other things, 10 blast cylinders, 10 first class steam engines, and 150 freight cars. Several iron steamers have been built at these works; and from 1842 to 1847 there were cast, bored and mounted here 633 cannon, weighing, in all, 1787 tons, and 22,189 shot and shell. The total amount of pig iron, blooms and scraps, consumed in Pittsburgh, in 1853, was estimated as follows: For steam engine foundries, 9250 tons; other foundries, 19,275 tons; and rolling mills, 93,850 tons; total, 127,375 tons. The people of Pittsburgh are largely interested in the copper mines of Lake Superior. One copper-smelting establishment, consuming 1000 tons of Lake Superior ore annually, is in operation here. There are forty salt wells in the vicinity of Pittsburgh, producing from 6000 to 80,000 bushels of salt annually. We have not space to enumerate the various manufactures, such as glass, cotton, cloth, chairs, oil cloths, surveying instruments, Venetian blinds, etc., carried on here. According to the census of 1850, there were 819 manufacturing establishments in Pittsburgh, and 120 in Alleghany City, employing 10,253 hands, and producing goods to the value of \$11,883,427. In 1854, the manufactures amounted to the sum of \$20,990,338. The commerce of the port is very extensive. By means of navigable waters, railways and canals, it stretches its arms to the east, west, north and south. When the various railways now in progress are completed, Pittsburgh will be the terminus of nine distinct and independent routes, of which five will be trunk lines. In steam tonnage it is the third city in the Union, being surpassed only by New York and New Orleans. January 1st, 1854, the steam tonnage of the port was put down at 75,505 tons. Pittsburgh stands upon a triangular plain, enclosed by the Alleghany and Monongahela Rivers and by several hills. In its outline and features it has been thought to resemble the city of New York. Along the Monongahela River, the streets were laid out at right angles to each other. The surrounding hills are filled with iron, coal and limestone, the working of which constitutes the chief employment of the inhabitants. These hills are generally graceful in form and present a variety of pleasing combinations. In fact, all the environs of Pittsburgh are remarkable for their beauty and fertility. The limits of our article have only permitted us to take a passing glance at the immense business of this thriving city. Volumes might be occupied with its statistics and details. No traveller, American or foreign, should fail to visit it, and personally examine it. It affords a most interesting field of study, and unites a great variety of attractions, in the city proper, its suburbs, the adjoining landscape, the mines, etc.

VIEW ON THE BEACH, AT LYNN, MASSACHUSETTS.



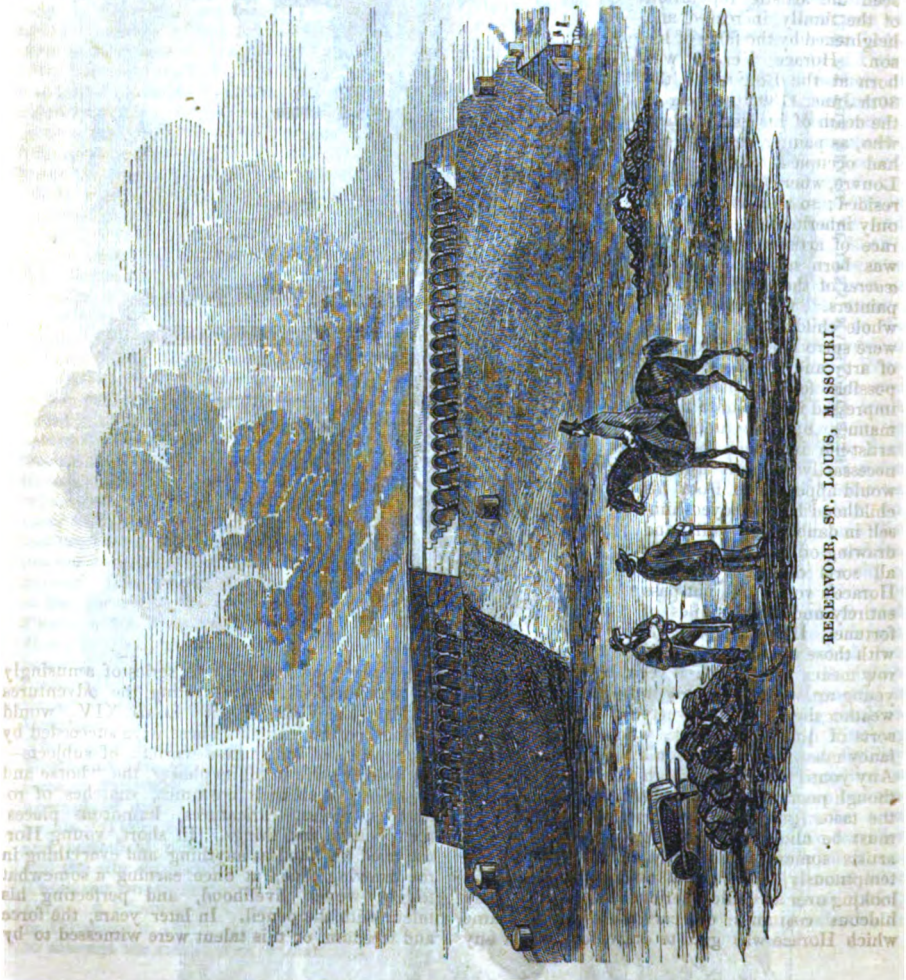


## HORACE VERNET, THE ARTIST.

The portrait we have inserted on page 20, is a correct likeness of the celebrated Horace Vernet, one of the most famous of the modern French school of painters. He is depicted in his working costume. His long face, lengthened by his pointed beard and prominent features, together with the gravity of his expression, reminds us of the "Knight of the Rueful Countenance." But there is nothing Quixotic in the character of Horace. He is entirely wanting in that lofty religious character which fills with pureness and beauty the works of the early masters; yet he is rich in qualities deeply attractive and interesting to the people, especially the French people, of our own day. He displays an astonishing capacity and rapidity of execution, an almost unparalleled accuracy of memory, a rare life and motion on the canvass, a vigorous comprehension of the military tactics of the time, a wonderful aptitude at rendering the camp and field potent subjects for the pencil, notwithstanding the regularity of movement, and the unpicturesque uniformity of costume demanded by the military

science of our day. Before a battle-piece of Horace Vernet (and only his battle-pieces are his masterpieces), the crowd stands breathless and horrified at the terrible and bloody aspect of war, while the military connoisseur admires the ability and skill of the feats of arms, so faithfully rendered that he forgets he is not looking at real soldiers in action. No poetry, no romance, no graceful and gentle beauty; but the stern, dark reality as it might be written in an official bulletin, or related in a vigorous, but cold and accurate, page of history. Such is the distinguishing talent of Horace Vernet—talent sufficient, however, to make his pictures the attractive centres of crowds at the Louvre Exhibitions, and to make himself the favorite of courts and one of the *illustrissimi* of Europe.

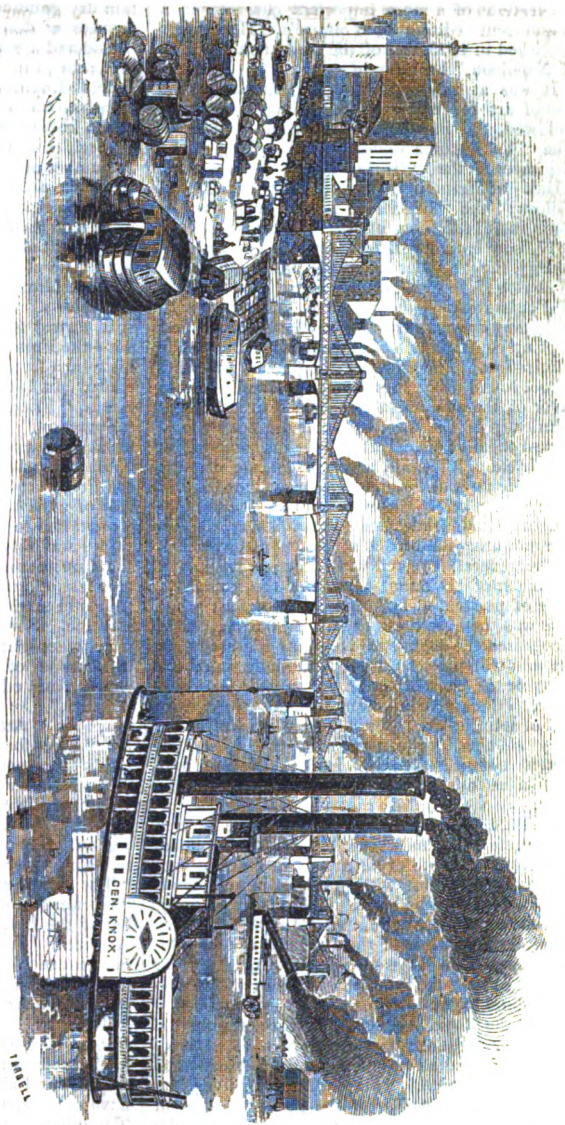
The Vernets have been a family of painters during four generations. The great-grandfather of Horace was a well-known artist at Avignon, a hundred and fifty years ago. His son and pupil, Claude Joseph Vernet, was the first marine painter of his time; and occupies, with his works alone, an entire apartment of the French Gallery





at the Louvre, besides great numbers of sea-pieces and landscapes belonging to private galleries. He died in 1789, but his son and pupil, Antoine Charles Horace Vernet, who had already during two years sat by his side in the Royal Academy, continued the reputation of the family during the Consulate and Empire. He was particularly distinguished for cavalry battles, hunting scenes, and other incidents in which the horse figured largely as actor. In some of these pictures the hand of the son already joined itself to that of the father, the figures being from the pencil of Horace; and before the death of the father, which took place in 1836, he had already seen the artistic reputation of the family increased and heightened by the fame of his son. Horace Vernet was born at the Louvre on the 30th June, 1789, the year of the death of his grandfather, who, as painter to the king, had occupied rooms at the Louvre, where his father also resided; so that Horace not only inherited his art from a race of artist-ancestors, but was born amid the *chef d'œuvres* of the entire race of painters. Of course, his whole childhood and youth were surrounded with objects of art; and it was scarcely possible for him not to be impressed in the most lively manner by the unbroken artist-life in which he was necessarily brought up. It would appear that from his childhood he employed himself in daubing on walls, and drawing on scraps of paper all sorts of little soldiers. Horace's youth did not pass entirely under the smiles of fortune. He had to struggle with those difficulties of narrow means with which a very large number of young artists are tolerably intimate. He had to weather the gales of poverty by stooping to all sorts of illustrative work, whose execution we fancy must have been often a severe trial to him. Any youth aiming at "high art," and feeling, though poor, too proud to bend in order to feed the taste (grotesque and unrefined enough, it must be allowed,) of the good public, which artists somewhat naturally estimate rather contemptuously, might get a lesson of patience by looking over an endless series of the most variedly hideous costumes or caricatures of costume which Horace was glad to draw, for almost any

BRIDGE OVER THE MONONGAHELA RIVER, AT PITTSBURG, PENN.



pecuniary consideration. A series of amusingly *naïve* colored prints, illustrating the adventures of poor La Vallière with Louis XIV., would strengthen the lesson. These were succeeded by lithographs of an endless variety of subjects—the soldier's life in all its phases, the "horse and its rider" in all their costumes, snatches of romances, fables, caricatures, humorous pieces men, beasts, and things. In short, young Horace tried his hand at anything and everything in the drawing line, at once earning a somewhat toughly-woven livelihood, and perfecting his talent with the pencil. In later years, the force and freedom of this talent were witnessed to by

illustrations of a more important character in a magnificent edition of Voltaire's "Henriade," published in 1825, and of the well-known "Life of Napoleon," by Laurent.

It was at this time that he turned to the line of art for which he felt himself naturally endowed, the incidents of the camp and field. The "Taking of a Redoubt;" the "Dog of the Regiment;" the "Horse of the Trumpeter;" "Halt of French Soldiers;" the "Battle of Tolosa;" the "Barrier of Clichy, or Defense of Paris in 1814" (both of which last, exhibited in 1817, now hang in the gallery of the Luxembourg), the "Soldier-Laborer;" the "Soldier of Waterloo;" the "Last Cartridge;" the "Death of Poniatowski;" the "Defence of Saragossa," and many more, quickly followed each other, and kept up continually and increasingly the public admiration. The critics of the painted bas-relief school found much to say against, and little in favor of, the new talent that seemed to look them inimically in the face, or rather did not seem to regard them at all. But people in general, of simple enough taste in matter of folds of drapery or classic laws of composition or antique lines of beauty, saw before them with all the varied sentiments of admiration, terror, or dismay, the soldier mounting the breach at the cannon's mouth, or the general, covered with orders, cut short in the midst of his fame. Little of the romantic, little of poetical idealization, little of far-fetched style was there on these canvasses, but the crowd recognized the soldier as they saw him daily, in the midst of the scenes which the bulletin of the army or the page of the historian had just narrated to them. They were content, they were full of admiration, they admired the pictures, they admired the artist; and, the spleen of critics notwithstanding, Horace Vernet was known as one of the favorite painters of the time.

In 1822, entry to the exhibition at the Louvre being refused to his works, Horace Vernet made an exhibition-room of his atelier, had a catalogue made out (for what with battles, hunts, landscapes, portraits, he had a numerous collection), and the public were admitted. In 1826 he was admitted a member of the Institute, and in 1830 was appointed Director of the Academy at Rome, so that the young man who could not so far decline his antiquities as to treat the classic subject of the Royal Academy, and thus gain the Academy at Rome, now went there as chief of the school, and as one of the most distinguished artists of his time. This residence for five years among the best works of the great masters of Italy naturally inspired him with ideas and desires which it had not been hitherto in his circumstances to gratify. And once installed in the Villa Medici, which he made to resound with the voices of joy and revelry, splendid fêtes and balls, he set himself to study the Italian school.

A series of pictures somewhat new in subject and manner of treatment was the result of this change of circumstances and ideas. To the Paris Exhibition of 1831 he sent a "Judith and Holofernes," which is one of the least successful of his pictures in the Luxembourg, where it hangs still, with another sent two years after, "Raffaello and Michael Angelo in the Vatican." This is perhaps the best of his works at the Luxembourg, all being inferior; but it has a cer-

tain dry gaudiness of color, and a want of seriousness of design, which render it unfit to be considered a master-work. One unquestionably preferable, the "Arresting of the Princes at the Palais Royal by order of Anne of Austria," found its way to the Palais Royal, the king seeming to know how to choose better than the authorities of the "Gallery of Living Painters." A number of other pictures testified to the activity of the artist's pencil at Rome: "Combat of Brigands against the Pope's Riflemen," "Confession of the Dying Brigand," also at the Palais Royal, but also we fear destroyed by the popular vandalism of the 24th February; a "Chase in the Pontine Marshes," "Pope Leo XII. carried into St. Peter's." The favor of the public, however, still turned to the usual subject of Horace Vernet—the French soldier's life; finding which, on his return from Rome, he recurred to his original study. In 1836 he exhibited four new battle-pieces, "Friedland," "Wagram," "Jena," and "Fontenoy," in which were apparent all his usual excellencies.

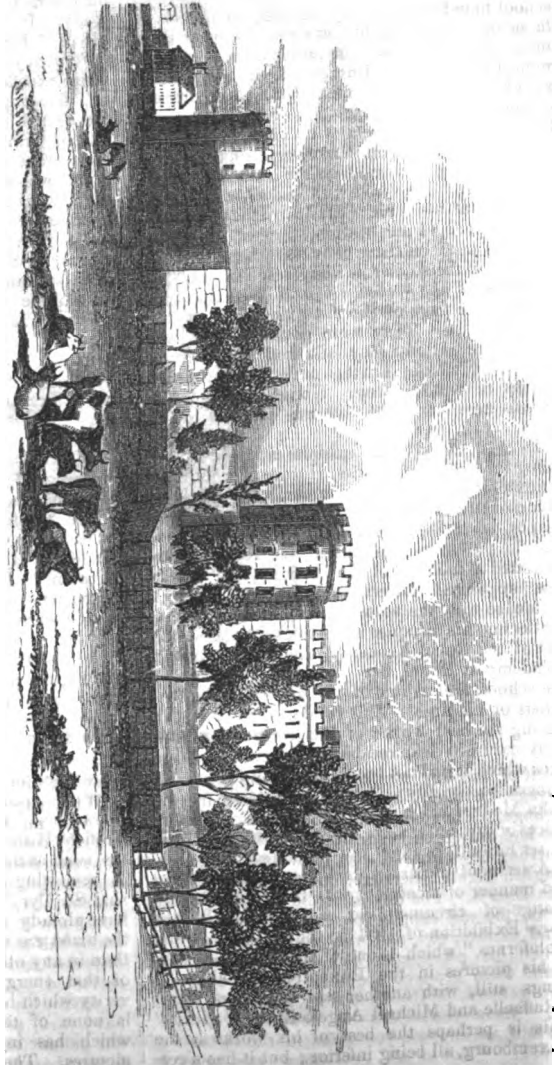
The occupation of the Algerine territory by the French troops afforded the artist an opportunity of exhibiting his powers in that department most suited to them. A whole gallery at Versailles was set apart for the battle-painter, called the Constantine Gallery, after the most important feat of arms yet performed by the French troops in Africa, the taking of the town of Constantine. Some of the solitary and extraordinary, we might say accidental, military exploits in Europe of Louis Philippe's reign, are also commemorated there. The "Occupation of Ancona," the "Entry of the Army into Belgium," the "Attack of the Citadel of Antwerp," the "Fleet forcing the Tagus," show that nothing is forgotten of the Continental doings. The African feats are almost too many to enumerate. In a "Sortie of the Arab Garrison of Constantine," the Duke de Nemours is made to figure in person. Then we have the "Troops of Assault receiving the Signal to leave the Trenches," and "The Scaling of the Breach." There are the "Occupation of the Defile of Teniah," "Combat of the Habrah, of the Sickak, of Samah, of Afzeum." In fine, there is the largest canvass in existence, it is said, the "Taking of the Smalah," that renowned occasion when the army was so very near taking Abd-el-Kader; and the "Battle of Isly," which gained that splendid trophy, the parasol of command. Besides these great subjects there are decorations of military trophies and allegorical figures, which seem to have been painted by some pupil of Vernet. These battles were first of all exhibited to the admiration of Paris in the various salons after their execution, and were then sent off to decorate Versailles. There are also, in the Gallery of French History, at Versailles, several others of his, such as the "Battle of Bouvines;" "Charles X. reviewing the National Guard;" the "Marshal St. Cyr," and some others among those we have already named. In them the qualities of the artist are manifested more fully, we think, than in any others of his works. They are full of that energy, vivacity, and daguerreotypic verity which he so eminently displays. There is none of that pretension after "high art" which has injured the effect of some of his pictures. The rapidity of their execution too,

in general, was such, that the public had hardly finished reading the last news of the combats, when the artist, returned in many cases from witnessing the scenes, had placed them on the canvases, and offered them to popular gaze. Yet the canvasses are in many cases of great extent, and often, the figures of life-size. But the artist rarely employs the model, painting mostly from memory, a faculty most astonishingly developed in him. He generally also saves himself the trouble of preparing a smaller sketch to paint after, working out his subject at once in the definite size. Of course with more serious and elevated subjects, worked out in a more serious and elevated spirit, such a system would not do. But for the style of subject and execution required by Horace Vernet's artistic organization, these careful preparations would not answer. They would only tend to diminish the sweeping passion of the fiery *melée*, and freeze the swift impulsive rush of the attack or flight. Vernet has several times attempted Biblical subjects, but they have never succeeded so well as to add anything to his fame as a battle painter. "Judah and Tamar," "Agar dismissed by Abraham," "Rebecca at the Fountain," "Judith with the head of Holofernes," "The Good Samaritan," have rather served to illustrate Arab costume and manners (which he makes out to be the same as, or very similar to, those of old Biblical times), than to illustrate his own power in the higher range of art. In the midst of painting all these, Horace Vernet has found time, which for him is the smallest requisite in painting, to produce an innumerable mass of pictures for private galleries, or at the command of various crowned heads; which, with many of those already mentioned, are well known all over Europe by engravings. "The Post of the Desert," "The Prayer in the Desert," "The Lion Hunt in the Desert," "Council of Arabs," "Episode of the Pest of Barcelona," "The Breach of Constantine," "Maseppa," and a host of others, together with landscapes, portraits, etc., have served both to multiply his works in the galleries of every country in Europe, and to make him one of the most popular of living artists. His only daughter was married to Paul Delaroche, now deceased, so that the celebrated line of painters who have borne his family name, is destined to end with him.

## AMUSING NAVAL ANECDOTE.

Shortly before the declaration of the war of 1812, against Great Britain, Captain — commanded a ship which sailed from the United States to Portsmouth, England, by the way of the West Indies. A number of British naval officers stationed at one of the West Indian Islands, had been ordered home, and took passage in this ship. Conversation during the voyage turned frequently upon the prospect of war between the two countries. "If," said the English officers, "war should take place, we shall capture every ship in the American navy. It is impossible that we should fail!" To this accustomed braggadocio of John Bull, the captain simply replied, "Gentlemen, you may live to find yourselves disappointed." This English

WESTERN PENITENTIARY, ALLEGHANY CITY, NEAR PITTSBURG, PENN.







HORACE VERNET, THE ARTIST.

spirit of boasting was kept up during the entire voyage, without, however, disturbing friendly feelings. They reached Portsmouth in safety, but had only been in port a few weeks, when the startling news arrived that Hull had taken the English frigate *Guerriere*, commanded by Captain Dacres. The day after the reception of the news, the old captain purchased a white hat, small clothes, etc., and went to the navy yard to which his passengers had been ordered. He found them grouped together talking over the serious news. "Good morning, gentlemen," said he, "have you heard the news?" "O, yes, captain, we suppose you refer to the victory of Hull?" "Not at all, gentlemen; my news is

that Hull has been broken by a court martial!" "Why, captain, you are not in earnest—what do you mean? We are astonished, indeed!" "Yes," continued the captain, "the American congress passed a resolution that if an American frigate did not take a British frigate in *fifteen minutes*, the commander should be cashiered; and you know it took Hull just seventeen minutes and a half to take the *Guerriere*!" His audience dispersed as if the riot act had been read, greatly mortified. As for the captain, he made it a rule to mount his white hat and shorts and call at the navy yard, as news of each successive victory of our gallant navy reached him, to congratulate his former boasting English naval friends.

[ORIGINAL.]

## TIME'S CHANGES.

BY ANNIE LINDA HAYE.

The glorious springtime comes again,  
The April showers return,  
And with them come the anguished thoughts  
That in my heart will burn:  
Will burn and glow with whirling power,  
Until with sudden pain,  
I feel a void, an empty room—  
Where art thou, Ernest Vane?

Three long, long years—the longest time  
My life has ever known—  
Have passed since last I saw thy face,  
And heard thy last earth-tone:  
Since, mid the orchard's leafless trees,  
We laid thee down to rest;  
And there I watched the earth-cloids laid  
Upon thy coffin'd breast.

That bright brown curl with death-damp wet,  
Still in my Bible pressed,  
Of thee is still a cherished trust,  
Since thou art with the blest.  
That leaf—thy own geranium tree  
With leaves was bright and green—  
Reminds me still of that bright past,  
And tells me what has been.

Ah, could you leave me? Life has been  
A waste and desert drear,  
Since I have lost the truest one  
My soul has loved so dear.  
Be still, sad heart! thy murmurs cease,  
For mid the ransomed blest  
He lives where none can trouble more,  
And weary souls can rest!

[ORIGINAL.]

## MY BOARDER.

BY MARY A. KEABLES.

At the age of forty-five, I was left a widow. Fifty found me grayer, paler, more wrinkled and bent, less cheerful and hopeful, than when the coffin-lid was closed for the last time over Evered's white face. At forty-five, I was tired of life; at fifty, I wished—nay, prayed for death. Do you ask me why? Simply because my aimless life had grown to be a burden almost too heavy to be borne. I was weary—I longed to lay it down, and rest—rest by Evered's side, in the grave.

I was comfortable enough—in my way. Although far from being wealthy, a competence was left me after my husband's affairs were settled—a low, brown wooden farm-house a quarter of a mile from the village—low and brown, to be sure, but nevertheless roomy and comfortable.

A tenant occupying a part of it, carried on the farm; while the rest, five large, well-furnished rooms, were left to me.

Two rooms in front were separated by a hall, a parlor and sitting-room; the former opened into a large spare bed-room, and the latter into a dining-room, while the kitchen formed a wing beyond. In the sitting-room was my bed and library, a small round table upon which I breakfasted, and by which I read and sewed, two or three old-fashioned cane-seat chairs, an easy one in which I sat, a small coal stove, a neat dark rag carpet of my own making, chintz curtains, and a couple of plaster of Paris figures upon a mantel-shelf each side the clock, completed the furnishing of the room. One of these figures was a Cupid, the other a Madonna. I was not a Catholic, and I but kept the little image for the sake of the one who gave it to me—poor little Madge.

Why do I say *poor* little Madge? She is richer far than I, for, while I am roaming over the wide earth friendless and alone, she is wearing a diadem in heaven. But as I said, this Madonna was *her* gift, and for *her* sake, it seems almost like a link connecting me with the angels. A pretty tortoise-shell kitten that purred upon the brodered rug in front of the stove in the winter, and upon the window-sill in the sun long summer days, was my only companion. I wished for none other; I wanted to be alone—ALONE!

I wish I could forget those long, dreary, miserable five years—those aimless, passionless five years, during which my life became so great a burden; but I cannot. They are stamped upon my heart as with a seal of fire; they have burned down—down—into my very soul. Bid me forget my early happiness! As well might I, as the living death I experienced during that time.

As I said, fifty found me grayer, paler, more wrinkled and bent, less hopeful and cheerful, than at forty-five. And now for my story.

"I should think it would be pleasant for you to have a boarder—a young lady, for instance," said my tenant's wife, Mrs. Brown, to me one day.

She had found me sitting moody, dreamy, silent—watching the shadows as they played over the carpet, and up and down on the cheaply papered wall.

"Ah!"

That was my only reply. I wished to tell Mrs. Brown I was capable of attending to my own business, but I did not. Sorrow, instead of making me better, had soured my whole disposition. I believe I disliked the whole race of

human beings, because of my own destiny; I do not know.

"Yes," said Mrs. Brown, turning the seam of the sock she was knitting, and then looking straight into my face; "yes, I should think a boarder would be lots of company for you. Now you have your three meals a day just as regular as if there was half a dozen of you, and any one, to see the sights of cakes and pies, and jellies and preserves, you everlastingly keep on hand, would think there ought to be more than one to eat them. But what makes you cook so much, Mrs. Ellison?"

I wanted again to tell her I was capable of attending to my own business; but I did not. I simply replied, yawning:

"O, to pass away the time, Mrs. Brown!"

"Lor sakes! to pass away the time? Why, goodness knows that goes fast enough! or I guess you'd find it so, if you had an old man and four overgrown lads to make and bake for. Sakes alive, if the days were three times as long, I shouldn't complain, I'm sure!"

Mrs. Brown paused, to bind off the heel of the stocking she was knitting, while I watched the shadows. Then she commenced taking up the side stitches, and counting; then she took off three from the instep needle, and began again.

"Why don't you, Mrs. Ellison?"

"What?"

"Why don't you take a boarder?"

"And why should I?"

"For company. Aint you dreadful lonesome?"

"Lonesome!" Could that be the great misery that I felt day after day, and week after week? Was I lonesome? No, that could not be. I did not wish for company, and so I told Mrs. Brown.

"Well, I couldn't live that way no how, and it's my opinion, Mrs. Ellison"—here she paused to narrow—"it's my opinion, Mrs. Ellison, you would feel better if you had some kind of company. But you're so particular, I suppose you'd be in an agony for fear the chairs would be set askew, or a speck of coal dropped on the zinc, or that there would be some little noise to disturb you. I guess if you had a husband and four overgrown lads, you'd get bravely over that—I do!"

There she was, again talking of her husband and overgrown boys! Hard working, uneducated, careworn, as was Mrs. Brown, how gladly would I have changed places with her, had that been possible! She had some one to love, some one to love her, something to care for, something to live for, while I had nothing! No, Evered

was dead; and beneath the cold sod, long ago, was laid a sunny head, and white hands folded over a pulseless bosom. Lips that called me "mother" once, were dust now. *I was alone!*

"Good night, Mrs. Ellison," said Mrs. Brown, having knit into the instep needle, and rolled up her work. "I suppose it's no use to ask you to come in and see me, but I thought I'd just run in and tell you about the shed, for husband says it leaks too bad for the cattle this fall, and he—"

After my tenant's wife had gone, I sat down again and watched the shadows. But I was not thinking of them; I was wondering if, after all, I was not lonesome, and if a boarder—a real nice, quiet lady boarder—could be tolerated or no. I wondered if another plate at the table (for the little round table was large enough for two) would not look more cheerful and homelike; if another to help eat the delicacies with which it was overspread, would not give me more of an appetite for my own food; if a face looking at me from across the table, a plain, pleasant, yet sober face—one neither too long nor too short, neither too round nor too narrow, too fair nor too dark—one neither ugly nor beautiful, but a pleasant medium between the two—one framed in by dark, smooth, glossy braids of hair—one with curving brows, dark, hazel, or gray eyes, and a mouth neither too large, so as to be masculine, nor too small, to look old maidishly prim—could be tolerated! I found myself thus framing, in my mind's eye, my ideal boarder. Yes, I thought I could tolerate such an one—*perhaps*.

But then—she might love company; she might want to do sundry little washings and ironings; she might have a fashion of leaving her articles of wearing apparel upon the floor, or upon the chairs; she might visit, and keep late hours; she might meddle with my plaster of Paris figures, or want to keep back my chintz window-curtains that I studiously kept drawn close together; she might worry pussy, and consequently torment me. Even a young lady, my ideal as regarded looks, might do all this.

No, I wouldn't run the risk—what was the use? Mechanically I took up a city paper, one I had received that morning, and as a strange fate would have it, my eye fell upon this notice:

"NOTICE.—Boarding in the country wished by a young lady of this city, in a private family. The locality must be healthy, and the character of the family unexceptionable. Apply to box No. —, New York city."

Now there was something in this advertisement that attracted my attention. In the first place, it was a young lady; had it been a gentle-

man, I should have passed it by without a thought. Moreover, I imagined this young lady must be without friends; else why did not they procure a boarding place for her, without resorting to this method? Secondly, she wished board. She could not be poor, or she would have desired a situation, no doubt, as governess, seamstress, chambermaid or cook. She wished board, and no doubt was able to pay well for it. Thirdly, a private family, not a country boarding-house. Why? No doubt she wished for quiet, even as I did. She might be an orphan—yes, that was possible; she was no doubt in poor health, for the notice specified that the locality must be a healthy one; she was without doubt of unexceptionable character; else why was that prerequisite necessary in the family of which she wished to form a member? Why? I thought I could not err in my conclusions; the sequel of my story will prove their correctness or incorrectness.

I went to the small drawer of my round table and took from it a sheet of old-fashioned letter paper, a pen, and a bottle of ink. I sat down and wrote, folded and enveloped my letter, and directed it to "Box No. —, New York city." After I had done this, I covered up the fire, for it was in late autumn, and went to bed. I had a strange dream; then I did not believe in dreams—but—I—do—now!

As I said, it was a strange dream of my imaginary boarder. I cannot repeat it all. Had I believed in dreams, the next morning I should have burned the letter I had penned the night before; as it was, I sent it to the post-office.

I was quite busy for a day or two fixing up the spare bedroom for the reception of my intended boarder. The white curtains were looped back with rose-colored ribbon, the pictures were dusted, and the white counterpane I had kept packed away in a great oak chest, was spread upon the plump soft bed.

Two days found all arranged, everything complete, and upon the third my boarder arrived. I was disappointed! O, how far my ideal of a perfect feminine boarder came from being realized! It was dusk when she arrived, and as she retired immediately to her room pleading fatigue, it was not until the next morning at breakfast that I had an opportunity of critically observing her.

She was dressed in a plain dark green morning-dress, confined at the waist by a cord and tassel, and a plain linen collar, with cuffs to match. She was of about the medium height, rather below than above it, hair of a very light brown, wavy and clustering in short half curls around her white neck. Her complexion was very fair,

with a delicate peach-bloom color in her cheeks and lips, her eyes very blue, and her teeth were even, pearly and beautiful. This was the lady, apparently not more than twenty years of age, who took a seat opposite me at the little round table that Saturday morning.

The coffee was delicious, with its wealth of best double refined sugar and rich golden cream; the steak was broiled to a turn; the muffins were light as time, yeast and eggs could make them; everything was to my satisfaction—everything except that white beautiful face opposite me, with its calm, passionless expression, its *soul*, as it were, hid in the deep, fathomless starry eyes, which the golden lashes fringed. I half hated my boarder, she was so far from being my ideal.

"Help yourself to the sugar and cream, Miss—" I paused. "What name shall I call you?"

The expressionless face changed not a whit, but the voice was very rich and melodious. I seem to hear it now—I would that I could.

"You may call me Ruth."

"Ruth what?"

"Simply Ruth; that will designate me."

I felt angered and provoked; I could not help it. The hot blood rushed to my face, but I remained silent.

"We may as well make what arrangements are necessary, Mrs. Ellison, this morning," said the same rich voice.

"Very well," I replied.

Then followed various little items not at all necessary to the development of our story—price of board, etc., etc.

As time passed away, the mystery which surrounded my lady boarder did not diminish in the least. In all my endeavors to ascertain anything in regard to her former life, I met with most perfect unsuccess; after she had breakfasted with me four-and-twenty times, I knew no more of her than on the first morning we sat down to our coffee and muffins together. My boarder was a myth.

I did not like this; it troubled me. My mind, so long given up to a morbid inactivity, eagerly seized this mystery to work upon; but the more I studied, the deeper was everything involved in obscurity. Only that she came from New York, was remarkable for her beauty, quietness and neatness—that was all I knew at the end of a month, and twice that length of time found me no wiser!

She generally spent her time in reading or drawing—sometimes embroidering—for when the weather became severe, she sat with me in the breakfast-room, as I kept but one fire. In the

morning, she always appeared in the same dark green wrapper; at eleven o'clock, this was exchanged for a rich black silk, with heavily embroidered collar and undersleeves. This was her toilet day after day, week after week. She never went out into the village, made no acquaintances, and seemed to wish none. She paid me weekly in advance for her board, seldom spoke except to make some little business arrangements, or to remark concerning the weather—always quiet, calm, passionless. I judged by appearances then; I do not now. I did not know then how the gay smile, the merry laugh, the calm exterior, may hide the anguish that is gnawing at the heart-strings. As I said, I judged by appearances then; I do not now.

It was a few nights before Christmas—a cold, blustering, tempestuous night. How the snow and sleet dashed against the windows, and the wind roared down the chimneys and whistled through the cracks of the old brown wooden house! But we did not feel it; the little stove was aglow with the bright coal flame, and the lamp cast a cheerful light throughout the cosy apartment, lighting up the pictures of the Cupid and Madonna upon the mantel-shelf, dancing up and down in fitful brightness and shadow upon the papered wall, while puss lay napping and purring upon the rug. I was busy with my sewing. Ruth had been reading, but had laid down her book and was gazing into the fire, her elbows upon her knees, and her face resting upon her white palms. I could not observe the expression of her countenance, for the short curls hid the features from my view; but I imagined it was calm, passionless, expressionless as usual.

My eyes were dim. It was with difficulty, in the evening, that I could thread a needle. I had been making several unsuccessful attempts, when she observed me.

"Allow me, Mrs. Ellison."

She took the needle, threaded it, and gave it back to me.

I do not know why this little act of kindness should affect me, but it did. She stooped forward, and smoothed the glossy fur of my tortoise shell pussy. It might have been merely mechanical, it might have been otherwise; I do not know. At any rate, I felt my heart soften towards her. I forgave her the fault of being beautiful, and thought more kindly of her than I had ever done before.

Suddenly she turned towards me. I never shall forget the look upon her face that struck a dumb terror to my heart. She drew her chair closer to mine, and laid her hand upon my arm.

"I have something I want to say to you," she

said. Her voice was very deep, and it sounded as if her eyes must be full of tears; yet they were not.

"And what is it?" I asked, surprised.

There was a pause.

"I think I can trust you," she said, at length. "I think you have a kind heart—I am certain of it. You have seen trouble; I can read it more plainly in your face, than you can judge of my sorrow by mine."

She spoke rapidly, gazing meanwhile full into my face, while she still grasped my arm.

"I should not suppose you had ever known anything about trouble," I said, scarcely knowing what to reply, yet seeing that she evidently waited for an answer.

"You judge by appearances—so does the world in general—so I did once, and I was deceived. Yes, I was deceived; that is just what I want to talk with you about. And I think I can trust you, Mrs. Ellison, for you are neither a gossip nor a tale-bearer; you mind your own business, and, as I said, I am certain your heart is a kind one."

My heart was gradually softening towards my companion; still she spoke rapidly, her hand had slid down from my shoulder to my wrist, which she clasped tightly.

"I want to tell you a story," she said, after a pause. "It is a simple story enough, too, but listen. I said it is a simple story, it is also one that will make you shudder, and understand why I do not now judge by appearances. At the age of sixteen I was left an orphan, and a man whom I shall call Archer Rivers was my legal guardian. This is all simple enough; you understand this, do you not, Mrs. Ellison?" The grasp upon my wrist tightened.

"Yes," I replied.

"Yes, that is simple enough. Mr. Rivers was already forty years of age when I was sixteen. My father left me some thirty thousand dollars, which I was to come in possession of at the age of twenty-one. This, as I said, was left under the control of Mr. Rivers, who was a friend of my father, and in whom he had implicit confidence, as for my father's sake of course I had; he was my guardian, I believed in his truth, in his honor, Mrs. Ellison."

I replied by an inclination of the head, and she continued:

"I had a lover, one whom my father had pledged me to, and one whom I loved with all my heart, and whom I truly believe loved me as devotedly in return. Let me call this lover's name Harry Merwin, there is no use in giving real names. As I said, we were engaged when

my father died. Six months or so afterwards Harry went to Europe to transact business for the firm of which he was a member, and upon his return we were to be married. Five years afterwards I received a letter, post-marked Liverpool, in which I recognized Harry's well-known hand. This letter stated that he was on the point of being married to a beautiful London heiress, whose acquaintance he had formed some time previous. I did not know that the letter was a forgery; I believed Harry was false to me, and in my first anger—for I was too proud to allow myself to grieve—I married a man of more than twice my years, Archer Rivers, my guardian. You ask me why, Mrs. Ellison. I cannot tell you, I have wondered at it a thousand times, enough that I did so; and then my husband mockingly, tauntingly told me in a passion, one day, that he had but married me for my money, and that he himself had forged the letters that had led to my estrangement from my lover. He told me this and more; that he had intercepted letters from Harry, and had forged letters to him in my name. Then it was that in my anger I cursed Archer Rivers, my husband as he was, and threatened, despite my pride, to expose him to the world.

"Will you?" he said, tauntingly. "Will you, my pretty bride? I see you doing it! Ha, ha!"

"That night I drank tea with him. I remember of going to my room, that is all. Now I know that my tea was drugged. I knew no more until late the next day, when I awoke and found myself—can you guess where, Mrs. Ellison?—in an insane asylum! I cannot tell you how the ensuing days passed, how I raved, how I cursed my destroyer, for so I termed my husband; those who heard me, said 'poor thing,' and passed on, and when I saw that my ravings only convinced my keepers that I was insane, I became quiet, and gradually more liberty was allowed me. But although I was calm to all appearance, as great a tempest as ever was raging in my breast; now that I had learned of Harry Merwin's faithfulness, all my old love for him returned, and with that love a hatred, even loathing for the man who had deceived me, and wrecked all my earthly happiness. One day with several other visitors who came to see the asylum and its inmates, I recognized Fanny Merwin, an old schoolmate, and Harry's sister. She was a determined, resolute girl, of about my own age, and as lovely and affectionate as she was determined and resolute; when she with her companions entered the room, or cell, where I was confined, she did not at first recognize me,

but when she did, she came up to me with a pitying expression upon her countenance, and giving me her hand, said kindly:

"I am sorry to see you here, Ruth!"

"But I am not crazy, Fanny," I said.

"She looked incredulous.

"I am not, he put me here because he feared I would make known his villainy, because that I knew of the letters he had forged, and of how he—"

"The party passed on, but Fanny remained; she sat down beside me, and I told her all. She believed me, I know she did. I saw hope in her great brown eyes.

"Is there not any way I can escape, Fanny?" I asked, almost in despair.

"She looked around, the door was locked, and the warden, and the rest of the party, were in a different part of the building.

"I will save you," she said. "Here—"

"It was but the work of a moment for her to take off her bonnet and shawl, and her black silk dress, the very one I am wearing now, Mrs. Ellison, and beckoned me to exchange my clothes for hers. I obeyed as if in a dream, scarcely knowing what I did.

"It is nearly dusk," she said, "our height is similar, and with proper care on your part, you will not be discovered."

"And you?" I asked.

"I will remain here in your place. I hardly think they will keep me long, for the utmost stretch of imagination could not make me out a lunatic." She laughed lightly as she said this. "You may write a note to Harry if you will, so he need not be uneasy on my account—be very careful, here is a purse, it contains money enough to last you for a while—now good-by."

"Just then the party was heard approaching, the warden gave a hasty glance around, thought all was right, and I passed out with the rest. To the few questions asked me, I replied briefly, and in a few moments I was outside the asylum walls, free! Once in the city, I found a retired boarding-house, and the next day advertised for a home in the country; you answered it, and I am here."

She was calm and passionless no longer, the eyes that were fixed upon mine were soft and blue no more, but glowed like coals of fire; the grasp she maintained upon my arm pained me, but I had not the power to escape from it.

"Do you hear me? Do you understand me, Mrs. Ellison?" she said, at length, in the same hurried, excited tone she had used during her entire story. "If you do, answer me truly, do you not pity me?"

"I do, indeed, my poor young lady," I answered, for she waited for a reply.

"I thought you would, I knew you had a kind heart, but there is more that I want to say to you—hark! I thought I heard footsteps coming up the path; but perhaps it is nothing but the wind. As I said, there is more to tell you. To-night I saw two horsemen pass by here to the village, one of them was one of the officers of the asylum, the other—" She paused, and then said in a voice hoarse from fear and passion, "My husband!"

She loosened her grasp from my arm, and leaned her head upon her hands and cried. I pitied her from my heart, for I could not doubt her story. She arose and walked two or three times across the room, then came and sat down beside me again.

"What can I do? What can I do, Mrs. Ellison? Where shall I go? They are even now on my track, and if they find me—" She shivered. O, how white her face was! How her eyes burned with that fire of intense anguish! "If they find me I had rather die!"

"No, no, they shall not, my poor child," I said, tenderly; I thought if she had lived, the little one who gave up her sweet young life years ago, if she had lived she would have been very nearly the age of this poor young creature who had come to me in her trouble—for her sake, I thought, for *her* sake I would protect this child of sorrow as far as possible.

She threw herself at my feet, and pressed her lips to my withered hands.

"Thank you, may the good Lord repay you a thousand fold!" she said.

"You are welcome to all the good I can do for you," I replied.

It was late in the evening, she did not say much more, but bade me good-night, and went to her room. After she had gone, I stirred up the fire, and sat down again and looked into the blaze. I do not know what I was thinking about, I cannot remember, but in a few moments I was startled by the slamming of the picket gate, and the sound of approaching footsteps. I held my head to one side and listened, the footsteps were close to my door, and the next moment a loud rap startled me. I went to the door. Two gentlemen stood upon the steps. In a moment it all flashed into my mind, that these were the pursuers of my hapless young boarder, nor was I mistaken. My resolution was at once fixed.

"I understand you have a boarder, Mrs.—Mrs.—"

"Ellison," suggested the other gentleman.

"Yes, Mrs. Ellison."

"I have," I replied.

"From the city?" he asked.

"From the city I believe," I answered.

"Can we see her?" asked the elder of the two gentlemen, whom I fancied was poor Ruth's lawful husband.

"I don't know, I replied, she has gone to her room, and I suppose is asleep, can't you call in the morning, gentlemen?"

They held a little low consultation together, then the elder one said:

"I should prefer to see her to-night; here is a card with my address, please give it to her and tell her I am in haste."

I invited them into the little sitting-room, asked them to be seated, and glanced carelessly at the card. The address was "Harry Merwin, New York City." In a moment I could see through the plot by which they thought to entrap the poor girl. I put the card into my pocket, and replenished the fire, remarking on the severity of the weather. After I had trimmed the light I asked the gentlemen to make themselves at home, and then went out to find Ruth. She was not yet asleep, and had heard the entrance of our visitors. I gave her the card, and briefly described the gentlemen. She was very pale, but she did not tremble.

"I will save you if I can, Ruth," I said, "but there is no time to lose, and you must see these men."

"Then all will be lost! No, no, let me hide anywhere—"

"That will never do. Suspicion would be aroused, and a strict search instituted; besides, such a procedure would cause a great noise and confusion, and I couldn't bear it. There is a safer, a better way than this."

"How?"

She listened eagerly, while I hastily unfolded my plan, and when I had concluded, said:

"Heaven bless you, Mrs. Ellison!"

I went to a chest and took from it several articles; one was a plain, old-fashioned lustre dress, a white neck-kerchief, a wig of long black hair, one Evered had bought for me in the city when my hair began to turn gray, but which I did not choose to wear, a pair of green spectacles, and a sauff box.

"There," I said, "be as quick as possible."

"What did the young lady say?" anxiously questioned the elder gentleman, as I entered the sitting-room.

"That she will be in in a few minutes," I replied.

The elder gentleman looked knowingly at the younger, and said, significantly:



"You see I wasn't mistaken."

"I see, I see," was the reply.

"How long has this lady boarded with you, madam?" asked the elder gentleman.

"About two months, I believe."

"Just so, just so." Another significant look, exchanged.

"Have you noticed nothing peculiar in her actions since she has been here?" asked the younger of the two gentlemen.

"Indeed, I couldn't say," I said, cautiously.

Another look was exchanged, a look that betokened their satisfaction at having, no doubt, achieved the object of their search.

I stirred the fire and filled the lamps, not because the fire was not sufficiently brisk, or the lamps anyway in need of trimming, but to occupy the time, and hide the emotions I feared would betray me if I remained quiet. The two gentlemen talked together in a low tone of voice; all I could distinguish was now and then, "I thought so," "Traced her better than I thought we could," etc.

Never in my life before did I strive to mask my feelings as I did then. I think I succeeded, no doubt better than I would have done had the strangers taken particular notice of me. Every moment seemed to me an hour, and almost an age seemed to have passed when the door opened and Ruth entered.

Knowing as I did the identity of my boarder, it was with difficulty I could restrain myself from an exclamation of surprise at her changed appearance. She curtsied very low as she entered, and said, in a squeaking, precise tone:

"What do the gentlemen wish with me?"

The wig of black hair which was combed low down over the forehead, the green spectacles, the old-fashioned black lustre dress, the white, Quaker kerchief, folded precisely and evenly across the bosom, and the snuff box which she produced and tapped in a practiced way, deceived the gentlemen entirely; they stared at her for a moment, which observing, she said in the same precise tone: "How can I serve you, gentlemen?"

"I—I beg pardon, madam," said the elder of the two, "but we are mistaken—we were misinformed—that is to say—we heard a young lady boarded here—not that either, exactly—beg your pardon, not but what you are young, but—but—I— If you are ready we will go, Mr. Erving; sorry we disturbed you, ladies, very sorry! Good-night, ladies, good-night!"

I lighted them out of the hall, heard the picket gate slam as they passed out, then I went back into the sitting-room. Ruth sat by the fire pale and trembling.

"Is the danger over, do you think, Mrs. Ellison?"

I told her "yes," and bade her go to bed, and forget all about it. After a time she retired to her room, and I sat down alone to my musings. Had I done right? I asked myself the question, and I need not say my conscience acquitted me.

The next morning Mrs. Brown, my tenant's wife, came in to see me. Among other things, she asked me if I had heard of the accident in the village the night before. Ruth was sitting opposite me at the table, for we were just breakfasting.

"What kind of an accident?" I asked, carelessly. I was not thinking particularly of what she said, and only made that reply mechanically.

"A man thrown from his horse and killed—a rather oldish gentleman—so my old man was saying. It was about ten o'clock; he and another gentleman were just stopping at the tavern, when the creaking of the sign skered this man's horse, and it jumped and threw him; his head struck upon the pavement—he never spoke afterwards."

Ruth's face was very white. "Do you know his name?" she asked.

"La, yes, child, it was kind of singular, so I remembered it. My old man said it was Rivers, leastwise, that's what the gentleman said that was with him; they was a trying to hunt up a crazy woman that had escaped from the asylum—poor man!"

And thus it was, at length Ruth Rivers was free! There is no need of my being very particular in describing what followed; how Ruth went back to the city, and how she and her old lover became lovers once more. Enough that it is a few days before Christmas, just a year from the time Ruth told me her sad story, and before me lies a dainty envelope, and therein a wedding card, upon which are the names, "Ruth Rivers—Harry Merwin."

A pleasant letter accompanies this card, short, to be sure, but sweet enough to make up for that, and thus the note runs:

"You must be sure and come, Mrs. Ellison, the twenty-fifth, remember. I am very sure I couldn't be married without seeing you again, to personally thank you for what you have done for me, and to let you know how happy I am. I shall send the carriage for you on the twenty-fourth, so come without fail. Truly yours,

"RUTH RIVERS.

"MRS. ELLISON."

I shall go to Ruth's wedding. May her second marriage prove happier than her first is my prayer.



## THE THREE FISHERMEN.

BY CHARLES KINGSLEY.

Three fishers went sailing out into the west—  
 Out into the west as the sun went down,  
 Each thought of the woman who loved him the best,  
 And the children stood watching them out of the town;  
 For men must work, and women must weep,  
 And there's little to earn, and many to keep,  
 Though the harbor-bar be moaning.

Three wives sat up in the light-house tower,  
 And trimmed the lamps as the sun went down,  
 And they looked at the squall, and they looked at the  
 shower,  
 And the rack it came rolling up, ragged and brown;  
 But men must work, and women must weep,  
 Though the storms be sudden and waters deep,  
 And the harbor-bar be moaning.

Three corpses lay out on the shining sands,  
 In the morning gleam as the tide went down,  
 And the women are watching and wringing their hands,  
 For those that will never come back to the town;  
 For men must work, and women must weep—  
 And the sooner it's over the sooner to sleep,  
 And good-by to the bar and its moaning.

[ORIGINAL.]

## MAY WARREN'S SACRIFICE.

BY GEORGE C. LYMAN.

"My last hope rests in you, May."

"In me, father?"

May Warren made answer in a tone of surprise, raising her sad, anxious eyes to her father's face.

As if her gaze discomposed him, Mr. Warren turned his head, and his glance wandered restlessly around the apartment. He was an old man, with a tall, spare figure, and thin, gray hair, and sat in an arm-chair, by a table covered with papers, while his pretty daughter, May, sat beside him on an ottoman. She repeated her words:

"In me, father?"

"Yes," he replied, starting from a moment's abstraction. "Do you remember Colonel Leighton, daughter?"

"Colonel Leighton? An old man with a heavy beard, partly gray, and pleasant blue eyes. He dined with us a few weeks ago. Yes, I remember him, father."

"Not so very old, May. Not as old as I am, and one of the finest men living. He is wealthy, very wealthy, too."

He met his daughter's questioning gaze fully now, as if he wished her to read something in his face. She kept her dark eyes fixed searchingly upon his countenance, the ebb and flow of the

soft color upon her cheeks betraying the quick pulsations of her heart.

"What do you mean, father?" she asked, at length.

"I saw him last night. He offered to help me—save me, if—"

"If what, father?"

"If I would give you to him."

The words came hurriedly from Mr. Warren's lips, as if he feared that if he deliberated, he should not be able to utter them at all. As they fell on his daughter's ear, she started to her feet, pushing back her heavy hair from her pale face, in a bewildered sort of way, as if she were half-stunned.

"Marry me, father? Colonel Leighton?" she cried, in a low tone.

Mr. Warren took her hand, and drew her down to her seat again.

"May, Colonel Leighton will be a good husband to you. I have known him from boyhood, and understand perfectly his character and principles. He loves you—will be kind to you, and strive in every way to make you happy. And more—and more, May: he will save me from beggary!"

He paused, but his child, with her face bowed upon her hands, made no reply—nor stirred. The mute distress that her attitude betokened was not unnoticed by him.

"I do not force you to this, May, remember. The matter is left to your own choice. But you know what my wish is; what the alternative will be if you do not accept the offer."

She knew only too well. Fully she realized how absolutely necessary the luxuries to which her father had been accustomed were to him. Absolute loss of possession did not seem the most dreadful thing in the world to her, but she knew what a wreck it would make of him. In her youth and strength the future would still be bright and full of hope to her, but how could he, with his aged frame, and burden of sixty years, commence life anew. The hopeful thought that she could work for him and supply him with his accustomed comforts, afforded her but a moment's comfort. To him, with his stubborn, aristocratic ideas, this would be the most severe trial of all; his delicately reared, petted child laboring for his support. He would never be reconciled to it. That was no alternative, she saw at a glance. Then with a desperate effort to think calmly, she recalled the form of Colonel Leighton. She remembered his bowed head and silvered beard, his dark, deeply furrowed face, and fifty years. She could get no further. A younger face, with merry, azure-hued eyes, and tossing, sunny hair,

sprang up in strong contrast. Stretching out her hands to her father, as if for pity, she cried out: "I cannot—O, father—I cannot!"

The old man sank back with a groan.

"Lost—then I am lost!" he cried, shuddering. There were no reproaches, only those bitter words and that despairing attitude. White and tearless she sat at his feet, the agony of her heart written on her face. The wild, desperate thought that the sacrifice was possible, occurred to her.

"Father, dear father!"

He raised his head, whitened with the frosts of his sixty winters, and looked at her with a gleam of hope in his sunken eyes. She crept into his arms as she had done when a child, and laid her soft cheek against his wrinkled brow.

"You know that I love you, father," she said. "I can never remember you but as kind, tender and forbearing with me. Your heart has been my home all my life. I will work, beg, suffer for you—I will die for you—O, how willingly, if need be—but that—O, father, you do not know what it is that you ask!"

He did not speak, but a moan broke uncontrollably from his lips, as he rested his head upon her shoulder. The struggle in her heart sent dark, shadowy waves across her face. Could she—could she?

"Father," she whispered, hurriedly. "Let me go now. I will see you again, answer you to-morrow." And she left him.

He could not see her face in the gathering darkness, only a glimpse of something white, but he felt the quivering of her lips as she bent to kiss him, and reached out his arms to embrace her, but she was gone.

"Heaven pity me!" The words came like a wail from her lips. She was alone in her chamber, flung prostrate upon a low couch, with her face hid in the cushions. The sound of the rustling foliage of the garden, and the chirping of the insects, came in through the open window with the damp, evening breeze, and the pale light of the rising moon filled the room with a soft radiance, but she was unconscious of everything but her misery. The house was so quiet that the sound of a footfall crossing the hall below fell upon her ear, and aroused her to a momentary interest. She heard a door open, the library door, and then a voice uttered a few words of common-place greeting. She remembered it well, and sprang to her feet with a desperate, insane thought of flight. But the door closed, the house was still again, and she was calmer.

She crossed the room listlessly and drew back the curtain of the window. The scene without was beautiful. The white moonlight lay broadly

on the garden, turning to silver the tops of the trees, and making the little lake beyond look like a great, white pearl. Gazing earnestly downwards she saw a tall, shadowy figure standing beneath the shade of the old elm. With a low cry she sprang from the room, and a moment after stood beside her lover.

"Come at last, my treasure," cried Mark Winchester, folding her in his arms. She remained leaning passively against his breast, while he pressed passionate kisses upon her forehead, cheeks and lips.

"Why have you made me wait so long, darling?" he said, softly, and taking both her slender hands in one of his, he carried them to his lips. "Why how cold you are—how you tremble!" he continued, as she clung to him. "What is the matter, May?"

"I waited because I dreaded to meet you, Mark."

"Why? What do you mean?"

And brokenly through her tears and sobs she told him all. He did not speak or stir while she was talking, and when she had finished there was a long silence. She lacked courage to say more, he would not ask. She repeated the last words: "And to-morrow I must give him my answer." Still he did not speak.

She looked up at him. In the dim light she could see his rigid, agonized face, white lips and gleaming eyes. She stole her arms about his neck and drew his forehead down to her lips.

"Speak to me, Mark; say that you do not blame me."

He knew then that she had decided, and what that decision was.

"And you will leave me, May, and marry that old man?"

"Heaven pity me, Mark, for I shall. I will become his wife, and I will be true and faithful to him, for he will be kind to me. You will hear of me thus, and when you do, remember my words, Mark, that you have my heart."

"I will remember, May. God help us both, for I shall never forget you. They shall bury me with this upon my heart." And he drew a tress of soft, brown hair from his bosom.

For a moment more—one little, precious moment—he held her against his heart, and then kissed her, put her gently from him, and was gone.

For a moment she stood alone under the trees, with clasped hands and face upraised to the quiet sky, and then she turned and walked silently towards the house. A light from the library window streamed down on her, and as she looked up, she saw the shadow of a bowed, human figure fall across the curtain.

"Father, you are saved," she murmured.

A hand was laid suddenly on her arm, and she started with a low cry.

"Good evening, Miss May," said Colonel Leighton. "I have been seeking you."

She bowed, and stood silently before him with a calm, downcast face.

"I have been talking with your father," he continued, carelessly pulling a rose from a bush near them. "He tells me that you have promised to think of my proposal and let us know what your decision is, to-morrow. Is there anything I can say which will influence you to form your conclusion in my favor?"

"You cannot say anything which will influence me in the least, Colonel Leighton. As my father has said, you shall have my answer to-morrow."

He glanced up at the young face, so sad in its calm dignity, and then looked down at his fingers again, which were busied in tearing to pieces the blossom he held, and allowing the crimson petals to fall at his feet, as if they were fragments of the heart he was breaking. In the long silence that followed she glanced up at him once with the thought of flinging herself upon his mercy by giving him her confidence, but the stern expression of his face repelled her.

"Miss May," he said, suddenly, "you are averse to this marriage."

His tone aided in rendering his words an assertion. She was startled, but replied quietly:

"Do you think so?"

"I must be blind if I would think otherwise," he continued, with sudden energy. "May Warren, do you know that you hate me? That you would die rather than become my wife, were it not for your father's sake?"

Before she realized what she was doing, the monosyllable "yes," slipped from her lips.

"And in doing this, do you realize how you would wrong us both?"

She was silent.

"It shall never be. I will never call you my wife, knowing that you do not love me—that your heart is not in my keeping. I will not tell you of my hopes, how I have dreamed that my last days would be my happiest ones, it would not interest you. Now I have only to say that you are as free as if I had never seen your sweet face."

He paused for a reply, but she made none. Bewildered by her position, she did not know what to say.

"I know that I have only myself to reproach," he went on. "My motive in offering your father my assistance was a purely selfish one. The con-

sequences are just upon me. I had no thought of the long years during which he had been my true and faithful friend, but cruelly took advantage of his position to gain my own ends. Yes, it is 'just upon me.'"

There was a bitterness in his tone, a despondency in his attitude, that greatly changed his accustomed, dignified composure of manner. Half unconscious of what she did, only sensible of the pity she felt for him, the young girl put her hand upon his arm and said, softly:

"Forgive me."

"Forgive me, rather, my child," he said, gently, taking the little hand of one of his, "for the misery I have caused you. I should have known that our paths in life could never be one. But good night, I will not detain you."

She did not shrink from him as he bent down to kiss her forehead, with his last words. He stepped aside to allow her free passage to the house, but she did not move.

"You are thinking of your father," he said.

"Do not be distressed on his account. Remember me in your prayers to-night, and sleep sweetly. *It is all I ask.*"

He did not wait to hear her fervent "God bless you!" or witness her burst of joyful tears, but quickly left her.

The morning sunshine streamed broadly into the apartment of old Mr. Warren, where he lay in the heavy sleep of physical and mental exhaustion. The forenoon was far advanced when a servant roused him, informing him that Colonel Leighton waited in the library. Making a hasty toilet, the old man left his chamber and went to meet his friend. The gentlemen met cordially, and Colonel Leighton immediately requested that May might be sent for. They waited but a few minutes before the door swung noiselessly open, and, wearing a fleecy, white morning robe, the young girl entered. At a motion from her father she seated herself upon a low seat at his feet, and then glanced up with a confiding smile at Colonel Leighton, who stood leaning against the mantel, with an expression of face half sad, half admiring.

"We are waiting for your answer, May," said Mr. Warren, quietly.

"I will leave the matter entirely at Colonel Leighton's disposal," she replied.

The old man glanced perplexedly from her to his friend. Colonel Leighton stepped forward.

"My old friend, James Warren," he said. "I met your daughter last night, and talked with her. I discovered with what feelings she regarded a marriage with me, and cannot allow the sacrifice she would make for your sake. I will

never marry her—she is free. And now I have your pardon to ask for the unmanly way in which I have taken advantage of your embarrassment, and came so near destroying the happiness of your child. Every power of mine shall be exerted to its utmost to relieve you, and all the reward I ask is, the knowledge that you and May do not despise me. Nay, nay, no thanks. I deserve rather to be scorned for the part I have acted. But I have one favor to ask, old friend. Will you allow me to choose a husband for your daughter?"

"You have my full and free permission," replied Mr. Warren, smiling through his tears. "But I hope you will be more successful in your choice than I have been."

"Never fear," said the colonel, with a glance at May. Flinging open a door that led to another apartment, he called, "Now, my boy," and Mark Winchester sprang into the room.

"Behold your future son-in-law," said Colonel Leighton. And ere the old man could comprehend the scene, the young couple knelt for his blessing. But at a motion from his friend he gave it willingly, and never were a happier party.

Through the interposition of his friend, Mr. Warren was saved from ruin, and his daughter made happy. When May that morning asked for a solution to the problem of his knowledge of Mark, he replied: "I did not wait half an hour in the garden to no purpose, little one." And she understood that he had overheard her conversation with her lover. Through his influence Mark's talents as an artist became known to the world, and when a few years after he became a popular painter, and a wealthy man, he had a little son named Edwin Leighton Winchester. What other proof of the young people's gratitude could he wish?

#### THE STOMACH AND ITS CRAVINGS.

In the diseases produced by bad food, such as scorbutic dysentery and diarrhoea, the patient's stomach often craves for, and digests things, some of which certainly would be laid down in no dietary that ever was invented for the sick, and especially for such sick. These are fruit, pickles, jams, gingerbread, fat of ham, or of bacon, suet, cheese, butter, milk. These cases I have seen, not by ones, nor by tens, but by hundreds. And the patient's stomach was right, and the book was wrong. The articles craved for in these cases, might have been principally arranged under the two heads of fat and vegetable acids. There is often a marked difference between men and women in this matter of sick feeling. Women's digestion is generally slower.—*Florence Nightingale.*

Where's the child that does not understand tears?

[ORIGINAL.]

## TOPSY AND I.

BY AGNES D. MERWIN.

"WELL, Belle, child, I suppose my wilful little pet must have her own way; she always does make her father say 'yes,' when he ought to say 'no,' so away with you, madcap."

I needed no second bidding—wild girl that I was—but making a mock curtsy to my grave sire, I danced off through the long hall, ran up stairs, and in a few minutes came down equipped for my ride.

Little Topsy was as wild a pony as was known for many a mile round—and as pretty too; jet black, with a long, wavy mane and a large, spirited eye. I had been lotting on having a ride with her many a day, but my father and brothers had always exclaimed against such a proceeding. But this morning I had commenced the siege with the determination to have my will, and had proved the truth of the old proverb by gaining it. I had not so easily, however, overcome the objections of my staid brother Mike, a most obstinate young man, by the way, who never would let even me (whom every one else thought at liberty to do as I pleased) get the better of his reason and judgment.

This same brother of mine, with a will that seemed determined as my own, was the first person I met on descending from the "upper regions." Placing himself directly in my way, he commenced the attack with, "Now, Belle!"

"Well, Mike."

With great dignity. "What do you mean by risking your neck on that wild pony, that nobody but I can ride, when you never were on horseback but twice before in your life?"

"Well, Michael, I shall be glad to give you the information you desire. I'm going because I want a good time, and Topsy, if she is named rightly, will like one too."

"Yes, Belle, I don't doubt she'll have a nice time, but I protest—"

What his protestation would have been was involved in mystery—he was interrupted by finding my hand over his mouth.

"No use protesting, Mike—Topsy and I are wilful this morning, so please content yourself."

As I spoke these audacious words, I stood on the middle steps of a flight of stairs. Mike retained the dignified attitude and countenance he had chosen, and never moved an inch. Seeing his determination, I made a low bow, and with one bound reached the hall door. Another, and I stood beside my brother Joe in the yard, who

was putting the last touch to the equipments of my "bonnie steed." Joe looked up at my father, who was leaning on his axe, with a glance of suppressed fun.

"Well, child," said the latter, "after such a leap as that, I think Topsy will not endanger you much if she does leap a few stone-walls."

"Belle," said Joe, "didn't you say you were going through Burton Forest?"

"Yes."

"You know they say it is haunted, even in the daytime?"

I sprang to the saddle before he could help me.

"Never fear, Joe, Topsy and I are not acquainted with any goblins, and I shan't have you to introduce them; so I think they won't trouble us any."

So saying I dashed off. Topsy seemed bent on good behaviour. She trotted on quite soberly for some time, but not satisfied with this, I urged her to go faster. She quickened her pace to a canter. All this was very well, but Topsy knew she had me all to herself now, and she had her ideas of a good time as well as myself. Moreover Topsy felt her dignity slighted that I had not shown more timidity in her presence. She turned her head round to me, and there was a sly expression in her eye I didn't quite like. It was quite convenient for her purpose that there happened to be a stone in the way which she could pretend to be frightened at—quite so.

She did not fail to take advantage of it, and I found myself dashing through Burton Forest at an alarming rate. But if Topsy thought she could get rid of me so easily, she found herself mistaken. I was not at all pleased with the idea of having her leave me in such a gloomy place, for I was certain I should have a fit of the blues if she did. I could not stop her by entreaties or checks; so becoming very affectionate, I threw my arms around her neck, thinking she would be pleased with my confiding disposition, and deign to accommodate her pace to my desires. But Topsy was too bright for me. She was alike immovable to threats, entreaties, or caresses. The trees went by me like so many locomotives, and Topsy was evidently determined they should not exceed her in speed. But whatever was the cause of her hurry, and however desirous she was of arriving at the place of her destination (of which she had left me in blissful ignorance), disappointment was her fate.

Just as I had concluded to abandon myself to my fortune, and began to think that fortune was to "go all day and to go all night," Topsy and I were astonished by coming to a sudden halt—the cause of which was a hand placed upon her

bridle. Notwithstanding the extreme obstinacy I had displayed in clinging so tenaciously to her before, Topsy's wishes were now fulfilled, in one respect at least. The violence of the shock I received in the suddenness of our interruption, threw me from my saddle. I found myself all at once seated in the midst of a mud-puddle, and picking myself up in haste, I left one shoe in the mire. My riding-cap falling off also, took my comb with it, and enhanced the elegance of my position. The skirt of my dress was also literally covered with mud. The first thing I noticed was Topsy, who stood looking at me with an expression which was certainly very exultant, and I verily believe to this day, that she was very grateful to the person who stayed her course for my overthrow.

From Topsy, my eye fell on the person who had dared to place himself before that wilful animal. If I had been nervous, timid, or superstitious, I should have fainted, or shown some other equally sensible signs of feeling at the sight that met my eye. As it was, my only sensations were those of surprise,—then amusement, at the ludicrousness of the scene. Before me, or rather before Topsy, stood a tall figure wrapped in a long black robe, fastened so as to conceal the lower part of its face, with its hat drawn closely down over its forehead, and to complete the mystification of its appearance, a black veil of crape fell from under its hat upon its shoulders. Standing directly in my path, in the midst of a dark wood, it was silent. Perhaps it thought that silence might awe me into fear. But this being (whether ghost, goblin, or conjuror, I did not comprehend) certainly found itself totally mistaken. We were an odd assemblage—a girl, a pony, and a ghost, in the middle of a mud-puddle!

But politeness compelled me to acknowledge my gratitude (I don't mean for my fall) to this person, whether man or goblin, as my preserver. But how should I address him? Would it be polite to call him a ghost? Now I didn't believe in ghosts, as I have before stated. But what this nondescript biped before me was, was entirely beyond my comprehension. But it would not do to stand eyeing him in that suspicious way any longer, so I made a desperate effort.

"Mr. Ghost," I commenced, but there I stopped; for the figure moved quickly but noiselessly towards me, and I felt its eye fixed steadily on me. I didn't mean to have been a bit frightened—but my heart would begin to beat quite fast just then. "Mr. Ghost," commenced I. Suddenly I felt a cold hand placed on mine. It—this ghost, goblin, or whatever you may call it,

stood so near me I could have felt its hot breath—only ghosts are not supposed to have any. But I was fully determined, that come what would, not all the ghosts in ghostdom, nor all the goblins in the misty land of goblins, should frighten me—and whatever were the state of Topsy's nerves, she never would "fess" that she had the least idea of the meaning of the word "frighten" at that moment. I drew my hand resolutely away from his ghostship, with a polite bow: "Excuse me, Mr. Ghost," said I, "but you are really too cold to shake hands with comfortably."

The goblin moved a little nearer, its cold hand seized mine again, its sable robe touched my dress—tall, grim, dark, it stood beside me in its immovable silence. I stepped back a little, and endeavored to release my hand, but vainly. Was it in human nature that I should stand utterly fearless in that lonely forest with that nameless thing beside me?

I felt a dim, chilly horror creeping over me, a dizziness seized my dizzy head, and for the first time in my life, I realized the power of fear.

Reader, Belle Graham the dauntless, nearly lost her right to her title then. But, kind reader, did you ever hear of a ghost who had a cold? Alas! alas! for the fallen romance of my adventure! While grim Horror placed her mask upon my brow, my ear was greeted by a tremendous sneeze! Now we may well imagine that the damp air of ghostdom might give any inhabitant in it a cold—but this sneeze was by no means a ghost-like sneeze—not at all sepulchral, but a real, *bona fide*, lusty sneeze. I lifted my eyes suddenly to its face, and leaned eagerly forward. Then the old wood echoed a great shout of laughter, and as I pulled off cap and veil from the head of my brother Mike, I sprang upon the back of Topsy, saying:

"Belle Graham is still the dauntless, Mike, and the ghosts must in future feel that they are completely foiled!"

#### COMMERCE.

Commerce is the teacher of civilization. Threads of thought, lessons of human advancement and human policy are spun at cotton-mills, and shipped to instruct and civilize the heathen. With a cotton shirt, the native Indian enrobes himself with lessons, although for a time he may have no knowledge of their influence. The cotton tree—we speak it not irreverently—might be cultivated as the Tree of Knowledge—*Jerold*.

#### A SIMILE.

The rainbow tints, how beautiful they,  
And yet how transient is their stay!  
A while the varied colors bright  
Remain, then vanish from our sight.  
Thus earthly joys dissolve; be sure  
In heaven alone true joys endure—*E. Hull*.

#### DIAMOND CUTTING DIAMOND.

Signor Dandini was a foreign refugee living somewhere in London, but his precise address was a secret which several of his creditors strove in vain to discover. The signor picked up a living by translating documents from foreign languages for different houses in the city. One day a letter arrived, addressed to the signor at one of these houses, stating that if he would call on the next Thursday at two o'clock, at the office of Smith & Co., solicitors, they would be happy to arrange with him about a translation which would probably bring him in a pretty considerable sum. The signor was in a dilemma. The pretty considerable sum would be most acceptable, of course, but then he had a strong objection to throwing himself in the way of unknown solicitors. However, at the time appointed, a foreign-looking individual presented himself at the office of Messrs. Smith, and handed in the letter addressed by that highly-respectable firm to Signor Dandini. "I have received this letter," said he, with a strong German accent. "Ah, to be sure, said the principal, 'Signor Dandini!'" The foreign-looking individual bowed. "Ah, my dear sir," continued Smith, smiling, "the fact is, I am sorry to have been compelled to have recourse to a little stratagem, but not knowing your address, we had no other means of getting at you—I have to serve you with this writ." The foreigner did not seem in the least surprised. He answered—"Hah, yes, mein dear sir. But we had recourse to one little stratagem too. I am not Dandini. I am one friend of his. He was afraid of this—so asked me to come and see about your letter. Good morning, mein dear sir."—*London Herald*.

#### GIRLS, DON'T DO IT.

In "Advice to Young Women" occurs the following: "There is a practice quite prevalent among young ladies of the present day, which we are old-fashioned enough to consider very improper. We allude to giving daguerreotypes of themselves to young men who are merely acquaintances. We consider it indelicate in the highest degree. We are astonished that any young girl should sell herself as cheap as this. With an accepted lover, it is of course all right. Even in this case, the likeness should be returned, if the engagement should by any misunderstanding cease. If this little paragraph should meet the eye of any girl about to give her daguerreotype to any gentleman acquaintance, let her know that the remarks made by young men when together, concerning what is on her part a piece of ignorance or imprudence, would, if she heard them, cause her cheeks to crimson with anger and shame. 'Were it a sister of ours,' we have often said, with a flashing eye—'were it a sister of ours!' But that not being the case, we give this advice to anybody's sister who needs it, most anxiously desiring that she should at all times preserve her dignity and self-respect."

A person who will borrow money of you without promptly repaying it, would, if he had a good chance, steal your money without the thought of repaying it.

[ORIGINAL.]

## The Trial of Ruth Linly's Life.

BY DELIA S. CARLETON.

Yes, she loved him. She realized it for the first time in her life, as she stood before him that bright May morning, holding her white hands clasped in his, and feeling the tender gaze of his hazel eyes upon her face. She had known him so long, and her intercourse with him had been so intimate, that the idea of analyzing her feelings towards him, and defining their exact relationship to each other, had never occurred to her. But looking deep into her own heart, she found that a strong and perfect love for Richard Vane had found a place there, and flourished as happily as violets in a May soil. The consciousness of this brought a soft flush to her cheek, and the heavily-fringed lids of her eyes drooped slowly.

"Look up, Ruth—speak to me!" cried her companion, impetuously. "Tell me that you love me—that you will be my wife!"

His wife! How her heart thrilled, as he uttered the words! Those strong, protecting arms always around her, that faithful breast evermore her resting-place, that noble heart devoted to her happiness! It was very sweet to think of, and a tremulous smile of pleasure flickered about her lips, but the next instant her whole face was shadowed by a thought so intensely sorrowful as to quench the light in her soft brown eyes, and curve to an expression of grief the ripe redness of her lips. She put her hands before her face, and shrank from him. A picture of her childhood appeared before her—a drunken father, a heart-broken mother, herself shrinking in passionate shame from the pitying gaze of strangers. Her mother's last words, "God save you from such a fate as mine has been!" rang in her ears. And then she could remember, only too plainly, the painful death of her parents, and her adoption by a rich aunt. And since. Her cheek flushed, and tears sprang to her soft eyes, as she remembered the indignities that had been heaped upon her ever since. Taunting words, insults and slights had been her daily portion for the last five years. The face of her lover clouded as he watched her:

"Dear Ruth," he said, at last, "what is the matter? If you do not love me, tell me so. Your pale face distresses me."

She looked up. "Richard, I do love you. My prayer is, that you may sometime realize how well; but while you raise the wine-cup to your lips, I can never be your wife."

"Ruth, dear child!"

He stood looking at her in amazement.

"Why, Ruth!" he cried, "what do you fear?"

"You would not ask that question, Richard, if your childhood had been like mine."

"But you do not think I will ever become a drunkard?" he said, surprisedly. "You have more faith in me than to believe that?"

For a moment she was silent. Then she said, simply and firmly:

"I cannot trust my happiness in your keeping, Richard, while you drink wine."

He regarded her for a moment with an expression of surprise and annoyance, but the calm gaze of the eyes she lifted to his face, disarmed him of his anger, and he said:

"I do not see how you can reasonably entertain this idea, Ruth, as regards me. You have never seen me affected by wine in your life, and—"

He did not finish the sentence, for she suddenly grasped his arm, and cried:

"Look, look!—a year ago he drank no more than you do."

Staggering through the heavy mud of the road which the window overlooked, was a young man. His dark hair fell in tangled masses about his unshaven, haggard face, and the eyes, once beautiful, shone out from beneath them wild and bloodshot. His intemperance had not yet reduced him to apparent poverty, but the splashes of mud upon his neat dress made the sight more pitiful than if he had been clothed in rags. Reeling and staggering he forced his way, while the lovers observed him. Ruth's eyes were filled with compassionate tears, and Richard looked pale and shocked.

"Good heavens!" he cried, "George Allen!"

Ruth put out her hands to him.

"O, Richard, Richard!—take the lesson home!"

With sudden, characteristic impulsiveness, he said, in a low, awed tone:

"I will never allow a drop of intoxicating liquor to pass my lips again, God helping me!"

"Bless you, bless you, Richard! Now I can trust you." And she wept out her heart's fullness upon his shoulder.

Strengthened by her love, she met patiently the tirade of her aunt, when that good lady discovered that it was her poor niece and not her dashing eldest daughter that Richard Vane wanted. But their schemes had failed, and they were forced to console themselves as best they might. Ruth and Richard were quietly married, and left immediately for their home, in the suburbs of a neighboring city. And how happy and contented they were! Nothing could have

been more charming than the rooms of the pretty cottage, after they had been arranged by Ruth's own hand; and how pretty she looked tripping through them in her neat home-dress. What a jewel of a wife she proved! What capital dinners she would invent, and with what dainty grace preside at them;—how perfect was every arrangement of the little house over which she held control. When Richard came home from the office, weary with his day's work, he was always sure of a cheerful welcome. He could see the flutter of her white dress among the shrubbery far down the road, as she waited for him at the gate of the little garden. Then, the long, quiet evenings, so full of heartfelt happiness. Yea, the present was very bright, and Ruth, trusting in her husband's word, never dreamed of change.

Richard came home one evening moody and out of temper. Distressed and grieved, Ruth sought for the cause. In answer to her gentle inquiries, he replied that he had joined a sailing-party that morning, had been upon the water all day, and was tired. She waited upon him at supper, noting his flushed face and want of appetite. He retired immediately upon rising from the table, and when she sought her chamber a few hours after, he lay in a heavy sleep.

Not a word of the evening's occurrence was uttered the next morning, but when Ruth kissed him good-by at the hall-door, after breakfast, she looked searchingly into his eyes. His lids drooped quickly, and he hurried away. Over her sewing that day, Ruth shed many bitter tears. But it all seemed like a troubled dream that night when he came home as usual, and sat down to his supper pleasant and cheerful, and Ruth grew hopeful again, and dismissed the fears that had tormented her all day.

Summer passed away, and Thanksgiving day came. The young couple were invited to spend the day at Richard's father's house. Ruth giving up the plan of having a quiet dinner at home, which would have been her choice, yielded to her husband's wishes and accompanied him thither. But she received a shock that blanched her lips and cheeks white as ashes, on perceiving that at the dinner-table, Richard drank wine with his companion. Quietly she bowed her head, and none knew of the terrible pang at her heart.

When at home she spoke to him gently of his broken vow. With a look of annoyance he answered her lightly, and tried to waive the subject. Earnestly and tenderly she tried to rouse him to a sense of his danger, but without effect. None but herself and a pitying God knew of the agonized tears she shed for him in secret, or of the

prayers she put up in his behalf. It became no uncommon thing for him to return at night with his breath tainted by something stronger than wine. The evenings that had once been so pleasantly spent, finally became periods of distress—Ruth bent silently over her sewing, fashioning dainty garments—and Richard lying moodily silent, or asleep upon the sofa.

One night she waited for him long past the usual hour. The clock struck seven, eight, nine, ten, eleven, successively, but he did not come, and she paced the floor in painful suspense, listening with a heavily beating heart to every sound. At last she heard the clang of the garden gate, as it closed, and then heavy, uneven steps upon the walk. Terrified and pale, she waited till the parlor door was flung open, and her husband entered, and flung himself into a chair, unable to stand steadily.

"Get me some supper," he said, roughly; "and don't stand there, looking as white as a sheet. What are you staring at, Ruth?"

"O, Richard!"

He gained his feet and staggered towards her.

"Why don't you mind me?" he asked, angrily. "Do you hear?" And he grasped her arm.

In her agony she endeavored frantically to free herself, but with sudden rage, he struck her down, and blows from his clenched hand fell upon her defenceless form. With sudden, desperate strength, she escaped from him, and screaming wildly fled. Down the long road she ran, and away over the fields and meadows, neither knowing nor caring whither she went. She grew dizzy at last, and fell heavily, nor knew anything more, until she opened her eyes in a chamber, where she lay upon a bed, with a kind-faced woman and a physician beside her. It was only for an instant that she realized her situation, for she grew delirious, and called wildly for her husband. At last they placed the light form of a little babe in her arms, and after a moment's hesitation, she clasped it close to her breast, and closed her eyes peacefully. When she opened them again the infant was gone, and she could not know that it rested, waxen and still, upon its little coffin bed.

For days she lay passively quiet upon her pillows, her dark eyes wandering restlessly about the apartment, but speaking to no one. But she was carefully nursed, and gradually grew stronger and better, and one morning asked where she was. The good woman who attended her, told her kindly that she was at the house of Farmer Ward, and that they had found her, in the gray light of early morning, lying like one dead, at



their gate, and had taken her in and nursed her, in their godlike charity, nor asked who she was nor whither she came. And Ruth, gently detaining the kind hand that smoothed her hair, laid her cheek softly upon it, with a caressing motion, while her grateful tears moistened the brown fingers. Then she asked for her baby, and as gently as possible, good Mrs. Ward told her that it was dead—that it had never breathed. A spasm of pain crossed her face, ere she hid it for an instant, but the next moment she murmured: "God's will be done—it is better so." And thinking it right, she gave her kind nurse and hostess her confidence, and the good woman wept with her.

"I can never go back to him," Ruth said, firmly, as she finished her story. "And now will you help me to find a way in which I can support myself?"

Mrs. Ward, her kind heart filled with sympathy for her pale, young guest, took the matter in hand, and by the time Ruth was able to travel, she had procured her a situation as teacher, in a small town a few miles distant. With the good woman's assistance, she went thither, and commenced her new life. She met with trials at first, but she found friends, and made herself a home among them. Her scholars grew to love her devotedly, and gradually her life became comparatively peaceful and easy. Seeing daily her sweet, cheerful face, none dreamed of the passionate tears she shed in the still darkness of night, over her ruined hopes, or how she grieved over a little blossom that had been plucked from her baby's grave and sent her.

She was sitting alone in her chamber, some two years after her entrance into the place, and busied with her sewing, when the door was opened and her landlady entered.

"Miss Linly," said the good woman. (Ruth had taken her maiden name.) "I wish you would put down that sewing and take a little rest. You have worked on it steadily all day. What in the world is it?"

"A frock for Widow Halden's little boy," replied Ruth, holding it up. "I am indeed very tired, but must work a while longer, for it is to be Willie's birthday present, and I must carry it to him in the morning."

"Well, I wouldn't kill myself 'pears to me," said little Mrs. Hall, energetically. "Come, put it away, and I will help you finish it in the morning. I want you to go to the lecture with husband and me, this evening."

After some inducement Ruth was persuaded to put her work aside, and accompany the kind people who had sought her pleasure. Half an

hour afterwards they entered the hall, which was densely crowded. When she was seated, Ruth looked around. Everybody appeared very much excited and animated, and from the throng rose the murmur of hundreds of voices.

"Who was the lecturer? Why were the people so excited?" she wonderingly asked of her companions.

"The speaker was a very popular temperance lecturer. Vane was his name," Mr. Hall replied, and then turned away to speak to a friend. Ruth turned deathly white, while her heart bounded wildly. She did not dare to think. The lights danced before her eyes, and her brain whirled giddily. She felt, for she could not raise her eyes, that two figures were advancing to the front of the platform, and then she heard the voice of an old resident of the place, a clergyman, introducing the speaker to the audience.

"Mr. Richard Vane."

She heard those words, and those only. To her the hall suddenly became dark, and she sank back heavily in her seat. No one noticed her, for the clear, fine tones of the speaker suddenly broke the silence, and the great crowd was as still as if in a death trance. When she realized her situation, again, the hall was quite still. The lecturer had ceased speaking, and stood erect upon the platform; before the worshipping crowd, while all around her were the faces of weeping men and women. She rose from her seat and tottered dizzily forward.

Richard Vane looked up suddenly, with a thrilling heart. Beside him, and before the wondering throng of people, stood a slender figure with pale, upraised face. An instant more, and he opened his arms, and sobbing, Ruth flung herself upon her husband's breast.

For a moment the astonished crowd was silent, but when they comprehended the scene, they burst into a round of cheers that made the building tremble. Suddenly an aged clergyman with flowing white hair, stepped forward, and when the people stayed their huzzas, he laid his trembling hands upon the bowed heads of the reunited couple, and said, solemnly:

"Those whom God has joined together, let not wine put asunder."

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#### FAREWELL.

Farewell! but never from my heart  
Shall time thine image blot:  
The dreams of other days depart,  
Thou shalt not be forgot.

And never in the suppliant sigh,  
Poured forth to Him who rules the sky,  
Shall my own name be breathed on high,  
And thine remembered not.—ANONYMOUS.

[ORIGINAL.]

## TO CARRIE.

BY ADKLE.

I ask for thee a gem more rare  
Than those in famed Golconda's mine;  
'Tis not to sparkle in thy hair,  
Or on thy stainless breast to shine.  
Ah, no, 'tis not for outward show,  
This precious jewel I would crave;  
It is to keep thy spirit pure,  
And from all inward ill to save!

A mother's is the purest love  
The human heart can ever know;  
May she be spared to shield thy youth,  
May God this priceless boon bestow!  
She'll teach thy footsteps e'er to tread  
Within the path that Jesus trod:  
O, mayst thou feel the matchless power  
Of Jesus' love—beloved of God!

[ORIGINAL.]

## WILDMOSS HEATH:

—OR,—

## THE MAGISTRATE'S DAUGHTER.

BY HARRY HAREWOOD LEECH.

## CHAPTER I.

## THE CABIN ON THE HEATH.

THE wind moaned dismally over Wildmoor Heath—moaningly, wailingly, scattering the loose leaves about among the tangled gorse, and then sending them in fantastic clouds over the dreary common. It was a lonely spot right there, with but few of the paths beaten which led among the prickly shrubs unevenly winding to the little hamlet but dimly seen beyond, nestling upon the side of the hill; and one unacquainted with the paths, where frequently the tangled grasses had grown over them, would have found much difficulty in reaching Woodheath, as the village beyond was called.

As far as the eye could reach upon this lonely common, a picture of strange desolation met the view, perhaps the more noticeable from the fact of the cosy village being directly in sight, with its busy sounds carried directly over the moor as evening closed and the lights began to flash forth from more than one of the hillside cottages, over the thousand acres of flat lowlands lying contiguous to the village, with their level surface covered with scrub brush, tangled vines, and crisp gorse.

There was but one building upon the whole of

Wildmoor Heath, and that could scarcely be dignified by that name. It was a cabin, only one story high, and built in a hollow of the Heath; its roof was thatched with straw, moss, and a singular combination of twigs and dried brush, while upon each side of this primitive structure were erected sheds, which were scarcely in better condition than their more imposing companion, and which now shook and trembled as the force of the wind took them, as it reached their frail sides with its gathering strength, and made them totter, as though about to fall.

Old "Boss" Cranmere, as he was called, lived here with his aged wife, and we must now introduce the reader to them, as they sat before the fire in their hovel, and give some notice of their curious lives and history; that is, as much as we know of it, but which we can promise is in the the main correct.

Old Boss Cranmere had not always inhabited this desolate looking cottage, nor had he always lived on the dreary heath, but there had been a time when he was young and strong and hopeful, although it would be difficult to find any relics of either his youth or strength or hope, as he sat doubled up before the blazing twigs, uttering querulous complaints to the bent crone, his wife, at his side. There had been a time when old "Boss" Cranmere was "Richard Cranmere, Superintendent of Woodheath Factory,"—but O, that was so long ago, it is bewildering to think of it. There had been a time when his wife was blooming and fair, and proud as the superintendent's wife, when she stiffened out her neat gingham gown and shook her brown curls archly, as the secretary of the corporation came "all the way up fro' Lunnon" to look after the accounts and moneys—but that, too, was so many years ago that we almost question if the dame herself could recollect it now.

Ah well! sorrow and misfortune will follow the best of us through this life, and to be sure, Richard Cranmere and his wife had their share, and had Richard been one of those tough, strong-willed creatures, who seem to pluck up more courage as troubles thicken around them, who knows but what he might have been "Boss" Cranmere at the factory at Woodheath, instead of a shivering old man, nursing his thin shanks and abusing his "gude wife" before the fireplace in this hovel on Wildmoor Heath? But Dick was not able to cope with his troubles, especially when he was accused of using some of the factory's money by that secretary who everybody said was a "snivelling sneak," and who believed it was only done because Dame Cranmere would always box his ears and tell

he husband when the aforesaid sneak attempted to kiss her. However, Dick received notice to appear at the corporation's office in London, and although he made things straight about the money, his troubles upset him so, that he tried to forget them in a way that many a better soul has tried before now—that was, by frequenting the village beer-shop a little too often. The consequence was that Dick Cranmere was discharged from his situation, and went rapidly down hill from bad to worse. And it was doubly hard now, for their two children, a boy and a girl, had to be taken care of.

It would be useless to follow step by step Dick's downfall. It was but the history which, alas, we are all acquainted with—first, misfortune, then rum, then ruin!—and notwithstanding his poor wife slaved to keep things from going to pieces, and to clothe her poor little Rob and Kitty comfortably and decently, things *did* go to pieces after all, and Rob and Kitty went in rags. First, Boss worked in the mill, then he hired out for a year in the uplands, then he cut down wood, then went to join fishing, and some said smuggling parties on the coast, and at last, as the “childer” grew up, Bob, a remarkably handsome, dark-browed lad, and Kitty, a blithesome, golden-haired little witch, the Boss had sunk so low that none would employ him, and he became a vagrant and a wanderer. Alas! what a fearful power one man has to drag a whole family into wretchedness.

But the worst blow of all was yet to fall. Yes, the worst. When Rob Cranmere was about fourteen years of age, he ran away from his home of sorrow and strife, and shipped. Nothing had been heard of him from that time, and the old man seemed to sink deeper and deeper into the dark gulf of misery, and his wife became a sorrowing, stricken woman. Their sole comfort now was their daughter; we might almost say their sole support; and as each summer passed over the head of Kitty Cranmere, she became more beautiful; but as it seemed, the sole link which bound them to the earth, or to the slightest of earth's blessings was to be severed. So it happened that when their daughter reached the age of sixteen, and was beautiful as an angel,—yes, and might have been the angel to have reclaimed her parents from the sins and weaknesses of the dark past, she fled from her home with an itinerant player, a man of notorious bad character, and she was lost—lost to them forever.

It was five years this very night, since their daughter had fled from Woodheath, and as each year passed, old Boss Cranmere got deeper and deeper into the quagmire of trouble and poverty,

until now the hovel on the heath was their home, and what coarse food they ate was hardly earned by what assistance old Cranmere could render the fishermen upon the coast, which was distant about two miles. Upon this dismal autumn evening the unfortunate couple had broken their loaf of common brown bread and supped their allowance of goat's milk, and were huddled closely by the fire, which shed but a feeble glow of light over the ricketty table in the room, and the rough stools upon which they were seated—Boss and his wife—their poorly clad forms shivering once in a while, as the strong, searching blast found entrance in a hundred chinks of the crazy old hut.

The old man seemed to be lost in thought, and passed his bony, skinny hands in an agitated, nervous way over his haggard features and across the stubbled gray beard which had been allowed to grow upon his face; and his wife rocked back and forth before the fire, sighing fretfully, and drawing an old worn pea-jacket tightly around her narrow shoulders. At last Boss spoke—his voice was cracked and husky: “Know'st what day 'tis, an' noight, ole woman?” he asked.

“Nay, Oi doant, nor care. One day's as bad's anither wi' us. Oi kenna tak toime to reckon our trouble by t' munt, nor t' hour,” was the reply, in a complaining tone.

“Nay, nay, ole woman, thee wouldst na' be sulky if ye reckon 'tis five years gone this moanin', windy noight, when Kitty left us—”

“Ah, Kitty—Kitty!” sobbed the old woman, rocking herself more violently, and the tears trickling down her wasted, wrinkled features. Ah! 'tis a very sad sight to see the aged weeping, for we all feel powerless to comfort such grief.

“Kitty! Kitty!” murmured the old man, in woful accents, as he gazed steadily into the fire.

“Five years this noight! Ah, Kitty, Kitty, darlin', ye've broke yer poor mither's heart!”

“What a comfort to ha' her wi' us now,” soliloquized Boss, as if not hearing what his wife was saying.

“She'll ne'er cum back t' Woodheath, Richard, ne'er. Ye druv her awa' wi' yer blows an' drunken curses, an' it sarved ye roight that she fled awa'—it sarved ye roight.” And the wife poured out her plaint bitterly to the old man. He did not resent it now in words, he seemed to feel how true was her accusation; but when she spoke the last syllable, he put forth his bony hand and laid it upon her lap, and said, in a broken voice:

“Doan't, doan't, wife. God knows Oi've been a curse foriver, an' cramped yer gude workin' hands, an' 'bittered yer ole loife, an' may-be,

may-be sent the boy—*Reb-awa*' to his death, but doan't say *her* too—*her*—"

And he gulped the last syllable out while his voice was choked with sobs. Poor Boss, those tears must have washed out many of your crimes in the sight of merciful Heaven! But the moment his tears began to flow, his wife pressed his hard hands within her own, and she wept more freely to think her hard, bitter words had given her "ole man" pain. And while thus they were consoling each other, and those tears of penitence were flowing, the old man whispered to his wife:

"If this ole body was only young agin."

And she sighed deeply. "Yes, daddy, only young agin."

And how many, looking through the dark years of a misspent life, utter in agony of soul, "Only young again! Only young again!"

The wind was wailing mournfully as ever, the dry chips and twigs were sent like miniature battering-rams against the sides of the little cabin, and in the lull the heavy surging and dull roaring of the sea could be heard from afar. The old couple sat there before the dying embers, nursing in fancy all the thoughts which sweetly clustered around their straying daughter, picturing her as she was in her blitheome, happy childhood, her glowing, blushing, dangerous maidenhood—when her beauty met the eye of him who allured her from her home, if not of plenty and happiness, at least of honor. Every little expression of hers, her bright, saucy words, merry laugh and springing step was well remembered—ah, so well remembered! It was not strange they spoke not.

The wind swept over Wildmoor Heath with greater fury, and seemed to meet midway a tempest gale from the sea, which hurled it back again to surge and sigh and break in a dirge-like chorus around the cabin of Boss Cranmere, and when it lulled it only seemed to gather strength and sweep around the hut with the whirl and sound of mighty demons. It was a dreadful night; but the occupants of the cabin, immersed as they were in their deep grief, did not seem to hear the mighty troubled sighs; but soon they would be brought to a recollection of the storm. For during a lull, when one of those brief delays and calmness occurs in gales, which is to be succeeded by the fury of the gathering wind, there came a wailing, beseeching cry from out the depths of the storm to Boss Cranmere and his wife, as they sat there in the rapidly dimming light—a cry which seemed to come from a human being in great distress, piercing in its anguish, despairing in its energy, as though a last effort should be made to procure help for the dying.

As quickly as though youthful blood still bounded in their veins, Boss and his wife rose up from their places when they heard that cry. They instinctively looked at each other, and the woman's hand was clasped more tightly in the man's horny palm, listening eagerly for that sound, that startling cry to be again uttered, but the wind sobbed on, its cadences were broken, but no cry of a perishing soul was heard.

"Didst hear the voice, wife?" asked Boss.

"Plain as I see thee, daddy, but it could na' ha' been—"

"It wur Kitty's cry, wife, or her sperrit ha' called to us, but Oi wull gwa out and scour t' heath a bit," interrupted the old man, solemnly, as he strode towards the door.

He reached the door, but scarcely had he touched the wooden latch, ere the force of the wind drove it back against the rude partition with a bang, and the same cry near at hand saluted the twain. But the cry was feeble, and seemed struggling to gasp forth its wail above the rushing wind. In a moment Boss was out in the darkness. It had now begun to rain, and he was soon lost to the old woman, who stood pale and trembling in the doorway, but she sunk down to the floor almost fainting, as Boss Cranmere dragged a form into the cabin and up to the fireplace. But no sooner had the old woman gazed upon the dripping figure, with the long, golden hair hanging in a dank mass over her face, and beheld the thin features so well known, than she almost shrieked:

"Kitty, my chile! O, Kitty!" And threw her old arms around the fainting form.

But there was a feeble cry, an infant's voice, from beneath the old cloak enveloping her, and the poor young mother could only gasp:

"Fayther!"—than she swooned exhausted on the floor of Boss Cranmere's cabin.

## CHAPTER II.

### THE CRUEL MAGISTRATE.

THE spacious mansion of Mr. Hugh Hardcastle was situated in the most elegant part of Woodheath, and Mr. Hugh Hardcastle himself was considered the most wealthy gentleman in all those parts, but candor compels us to state that the real character of Mr. Hugh Hardcastle, Gentleman and Magistrate, was a compound of meanness, pomposity and petty arrogance. He was overbearing in his habits, and having sprung from a very low station in life, was of course very proud, and held up his head above the old gentry of the uplands, whose families were centuries old. He, supposing with a plebeian's weakness,

that pounds, shillings and pence were the only criteria by which real excellence should be judged. Had his ignorance and foolish pride of purse been confined within such limits that there would have been no danger of injury or oppression to the body politic, we should have had no occasion to immortalize Mr. Hugh Hardcastle, by a mention in these columns of his name, but unfortunately he was a magistrate, and his power was often arbitrarily exercised for the oppression of those whom the strong arm of the law should have protected. Mr. Hugh Hardcastle was proud of his name, proud of his estates, and especially proud of his beautiful and queenly daughter Edith Hardcastle.

And this last pride was certainly excusable, for none about Woodheath disputed the claims of the little peacock beauty, Edith Hardcastle to the rank of *belle*. She was but seventeen, and already her black eyes had made captive all the youth of the village, and the little syren knew so well how to practise her arts, that she left all hoping and despairing in the same hour by her piquant coquetry. She was almost mistress of her father's household, owing to the fact of her mother's being an invalid and scarcely ever leaving her own rooms, and she made as many enemies of the servants by her childish absolutism as friends amongst them by her generous freaks. But it was chiefly upon her father that her influence was most perceptible. That pompous, arrogant mass of ignorance and pride melted down beneath the softening influence of the child, into a very commonplace, doting, affectionate father, who could deny his little pet nothing which his money or his influence could procure for her. He might come into his library from his "Hall of Justice," as he termed a room set apart for his magisterial sittings, angry and inflamed from the brave impudence of some smuggler whom he had just sentenced, and in a moment find he had forgotten his trials by laughing heartily at some hoydenish freak of his daughter Edith.

The love for his daughter was the one redeeming trait in the character of Hugh Hardcastle, for the whole country round he was detested for his hatred of the people, and his undue severity upon any of the working-class when brought before him.

About two mornings after the return of Kitty Cranmere to the hovel on the heath, which we have described to our readers in the last chapter, Hugh Hardcastle was holding his magistrate's court in his private "Hall of Justice," and there was a motley crowd at the trial,—and we grieve to write it—but Kitty Cranmere was the prisoner

at the bar, and she was accused of stealing the old cloak which had encircled her wasted form upon that bitter night on the moor; and she was also accused of stealing some silver pieces from an old woman who had harbored her in Woodheath, the day before she returned to her sorrowing parents.

It formed a strange picture—Hugh Hardcastle sitting, fat and powerful on his stuffed chair, behind his ominous desk, whereon were the dockets, various loose papers, a constable's mace, and a few thumbled law books. A brutal-looking fellow, gaunt and muscular, with hair cropped close, and quick ferret eyes, jerking and glancing quick fire over the muttering crowd around the frail prisoner, was the constable who had made the arrest at Boss Cranmere's, on Wildmoor Heath. Kitty, leaning upon a little railing in front of the magistrate's desk, looking as though she would faint each instant, while her poor old mother was huddled upon the floor at her feet, holding her baby tightly in her old arms, and rocking backwards and forwards, moaning mournfully and brokenly. By his daughter's side stood old Boss Cranmere, and many a lusty man whose checked shirt was rolled up over a brawny arm looked pityingly on the broken old man whom they recollected when they were little factory boys as "Superintendent Cranmere."

Boss stood by Kitty, his arms hanging down by his side and his hands tightly clenched; his tearless eyes upon the ground, and ever and anon his lips would quiver, his whole frame would shake, and then people knew how old Boss was taking it. Around this sad group the factory men and boys were standing with eager faces, gazing upon the hard eyes and firm mouth of the magistrate, while the mill girls with sad, pale faces and dye-stained arms, who mingled with the curious crowd in the background, murmured many a heartfelt, "God help her, puir thing!"

"Silence! Call the witness," was the order in an impatient tone from Hugh Hardcastle.

An old woman came forward, who identified Kitty as the young woman who had come to her house three nights before, and who looked so thin and pale, and seemed so tired with her crying infant, that she let her stop there. The next evening she missed her when she came home "fro' t' mill, and wi' her t' silver i' t' bag in t' cupboard."

Poor Kitty hung her head. Alas! she was guilty! She was dying, and anxious to reach her parents' home, were that even a hovel—she took the money to buy her starving infant nourishment, and took the cloak to wrap around its shivering form. But what had the law to do

with a starving creature? She must suffer!—The constable testified to the arrest on Wildmoor Heath, and that Kitty had confessed her crime to him when he took her in charge. The lines grew firmer around Hugh Hardcastle's mouth, the dark gray eyes shot out a colder light upon the feeble prisoner, the wailing of the old mother was more frequent and painful to hear.

"What have you to say, Kitty Cranmere?" asked the magistrate.

"O nothin' yer honor, on'y Oi wur starvin'," she stammered forth, her weak voice musical even with her sobs.

"Ha! always the excuse of you beggars and strollers. Do ye think ye are to be let off wi' that excuse here?"

God help her, if she ever thought to be let off from the cruel grip of such a merciless justice!

"Nay, nay," was her answer. "But, O, yer honor"—and she knelt over to him across the railings with her thin hands clasped when she said it—"t' little baby wur starvin' an' perishin' wi, t' cold, an' I took it t' save its life, pair child, for Oi doan't care for moine Oi knows." And she sunk upon the railing's broad top weeping hysterically.

Here, a dusty-looking man stepped forward from the crowd and addressed the magistrate.

"Yes, yer honor, it be true what the choild says; she bo't t' bread wi' t' money."

"Stand back! Who asked for your testimony, William Croes?" angrily spoke Hugh Hardcastle, a heavy frown distorting his features. And the burly, honest baker slunk abashed into the crowd, and the brows of more than one of those working-men grew black.

"O, Mr. Hardcastle, spare the child! Spare Kitty for on'y once, yer honor! She wur starvin'. Did na' ye hear the choild?" And old Boss stretched forth his thin, bony hands to the magistrate, supplicating him for mercy.

"Silence, I say!" thundered Hardcastle. "Take that old beggar out, officer!"

And the constable laid hold of old Boss, and notwithstanding his struggles, dragged him through the threatening crowd towards the door, the old woman his wife shrieking in her shrill tones, and poor Kitty feebly beseeching them to spare the old man. But the brutal officer dragged him along as though he was some animal about being led to the slaughter. They had nearly reached the door, Hugh Hardcastle watching the ejection with an ominous satisfaction, when there was a great stir about the back of the crowd. An athletic young man pushed the people from each side of him as though he was walking through water, the element dividing as he ad-

vanced. He neared the old man who was choking in the constable's brutal grasp. Old Boss saw him coming and faltered out his name—

"Rob—"

"Fayther!" cried the handsome youth, as he sprang towards him, the sympathetic crowd making way rapidly. With one blow, which descended with the dull sound of the huge hammer upon piles, the constable was felled like an ox bleeding to the earth, and old Boss Cranmere was locked in his son Rob's arms, while the people murmured a sort of subdued applause. Hugh Hardcastle jumped from his seat, the whole ferocity of his nature exhibited in his face, which was black with passion.

"Arrest that man!"

Not a soul in that room stirred to execute his order, but as he jumped into the crowd to execute it himself, the men sullenly formed a line in front, and Rob Cranmere led his old father out of the door; but before he went, he turned towards the magistrate and shouted defiance to him, as he said:

"Hugh Hardcastle, if ye hurt a hair of moi sister's head, Oi will be revenged upon you—Oi will, as sure as there's a God in heaven!"

"Arrest that man, some of ye! Twenty pounds for his body!" the magistrate shouted, as he tried to make his way through the solid crowd. But as the men now gave way, and clustered around the stunned constable, Rob and his father had gone, and the pleading eyes of his daughter Edith looked into those of Hugh Hardcastle. She had entered by a side door upon hearing the tumult, and now clung around his neck. His face softened; but when she urged:

"Let her go, dear father—let the poor woman go this once."

"No—by Heaven, no!" he replied, hoarse with passion. "And ye shall all pay for this, ye skulking hounds, to brave the law and allow a man to escape. And the beggar, the thief, shall be sent to prison this hour—this moment!"

He went up to where she lay. The old woman had thrown herself upon the body of her child, and was wailing loudly. Alas, she was dead! Poor Kitty Cranmere! these last scenes had been too much for her, the tension was too great upon the cords of life, and they had snapped—poor Kitty!

### CHAPTER III.

#### CONFESSIONS.—AN ELOPEMENT.

THE little hovel stood no longer on Wildmoor Heath, the long, coarse grass was growing up through the cracks of the boards which tumbled

upon that spot where the cabin stood, the toads hopped under the shelter of the ruins, and snails fattened in the dampness underneath the crumbling logs. It was a beautiful night some six months after the occurrences we have narrated, when a man made his way from the coast towards the ruined cabin, and the figure of a woman attended by a companion, sought the same direction from Woodheath. It may be strange to tell it, dear reader, but life's realities are often very strange, and that man approaching the hut was Rob Cranmere, who was coming to meet his love, Edith Hardcastle. Nay, start not, if it be a strange fact, and a most strange trysting-place. The history of that love's awakening would take up a greater space than we have at our command, so a synopsis of the events which led to this meeting must suffice.

After the death of poor Kitty Cranmere in the house of Hugh Hardcastle, old Boss Cranmere and his wife disappeared from the neighborhood entirely, and it was supposed they had been taken away and provided for by Rob, and the painful circumstances almost died out from the minds of all the witnesses of that dreadful occurrence, until at length Rob showed himself in Woodheath boldly and defiantly, seemed to have plenty of money, dressed well, and was soon on the best of terms with everybody.

Edith Hardcastle, the spoiled pet and vain beauty, rode often out upon horseback, sometimes far amongst the hills back of Woodheath. Usually she was accompanied by a servant, but sometimes her caprice would decide that she should be left at home. Upon one of these lonely excursions the handsome Rob met her when she was in considerable danger from her horse becoming frightened, and rescued her from great peril. Struck with the romance of her situation, and perhaps her giddy head being turned by Rob's beauty, she took it into her head to encourage this piece of wandering humanity to make love to her; which was done so perfectly, that she found her happiness involved in the consent of her proud father to her marriage, and which, knowing it to be impossible that such consent would ever be given, led to many sweet, stolen interviews of which the present could be counted as one.

Upon this particular occasion, it was decided that Edith was to request the consent of her parent to her marriage with Rob—which, upon his refusal, was to be followed by an elopement. The foolish girl, mildly in love with the adventurous Cranmere, considered that her father's overweening affection for her would in a short time secure her pardon. And she looked forth

to the future hopefully, when her lover pressed his farewell kisses upon her lips that night by the old cabin ruin.

The next day she clung around her father's neck, beguiling him into a tender mood, when she intended speaking to him of her darling life-project.

"Father, dear, your little Edith is a woman now, you know. You must not call me your 'little fairy' now, for see, I lack but little of your own height," laughed she gaily, and with charming *audacity*.

"Well, what does the woman want now, that has ever been denied to the 'little fairy'?" he asked, "for I am sure you are about begging something very expensive of me. Come, come, what is it?" And he twined her long, rich hair over his heavy fingers caressingly.

"Yes, dear father, it is a very expensive gift I want. Will you promise not to be angry when I tell you what it is?"

"No, no. What is it?"

"A husband," she whispered, softly, in his ear. Had an earthquake suddenly shook the mansion to its foundation, Hugh Hardcastle could scarcely have seemed more surprised. But he managed to stammer forth: "A what?"

"Husband," confidently, on the part of his darling Edith.

A smile lingered around the mouth of the grim magistrate now, for he thought he perceived which way his daughter's thoughts had been wandering; he thought of young Guy Laskervale, whom he considered had been paying some attention to his daughter, and he fancied he was about to have a confidential communication upon the state of his daughter's preferences.

"Well, who shall it be?" he said.

"Promise not to be angry," with her finger up warningly to him.

"O yes. Go on," he said, impatiently, and wondering at so much mystery.

"Rob Cranmere!"

Her father gave her one startled look, to see if this was not a playful jest; then, when he saw her earnest eyes awaiting his answer, the blood rushed from his face leaving it pale as ashes, and every muscle of his hard countenance seemed to grow rigid as iron.

"Edith, answer me, what do ye mean?"

His voice was calm, with a sort of deadly calmness though, and she felt now what a dreadful ordeal she would have to pass through. But when a woman loves, she is willing to suffer for that one upon whom she has placed her affections, and Edith's love had rapidly developed what of her father's strength of nature she possessed.

So through her tears she confessed her love for Rob Cranmere—how they had met; how good and noble and kind he was—his only drawback was his poverty—ah, that was a crime in her noble father's eyes—how she had sworn to be his wife come good or evil, etc.

It was strange that such a towering rage as Hugh Hardcastle was in, he should have listened to the end of her recital; but he did. When she had finished, he threw her from him as though she was a viper and had stung him. O, little did poor Edith know the power of her father's scathing words until that moment, little did she guess the bitter curses which would be launched upon her head.

"Marry him—marry him, if ye like, and ye can both rot in poverty together. Nay, I will not even let you marry, for I would strangle you first, and cut out his black heart besides! For shame, ye minion, to go out o' nights to meet a smuggling scoundrel, and then dare whisper his name in my ears, to bring him here as your husband!" And he sunk upon a chair almost exhausted by his fury, while poor Edith could only cry:

"O, I father, father, do not curse me! I cannot bear it—O, I cannot!"

And then his scathing words would be poured forth faster and faster upon her, until she could bear no more, and fell fainting, while he strode from the room, still fuming and cursing.

The next day Edith Hardcastle escaped from her father's house and joined Rob Cranmere. Then Woodheath was alive, the country was scoured for miles around to get a trace of the fugitives, but no sign of their flight was visible. The ocean leaves no mark whereby pursuit can be successful.

Now was the change visible in Hugh Hardcastle. It would have been good for him could he have shed a tear. No, his eyes were dry—but O, how his heart was overflowing with the bitter waters of the worst affliction. However much a man of iron Hugh Hardcastle had been in dealing with the world, he had ever been gentle with her. The softest down was too hard for her dainty, childish form to repose upon; the richest silks, with matchless rainbow colors, were all too harsh and colorless to envelope her dear shape; the warmest, glossiest furs were all too scant and cold to keep the chill winds from her dear body.

No, no, you had been a hard man to all the world beside, but to her—to her— Might not this be Heaven's retribution, Hugh Hardcastle? Do you remember the poor, crushed girl who plead to thee for mercy in vain—poor Kitty Cranmere, who only stole the warmth of an old

cloak, and kept the wolf away a few hours by the larceny of the money to buy a loaf of bread? Might it not be retribution? Think of it! But there was a heavier blow yet to fall. Yes, Heaven is often severe, but (we have that sweet faith) just—always just.

Six years had passed since the flight of Edith Hardcastle from her father's house—nearly seven years since the death of poor suffering Kitty Cranmere. Hugh Hardcastle was still magistrate at Woodheath, but he was a broken-spirited man, infirm in health, but colder, harder and more unpopular than when we knew him to sit in his "Hall of Justice." There was no execration too heavy to pour upon the head of the magistrate by the poor denizens of Woodheath. But his wealth kept him in his position, and still he seemed to take a savage delight in the misery of his fellows. Every man who was brought before him was haunted like a guilty being, until (as in a majority of cases) he was proven so. He seemed to look upon all the world as natural enemies, and he sat in his room like a hungry wolf in a den, anxious to give a fatal bag to any victims who might venture within the dangerous precincts.

Hugh Hardcastle was now, this warm day in the latter part of August, called into his office to try a band of gipseys, and put them out of the way of committing further thefts and annoyances upon the good people of Woodheath and its vicinity. There were several women huddled together, their dusky beauty set off by gaily-colored dresses, and quantities of common jewelry upon their persons, while the dark-browed, thick-set men awaited their fate with that unconcern which characterizes all of the wandering tribes. This band had come down from the hills amongst the lowlands, and the beauty of the women, and skilful jugglery of the men had made them quite popular, until they began to steal and drink, making "the night hideous" with their drunken brawls, and thus the aid of the constables had been at last invoked to get the entire band up before Hugh Hardcastle, who, the people were convinced, would soon remove them out of the neighborhood. The charges against them were vagrancy and theft. All of the cases had been disposed of, with the exception of a couple of the men and one woman, who sat cowering in the corner, and with whom a swarthy, ill-looking man seemed to be expostulating. This woman was charged with arson, and the magistrate told her to "stand up."

The woman tottered forward toward the desk, a sort of ragged cloak thrown over her shoulders



and head. The witness gave in his evidence to the magistrate, who listened attentively to the recital. He accused the prisoner with setting fire to his shedding, because he would not allow her to tell his fortune, and refused to "cross her palm with silver," and concluded by saying he did not wish any harm to the poor creature, who really seemed civil enough, only he did not wish to be troubled with them any longer tramping through his property.

"Take those rags off your face, woman!" sternly ordered the justice, when the complainant's recital was finished.

There was no answer. The woman seemed to be trembling and sobbing, but she made no motion to obey the order of the magistrate.

"Do you hear?" he repeated sternly.

The woman made two or three attempts to pull away the faded covering, and at last seemed to accomplish it by a desperate jerk. And when she removed it, her head fell upon her breast and tears flowed thick and fast and fell upon the floor. The other women and the men were now gathered around, and one of the men who had been remonstrating with her in the corner, plucked her sleeve and whispered threateningly:

"You're a fool! Speak, I say, or ye'll rue it."

"What is your name?" asked the justice.

"You'll never know it," replied the woman, between her sobs.

Hugh Hardcastle arose, his anger was getting aroused—he was impatient.

"Raise up your head, will you, you strolling thief! Don't act your modesty here, it won't save ye, depend on that!"

And with these hard words the woman lifted up her head as though his cruelty had stung her, lifted up her head quickly, proudly, and she blushed deeply. You could see it, though her skin was painted and stained, but the cheating juice of the walnut had not robbed her flesh of all its pearly whiteness. The woman was young and might have been very handsome, but the features looked hard and pinched, and the eyes had an uneasy glitter in them which robbed them of half their beauty.

"Give me your name!" again demanded the justice, peremptorily.

"Corilla," she answered.

"None of your gipsy aliases, I say. Give me your name."

"Edith."

Ah, how Hugh Hardcastle trembled when that name was pronounced! His violence had all left him; he sank into his seat trembling, while the woman had to be supported by one of her companions.

"Edith!" said Hugh Hardcastle. It sounded like a hollow echo of her own pronunciation.

"Yes, Edith Hardcastle my name was before I left your house, father!" And the woman now burst up to the railing to meet the startled gaze of the magistrate.

He but looked into the face of the woman before him, a mighty groan escaped from him, and he fell back as one dead, the blood streaming from his mouth, and rapidly crimsoning his linen and clothes. The shock had been too great. Edith Hardcastle returned, but how? A wandering gipsy branded as a thief. The magistrate had burst a blood-vessel, and before assistance reached him he was dead.

Kitty Cranmere, was not this retribution?

And this is the story which is yet told at Woodheath about the poor people who lived on Wildmoss Moor, and the sad history of Edith Hardcastle. But what became of her, poor gipsy Edith? None ever knew after her father's death where she wandered, or how she died.

#### A MARRIAGE DILEMMA.

Some short time back a gentleman was united to a lovely and accomplished lady at a village near Cambridge (Eng.) All passed off pleasantly enough—the bride and bridegroom were on their wedding tour, when, *mirabile dictu!* it was discovered that the marriage had been an illegal one, and that the clergyman was probably liable to severe penalties for performing the ceremony. The bridegroom had never thought of providing a license, the clergyman never thought to inquire for it. So here were two persons married without either bans or license, and entirely contrary to the statute in that case made and provided. Here was a dilemma! What was to be done? At the end of three days a special messenger was sent after the happy couple. Their wedding tour was arrested, and back they were brought, when the ceremony was again performed in the presence of the important little document, the absence of which had been productive of much mischief, and the travellers resumed their tour, their sudden and unexpected return being known to very few persons. ~~Notwithstanding the false~~ start, let us hope that the journey through life may be a pleasant one.—*Cambridge Independent.*

#### TEMPER AND THE VOICE.

The influence of temper upon tone deserves much consideration. Habits of querulousness or ill-nature will communicate a catlike quality to the singing, as infallibly as they give a quality to the speaking voice. That there really exist amiable tones, is not an unfounded opinion. In the voice there is no deception; it is to many the index of the mind, denoting moral qualities; and it may be remarked that the low, soft tones of gentle and amiable beings, whatever their musical endowments may be, seldom fail to please; besides which, the singing of ladies indicates the cultivation of their taste generally, and the embellishment of their mind.—*Mordaunt.*

## UNDER THE LEAVES.

BY ALBERT LARINGTON.

Of have I walked these woodland paths,  
Without the blest foreknowing  
That underneath the withered leaves  
The fairest buds were growing.

To-day the south wind sweeps away  
The types of autumn's splendor,  
And shows the sweet arbutus flowers—  
Spring's children, pure and tender.

O prophet souls, with lips of bloom,  
Outvying in their beauty  
The pearly tints of ocean shells,  
Ye teach me faith and duty!

Walk life's dark ways, ye seem to say,  
With love's divine foreknowing  
That where man sees but withered leaves,  
God sees the sweet flowers growing.

(ORIGINAL.)

## THE REDEEMED.

BY ETTA WESTON.

"Yes, Marion, though he had sounded the lowest depths of sin, if a kindly voice and a friendly hand could call him back to manliness and truth, mine should not be withheld."

"Even if the touch should bring pollution?"

"That only can pollute which defiles the soul."

"So yours should be the hand and voice to welcome back this devotee of sin, though all the world should scorn such voluntary contamination? What if by this ultra benevolence of yours, Edith, character and friends be lost?"

"What if a deathless human soul be lost? Dear Marion, did I know of one human heart, though wretched from its own guilt, and gathering the harvest sown by its own evil ways alone, did that degraded but immortal soul yearn for its lost purity and truth—did it cast one longing glance upward from its depths of misery and crime towards its father's house, my hand should beckon, my voice should cheer, though all the world pass by on the other side."

"And you would sacrifice all this, dear Edith, in the uncertain hope of bringing back perhaps one child of sin—one, the gold of whose better nature is so encrusted by the dross of an erring life, that your highest efforts could only smooth away the canker and the rust, still leaving it embedded hopelessly in the baser metal of habit, and its natural proneness to sin."

"He that sows the diamonds in the solid rock,

and scatters the pearls in the depths of the sea, can see the quenchless spark of immortality, though buried in the darkness of human guilt. He who wept tears of blood in the garden of Gethsemane, whose sacred lips gave the divine command, 'Love thy neighbor as thyself,' who promised paradise to the repentant thief, he is my Master, Marion, and has he not said, 'If ye love me keep my commandments?'"

The fair speaker had risen in her earnestness from her seat beside her companion, and turning partly round, revealed to the young man who was standing unnoticed a short distance from them, a face so pure and serene in its expression, that he involuntarily stepped back with an air of reverence and humility, as if some higher presence were suddenly revealed to him. And so indeed it was, for in the little scene with which our story opens, were pictured strangely divergent paths of human life.

The three were whiling away a dull November afternoon in the public picture-gallery of one of our large cities. The faces of this little group were striking in an eminent degree, though as unlike in expression as were their apparent habits of dress and deportment. The two whose voices had arrested the careless steps of him who unknown to them had entered the saloon, were seated before a Magdalen by Guido, and the face, with its wondrous though mournful beauty, had suggested the conversation which the reader has already heard in part.

They were speaking of those erring and forsaken ones, cast out for some discovered guilt, less perhaps, than many a concealed sin still feasting in the heart of some favorite of fortune—and the rules of action toward the outcast and forlorn as prescribed by the two speakers, were as diverse as the faces that were glowing in the earnestness of their animated discussion. The rich tones of Marion Lee, clear, but cold as the false arguments she uttered, pleaded strongly for the dignity of social position—the fear of contamination from contact with the fallen and degraded. And as the picture of their shame rose before her mental eyes, she involuntarily gathered her rich robes about her, and threw back the beautiful head, gazing with a half-derisive smile in the clear eyes of Edith Graham, looking so earnestly in her own.

Edith, with one delicate hand pressed close upon her bosom, as was her wont, the other held lovingly towards her friend, had spoken her allegiance to her Divine Master with a low and earnest emphasis, which told, in the very distinctness of her utterance, the firmness of principle and purpose of one whose hopes and aims go up

beyond the stars. Her face was very beautiful. The brow was low, but broad and prominent, and the graceful curve of the white temples harmonized in sweetness and serenity with the firm yet delicate mouth. The eyes, whose wondrous beauty spread a glorious illumination over the whole countenance, were of that undefinable tint that seems to change with every passing thought. The brows and lashes were of jetty blackness, though the hair was of a warm chestnut hue, shining where the light fell across it, like threads of burnished gold. It was drawn smoothly away from the temples, and was woven around the back of the small yet beautifully formed head, in a net-work of rich and massive braids, in strong contrast with the heavy locks that graced like a coronet the white forehead of Marion Lee. A sense of harmony seemed to pervade her whole presence—a completeness of symmetry that was to the eye what melody is to the ear, as if the fullness of her beauty was but the outward correspondence of her inner life.

In strange contrast with the calm serenity of Edith Graham, was the pale, half-averted face of the young man, who stood unnoticed behind them. He had entered with so quiet a step, that his presence was unobserved by the two occupants of the large saloon. Pausing before the "Returning Prodigal," a picture that seemed to possess for him a wonderful fascination, he stood with a sad, despairing gaze, his head slightly bowed, and his arms folded tightly across his breast, and with such an air of sorrowful abstraction, that he seemed utterly unconscious of all surrounding objects. But the tones of Edith Graham, in her plea for the guilty and forlorn, had fallen on his ear like a voice from heaven, and the breathless earnestness with which he listened, told how like food to the famishing were the words of that noble girl.

The face turned so eagerly towards the speaker, far surpassed in its power of fascination the beautiful creations of art that graced the walls around him. But like a cloud darkening some landscape of glorious beauty, there rested on the pale but handsome features a deep and settled gloom. The restlessness of the large and mournful eyes, and the deep lines about the lips, told of familiarity with unhealthy excitement, and long years of dissipation. Yet amid all these marks of evil there was stamped upon the whole countenance a longing, wistful look, mingled with a half-defiant expression, which could not fail to tell the fearful warfare of the soul within. Philip Reide was gifted with wonderful talent, and a noble, but erratic nature, full of impulse and waywardness, such as the world calls genius.

Orphaned in infancy, and the inheritor of vast wealth, his life had been one of self-will and the indulgence of every whim and caprice that so impressive a nature could dictate. A childhood thus sown with the seeds of evil and self-gratification, could not fail to reach a sad fruition in his manhood. Yet through all this, his innate nobility of soul, like pure gold, shone through the dross of habit, and the results of such fearful training in youth. He had early perfected himself by foreign study and close application in his profession as an artist, and in a city remote from that in which our story opens, had won a name honored by those of older and wider reputation. This course was the more laudable, from the fact that it was the gratification of his own elevated aims and inclinations, rather than the necessity of labor, which lent the zeal which had marked his whole career. Gifted with those brilliant powers of fascination which render their possessor so desirable a companion to the devotees of pleasure, he had fallen by slow and almost imperceptible degrees, from his high position, to the terrible destiny of the drunkard.

To those who have watched the fearful progress of these gifted ones through their temptation, who have seen the struggles of the wretched, yet yielding soul; have listened to their solemn pledges in their hours of shame, sorrow and remorse, there is no need to tell the slow misery of years that found Philip Reide where we have presented him to the reader's eye. When the fearful revelation of his bondage broke upon his haughty soul, when he knew it was the smile of a fiend that glowed in the red wine, and could not choose but worship, then began that terrible warfare through which he struggled miserably, hopelessly, through many dreadful years. Lost to his friends, penniless, despairing, without one kindly voice to strengthen him in better moments, meeting the cold, derisive stare of a pitiless world, he was a careless, reckless wanderer. Yet through all his misery and shame, the true refinement of his nature withheld him from those lower vices which are frequently the vile concomitants of the drunkard's course. His was not the constant intoxication of the beastly debauchee, day succeeding day in senseless inebriety, but in an evil hour the dreadful craving would come upon him, to be followed by weeks and months of terrible remorse. It was thus when he had wrestled as for life with the fiend within, when the burning, maddening thirst was haunting his every step, that following his still earnest love for the beautiful, he had hoped to lose his wretched consciousness in the glorious visions of the ideal.

Standing thus before the "Returning Prodigal," all the misery of his fallen soul came crowding before his mental eye like the imagery of some fearful dream. "Forsaken and degraded, alone and tempted"—such was the cry of anguish and desolation that went up from the inner life of Philip Reide. Was it strange then, that the words of Edith Graham held breath and pulses still, or that her face shone like that of an angel? Little dreamed the noble girl, as her rich yet simple robes swept by him, that the thin, haggard face, so near, and yet in truth so far off, would fain have stooped to kiss the hem of her garment. From that time a new light seemed to dawn on Philip Reide, for the desponding heart could see even in the darkest hour of his temptation, when the fiend whispered that despairing heart-cry of years, "Forsaken and degraded, alone and tempted," the calm face of Edith Graham, and hear her earnest tones pleading for the forlorn and sinful—pleading for him, for was he not forlorn indeed? Daily he waited in that public gallery, watching and hoping for her presence. She came frequently and lingered long, passing in and out among the crowd, with a careless, unobtrusive eye, so absorbed was she by her love of art. Remote from her, yet conscious of her every look and motion, Philip Reide would recall again and again, while gazing on her beautiful face, those words of strength and cheer, and though he would have died rather than ask her sympathy, yet the consciousness that her pure lips could pray for such as he, that dearer to her than name or favor were the longings and strong wrestlings of the fallen soul, armed him with a sure defence against the tempter's power.

There were days of agonizing struggles, and nights of weary wrestling with the fiend within. There were times, when battling with all the force of his better nature against the fierce temptation, even beyond the long midnight, when the pulse of the great city grew still, that he had walked to and fro with a weary tread before the home of Edith Graham, watching the lights from its many windows with as strong a gaze as if they were indeed beacons to warn, or rays of glory to illumine the path of him—that lonely traveller who had set his face heavenward, strengthened and sustained by the kindly words of sympathy, uttered and forgotten by one, who like her Divine Master went about doing good. Little dreamed the fair girl in the warm glow of her beautiful home, whose music was the kindly tones of loving hearts, of the wanderer, sorely tempted and beset, so far removed in all the outward life, content to gather strength in the great

temptation, from even the consciousness of her near presence.

Those only who have passed from such wretchedness as his, to a reformed and amended life, can tell of the slow torture of months—nay, even years, that lie between that misery and manhood. Strange discipline for a heart starving and pining for some dear companionship, to watch through weary days and months and years, longing, as the desolate soul alone can, for the friendly voice and kindly hand of Edith Graham, ready to go forth in recognition of the returning prodigal, yet in the keen anguish of his sensitive soul waiting still in self-distrust, till the world again should honor his manliness and truth. There were vague, wild hopes in the heart of Philip Reide—wild in truth, for must not months, perhaps years intervene, before he might dare to lift his eyes to hers in mutual recognition?

He knew she had never loved, for with all the keenness of his artist vision, he had read in the calm depths of her beautiful eyes no trace of passion so prone to speak from brow and lip. Her face had been his study. Not a change in its expression but had graven itself upon his memory. Thus passed a twelve-month, and in the elegant habitude of the Public Gallery of B—Street, none would dream of the haggard, wistful face of just one year before. Mingling easily among the crowd, he had gradually come to be regarded as a true lover of art, and his just yet unobtrusive criticism, evincing a highly cultivated taste, had won for him too the reputation of a connoisseur. It would be strange if so striking a face and figure should fall unnoticed on the eye of Edith Graham, but by a singular perversity of either chance or purpose on his part, they had never met, though many a glance of either approval of her own suggestive thoughts, or a questioning look of her beautiful face at some original criticism of his own, told there was a recognition of mutual tastes and appreciation, without the formal words of introduction. More than a year subsequent to the opening of our story the devotees of art were warmed to the height of enthusiasm and curiosity, by the appearance in the favorite gallery of a striking and beautiful painting. It was not the mere depths of its exquisite coloring, or the delicate outlines and grouping of the figures, but the moral of the picture, the deep and fearful allegory that seemed looking out from its every light and shadow, arrested the eye of every truly appreciative taste, as much as its singularity of title; and the wonderful portraiture of its principal figure. On a narrow but soothing stream, whose waters were ragged with locks of foam and

boiling whirlpools, rushing madly over quick-sands and between gaping rocks, yet at times swaying with a sleepy and stagnant flow amid rank and noisome weeds, but whose current at last leaped with a quick mad rush of blackness and darkness into a very pit of gloom. At the verge lay a frail and shattered boat, its carved and gilded sides were broken and stained, its rudder gone, oarless and without a sail. Before it and hovering over the cataract that impelled it on from out the clouds and darkness, looked the hideous phantoms of suicide, remorse and despair. On the shores of either side were figures calmly watching the terror-stricken voyager in the wrecked and shattered bark, some coolly calculating with a practised eye the distance between him and destruction; some with their rich robes drawn carefully backward from the brink, lest the foul spray might begrim their garments; some with the hateful laugh of derision; none to help in all that group—none save one. On the farthest point of land that stretched forward, even to the very edge of the precipice, stood a beautiful female crowned with the asphodel, while the purity of her robe in contrast with the black clouds and blacker water, rendered her face as the face of an angel. While with one hand she pointed upward to the halo of light that encircled her alone, with the other she had cast her mantle of the rainbow hue of hope forward over the flood, still holding it firmly, while the frightened voyager grasped its shining folds, as she drew the frail bark backward from the horrid verge.

It needed no second glance to tell the friends and admirers of Edith Graham, that the face of this beautiful figure was a just and perfect reproduction of her own. But whence came it—where was the likeness obtained—who was the artist? But no solution came to the wondering questioner. As Edith Graham stood before the picture, thus beholding herself transfigured to a more than human helper, what strange surmises passed through her throbbing brain. How her heart leaped forward in longing for the recognition of that other soul, thus sounding the interior depths of her own. More eagerly than for any other voice, did she watch for the words of Philip Reide, for whom she had long learned to look in their favorite haunt, now known to her simply as Mr. Reide, yet approved and admired by her sincere soul above all others, though he evidently avoided speaking, while he ever lingered in her presence. Standing in a group of those whose tastes and judgment had long learned to conform to his, he surveyed the painting calmly, and with apparently all lack of enthusi-

asm, and turned away, carelessly remarking on its artistic execution, or some equally trifling point.

Edith Graham was bitterly disappointed. She had looked to him for a response to her own strange conflict of surprise and admiration, and it was cruel thus to turn from it with so cold a word. Little did she dream of the beating heart, and the lip that dared not breathe, lest its quivering muscles should tell the story that his hand had wrought, and his whole soul had gone out in its beautiful creation. The picture was not for sale, and after a time was withdrawn from the saloon, quietly and mysteriously to the earthen ones. A few months later and Philip Reide had opened an artist's studio in B— Street, much to the surprise of his friends and acquaintances, who had never dreamed of him as an artist. But the beauty of his productions and the exquisite coloring of his pictures, had already called to his room the lovers of all that is beautiful and true in art, for his were ever those holier creations, which in their ideal loveliness never fail to recognise the Author of all beauty. Most especially had he attracted by his success in portraiture Edith Graham, and pleading with her own heart that this was her strongest inducement in employing him, she had most readily persuaded herself to gratify the long denied request of her friends with her portrait. The sittings she resolved should be entirely unknown to them, thus affording them an agreeable surprise, and exempering herself from all idle curiosity—while, had the gentle girl subjected herself to her usual strict self-examination, she would surely have found another and deeper motive, underlying all the reasoning with which she had pleased herself.

On a cold February afternoon, her coachman set her down at Number 24, E— Street. Tremblingly she ascended the steps, and secretly scolded her poor heart for its unwonted pulses. She was glad, however, to find no one but the lad in waiting, who, on account of the extreme cold, and insufficient warmth of the outer saloon, graciously admitted her to the warm and inner sanctum. She hesitated on its threshold with a half-timid step, lest she was treading on enchanted ground, for on the tasteful walls were evidently such favorites of his creative pencil, as had never been desecrated by the eyes of idle curiosity or criticism. She would have denied herself so privileged a place in the absence of its proprietor, but assured by the kind attendant, she seated herself, resolving to employ this enforced leisure in the true enjoyment of the many beautiful attractions of the room; for so refined a taste as

Edith Graham's, it was filled with beauty. With true woman's curiosity, she speculated at length on a picture, or rather the outline or semblance of such, but carefully protected from curious eyes by a rich drapery, and hanging where fell the choicest light, and evidently always in range of the artist's vision. She had several times resolved to go, deferring the object of her visit till another time, but as many times turned back, persuading herself that so long and cold a drive ought to effect something towards her proposed plan. Attracted by a favorite volume upon the table, where it had evidently fallen from a familiar hand, she took the book, from which, as she lifted it from the table, something slipped heavily from its gilded leaves into the folds of her dress. Hastily raising it, what was her surprise in discovering her own miniature in exquisite painting on ivory.

In the midst of her astonishment and confusion, she looked quickly up, only to increase her embarrassment at seeing before her the thoughtful face of Philip Reide. Bowing easily, he raised the book that had dropped from her lap, and replacing it carelessly on the table, proceeded at once, with the inherent tact of a refined nature, to restore her lost confidence. Though her pale cheek burned with an unwonted glow, so naturally did he glide into an easy interchange of expression, that bewildered as was the usually placid Edith, she yielded with a sort of fascination to his kindly consideration for her embarrassment, till her own innate refinement and grace at last triumphed, and she made known her errand with her usual womanly dignity.

The sittings were necessarily long and frequent (at least so said the painter), and Philip Reide longed for a pencil of sunbeams, as the beautiful face grew on the canvass before him. Conversation, too, was absolutely indispensable, as the artist of course must seek in every possible way, her true expression. To Philip Reide it was indeed a labor of love, for before him, daily revealing new depths of inward purity and grace, was indeed his guardian angel. Many times did her words of earnest pleading for the erring, her warm defence of all things good and true, bring back to the "redeemed," for such indeed he was, the day of their first meeting.

Shuddering with horror at the remembrance, the pallor of his face and the expression of pain that passed across his noble features, could not escape the watchful glance of Edith. There was a strange enigma in that elegant studio to the frank nature of that high-minded girl, and as months went by and the picture was not completed, she scarce knew why, and would not ask

herself, Edith Graham grew to the strong, sweet consciousness that she loved and was beloved, though not a word or breath had told so strange a tale.

One cold November day, just two years from the dull afternoon on which our story opens, Edith Graham entered the studio of Philip Reide for the last sitting. The portrait was finished; only a few touches could prolong a labor so dear to the heart and hand of the artist. Suddenly throwing aside his pencil, he bent earnestly towards her, while his face grew very pale, he said, in a trembling, hurried tone:

"Miss Graham, you have frankly given most just and valuable criticism and suggestions on all my creations, why have you never asked a glimpse at yonder painting?"

"Indeed," she said, "my woman's eyes have sought very wistfully, but I should deem it sacrilege to ask a single glance from idle curiosity, at aught so sacredly guarded from careless eyes."

"Miss Graham," said he, "shall I lead you to the picture? It holds the dearest face to me on earth, and," he continued, looking down on the fair hand that was trembling on his arm, "what may seem to you but a strange and tearful allegory, is to me a terrible reality."

Raising the heavy drapery, he waited an instant for the lifting of Edith's glance, fastened, as by some invisible power at her feet. 'Twas but an instant, and the radiant and wondering light that flooded her beautiful face as she looked upward, was in strange contrast with the lines of suffering that were gathered about the mouth of Philip Reide. Standing there before the "Redeemed," he told her all, sobbing in his strong manhood, even as a little child, sketching its shadows in all their blackness, he bent to the upturned face of his earnest listener with an imploring, yet searching glance, as if to read any response, whether of pity or scorn, that might cloud the light of her clear eyes, and when he knelt before her, asking in sad simplicity, for a share in her remembrance and her sympathies, in return for the great love of his amended life, the noble girl leaned forward, and pressing her lips to the pale forehead of Philip Reide, said:

"Henceforth crown me not with asphodel, but with the blessing of thy love, to fade not, alter not, even when we shall in truth walk with THE REDEEMED."

#### THE INTELLECT STRENGTHENED BY STUDY.

Every task thou dost  
Brings strength and capability to act.  
He who doth climb the difficult mountain's top,  
Will the next day outstrip an idler man.  
Dip thy young brain in wise men's deep discourse:  
In books, which, though they freeze thy wit awhile,  
Will knit thee, if the end, with wisdom.—PACORA.

[ORIGINAL.]

## ADDIE'S ESCORT.

BY MARGARET VERNE.

MISS ADDIE CHANDLER, the merriest, prettiest little sprite in the whole world—was, to use a somewhat inelegant term, in “a peck of trouble.” To have seen her as she fidgetted about, first into the ladies’ room (she was waiting in the depot to take the first northern train), then out upon the platform, looking and staring about this way and that, her brows knitted, and her little mouth drawn out of shape—to have seen her, I say, one would have thought the fate of empires rested upon her delicate shoulders, so troubled did she look.

“What shall I do, Mr. Morris?” she asked, running against an elderly gentleman, who answered her in a way that showed he was not ignorant of the nature of her grievances.

“I do not know, Miss Addie, I am sure. I have looked about in every direction, but I cannot find anybody to whose care I could feel warranted in entrusting you. When the train comes in I will speak to the conductor.”

“I’m so afraid you cannot find any one. If it wasn’t for my baggage, I wouldn’t care. But we have to change cars so many times, and in the night, too. O, I’m sure, Mr. Morris, by to-morrow morning I shan’t know whether I’m myself or a hand-box!”

“But if I can’t find an escort, will you wait a week longer, as you first thought of doing?”

“No. I must see Longbrook to-morrow, at any rate, escort or no escort—and yet, O dear!”

Mr. Morris smiled. In all his life, he thought, he had never seen such a strange, perverse, contradictory little piece of womanhood. He came near saying as much in words, in spite of his dignity (he was a teacher in the school where Miss Addie Chandler had graduated the week before, and from which she was just then going), but at that moment a familiar face in the crowd attracted his attention, and making his excuses to Miss Addie, he left her and sprang across the platform. He did not return to the young lady until five minutes before the cars started, and then he had the pleasure of informing her that he had met with a friend, who was going quite the same way with herself, and who would be pleased to take charge of her. Addie clapped her hands for joy, in spite of the fact that the gentleman who was to accompany her was waiting at Mr. Morris’s elbow to be presented.

“O, I am so glad!” she said, again and again, without giving good Mr. Morris a chance to put

in a “word-edgescape.” To be sure, Miss Addie Chandler had quite forgotten herself, that was proved beyond a doubt by her confused manner, and the way her face crimsoned when her teacher said to her a little sternly, looking her full in the face at the time:

“Miss Chandler, allow me to present to you Mr. Havens.”

Addie returned the gentleman’s salutation, and made an attempt to say something (she afterwards declared she could not tell what, Mr. Morris frightened her so with his big eyes), but all that could be heard of her pretty speech, was the name with which she concluded it, “*Mr. Hazen!*”

Mr. Morris was about to correct her, by saying it was Mr. Havens, not Hazen—when the gentleman, giving him a sly, half-roguish glance, telegraphed to him to remain silent. And without questioning his motive, though he was puzzled somewhat, the good man complied with his request. In three minutes more their adieux were spoken, and the great northern train swept out of the city. (In parentheses let me say to you, reader, that Mr. Morris looked relieved as he saw it go.)

En route for Longbrook. It seemed to Addie Chandler that she could never stand it in the world until she got home, her heart and head were so full. As Mr. Havens handed her to a seat in the cars, she was resolved to be very dignified and polite the whole of the journey, to make up for her apparent rudeness at the depot, and after glancing over the gentleman’s face and figure (he was a very fine-looking man, Mr. Frank Havens), as he seated himself by her side, she doubly resolved that she would out Turveydrop Turveydrop in deportment. She would be as prim and proper as could be, she would.

But O, dear little Addie Chandler, that was a long, long way to Longbrook, and you had a rattling tongue in your girlish head; how did you think you could live so long without being your own, bright, merry little self? Strange Addie!

So, for three hours Addie sat back in her seat and was dignified, to the evident disquiet of her companion. True, she amused herself in the somewhat girlish way of admiring Mr. Hazen’s (she called him so) whiskers, and speculating as to who he was and where he was going; and then she turned her head away from him, perhaps to give him a chance at studying her face (it was as sweet as a wild rose.) Whatever her object was, at any rate it resulted in this, with an attempt to start a conversation.

“You reside at Longbrook, Miss Chandler, I think Mr. Morris told me?” he said.

"Yes, sir; or, at least my connections reside there. It has been but a year since my father purchased his place there, and I have not been home in the meantime."

"Then you cannot tell whether you like it or not?"

"Yes, I can tell—I do not like it!"

"Strange!" said Mr. Havens, smiling. "Pray why not?"

Addie smiled. Something in her smile betokened that she was not quite sure it was right for her to tell a stranger why she disliked Longbrook. He noticed her hesitancy, and went on in the easiest way in the world with the remark:

"There are some very pleasant people in Longbrook, I believe. I have a friend who resides there."

Addie shrugged her shoulders.

"O, I don't doubt that there are some pleasant people there; it would be strange if there were not; and yet, if I can trust my senses, there are some very un-pleasant ones, too!"

"And yet you have never been there?" queried the gentleman, looking into her bright, piquant face with an interested smile.

"No, but I know enough about Longbrook to know that it holds one (at least) old curmudgeon, and I don't know how many more."

"Indeed!" he said, laughing heartily.

He was very much amused. How he wished she would tell him about it! It was lucky for Mr. Havens that his wish looked out from his eyes. Had he ventured to speak it, little Miss Addie Chandler would have betaken herself to her dignity again. But he was a quick reader of human hearts and faces, and so he allowed her to take her own course without word or suggestion.

And dear me, how the child rattled on! For her life's sake, she could not help talking to Mr. Havens as though she had known him for years.

She told him about her school, about her music and drawing, her French, and lastly about her school compositions—how she disliked to write them when she was obliged to, and then, when they were not wanted, how fast her words would come. It seemed as if she never could stop writing!

"Do you ever write verses?"

The long lashes drooped low upon the crimson cheek, and the small white teeth were dented into the cherry lip.

"I try to sometimes, but the gentleman (the old fogey, I mean) at Longbrook assured sister Fannie that I didn't make out much."

There rested the whole truth in a nutshell—Miss Addie's dislike for her father's new place!

As it flashed across Mr. Havens's mind, an interested observer would have said perhaps, that a corresponding expression was visible upon his face. But he said, looking down upon her flushed features:

"Pray tell me, Miss Chandler, whom this offender may be?"

How strange it was that the young girl was so destitute of caution! But she answered as readily as need be:

"A Mr.—Mr.—(his name sounds something like yours) Mr. *Havens*, I believe—and you are Mr. *Hazen*!"

The gentleman bowed. A very suspicious color was creeping up from his cheeks to his forehead.

"Well, to tell the truth, Mr. Hazen, this crusty old bachelor—so Fan said he was—abused me most shockingly. If I could only have sent him a challenge through an enterprising second, why he would have been whizzing around here without his head some months ago. But as it is, he is a marked man, as they say in stories—perhaps I'll shoot him yet!"

"Very possible," replied Mr. Havens, smiling.

"But the best of all is," Addie went on, "that I sent him a Valentine last February, and made it as provoking as I could. I'd really like to know what he thought of the verses in that!"

Foolish, foolish Addie Chandler, why didn't you look into your companion's face just then? What an expression of countenance he had on! Did you think because he turned away and hid his face in his handkerchief and coughed and hemmed that he was afflicted with a bronchial difficulty, did you, Addie? Did you think he was trying to answer you, and was distressed because he could not find his voice? Pshaw, Addie!

"I believe I never wrote a letter home, or at least, I have not since he abused my poetry, without giving the gentlemanly critic a little stab with my pen. Ah, Mr. Hazen, I'll have him yet!" she continued, in high glee.

"In all good truth, I hope that you may!" the gentleman answered, seriously.

"How he sympathizes with me!" thought Addie, "and what a dear, kind person he is!"

"But truly, though," she went on to say, "I am intending to thank him for his kindness, if I can without father or mother knowing anything about it. I shall call on Mr. Havens in a quiet, unostentatious manner, and tell him how many mortifications his sweeping denouncement of my little poem has saved me; that but for that, I should have issued this very summer, a ten-volume romance, a folio volume of my poems,



besides three or four pamphlets of sermons and prose essays. Why, he'll believe every word that I tell him!"

Addie—Addie Chandler, why *didn't* you look into your companion's face? You would have thought he was in a high fever, or that he was ill of the measles, and they had just "come out," to use a phrase familiar to nurses. But you lost all that.

In this lively way the night came on, and in the meantime Addie grew tired and sleepy. She thought she should never be able to get along until morning, she was so terribly tired and sleepy. Try as best she would to keep awake, her head nodded off in this direction and that, and then back again. Mr. Havens offered her his shoulder for a pillow, but no, she thanked him, she could keep awake. It was a pitiable kind of waking for the poor child—from his heart Mr. Havens pitied her. But at last with a faint "I can't help it," she dropped her head upon his shoulder, and in a moment was off to the land of dreams.

"What a pretty, sweet face she had!" thought Mr. Havens as he watched her sleeping. Her complexion was as fair and fresh as a babe's, and her soft, wavy hair drooping low over her white temples, was like a cloud of gold!"

Kind, thoughtful Mr. Havens! How the cars jostled and jolted the beautiful sleeper just then! It would tire his arm considerably, to be sure, to put it around her, but there was no other way, and Frank Havens was not the man to think of himself when a friend was to be served!—I repeat it—kind Mr. Havens!

The morning sun shone into the car windows before Addie awakened. When she came fully to her senses, she gave a start of surprise at her situation, which, together with the blush which accompanied it, seemed highly amusing to Mr. Havens. But of course he was too wise to venture the first remark upon the occasion, so that in good time the young lady quite recovered from her shock, and was as laughing and gay as ever.

"I suppose your first thought will be for your critic, after you have rested from your journey, Miss Chandler," remarked Mr. Havens, as they stood together at the depot at Longbrook.

"I don't know," she answered, laughing; "what is best?"

The question was a naive one. It was asked in such a pretty, childlike way, and with such a womanly deference of manner withal, that he was completely charmed.

"In two years more what a sweet woman she will be!" he said, to himself. But to Addie, he

made answer in a soft tone, as he looked into her face: "Do just as you please about it, dear!"

The "dear" was involuntary on his part, and so was the quick glance and crimsoned cheeks on hers. An embarrassing silence might have followed, but at that moment Mr. Chandler's carriage drove up, and glancing out of the window, Addie saw her sister Fannie alighting from it. Her first thought was (after she had kissed her sister until she was nearly breathless, and been kissed in return till her lips felt as though they were blistered), for Mr. Hazen, whom, for his kindness to her, she wished in some way to repay.

"A gentleman took charge of me from C—; he was so kind and gentlemanly, that I am greatly his debtor. Come this way and let me present you. His name is Hazen!"

"My sister, Miss Chandler, Mr. Hazen," commenced Addie, with a blush.

"I am happy indeed, to make your acquaintance, Mr. *Havens*," bursting into a fit of merriment that was more hearty than elegant. "Dear me," Addie!"

What did it mean? Poor Addie looked first from her sister to her escort, but she could make but little from their laughter. At last, a bright thought struck her. What a dull thing she had been!

"Are you Mr. *Havens*,—my critic?" she asked, going up to the supposed Mr. Hazen.

"Mr. Havens, most certainly, Miss Addie; and your critic if you'll but keep to the resolve you made yesterday in the cars," he added in a lower tone.

"To a part of it I will, most emphatically," she answered. "I shall not allow you to escape."

"I shall not make the attempt," he replied, in an insinuating tone, which greatly added to Miss Addie's confusion.

But what is the use for me to say more, unless it be that Mr. Frank Havens, the "curmudgeon" and "critic" commenced his wooing in good earnest? It was a very short one, considering what a staid, dignified bachelor he had always been. But fact is stranger than fiction they say, and in just three months from the time that he journeyed with Miss Addie as Mr. *Hazen*, he started off on a tour with her as *Mrs. Havens*! So Addie kept her promise of the cars, that "she would have him yet!"

#### RESIGNATION.

There is no flock, however watched and tended,  
But one dead lamb is there!  
There is no fireside, however defended,  
But has one vacant chair.—LONGFELLOW.

(ORIGINAL.)

## MY REQUIREMENT.

BY WILLIE WARE.

I long for one congenial heart  
My thoughts to always share;  
A faithful breast to lean upon  
When overcome with care.

A heart that I can call my own  
Amid earth's busy throng;  
One that will never fear to chide  
Me when I'm in the wrong.

O, with a fond and faithful heart,  
One full of sympathy,  
A paradise below, I ween,  
This earth to me would be.

And when I tire of worldly joys,  
And seek a purer rest,  
I'd love to lay my weary head  
Upon that faithful breast.

O, is there not a heart to speak  
To me in love's own tone?—  
Or am I doomed to tread this life  
Obscure, unloved, alone?

(ORIGINAL.)

## OUR FRONT ROOM.

BY A. M. LOVERING.

MARTHA and I sat planning together through the whole long April afternoon; a part of the time with tears in our eyes (for we were not rich, and money came grudgingly to us), and a part of the time with our faces radiant with smiles. Planning how this little debt could be paid, how that obligation could be liquidated, and how such a sum of money could be made to go a great ways, and lastly, but not leastly, how we could manage to furnish our "front room." This last may seem very strange to you, reader, and even while writing it now, I cannot refrain from indulging in a little quiet, happy smile. But I'll explain how it was.

"Martha and I were not sisters, only friends, though I doubt if sisters often live as harmoniously together as did we. We were but laborers, mere working-girls (so the lofty part of humanity would have dubbed us, I suppose), in the little city, upon which we could look as we sat there and talked together. We were of those who must, to be happy, have a home, somewhere; a little sacred place, or sanctuary, where the great breath of the world cannot sweep desecratingly in. So, in a plain little house, out of the town, we rented rooms, and made ourselves

as comfortable and happy as we could in a domicile of our making.

We should have got along finely (no, that is not the word for it, since at the worst we were well enough); at any rate we should have had things in much better fashion, and much more to our tastes, had not Martha been obliged to send a great share of her earnings to a sick brother.

This was why we had to plan so much, and out of three demands for as many dollars wisely judge which was the strongest. All the winter we had talked of furnishing our "front room," until it had got to be a sort of joke between us. Any event which we were anticipating with doubt in the future, was placed on a level with the great one of our front-room-furnishing. I was to be married when that was fitted out, Martha would say, which meant that I should live an old maid all my life.

But this afternoon, in particular, as the sun burned so warm and summer-like in the sky, and the April breezes carried a smell of the hills upon their invisible wings, we were more than ever in earnest about the little bird's nest of a place which we had wanted so long.

"There's the carpet!" Martha said, crossing her arms upon my lap and looking up into my face. "Let me see how much did you say that would cost?"

"Twenty yards at sixty cents per yard—\$12.00, Martha."

"Dear me, how much! Then the curtains, plain white ones will do. If we could only have lace! They look so like white mist, but then we can't, so the plain ones will have to do."

"Then we want a table," I suggested.

"Yes, but not a mirror. I don't care to see my face any oftener than I can help. Nor does any one, that I know of beside you."

The last was spoken a little bitterly. I knew what that meant, because I knew how much of a woman Martha was, and how, in her true heart, she was cramping all the beautiful romance of her young life, not allowing it the first ray of sunshiny hope to warm itself in. I took her face between my two hands, and raised it up so that the dying light could fall upon it. What a sweet, dear face it was, with its thoughtful gray eyes, purely oval outline, and pleasant, firm mouth! Pushing back the heavy, dark hair from her forehead, I said:

"I'm sure you do not mean what you say, dear!"

"Yes, I do every word of it, every word of it, Thessy! (my name was Theresa, and she petted it to suit herself), and now I think of it, what a rare thing it is in this world to be poor, but in-

telligent! Did you ever have anybody say such a thing to you?"

I put my hand over her mouth (her cruel, little teeth were bruising the velvet of her lips), and shook my head slowly. In the soft twilight I could see how widely open her eyes were thrown, and how they gleamed and flashed like two beautiful stars!

"Never mind that, Martha, let us think about our room. What a dear place it will be! We had talked of the carpet curtains and tables. What else do we want—O, chairs!"

She did not answer me, but dropped her head upon my lap. I thought it would be wise in me not to notice it, so I went on talking.

"Yes chairs—not many, because our room is small. I've been thinking that we can buy the frames and fix them up to suit ourselves. You could embroider them beautifully, Martha!"

"Yes," she said, without raising her head.

"Then we want some pictures. We will have that little pencil sketch of yours framed, for me, I like it so much!"

"Yes, and if we could only buy that landscape painting that we saw yesterday. I mean the one where the water goes dashing down from a hillside, with a glimmer of sunlight upon its white bosom, and where the mountains lie linked along together, in the background, growing dimmer and mistier in the distance, until it seems as though the last was but a cloud from the soft heart of summer, melting away against the grand arch of blue! Mr. Preston thinks it is beautiful!"

"Yes, and so it is, sweet, but it costs a great deal. But the face that we liked so much. That would do!"

"Yes, I suppose so. But I'd like it better if it wasn't so quiet and soft in its expression. I believe, after all, that I don't like these passionless faces. I don't care how calm the features are, if the soul will but pour its intense light out from the eyes. I don't care that the face should be a perfect one, either, so that it has a strong, deep look, as though at times it could throw out to the enrapt beholder the whole wide, inner life, throbbing itself onward to the music of the one great Master-hand. No, I don't want that face. But you can have it, Tessy!"

"No, we will find something else to agree upon. I don't care a very great deal for that. How fine it will be, won't it? Then we will have the mantel-shelf covered over with little knick-knacks, and the windows, do you remember?"

"O, yes, the morning-glory vines will nearly cover them. I like that the best of all because

the scent of the flowers will bring the murmuring bees to us. Dear, dear! how can we wait! Then perhaps we shall have a—"

"Canary?" I suggested, seeing that she hesitated.

"At least he said he should have to bring us one," she answered, unconsciously nestling her head down in my lap.

She did not need to say more. I knew well enough who "*he*" was.

"Is your heart beating very fast, Martha?" I asked playfully. "I have an idea that it always makes itself remarkably busy while we are talking of a certain somebody. But listen a moment; I thought I heard some one in the hall. If we have had a listener, they have been well entertained, without doubt. Let me go for a light—we won't sit in the dark any longer."

"Wait a little while, Tessy. Let's talk a few minutes longer, I can't bear to have a light just yet. Tell me before you get one, how long you actually think it will be before we can fix our nest?"

"O, five weeks, unless we get the fairies to help us."

"Fairies will help us as much as any one, I take it," she answered, while I raised her head from my knee and went after a lamp. When the light was procured, I found a number of little chores that waited to be done, so I went about the house, and watched her as she sat by the low window looking eagerly out into the darkness.

I knew well enough for whom she watched and waited, and I smiled, a little quiet smile to myself, while I thought how poorly her separate actions agreed upon this one subject. When Rufus Preston was near her, she was as cool and unbending as a queen. She criticised him as though the right was hers, and tormented him continually in her quiet way with her sharp, pointed sarcasms. Once in a while she would be herself before him it is true, but not often. For the momentary glimpse that she gave him of her heart she drew the bolts and bars a thousand times stronger than ever. And he was as unreadable as was she. But this evening I knew, instinctively that she longed for his presence, although she did not tell me so. I knew, too, that all day she had been glad to see the hours fly by, because each one, in its going, brought the time of his calling nearer. But she waited in vain for him; he did not come, and the city bells chimed out the hour of nine. As she heard them she arose from her seat by the window, with a sad, half-cynical expression upon her face, and came towards me.

"Well?" I said, smiling.

She looked me in the face, and through her eyes her heart told me freely of her secret. I thought then that her face was like the ideal picture of which she had spoken.

"Never mind," I continued, "there is another evening, Martha."

"And I do not care for that," she answered, coloring. "I am glad everything is just as it is—that I am poor and plain, and that—"

"Mr. Preston is handsome and rich," I suggested.

"Yes, anything. For being foolish we women deserve to suffer, Theesy. Don't let us say anything more about it, ever. I'll put the whole subject in a straight-jacket—let the light go out, and—that is all, dear."

Saying this, Martha took the lamp and together we went to our chamber; I to sleep, she to lie with eyes wide-starting into the darkness—to hear the city clocks toll for the hours as they died, and to feel what perhaps few women feel in life (because few are as strong and true as was she), that if this one delicious cup of joy should pass from her lips, she should never find strength of heart to taste another. In all life there was but one draught of nectar for her to sip.

The night died away at last, and the sun came up red and misty from the east, and with its rising life grew active again. We went into the city, Martha and I, to remain through the day (we were milliners and the time was a busy one for us), and took our dinners with us. We talked a little of our room as we walked to town, but it seemed as far off as ever, the day when it should be fitted up to our liking. Dear, dear! it was so hard getting anything ahead, after all, and we had been trying the best we knew for months.

It was quite late that night when we went home. Afar off the shadows were dusky upon the hills, and the tracks of the day were faint and dim in the west. How beautiful it was—I don't know why I should remember it so plainly, but it seems to me that I shall never forget it. We did not speak of our front room through the evening, and did not go into it once to speculate upon the position of such a piece of furniture (imaginary of course), or the hanging of such a picture, as we had done evening after evening since the spring had come. But in the morning, after we had eaten our breakfast, I said to Martha, putting my arm about her waist:

"We must just take a look at our parlor before we go down town."

So we went into it together.

Goodness me! how we screamed as we threw open the door! How in all the world had such

a sudden transformation been brought about! I rubbed my eyes to make sure that I was awake. *Our room was furnished!* Upon the floor there was a handsome carpet, which looked, for all the world, like a beautiful bed of flowers. In one corner a little damask-covered sofa was nestled, while to match it, about the room were scattered chairs and ottomans. At the windows there hung long, fleecy-white curtains, and upon the walls was the picture of the dashing water, and dim hills, together with the ideal face and a delicate crayon sketch. Under the mirror (for there was one), was a table, and upon the table was a little writing-desk with a slip of paper hanging out from the side. Martha grasped it, while breathlessly we read:

"The desk is for Martha, the mirror for Theresa."

Martha's face flushed crimson, and she exclaimed, the first words that either of us had spoken since we entered the room:

"What can this mean!"

"The fairies," I answered, laughing. "But whose is the hand-writing? is it familiar to you?"

Martha shook her head. She was taking a peep into the little pearl-lined desk.

"Who could have done this?" she murmured.

"Sure enough, who could?" I answered.

"Mr. Preston wouldn't do such a thing would he?" I added, laughingly.

"I hope not, I'm certain!" she replied, pushing the desk away from her. (Privately speaking, reader, I think Martha had taken a sort of heroic pleasure, the night before, in giving up every thought of the future connected with Mr. Preston. She did not relish the idea of taking her hopes out of their graves as bright and strong as ever.)

"And why?" I queried, a little roguishly. "Of course if he *did* do all those, which I must doubt somewhat, he did it for somebody; and since it could not be for you, it must have been for me, you know? You ought to be as happy as a bird, Martha!"

She did not quite fancy my way of reasoning, so she turned her head away. Suddenly she said:

"What can it mean about the mirror, Theesy! Do you remember what I said last night? O, dear, if—"

She clasped her hands over her eyes and retreated to the farthest corner of the room.

"Some one *did* hear you, I know they did. Don't you know I heard a noise in the hall, and our door was open all the evening. I guess Mr. Preston came, after all, but I take it that he played the eaves-dropper."

"Eaves-dropper, Theresa? was that what you were saying?" said a voice, just at my elbow. "Mr. Preston!" I exclaimed. "We shall have to get our landlord (we hired the house, with another small family, of him) to nail up our back door so that people can't sly in upon us in this way. Never mind, your presence is quite acceptable. Come and see Martha's present."

He was not expecting this, and so colored like a bashful girl, as I pointed him to the desk.

"Isn't it beautiful?" I asked. "But my gift is the mirror yonder. I take it that that means something."

(At this Martha came round at my elbow and gave me a sly nudge.)

"Where do you suppose all these things came from?" I queried, biting my lips to repress my laughter.

"From the upholsterer's, I'll venture."

"O, I didn't doubt that. But how did they come here?"

"It must be that some one brought them!"

"In—deed!" I exclaimed, taking breath. "I do not need to question you any farther. You have told us more than we were certain of, before. We weren't sure that they were brought, even."

He laughed, and glanced at Martha. I was quite sure, then, he wanted me to leave the room.

"I don't think Martha is very well pleased with them," I continued.

"Why, Theresa!" she ejaculated, looking up reproachfully. "How could you say that!"

"You want more mirrors, you know you do, sweet!" I answered. "By the way, Mr. Preston, shouldn't you think Martha would have sense enough to leave the room? She knows as well as she wants to that you have something to say to me."

By the way that Mr. Preston and Martha colored, I knew that I had expressed their thoughts perfectly. But I did not care to go in a hurry. So I staid awhile longer. When I went, perhaps I played eaves-dropper, and then again perhaps I didn't. But certainly I have a distinct impression of hearing Mr. Preston say a great many fine things to somebody (I suppose it was to Martha), and of hearing her answer in a low, soft tone, that he was dearer than anybody in the world to her (the deceitful thing, she had always declared the same to me); and then I have a confused idea of seeing a door suddenly opened, and—who was it that ran as fast as their feet could fly to get out of sight? and who didn't succeed? And who was married that fall, in that same front room?

Ask Mr. Preston and Martha!

#### THE SPANISH GAMBLER.

The following is published in several of the journals as a letter from Hamburg: "A Spanish gentleman, one of the boldest players ever seen, keeps the bankers at the gaming-tables in the utmost alarm. He plays the maximum stake nearly every time, and has so far won 1,500,000*f*. One of the directors of the bank has just returned from Paris, bringing a sum of two millions to increase the resources of the bank. Immediately after his arrival, a notice was posted up at the Cursaal, stating that the bank at rouge-et-noir would, for the future, consist of 300,000*f*., instead of 200,000*f*., and that the maximum stake for each player would be 12,000*f*. instead of 8000*f*. People go in crowds from Frankfort to witness the daring and coolness of this intrepid gamester, who braves such a formidable bank, and has given his word as a Castilian, that he will play till he has ruined it, or been ruined himself."—*N. Y. Journal of Commerce*.

#### BOUGHT FRIENDSHIP.

"Purchase not friends with gifts; for when thou ceasest to give, such friends will cease to love thee," is an old proverb which a friend of ours felt the full force of the other day. Some years ago, while in prosperity, he formed the acquaintance of a young lady of intelligence and refinement on whom he showered presents without number and without regard to cost. She in turn professed the most ardent attachment, and the result was an engagement. Reverses recently came, when Mr. — and his presents ceased. Shortly his inamorata sent him a note stating that as she was about to be married to another, it was time that the foolish flirtation carried on between herself and — should cease. The successful rival is reported to be very wealthy. Poor — is hesitating between suicide and a whaling voyage.—*New York Express*.

#### KISSING.

Dr. Holmes says of kissing; "The memory of a kiss that Margaret of Scotland gave to Alain Chatier, has lasted four hundred years, and put into the head of many an ill-favored poet whether Victoria or Eugene would do as much by him, if she happened to pass him when he was asleep. And have we ever forgotten that the fresh cheek of young John Milton tingled under the lips of some high-born Italian beauty, who, I believe, did not think to leave her card by the side of the slumbering youth, but has bequeathed the memory of her pretty deed to all coming time? The sound of a kiss is not so loud as that of a cannon, but its echo lasts a deal longer."

#### HISTORY

Hence, pageant history! hence, gilded cheat!  
Smart planet in the universe of deeds!  
Wide sea, that one continuous murmur breeds  
Along the pebbled shore of memory!  
Many old rotten timbered boats there be  
Upon thy vaporous bosom magnified  
To godly vessels; many a sail of pride,  
And golden-keeled, is left unlaunched and dry.

KEATS.

[ORIGINAL.]

## HAROLD:

—OR,—

THE FALSE FRIEND!  
A TALE OF BOSTON.

BY M. H. MACNAMARA.

"IMPRISONED! Accused of murder! Good God, what fearful calamity is this!"

The words were uttered, in a tone of exquisite anguish, by a gray-haired man who stood in the centre of a richly-furnished apartment of a large mansion situated in the very heart of the city of Boston.

The old man's hands were clasped wildly before him; his lips tightly compressed, and his whole appearance denoting intense and painful agitation. Before him stood an officer of the law. He seemed but little affected at the personification of terrible grief at his side. Experience in his profession had hardened his heart, and what he now beheld was, to him, but an ordinary event of life.

The officer had just brought intelligence that the son of Benjamin Harris, the old man above mentioned, had been arrested upon a charge of murder, perpetrated under peculiar circumstances, and in a manner that left but little doubt of the guilt of the prisoner.

Mr. Harris walked the room for a moment with an uneven step; and at length, having somewhat calmed his agitation, he turned to the officer, and, in a broken voice, requested him to give the details of the terrible catastrophe. The officer did so, and the following is the substance of his narrative:

Edward Harris had, at an early hour the evening before, entered a certain gambling hell of the city, and there he encountered a most notorious gamester, with whom Harris, not knowing his character, at once commenced to play. Their game continued for some hours, until at last Harris detected his opponent at cheating, and boldly accused him of the fact; this the latter stoutly denied, and, upon the former reiterating his assertion, the latter boldly declared him a liar. Harris sprang to his feet, and with one blow of his fist, he felled the false gamester to the ground.

With muttered curses the latter arose and darting upon Harris, sought to pull him down. He was evaded, however, and Harris again struck him. The latter then seemed suddenly to recover his self-possession, and with a triumphant laugh proclaimed that he *had* cheated, and ended by

saying that his opponent might make the best of it. He then departed from the place. Edward Harris was heard to say in the gambling-house that he would "fix him yet." The clock struck two a few moments afterwards, and Harris departed.

The next that was known of him, he was found bending over the body of his murdered opponent, and his clothes saturated with blood. The watchman who discovered him declared that he had heard a low shriek, and that, as soon as possible, he had reached the spot and found Harris as above described. There seemed a strong probability of the young man's guilt, from the fact that he had lost a large sum of money to the murdered man; that he had threatened him, and followed him out shortly after his departure.

When arrested, Harris coolly stated his entire innocence, and said, that the same shriek which had attracted the attention of the watchman, called him to the spot, and that, arriving but a few moments before, he was detected in an examination of the man's wound, and arrested in that position.

Such were the circumstances under which Edward Harris was arrested; and, to even the most unprejudiced and dispassionate observer, there seemed a strong probability of guilt.

When the officer left Mr. Harris, he carried the message to his son, that he would shortly visit him in his prison; not, however, before he had engaged the most eminent legal talent that money could command.

Mr. Harris then seizing the bell rope, summoned a servant.

"John, is my nephew in?"

"Yes, sir."

"Call him hither."

In a few moments the door opened, and a young man entered the apartment. He was a tall, finely built man, of about twenty-five or six years of age. His face was swarthy and of oval cast, with hair suiting his complexion, thrown back from a full and intellectual forehead. His features were nearly faultless in mould, his teeth, large, white and brilliant. But his dark eyes beamed with haughty and passionate fire, mingled with a sinister gleam, which, added to the disdainful curl of the lip, gave to his face an expression akin to treachery. In his motions he was nervously rapid, retaining one position scarcely an instant. He was dressed faultlessly in a suit of black clothes, and came into the room with a short, quick step.

"You sent for me, uncle—"

"Yes, yes, to communicate fearful tidings! Your cousin is in prison, charged with murder!"

"Good heavens!" exclaimed the young man, with a sudden start, while the sinister glance came, with a transient flash, to his eyes. "Good heavens, has it come to this?"

"Yes, yes!" cried the old man, in a voice of anguish. "Reckless of character, of life, and spurning my advice, and defying my control, he has given himself up to wild licentiousness and mad dissipation, until at last the prison impedes his further progress!"

"I had feared that some disaster would overtake him, but, great God! I had never expected so terrible a finale as this. My poor, unfortunate cousin!" And the young man buried his face in his hands and seemed to give way to passionate grief.

Mr. Harris gazed on him for a few moments with a look of deep sympathy, seemingly forgetful of his own sorrow and misfortune; and then going up to him, he placed his hand kindly upon his shoulder, saying:

"Come, Harold, you take the blow too deeply to heart. Come, my kind boy, let us take measures for his safety!"

"You speak well, uncle, this is no time for grief; I am glad that you bear up so bravely. I cannot believe that my poor cousin is guilty! With all his faults he would never, never conceive, much less execute so terrible a crime as this!"

"Ay, with all his faults my poor boy is innocent of this. I believe it, and God knows it!"

When Harold lifted his face from his hands, no tears were visible; but his face was flushed, and his dark eyes strangely gleaming.

But buried in his own sad thoughts the old man noticed not the peculiar expression of his face, but hurrying on his outer garments, he and his nephew left the mansion.

Edward Harris, who now stood accused of the terrible crime of murder, was a young man about twenty-three years of age. In appearance he was the opposite of his cousin, Harold Stanly. He was of a tall and graceful figure; dark blue eyes, and brown, curling hair, with dignified and intellectual features. The expression of his face was manly and candid, and such as would win the confidence of every student of human nature. He was open and generous to a fault. The only child of his father, he had been spoiled by over-indulgence, and naturally of a quick, impulsive temperament, he could ill brook control. Early in life he was his own master, and over his actions his father seldom or ever attempted control.

His father, one of the most prominent of Boston merchants, with nearly a million of money,

never stinted his allowance, but was always ready to gratify his whims, for he loved him with a deep and fervent affection.

The coming of Harold Stanly, whose mother died long before he had attained his majority, gave an impetus to the extravagant desires of Edward, and his cousin it was who first introduced him, as it were, to the realities of life; under a garb of friendship and generosity, Harold Stanly covered a corrupt and deceitful heart. He lured Edward on, step by step, until at last he was initiated into the darkest mysteries of city life. He it was who first introduced young Harris to a gambling hell; and who, when the latter, bound by his passion for play, turned about and hypocritically expostulated with him on the folly of his course; but not until he had convinced himself that, for the time, Edward was under the baneful control of his own passions.

With his artful ways and seeming steadiness of disposition, Harold Stanly had entwined himself about the heart of his uncle, until at length, the latter thought him a model youth, and placed in him the utmost confidence.

When Mr. Harris mourned over the folly and extravagance of his son, the point would be taken up by Harold, who would cheer the old man with the hope that Edward would one day give up his evil ways, and become a staid and exemplary man.

Edward never suspected the dark, designing nature of his false cousin; busied in seeking the gratifications of his own passions, and naturally of an unsuspicious temperament, he never imagined that such a thing as falsehood and deceit could be nourished in a heart so nearly related to his own.

But a deep scheme lay beyond all this. It was no ordinary one. Harold was actuated in his course, not so much by ill will or hatred to Edward, as by a determined intention of superseding him in the good graces of his father; to make himself his heir; and, failing in this, he would not scruple to proceed to the direst extremities. Time passed on: But all the folly and waywardness of Edward could not alienate the affection of his father. The latter expostulated with his son; he threatened, and implored; all in vain—yet the old man loved him still. Harold Stanly at last became convinced that he could never achieve his desire by waiting for such an event; then he determined on another course—dark and consummate villain that he was—what that course was will soon be plainly evident to the reader.

In the boudoir of a splendid mansion, standing

in a fashionable quarter of the city, was seated a young and divinely beautiful woman. Her dark and lustrous tresses hung down upon shoulders pure as Parian marble. Her dark, lustrous eyes, beaming with pensive sweetness, were bent upon her embroidery, and her ripe, red lips were slightly parting, and her full round cheeks tinged with the rare beauty of the full blown rose. She was a being of more than ordinary beauty. Her heart shone out from the liquid depths of her large and handsome eyes; and her smile was brighter than a sunbeam of a June morning. Rarely beautiful, she sat, ever and anon slightly lifting her head, as if listening for an approaching footstep. This beautiful being was Marion Lee, the beloved of Edward Harris. They had met under peculiar circumstances, at one of the fashionable watering places. Marion with some friends was out upon the river, and more than a mile distant from the shore, when the yacht in which she was, by some mismanagement was suddenly overturned. Edward was passing them in a small sail boat which he occupied alone, and seeing the catastrophe, he tacked about, and lowering his sail rapidly, he cast out his anchor; and, seeing one of the lady passengers of the yacht—there were but two—floating down with the current, he sprang into the sea, and swam rapidly towards her, while the rest of the passengers, three in number, remained clinging to the boat. He reached her as she was sinking for the second time, and, grasping her securely with one arm, he made towards his boat, but ere he reached it, another yacht appeared upon the scene and he was lifted with his nearly senseless burden aboard.

From that moment a warm and fervent attachment sprang up between them, and ere three months had passed over their heads they were affianced. Marion loved Edward with a most devoted affection. But a period was approaching which was to test the strength of that love most cruelly.

Marion was recalling this sweet reminiscence, with a fluttering heart, when the door opened, and the name of Horace Stanly was announced.

He entered, and bowing gracefully, he said:

"Miss Marion, I would not intrude my presence upon you at such an early hour, did I not come on a sad and imperative mission!"

"You are welcome, sir; but what has occurred that is so important, that you speak so formally?"

"I came on behalf of my unfortunate cousin."

"Heavens! What has happened? Is Edward ill! Speak, speak, in heaven's name!"

And Marion darted from her seat, clasped her hands and looked upon the dark face of Harold, with a wild gaze of entreaty. The sin-

ister gleam was in his eye, and he seemed gloat- ing over the suspense in which he held her. At last he said:

"No, Edward is not ill, on the contrary he is in the best of health—"

"Thank God!" cried Marion, gratefully, as she sank into a seat.

"I repeat," continued Harold, "that he is in the best of health—but he is in prison."

"In prison!" muttered Marion, confounded.

"Yes, in prison!" repeated Harold, harshly.

"And for what?" asked Marion, recovering somewhat her composure.

"For murder!" answered Harold, with ill-dis- guised triumph.

"For murder!" shrieked Marion, springing wildly to her feet; "for murder—O, God, it can- not, cannot be!" And the poor maiden clasped her hands, while to her face came an expression of most unutterable woe.

"Yes, for murder, committed last night. And he is guilty, for he was found bending over the body of his victim!"

"'Tis false, 'tis false! My Edward would never, never be guilty of so foul a crime! 'Tis the work of some wicked enemy! 'Tis false!"

And the eyes of Marion Lee flashed proudly, and her fine form was drawn to its full height, and her breast heaved with indignant emotion. The eyes of Harold quailed before her proud glance, and a tremor passed through him as she cried: "'Tis the work of some wicked enemy!"

"I pray Heaven that he may be innocent; but the proof is terribly conclusive. His career for the past two months has not been creditable to him—he is a notorious gambler, a libertine—"

"Peace, sir! Speak not of Edward Harris thus to me! It is enough for me to know that he is in prison! I know his faults, and I know his virtues. I know, for my heart tells me, that he is innocent!" And Marion moved proudly from the room.

"By Jove, she's a noble woman! I'd risk my life to win her, and *I will!*" And Harold Stanly left the house.

In a narrow cell, containing nothing but an iron bed, on which was laid a hard mattress, a chair and a table, sat Edward Harris. His dark locks were dishevelled, his fine face pale, and marked with traces of suffering and anxious thought and his head was resting languidly on his open palm. His past life rose before him like a drama. And he shuddered as his follies passed in review before his conscience-stricken gaze.

It was the first time for years that he had over pondered upon the folly of his career; and now



as he thought, he felt himself visited with just punishment. His aged and indulgent father had just left his prison; his presence had touched Edward to the heart, and he bitterly regretted that he had ever given the old man cause for sorrow; and, in his innermost soul, he determined that should he pass safely through the trying ordeal, his future life should atone for the follies of the past.

Buried in his mournful reflections, he scarcely noticed the opening of his prison door, and it was not until a soft white hand was laid upon his brow, that he noticed the presence of a visitor. He looked up.

"Marion!"

"Edward!"

A moment more and they were clasped wildly in each other's arms.

"Marion, dearest, do you love me still, do you believe me innocent? O, God, this is too much joy!"

"Yes, Edward, you are the same to me as ever—yes, my poor Edward, I believe you innocent, as firmly as I believe in God!"

"Heaven bless you, Marion! I fear not now to face the charge!"

"Fear not, Edward. God in his own good time will make your innocence apparent."

"Ay, Marion, that God whom I have so long forgotten, whose laws I have so often broken, is now my only dependence. I am involved in a strange and intricate web. A powerful chain of evidence is against me, and it is only with God's aid that I can substantiate my innocence."

"It is our best and highest trust," said Marion.

Thus conversing, an hour passed rapidly away and Marion at length departed. Her maid awaited her outside the cell door, and in company they left the prison.

The events related in the foregoing chapters were enacted many years ago. We must now leave the fashionable quarter of the city, and pass to that purlieu of crime and wretchedness, Ann Street, now North Street, somewhat more refined.

In one of the dismal and wretched caverns of the place, we now find ourselves. The stone walls were mildewed with moisture, and the sickening smell of bad tobacco and worse liquor greets the nostrils, and the dense, close atmosphere is nearly overpowering. A number of men and women are scattered throughout the cellar, engaged with cards, pipes and rum. Bacchanalian songs are being sang by men whose throats are hoarse from the constant friction of fire-water; and loud laughter, and obscure jokes, are being bandied about, and all is noise, riot and confusion.

At a rickety table in one corner of the dismal place are seated three men. One of them, wrapped in a heavy cloak and fur cap, the broad visor of which nearly concealed his face, was earnestly engaged in conversation, and his whispered tones and the fashionable shape of his garments proclaimed that his position in society but ill accorded with his present place or company.

"Did you have much trouble in securing the lady, or did she fall quietly into the trap?"

"Not much, the night was dark, and we muffled her head before she could cry Pills! The team was handy, and we slipped her in, and in a few minutes we had the gal tight and sound in old Wilson's crib," replied one of the men in answer to the cloaked stranger.

"She's a tough un, Bob, aint she? An' cool as a cucumber," cried the last speaker's companion, pulling fiercely at his long, black, bristling beard.

"She is that, cuss her! She called the pair on us villains and scoundrels, and said as how she'd fix us—didn't cry one bit, though!"

"Well so much for that point, my plans are working right—"

"Yes, we's done your work well; so, now, come down with the dimes, this ere city's gettin' hot, and we must *trayvel*!"

"That's the talk! We wants double money," cried the man with the beard.

"I wont dispute but the job was done well; but the sum which you demand is much more than we agreed upon," replied the stranger.

"Well wot if it is?" cried one of the desperadoes. "You'll make your fortin by the operation. Men wont risk their necks now-a-days for nothin'. So down with the dust, or we'll blow!"

"That's so, by Jupiter!" exclaimed the other.

"And wot's more," continued the first speaker, "we run awful risk; for when we laid the chap out, a watchman, and that ere Harris you wants be rid off, came down on our heels and we on'y 'scaped by the skin o' our teeth!"

"Just so *eggsactly*," cried his companion, who was content to endorse the assertions of his pal.

"Well, well," replied the cloaked stranger, carelessly, "we will not dispute the matter further—here's the money." And pulling a well stuffed wallet from his pocket, he took out a large roll of bills, and handed them to the villains, who carefully counted and divided them.

"Has yer got that ere Harris all right, d'ye think, sur?" said one of the villains, as he crammed his money into a belt which he pulled from his breast.

"Yes," cried the stranger, in a tone of exultation, "no earthly power can save him now!"

The stranger now arose, and whispering to one of the men, he was about to move away followed by the latter, but his cloak, catching about his chair, was dragged down from his face and he stood revealed, *Harold Stanly!* With a muttered curse, he wrapped his cloak again about him, and followed by the man passed down to a distant end of the cavern.

They then passed up a narrow flight of steps, and in a moment more found themselves in a long, narrow entry, lighted by a large oil lamp; they moved down this passage for a few yards, and at last paused before a door. Here the man took a key from his pocket, which he handed to Stanly, and then, with a sinister grin, he wished him luck, and departed for the place where he had left his brother ruffian. Harold Stanly, placing the key in the lock, turned back the bolt, opened the door, and found himself face to face with *Marion Lee!*

Let us return for a few moments to the cavern. Louder and more boisterous grew the noise, as the potent fire-water reached the brains of the revelers. Some of them, overcome with drink, dropped helplessly to the floor, others, maddened by its terrible influence, danced wildly around, shouting and shrieking, until they, too, fell senseless to the ground. But the two villains who had received the money from Stanly, paid no heed to the noise; but sat at a table with their bottle before them, deeply absorbed in play.

At times they would dispute, and then their blasphemies were terrible to listen to. But they played on, each seeking to relieve the other of his share of the spoils. At last, the one called Bob, who took a second place in the conversation with Harold, won nearly all his companion's money, and was now gloating over the pile as it lay before him on the table. The eyes of the other were flashing with drunken rage. An instant he looked upon his companion with a deadly glare, and then sprang upon him with a demon's fury, and plunged a knife deep into his breast!

With a cry of pain and fear, the latter staggered to the door and then rushed out into the street. He cried wildly for help, and in a few moments a crowd had collected about him, and a couple of watchmen, attracted by the noise, came hurriedly to the spot, and in a short time he was taken to the hospital. His treacherous comrade effected his escape.

We left Harold Stanly, standing in the presence of Marion Lee. She looked upon Stanly for a moment with much indignation. That he was the author of her present misfortune she was

well aware, having gleaned the knowledge from the conversation of the ruffians who had forcibly carried her away. The eyes of the accomplished villain fell before her flashing gaze; but recovering himself, he forced a sneer to his lips and said:

"I have caged you at last, my lady bird! You who have scorned my love, for the love of a boy! I had sworn long ago to possess you—and I have kept my word!"

"It is to you, then, that I am indebted for my present confinement! I had suspected you were a villain, Harold Stanly—but never the deep villain that you have proved! *Perhaps your villainy is greater than even I dare imagine!*" said Marion, significantly.

"What, woman?" cried Harold, whose face had suddenly grown deadly pale. "Do you dare to insinuate—"

"I insinuate nothing, sir—but I suspect much!"

"Suspect what you please, then, I care not! I have you safe—you are mine, mine! More than mine a few hours hence, when your boy lover will be swinging on the gallows!" cried Harold, fiercely.

A shiver ran through the frame of Marion, and her face became a shade paler, but she faltered not when she said:

"My trust is in God, Harold Stanly; the innocence of Edward Harris will be made manifest, to the confusion of his enemies—and that he has enemies, my present position amply proves!"

"Yes, yes! I am his enemy! The deadliest he has ever had—I hate him as fiercely as I love you, you, madam, who have scorned and trampled on my heart!" cried Harold Stanly, as he strode rapidly up and down the apartment.

"Ha! I thought as much! It is through your villanous machinations that he is now in prison—my own heart and your base actions tell me so."

"You are right!" cried Harold, boldly, as he paused before the dauntless Marion. "What more do you know, or wish to know?"

"No more! Keep your dark secrets within the recesses of your own bad heart. You will repent these confessions by-and-by."

"Fear not, madam, you will never breathe them! I shall make it a sacred duty with you to keep them. I battle for a purpose!"

"Ay, and a dark, foul one!" said Marion, contemptuously.

The eyes of the villain were flashing with rage, but he was somewhat awed by the dignified and determined position of Marion Lee, whom, when he first entered the apartment, he had expected to see, spiritless and in tears.

"I shall leave you for a time Marion Lee!

But when next I see you, I shall make you repent your language. Remember!"

And without waiting for an answer, he turned about and left the room, locking the door carefully after him. He then left the house by a secret passage.

Upon his departure Marion cast herself upon a lounge, and gave way to tears. The courage which upheld her in the presence of the villain Stanly, now entirely deserted her. At length, recovering her composure, she threw herself upon her knees and prayed long and fervently.

The merchant, Benjamin Harris, sat alone in his study. His face was pale and wan. Greatly had he changed the last few days. The lines about his mouth were deeper, his brow more furrowed, and an expression of helpless sorrow rested like a cloud on his countenance. At times he would heave a deep sigh and gaze mournfully about him, as though searching for the form of his imprisoned son.

He had done all he could for his boy, but he felt he had little to hope for. The evidence against him was powerful, and, so far as circumstantial evidence could be, conclusive. But he hoped against hope. He had another cause for sorrow. The mysterious disappearance of Marion Lee. Her family was thrown into the profoundest misery. Search had been made for her everywhere, but no tidings of her could be had. Her disappearance was kept a secret from Edward, and Mr. Harris, who loved her as his own child, was nearly broken-hearted at this accumulation of misfortunes.

"While he sat thus, buried in his great grief, the door of his study was opened, and a servant announced, "Dr. Barton!"

A fine, portly gentleman entered the room, his fat, handsome face shining with satisfaction; and walking quickly over to Mr. Harris, he grasped his hand, exclaiming:

"My poor friend, I've great good news! Don't move, now, pray don't! Keep cool!"

And the good doctor, brimming full of excitement himself, sat down and wiped the dew from his brow, and endeavored to calm himself with a pinch of snuff.

"There is no good news for me, doctor, I fear, said the old merchant, sadly, "my poor boy—"

"That's it, sir, that's it—it's all right—now don't get excited, pray don't—Edward's innocent—full confession—villain dying—told all—now keep cool—pray do—here 'tis!"

While the kind-hearted doctor was giving vent to his thoughts in fits and starts, he had been fumbling in his pocket, and he now laid before Mr.

Harris a folded manuscript, which the latter eagerly snatched and read. As he ran on, the face of the poor merchant gradually brightened, and soon a look of joy illuminated his whole countenance, and, when he had concluded, he cast it down, clasped his hands gratefully, and sank tearfully on his knees and thanked God.

The good doctor laughed, rubbed his hands, snuffed eagerly, wiped his eyes and kept murmuring "good, good!"

He had brought a confession, which he had taken down at the request of a dying man in the hospital; the man who had been so treacherously attacked and stabbed by his comrade in the cavern. The substance of the confession said, that Harold Stanly had hired himself—the dying man—and another, to watch Edward Harris, and to involve him in some difficulty which would eventually get him out of the way. That they had followed Edward into the gambling house on the night of the murder, and were witnesses to his trouble with the gambler—heard the threat of Harris to "fix him," and knowing that Edward must take the same road home, they followed the gambler from the place, attacked and robbed him, and left him dead on the ground. That they had seen Harris from a distant hiding place, leave the gambling house, and stoop over the body of the dead man; and it said, furthermore, that if the watchman had not so suddenly appeared, they would have seized Harris for the murder.

The confession also told of the abduction of Marion Lee, and her place of imprisonment. The confession was taken down in the presence of a number of witnesses, and shortly afterwards the man died.

It was placed before the proper authorities and shortly afterward Edward Harris was liberated. The police in company with Edward, old Mr. Harris, and Mr. Lee, went down to Ann Street, broke into the place where Marion was confined, and found the brave-hearted girl upon her knees, and in tears.

In a moment Edward was at her side. She looked up, and with a joyful cry was clasped in his arms. He kissed the poor maiden's cheek, but her face was cold. She had swooned upon his breast. When she returned to consciousness she found herself at home, and by her side him to whom she had, through all his trials, proved so faithful, Edward Harris.

Marion and Edward were united a few weeks afterwards—a joyful ending to all their sorrows.

Nothing was heard of Harold Stanly, but it was rumored that, on the discovery of his villany, he had entered the army and fell, bravely fighting, at the memorable storming of Vera Cruz.

[ORIGINAL]

## THE RIVAL PILOTS:

—OR,—

## THE MAID OF THE RAPIDS.

## A STORY OF THE ST. LAWRENCE.

BY HERMAN BOLIVAR.

At a steamboat landing in one of the beautiful towns on the St. Lawrence, there lay the large and magnificent steamer Brockville, early one evening, just ready to start upon her course down the river. The shrill roar of the escape pipes, the busy movements of the crew, the arrival of passengers and freight, and the hurried voices of command, inquiry and adieu, all served to form a scene the most indifferent observer could not have beheld without interest, in the gathering twilight of that coming night.

For there is in the simplest embarkation something of the melancholy and uncertainty which belongs to the last great voyage of every human being. The flags may wave, and the streamers float proudly from the masthead, and the sun may shine, and the deep waters scarcely ripple as they kiss the shores, but we know that all our hopes of a prosperous and happy passage may be wrecked in an hour, so little has man, with all his wonderful works, yet achieved towards taking his destiny from the most minute and continual providences of God.

Among the last of the passengers coming aboard of the Brockville on the trip to which we now refer, was a young lady, scarcely seventeen years of age, and of such angelic beauty and grace that every eye resting upon her followed her movements with delight. She was the only child of the wealthy Colonel Ridout, of Montreal, one of the largest steamboat owners of the St. Lawrence, and was now returning to her splendid home, attended by a single maid. Often had Ada been up and down the mighty stream, with her father, and well had she treasured up the intricate turns and windings of the channel amid its rapids and its thousand islands, as we shall soon have occasion to reveal.

For a moment, as Ada Ridout came in over the planks, she bent a quick and searching glance upon the faces of the passengers clustered on the guards. This glance sufficiently attested that she was in hopes of seeing some familiar countenance among them, and a look of disappointment flitted over her lovely face, as she turned away in the direction of the ladies' cabin.

"Walter is not here, something evil has happened!" she could have been heard to whisper to

her maid, in quick and gasping tones. "He said he would certainly come down in the Brockville, this very trip, and meet me as I came aboard, but I do not see him!"

Again the expectant girl came to a halt, looking around upon the faces presented to her view, but no sign of recognition appeared on her features or in her eyes. It was evident that her Walter was not there.

"It's too bad," said the maid. "But these men never have any regard for the feelings of us women—"

"Hush, Hetty," interrupted Ada, as tears dimmed her eyes. "Walter would have kept his promise if he had been able to do so. I feel that a terrible calamity has happened. Some enemy who knew of his—of our approaching marriage—ha!" and she started, as her eyes rested upon a person who was just then coming aboard, "that man, again! Let us hasten to the cabin!"

But ere the poor girl could make her way through the surrounding crowd, the object of her dread and dislike advanced to her side, laying his hand as roughly as boldly upon her arm, and saying:

"How d'ye do, Miss Ada? I'm glad to see you agin, you may be sure!"

He was one of the two pilots of the boat. The maiden turned towards him with such a look of scorn and disgust that he momentarily quailed beneath it. But there was a something infernal, for all that, in the expression resting on his hangedog visage, and something which Ada felt and feared had some reference to her missing lover.

"You have seen him?" she gasped.

"You kin think so, miss," was his reply. "P'r'aps he was here a little while ago, comin' down the river to meet you, 'eording to 'greement. Only he might have gone overboard a little suddenly—through somebody's aid—so that he ain't likely to come to your sweet arms jist at present—that's all!"

"Fiend, you've murdered him! I will have you arrested!"

"Softly, miss. You wont do nothing o' the kind. I'm the only chap that can pilot a boat down the Lachine Rapids on sich a night as this 'ere one that's comin', you know, and you wouldn't be so cruel as to keep all these peoples a-waitin' here till morning, in course not. Besides, you know that I was only a-joking! I dare say your doll 'll turn up all right in good season. In any case, you know, there must be proof, miss, proof before you can do much in a legal line, and what is the proof agin me? Supposing, now, jist for fun; supposing I'd put a feller I didn't like out of the way, by fetchin' him

one on the guards and droppin' him overboard—"

Ada threw up her arms in such a way as to check the ruffian's speech, unable to hear more. With a low cry of anguish, and a countenance pale as death, she reeled into the arms of her maid, and was slowly conducted away towards the ladies' cabin.

"Gone, gone!" she moaned. "My dear Walter has been killed by that fiend! O, God, have mercy upon me! And those pilots, did you see them both, Hetty? This man and the one looking down the companion way a moment ago, both deadly enemies of mine, while professing to be my lovers, and each regarding the other as a rival. Alas, alas, it's wicked, Hetty, but I wish these two wretches would now kill each other on my sole account, I do!"

The maid smiled through her sympathetic tears, and said a great many cheering things to her mistress, declaring that Walter Norwood was young and strong, wary of people he did not like, and sure to take good care of himself if only for her sake—that God is merciful to those who truly love, and that Walter would come out safe in the end, whatever his present peril, and everything else her simple and faithful heart could suggest. More than that, in order to keep her mistress from brooding over her sorrow, Hetty asked her to narrate how the two pilots had cultivated her acquaintance while she was passing to and fro on the river, how they had presumed to ask her hand in marriage, how they had been rejected, how they had both sworn to be revenged, and had become her most wicked and dangerous foes, as well as foes of each other. Thus the mistress and maid conversed about the past, and commenced taking counsel for the future, while a sinister occurrence was preparing between the two pilots, as we shall now duly record.

The first of them, the one we have seen coming aboard of the steamer, on ascending to the upper deck, found himself in the vicinity of his co-laborer and his supposed rival. He had been ashore, taking a number of drams at a liquor-booth on the wharf, and had come off with a flushed face, a lowering brow and bloodshot eyes, all now attesting that he was ready for any deed of violence and blood. Both he and his conferees were men of middle age, brawny-armed and broad-shouldered, rude and rough in disposition, besides having enough of lawless selfishness and unholy passion to seek possession of the colonel's beautiful child. Both professed to have had such a cause of hatred against the father as to answer for any wrong they might show Miss Ada, and so each had resolved in his own base heart that

the first fortunate hour should place her irrevocably in his power.

As the two pilots, after meeting on the upper deck, turned away towards the wheel-house, their eyes met in a cold and malignant glance of bitterness and rivalry.

"Now that the youngster is out o' the way!" said the one we have seen addressing Ada, "the girl shall be mine!"

"No, curse you," was the response, "she shall be mine!"

These brief words were uttered so plainly and determinedly as to be an electric spark applied to all their long-slumbering hate. For a moment they seemed about to rush upon each other, tearing and destroying, like two fierce bloodhounds, but the sharp voice of the captain broke the spell of violence, and they retreated sullenly to their post of duty.

The last box of freight was trundled aboard of the steamer, the last passenger arrived, the fastenings were cast off, the mighty engines commenced their labors, and the Brockville darted away on her flight down the river.

For three hours, and until the arrival of the steamer at the first of the Lachine Rapids, nothing of importance occurred. True, the captain had heard the pilots swearing and recriminating each other at intervals, though not violently enough to forbid a hope that they would get quiet. But, about the time when the Brockville began to feel the force of the rapids, it became evident that something was going wrong in the wheel-house, she veering first one way and then the other, abruptly altering her course several points from the true one, and momentarily threatening to run against some one of the many sanken rocks clustered beside the narrow channel.

"Thunder! what means all this?" inquired the honest captain (who was a new and inexperienced commander) of his clerk, as he started up in his office.

"The pilots must be drunk!" was the reply, as both prepared to visit the wheel-house.

"A fight, they're having a rough and tumble, the pilots are, and the boy's steering," cried somebody on the upper deck. "Look out, there, somebody do something, or we shall be brought up standing!"

Be the trouble whatever it might, it was now plain that trouble had arisen in the wheel-house, or that some accident had happened to the steering apparatus, a general panic almost instantly sped throughout the steamer. A score of men, among them the captain, made their way to the scene of disturbance, when loud and savage cries

and oaths were heard proceeding from the pilots, showing that they were engaged in a deadly struggle.

"Stop them!" cried the captain.

"Shoot them!" said somebody else, and a score of voices made confusion of the attempt to suggest a proper relief.

In the meanwhile the steamer was steering so crazily, and so abruptly poking her nose to the right and left from the only safe channel, that every one familiar with the perils of the rapids seemed paralyzed with horror.

The next instant, amid a volley of oaths, threats, and sounds of a sanguinary encounter, the two combatants, covered with blood, and locked in a furious embrace, reeled out of the wheel-house, still fighting and cursing, the two presenting a most terrible and repulsive picture of the worst passions of man.

But not an instant had Captain Butters to gaze upon the fearful scene. With a crash which shook her timbers to the keel, the huge steamer had been hurled against a sunken rock, and was now going head on towards a black and jagged ledge of rocks just showing itself above the spray and foam dashing so wildly around it.

"Help here, all of you!" cried the captain, as he sprang to the assistance of the pilot-apprentice, a mere boy on his third or fourth trip. "Hard up, hard up! There, so—so! Now meet her. Steady, boy, steady!" And the course of the steamer was sufficiently altered to clear the craggy point, and send her back towards the channel.

"Now for you," was then heard in thunder tones from one of the pilots, the words resounding above the fearful roar of the rapids. "There's your place, my hearty, in yonder foaming abyss! Look there!"

Like lightning the steamer had been plunging down the Upper Chutes, quivering and crashing on its mad way, and now close ahead of her was seen, through the darkness, the Grand Rapids, rushing and spouting, leaping and tumbling, boiling like a vast cauldron, and roaring like a thousand tornadoes.

"There's your next landing, my beauty, ha, ha!" repeated the most powerful of the two ruffians, as both, mangled and bleeding, and still clasped in that deadly embrace, drew nearer and nearer to the steamer's larboard side. "We'll see who has the fair Lady Ada now—ha, ha!"

With one desperate effort, as the Brockville entered upon the dangerous passage, jarring and quivering, amidst the wild roar of the waters, the speaker raised his antagonist bodily in his

strong arms, and sought to hurl him into the foaming abyss. But the latter exerted all of his strength, and the struggle was prolonged for a moment, during which Captain Butters rushed towards the infuriated men, frantically wringing his hands, and crying in agonized tones:

"The Grand Chute! the Grand Chute! I cannot pass it, and the boy knows nothing of the channel. For God's sake, men, give over this foolishness, or the steamer and all of us will be lost. Back to your duty this minute, or it will be too late!"

One moment the combatants had passed, glaring at each other, but only to seize one another again in a more determined grasp, ere the words of the commander were concluded. There followed an interval of fearful exertion on the part of each of the pilots—a shower of oaths and curses, partly lost in the roar of the waters, a hasty rush towards the steamer's side, a wild cry of triumph from one of the desperate wretches, and a moan of despair from the other—and the next moment both went splashing down into the boiling waters, just forward of the wheel, and almost instantly vanished from view forever!

"Lost, lost!" cried Captain Butters, in the voice of a madman, as he rushed frantically here and there. "I know nothing of the channel, in this darkness! We can never pass the Grand Chute!"

And yet how madly that huge fabric was still sweeping on!

"Lost, lost!" repeated a score of horror-stricken voices, in tones ascending wild and high above the roar of the rapids. "A minute more, and we shall be dashed to pieces! For God's sake, is there no one here who can pilot as down?"

Echo was the only reply, as the steamer still swept on with a velocity terrible to feel and to behold.

"There, there! Look at those rocks, that sea of foam shining through the darkness! Heaven have mercy upon our souls now! Help, help!"

Even while these despairing cries were ringing out on the air, a form of more than regal beauty had emerged from the ladies' cabin and hastily, yet gracefully, taken its way to the upper deck. With a night glass grasped firmly in one hand, while the other shook back her jetty curls, and her eyes swept the river and the shores, and took in at a glance the perilous situation of the steamer, Miss Ada looked so courageous and commanding in that moment, that her appearance was hailed as gladly as would have been an omen in the heavens.

"Bear a hand here, half a dozen of you," she cried, in clear and ringing tones, as she bounded to the wheel. "Lively, my hearties, or we are lost!"

The order was instantly obeyed.

"So, so," and she placed her own fair hands to the wheel. "Keep her so—steady, steady!"

Like a very angel did the brave girl appear to the affrighted souls beside her, as she drew a rough pilot coat around her fair shoulders, and calmly gave her orders, amidst the clank of the laboring engines, the roar of the rapids, the shrill notes of the escaping steam, and the voices of hope and thanksgiving on every hand, from many a throat going up a hearty "Thank God! thank God!"

But the peril was not yet passed. Beyond all the dangers the Brockville had encountered, there still remained the greatest of all, the passage of the Grand Chute of the Rapids. Here the bottom and sides of the channel are very jagged, and it is so narrow that a little deviation to the right or left must prove fatal. To the usual shadows of the night was now being added those of a coming snow storm, and the thick mantle of darkness had already thrown its folds so deeply over the scene, that the shores and the rushing waters looked ghostly and indistinct in its gloom.

But the steamer, under the watchful guidance of the maiden pilot, still continued to speed safely on. Peril after peril was passed in rapid succession; black and jagged cliffs left behind; leaping and thundering rapids swiftly traversed; and now the roar of the last chute began to fall chillingly upon the ears of the passengers and crew.

"One peril more," cried a rough voyager, whose form would have been seen to tremble but for the darkness of the hour. "It's that which will use us up, my boys! No mere girl like that can pilot us through the Grand Chute on such a night as this 'ere! Better to ease the engines, and drift gently down to our doom, my boys. Heavens!"

This last exclamation was caused by the ringing of the bell for the engineer to put on more steam. A score of other interjections arose, but the order was obeyed. More furiously clanked the engines, and swifter sped the steamer down the narrow channel, till it seemed as if the shores were flying past with the lightness and unreality of mere mists.

"Heavens!" repeated the voyager, clinging to the bulwarks and peering over the side. "Twenty miles an hour, if a single inch! W-h-e-w! And yet see how calmly and steadily that little angel holds her to it! See how erect she stands!

And see how boldly and confidently she sweeps the channel with her glass! Thunder and lightning—"

Again the voyager suddenly broke off his remarks with an excited exclamation, while the glass fell crashing to the deck from the maiden's hands, and many a voice again gave utterance to a cry of despair.

The cause of this new excitement was visible at a glance. It was seen, just as the steamer reached the middle of the Grand Chute, that a steamer was below the rapids! The glow of her furnace fires coming through the gloom, with a blood-red hue to every eye, while the roar of her escaping steam came stunningly upon every ear.

"My God! We are done for now!" cried the voyager. "What, another ring for more speed? Surely, that little dare-devil can't have seen the vessels below!"

But the eyes of Ada Ridout had seen and comprehended all at a glance. She knew that the commander of the steamer below the rapids had not expected that any one would dare to descend them on such a night, and had accordingly consented to take in tow a couple of schooners which had been disabled in descending, and was just making fast to them. The three vessels were therefore huddled, not exactly in the channel, but close beside it, so near that the slightest swerve of the Brockville would destroy them and herself.

Miss Ridout had realized all the facts in one brief instant, and again rang the bell for more speed. Like some fabulous monster that mighty thing of fire and of noise glowed and thundered down the narrow channel, amid the first puffs of the coming snow storm, the wild strife of the waters, the excited exclamations of her passengers and crew, and the still more agonized cries proceeding from the decks of the helpless vessels below.

On one side were the tall and jagged cliffs, rearing themselves high above the sunken rocks which formed the shore of the river, while on the other lay those helpless vessels, every moment surging out from the shore towards the channel, between the two appearing a narrow and boiling tide of water, as the only avenue of the steamer's escape from an instant and fearful destruction.

On swept the Brockville, like some huge bird, strongly and steadily in its terrible speed, for there was not only a pilot's knowledge, but a woman's noble heroism presiding at the wheel. Down the foaming chute, with a flashing and a roaring almost unearthly in its wildness, sped the endangered steamer, and soon she was within

her length of the clustered vessels below, now in an awful silence waiting their doom.

"Port!" came in a smothered cry from one of them, as a raking glance showed that a collision of the steamers was inevitable, at the end of that dangerous passage, so much had the freighter surged out into the channel. "You are running us down!"

Not a word escaped the maiden's lips, as she measured the distance between the rocks on the one side, and the freighter on the other, and took an exact middle course between them. A moment of anxious suspense succeeded, an interval of freezing silence, and then, seemingly a volcanic monster of life amid all that strife and motion around her, the Brockville, with a single wild crash, sped past the stranger, carrying away its larboard wheelhouse and part of the wheel, but with no especial injury to either of the hulls.

A wild cry of wonder, of admiration and joy, arose from more than two hundred throats, as the maiden pilot rang the bell for the engines to cease working, the huge fabric trembling a moment in the surges, then passing into the clear water below the rapids, becoming perfectly safe!

"Three times three for the maid of the Rapids!" cried the voyager, dancing joyfully around the deck, and the cheers were given with a will.

And then, as all eyes were turned towards the stranger steamer, a boat was seen pushing off from her, bearing two men who came aboard of the Brockville. The first was Walter Norwood, the lover of our heroine, and the other her father, both of whom had been prevented from joining her as intended by reasons we need not record.

A week after this happy re-union, in one of those fine old mansions on Bayard Street, Montreal, there was a joyous union of fates and fortunes which endures to this day. The portrait of the maid of the Rapids hangs in the *Académie des Arts*, in that city, but is not more likely to perpetuate her heroism than the grateful remembrance of those scores of souls whom she rescued from destruction on that awful night when she became a fatal bone of contention to the RIVAL PILOTS.

#### OUR COAL-FIELDS.

Professor Rogers, after showing the areas and solid contents of the various known coal-fields, estimates that, at the present rate of consumption (100,000,000 of tons per annum), the coal-fields of Pennsylvania alone would meet the demand for 8164 years. If the consumption were doubled, viz., 200,000,000 of tons, the great Appalachian field would meet the strain for 6937 1-2 years. If it were quadrupled, viz., 400,000,000, the productive coal-fields of North America would suffice for the world's supply for 10,000 years yet.

#### A THRILLING STORY.

The following incident actually occurred on board of a British frigate, and was communicated to the writer, several years ago, by an old man-of-war's man:

A timid boy, about fourteen years of age, hesitated to go aloft, but by the captain's orders, was forcibly put in the main rigging, and then a boatswain's mate was commanded to lash him like a dog until he learned to run aloft. The poor fellow's legs and arms trembled, he grasped the shrouds, he cried, he prayed the inhuman captain for God's sake to have mercy on him; but all in vain. The boatswain's mate was ordered to lay on harder, and harder, regardless of the boy's piercing screams, which made even veteran seamen turn from the brutal scene with disgust. His clothes were rent from his back, the blood followed the lash, and still the tyrant roared out, "Lay on, boatswain's mate!"

With one wild scream he sprang from under the lash, and bounded up the rigging with amazing rapidity. He doubled the futtock rigging like a cat, passed up the topmast and topgallant rigging with undiminished speed, shinned the unrattled royal rigging, and perched himself like a bird alongside of the pennant which streamed from the masthead. Here he paused, looking fearlessly upon the deck below. All hands came up to see him—his cries and cruel treatment had already enlisted their sympathy, and, if possible, had increased their hatred of the captain.

The monster was smiling complacently at the success of his experiment; he was one of those tyrants who boasted that the *cat*, properly applied, could make men do anything. Still he was apprehensive that the boy might destroy himself, and the circumstance be used against him at the Admiralty, where he knew representations of his cruelty had already been made. The men gazed in silence, looking first at the boy and then at the captain, who was seated near the taffrail. They dared not to be seen speaking to one another—it was a flogging offence; even at night spies passed under their hammocks to ascertain if they whispered. The officers walked the lee side of the quarter-deck, occasionally casting their eyes aloft, but were as silent as the men. Still the boy clung to the masthead, playing with the pennant, apparently unconscious of the interest he excited below. Tired with gazing aloft, the captain sung out through the speaking-trumpet, "Down from aloft! Down!"

The boy sprang upon the truck at a bound, and raising himself erect, waved his cap around his head; then, stretching his arms out, gave a wild, laughing scream, and threw himself forward. The captain jumped to his feet, expecting to see the boy dashed in pieces on deck; but when clear of the shade of the sails, he saw him sliding along the main royal stay towards the foretopgallant masthead, and heard him laugh and chatter like a monkey, as if enjoying the sport. He reached the masthead in safety, and then descended along the top-gallant backstay hand-over-hand. The captain looked at him, and was about to speak, but could not find words. The boy frothed at the mouth and nose; his eyes seemed starting out of his head; he rolled upon the deck in convulsions, staining it with the blood which



still trickled from his back. He was a maniac. The surgeon's skill in the course of a few weeks restored his bodily health, but not his reason.

From that time forward he was fearless. In the darkest night, the fiercest gale, he would scamper along the deck like a dog, and bound aloft with a speed which no one on board could equal. He would run over the yards without holding, pass from mast to mast on the stays, ascend and descend by the leeches of the sails, and run upon the studding sail booms. He was as nimble as a cat, and had forgotten fear. Some of the light duties aloft he learned to discharge in company with them—he did as they did, but could not be trusted to do anything himself. One order he always obeyed without hesitation. At the command, "Away aloft," he was off, and never paused until he reached the masthead. As he was harmless and rarely spoke, the captain kept him on board, and, in the course of a year, sent him aloft for amusement. His strength increased with his years, but his bulk and height remained nearly the same at eighteen as when he became a maniac.

His ribs, breast and back seemed one case of bone, and his sinews and muscles made his legs and arms appear like pillared columns. He was fair, with light blue eyes and delicate skin; his face oval and full, but void of expression—neither love, fear, revenge nor pleasure could be traced to its stolid outline. His eyes stared at everything without appearing to see, and, when he spoke, there was rarely any meaning in his words. He followed the men in their various duties like a dog following his master. Whenever he was struck or startled by a boatswain's mate, he ran up the main rigging, screaming at the top of his lungs, and never paused until he had performed the first evolution, which had made him a maniac.

As the sailor's story runs, the ship arrived at Plymouth to be docked and refitted. The captain, availing himself of the leisure, was going to be married, and the news was communicated by his servant to the cook, who soon circulated it on the berth-deck among the men, who cursed him and all his kin. His servant came on board of the hulk where the men were lodged, the evening when the captain was to be married. Crazy Joe (the name the boy was known by) met him at the gangway, and asked intelligently if the captain would be married that evening and where? The servant gave him the information he desired, and went about his business.

That night, while the captain was undressing, he was seized by the throat and dragged to the bridal bed. "Look, fair lady, on me," said Crazy Joe, "but do not scream, or I will kill you. Look on me. I hold within my grasp a devil, who delights in cruelty—a merciless fiend who has scourged the backs of hundreds of brave men—a ruffian who has robbed me of my reason; I hold him within the grasp of death, at the very moment his black soul thought itself within the reach of bliss. Monster! look upon your lady—think a moment of the heaven of earthly joy almost within your reach—then think of me, poor Crazy Joe! and of the hell to which I send you! Die, wretch, die!"

When the alarm was given, the strangled body of the captain was found lying alongside of the bridal bed; but the maniac who killed him was

never recognized afterwards. He belonged to Cornwall, and probably found shelter from pursuit in the mines until the excitement passed away. The lady stated at the time, and many years afterwards, that the attack of the maniac was so sudden and silent that she knew nothing of it until the curtains were pushed aside and she felt the pressure of the captain's body bent over the edge of the bed. Joe held his victim around the neck with the right hand, and turned him from side to side as easily as if he had been a child, while the forefinger and thumb of the left hand grasped her own throat, ready to extinguish her life if she attempted to raise an alarm. His face was pale and deathlike, his eyes started, but were motionless, and every word he uttered seemed to issue from the very depths of his soul. The captain's looks were terrible beyond description—death left the impress of ferocity upon his darkened features. How the maniac entered or left the room she never knew; his departure was as noiseless as his entrance. So paralyzed was she with fear, that an hour elapsed before she could muster courage to call for help; but she thanked God, when the captain's cruel character became generally known ashore, that she had been rescued from his alliance.—*London Nautical Magazine.*

#### AFRICAN VILLAGERS.

In well nigh every village we saw men spinning cotton, while others were weaving it into strong cloth, in looms of very simple construction. Both spinning and weaving are very tedious processes. They are all anxious to trade. The women were often up all night, grinding their corn to sell to us. One village we passed without halting. The inhabitants followed us, calling upon our guide to return to trade with them. As a last argument they shouted, "Are we to have it said that white people came to our country and we did not see them?" They are by no means teetotallers. Large quantities of beer are manufactured by them, and they are as fond of it as our people are of whiskey. The chief of a village almost always presented us with a pot of beer. We passed a village one day, and saw a large party of men sitting smoking in the public square, who did not seem at all communicative. After resting a little under a tree a short distance from them, they sent us a calabash of beer to see if we were friends, which was to be manifested by our partaking of it. We saw many partially intoxicated people—tipsy chiefs—and even members of the learned professions get "a little elevated at times." A native doctor, with his cupping-horn hanging round his neck, who had evidently been making some deep porations, came out and scolded us severely—"Is this the way you enter a man's village, without sending him word that you are coming?" Entering a hut, he came out staggering under a large pot of beer.—*Mr. Charles Livingston (in a letter to Mr. William Logan, Glasgow.)*

#### AGE.

What is age  
But the holy place of life, chapel of ease  
For all men's wearied miseries!—and to rob  
That of her ornament, it is accursed  
As from a priest to steal a holy vestment,  
Ay, and convert it to a sinful covering.

MESSINGER.

[ORIGINAL.]

## A WELCOME TO SPRING.

BY LILIAN BOWEN.

Whose breath is this, stealing along on the gales?  
 Whose sigh is this, coming from flower-lighted vales?  
 Gentle Spring!

Whose odors are these, like the twilight rain  
 On the jasmine flowers that cover the plain?  
 Thine, gentle Spring!

Who lightens the fangs on our northern pine?  
 Who gives the pale gems to the Mayflower vine?  
 Gentle Spring!

Who glides o'er the moss with an emerald hue?  
 Who wakes the young violets starry and blue?  
 Thou, gentle Spring!

Who hangs the long tassels o'er birchen trees gay?  
 Who breathes through the tamarack boughs in their play?  
 Gentle Spring!

Who calls the bright flowers of crimson and gold,  
 O'er the gnarled maple boughs all mossy and old?  
 Thou, gentle Spring!

Who blows on the willow buds silvered with down,  
 And tinted leaves start from their coverings brown?  
 Gentle Spring!

Who calls up the odors dark green and rank,  
 And the blue flags gay from the meadows dank?  
 Thou, gentle Spring!

All hail! thou 'st awakened the rannel and stream,  
 Brought birds, and flowers, and sunshine gleam,  
 Lovely Spring!

The herds are leaping on a thousand hills,  
 Trampling down flowers by the winding rills:  
 Hail, gentle Spring!

[ORIGINAL.]

## THE FALSE ORACLE.

BY WALTER CLARENCE.

SEVERAL years ago, not long after the Frenchman Daguerre astonished the world by the production of his *sun pictures*, and when dollars were given as freely as cents are now-a-days for a daguerreotype with not half the embellishment and finish of the plainest which now appear in the show-cases at every street-corner—two young persons might have been seen—not riding on horseback down a steep hill—but emerging from the shop of an itinerant daguerreotypist, who had temporarily set up his tent in the most fashionable part of one of the most populous towns in the interior of the Province of Ulster, in the North of Ireland. Of course they had been to have their portraits taken in the new style, which had caused so much wonder and excitement, that some superstitious people declared that the practice was uncanny, and that its professors invoked the aid of the evil one, to enable them to work such miracles.

A brief record of the conversation that passed between the youthful couple, will enable the reader to understand the positions in which they stood towards each other, after which I will proceed with my story.

"It's wonderful—astounding!" exclaimed the young woman—young lady, I *should* say, for her manners, voice and attire all showed that she belonged to the upper crust of society—"Do you think the likeness good, Edward?"

"Very good indeed, Emily, only not half handsome enough," was the reply of the youth, who was attired in a sort of naval uniform, only in place of the crown and anchor which appear on the navy button, the device on those which ornamented the young sailor's coat-sleeves was a lion rampant, in heraldic parlance, above a single fowl-anchor. "Not half handsome enough," he repeated. "One might imagine you were stationed in the maintop of an Indianman, on the lookout for land. You seem to be gazing into vacant space, and the expression of the features is too thoughtful."

"It is my fault, Edward," said the young girl. "I did look thoughtful—I cannot help thinking of your approaching departure. Have you thought of what we were speaking about last night? It is not yet too late. What need have you to go to sea? Edward, dear, I have a strange presentiment of forthcoming evil. Don't sail on this voyage, for my sake, Edward?"

"I must, Emily," responded the young man. "I should be ashamed to resign my appointment at the last moment, and you know the Mozambique sails ten days from to-day. My resignation would be attributed to cowardice, I should become the laughing-stock of my friends and shipmates, and you would not wish that. I shall return in twelve months, and then you know you are to become my wife, and I promise to give up the sea forever. Is it not sufficient," he laughingly added, "that I voluntarily give up the profession I love so well, for the sake of such a little thing as you, whom I love so much better? Would you have me break my promise to the captain, and expose myself to ridicule and contempt, without having any reason to give for my fickleness?"

"Not so, Edward," replied the young woman, "you know I would not; but I don't know why, I never felt so in my life before when you were about to sail—but now, something within me seems to forebode approaching evil. I shall be wretched all the time you are away. I shall dream of storms and shipwrecks, and every time the wind blows heavy, I shall fancy you are exposed to its fury, and in a position of peril. I

wish there was no such thing as the sea. I cannot conceive how any one who is not obliged to follow it for a livelihood, can take delight in passing day after day in the midst of discomfort and peril. To me it is inexplicable."

The young man laughed merrily.

"Emily, you little coward," he said, "you deserve to be indicted for libel, for giving the sea such a character. Why, you never saw salt water in your life. I am going to sail for the East Indies, and sometimes the sea during such a voyage is smooth as a mill-pond, and the wind so light that it would scarcely move one of your own long, silken tresses. Come, cheer up. Let us look forward to the happiness that awaits us on my return. You have not told me what you think of my portrait."

"It is very like you," said the young woman. "The smile upon your lips is so natural! I shall often look upon it while you are absent, and fancy you are present in your own person."

"Not oftener than I shall look at your picture," returned the young man, "though I wish it did not look so sad. Emily," he continued, smiling at the conceit, "an idea has just struck me, by which you may learn to overcome your foolish fears. Look at the portrait every day, and as long as it appears happy and smiling as it does now, believe that I am also well and happy."

"I will," replied the young woman, smiling in spite of herself at the notion; "but," she added, "should sickness or trouble overtake you, I am afraid the portrait would prove a false oracle."

Edward S—— and Emily G—— (the story I am about to relate, is true in regard to its main facts, and therefore I shall not give the full names, since the relatives and friends of both are still living), had known each other from childhood. Edward S—— was an orphan, whose parents had died when he was an infant, leaving him heir to a large property, and in charge of a guardian, until he completed his twenty-first year. At the period when my story opens, he still lacked six months of that age. As a mere child he had possessed an irresistible desire to go to sea, and at the age of fifteen his guardian had, at his own earnest request, exerted his influence to obtain for him an appointment as midshipman in the Honorable East India Company's service, in which service he had already risen to the rank of second mate, a position at that period as honorable and much more lucrative than that of an officer of the corresponding rank in the royal navy. He, as well as Emily, was a native of a large city in the interior of Ireland, and thus it happened, as he had expressed himself, that Emily had never seen the sea.

The parents of Emily G—— were living, and in wealthy circumstances. They were aware of the young man's partiality to their daughter, and had given their consent to the marriage of the young couple, as soon as Emily had completed her eighteenth year—she was at this period just seventeen—on condition that the young man should quit the sea-service, and settle down on his estate, which adjoined their own.

It would be futile to attempt to explain the causes which tend to a reciprocity of affection between two young people of opposite sexes. There is something within us which attracts us to those who possess the qualities which we feel conscious we most lack. As a general rule we seem to like contrasts, either in our love or hate. No two persons could be more unlike, mentally or physically, than Edward S—— and Emily G——. Edward was a tall, stout, broad-shouldered, light-haired, blue-eyed, muscular, yet withal, handsome young fellow, who laughed at the idea of fear, and who would at any time have volunteered to lead a forlorn hope by land or sea, for the mere excitement of the thing. Morally, he was straight-forward, honest and impetuous, but as devoid of anything like sentiment as it were possible for a youth of fair education and good family, used in early life to refined society, to be. What could have led him to love Emily—and, to tell the truth, he almost worshipped her—puzzled everybody; for Emily, though a very pretty girl, was slight and delicate, silent and reserved, and, as most young men of her acquaintance said, cold, impassive and immobile, possessing none of those little sympathetic enthusiasms so charming in her sex. Her complexion was a clear olive, her eyes dark, and her hair thick, wavy, and black as night—but those large, dreamy eyes of hers, though actually cast down and curtained beneath her long, silky eyelashes, were, when her feelings were awakened, full of inexpressible tenderness. I have known her, when listening to a tale of woe, to sit silent and apparently heedless, while the young girls of her acquaintance were loud in their exclamations of sympathy. I have seen little subscriptions got up, impromptu, to assist some poor creature recently widowed; some laborer lamed by accident, and having a wife and children dependant upon him for support; or some poor orphaned child; and all bestowed their dole with looks of tender pity. Emily would seem to draw within herself, and give nothing—not even a kind word—and her friends thought her heartless! But the next day, or if the case were pressing, the same night, while those who had been profuse with sympathies and liberal in

donations, which after all were unfelt by them, Emily might have been found, a patient watcher by the bedside of the sufferer, seeing that not only he or she, as the case might be, should want for nothing that money or the gentlest sympathy could provide, but that the children dependent upon them should lack no necessity or comfort. I have known her to sit up night after night by the bedside of a poor sufferer of her own sex, not only dispensing earthly comfort, but praying for her and with her, and thinking no privation too great for her so long as it could afford her bodily or mental relief. And from these missions of angelic—no, of pure womanly love—she would return by stealth, fearful lest her charity should be known and blazoned forth before the world. This was the young girl whom her companions called heartless; this was she who had given to the handsome young sailor lad a love as fond and true and unselfish as was his for her.

Singular presentiments come over us all sometimes, for which we can in no way account. As I have said, Emily G—— had never seen the sea in her life; but her imagination, probably kindled by reading in early life of some terrible calamity at sea, had pictured the ocean as a place of eternal storm, of waves rolling mountain high, and never in a state of quietude; of dreariness and desolation in its wide expanse, and of shipwreck and death on its rockbound shores, and something whispered to her that her betrothed lover would surely meet with some terrible mishap, if, indeed, he ever returned to her, if he proceeded on this *last* voyage.

Had her parents not resolutely insisted upon her waiting until she had completed her eighteenth year, before they would give their consent to her marriage, she would have overcome the reserve of innocent maidenhood, and have offered at once to become Edward's wife, if then he would have consented to remain at home. Once she told him this in innocent confidence, and the young man had tenderly replied:

"That indeed would be a temptation too strong to resist, dear Emily; but, alas, neither my guardian nor your parents would consent to such a plan."

So the day drew near when Edward was to leave Ireland and rejoin his ship in the East India docks, in London. He bade good-by to Emily and her only sister, a child of ten years of age, with forced calmness, for though he dreaded no unforeseen evil, her low spirits had naturally a depressing effect upon him. But he assumed a gaiety he did not feel, and, like most people who have little but what is practical in their nature, be-

ing pleased with the poetic ideas which had seized him when conversing about the daguerreotype, he said, as he gave her a farewell kiss:

"Remember, Emily, darling, I leave a talisman behind me. Look daily at my portrait, and so long as it smiles upon you, be sure that I am well and happy as I can be when absent from you; and believe that I shall carry your portraits in my bosom and study it at every moment of leisure."

Emily's little sister came to bid farewell to her favorite Edward. It only wanted a fortnight to her birthday, when she was to give a grand child's party.

"I am sorry, Carry, that I can't accept your kind invitation to your party," he said, as he lifted the child in his arms and kissed her; "but I give my birthday present beforehand." And he presented the little girl with a doll and baby-house, and bade her be a good child and take care of Emily in his absence, and he would bring her a handsome present from India.

He set forth for London, and two days after his arrival the Indiaman sailed.

Emily, with all her dreamy thoughtfulness, was not given to superstition, yet—we all *will* do such silly things—she felt as if there was some reality in what Edward had jestingly said respecting his portrait, and day after day, and every hour in the day, she gazed upon the daguerreotype, and felt a secret comfort in the handsome, smiling, cheery aspect of her absent lover.

A week had elapsed since the departure of the Mozambique, and the day was at hand when little Carry was to give her child's party to commemorate the attainment of her tenth birthday. The children of all the gentry for miles around were invited, and many of the children of the more respectable of the tenants also received invitations. It was to be quite a grand affair, and Emily was so much occupied in assisting her mother to prepare for this occasion, that she had little time to brood over her grief at Edward's absence. It was a fortunate thing in that regard, that the party was to come off at this particular time.

The day before the party was to meet, Counsellor Darcey, Edward's guardian, who being a friend of the G——s, had received and accepted an invitation to attend, was sitting at breakfast, enjoying the perusal of the morning paper, just fresh and damp from the press. Naturally the departure of his ward on a long voyage only a few days before, drew his attention to the shipping intelligence; and in the hope of seeing some notification that the Mozambique had been spoken by some vessel inward bound, off the

Lands-end, or in the Chops of the Channel, he turned to the columns appropriated to furnishing such intelligence. Suddenly the hand which held the newspaper dropped on his knees, and he let fall the dry toast with which he was toying in the other hand, while the exclamation—

"Good God! can it be true? Poor boy—poor boy!" escaped his lips.

The little paragraph which caused the discomfort, ran as follows:

"SHOCKING INTELLIGENCE!—We regret to report the sad intelligence received by the barque *Eleanor*, of Bristol, arrived at Portsmouth, homeward bound from Jamaica, of the supposed total loss by fire of the Honorable East India Company's ship *Mozambique*. The *Mozambique*, it will be recollected, sailed from the Downs on Monday night last, for Bombay, Calcutta, and Canton, with a cargo of immense value, and several passengers for Bombay. The *Eleanor* saw a large vessel answering the description of the *Mozambique* in every particular, entirely enveloped in a sheet of flame which reached the height of her royal-mast-heads, on Thursday, at midnight. Bore down to her as closely as possible without imperilling the safety of the barque; but while lying to at the distance of a quarter of a mile, the magazine of the burning vessel exploded, blowing her to fragments. Several timbers of large size were hurled aloft, apparently to twice the height of a ship's mast-heads, and fell so near the *Eleanor* as to risk that vessel's safety. After the explosion the master of the *Eleanor* hove to, and lay off and on near the scene of the explosion till daylight, in hopes to save such of the crew or passengers as might have taken to the boats for safety. But though the weather was fine and the sea very smooth, no sign of a boat was seen. It is feared that every soul on board the unfortunate vessel perished. At noon, on Friday, conceiving it useless to remain longer searching for those who it was hoped might have escaped with their lives, the master of the *Eleanor* made sail and came to anchor in Portsmouth roads, on Saturday, at ten o'clock, A. M."

"Poor boy—poor boy!—poor creatures! Ah, poor Emily!" Counsellor Darcey sat perfectly still, as if paralyzed, the newspaper still resting on his knees, his breakfast unheeded, repeating in parrot-like manner these and similar exclamations. Suddenly a faint gleam of hope enlivened his features. He raised the newspaper again to re-peruse the paragraph.

"It may not have been the *Mozambique*, after all," he said. "The paragraph says a large vessel resembling the *Mozambique*. All Company's ships are much alike, and three have sailed for India within the fortnight. The wind has hung at the southwest, too. None of them could have more than got clear of the channel."

This faint, and it must be confessed, somewhat selfish hope—for, like most people in such circum-

stances, Mr. Darcey thought more of the one life of his young ward and favorite, than of those of the whole three ships' crews and passengers besides—was soon dashed to the ground, for lower down in the same column, he read the following *addendum*:

"It is ascertained that the *Indiaman* seen on fire, and seen afterward to explode, by the master and crew of the *Eleanor*, and supposed to have been the *Mozambique*, as recorded above, was indeed that magnificent vessel. Late on Saturday, the pilot-boat *Skimmer* of the Seas came into Portsmouth, and reports having picked up several pieces of charred and floating wreck, among them a washboard and a ship's fire-bucket, having the words '*Mozambique of London*' painted thereon. The crew of the pilot-boat fell in with no boats or rafts from the burnt vessel, though she was cruising near and over the ground for twenty-four hours, and the reflection of the flames and the noise of the explosion were seen and heard on board. We fear it is too true that every soul on board the ill-fated *Indiaman* has perished."

Again Mr. Darcey dropped the paper on his knee and repeated to himself: "How shocking!" Then he began to consider how best to act.

"I am to start by the mail for A—," he soliloquized, "at ten, P. M. To-night is Carry's party, and I have promised to attend. It seems a cruel mockery to allow the party to proceed under these terrible circumstances, for every grown person and child who will be there knows poor Edward S—. I have no mind to go, and yet it is better that I should. They won't hear the news to-night, but to-morrow it will be in the A— Semi-weekly Journal, which the G—s take. Poor little Emily! should she chance to come upon it suddenly, it will kill her instantly—she'll drop as if she were shot! I know her well. O dear! O dear! what a shocking thing! Still, there is hope. There is always hope until the certainty is known. Boats have been known to put off from burning vessels, and have not been seen or heard of for a week. Of course, they'd get as far from the burning ship as possible, anticipating the explosion. Had I best go down and hint the possibility of an accident quietly to Emily—choosing my time, and by degrees—and after assuring her that there may be hope, tell her all? Or is it best to leave her to find it out herself? The first plan is the better of the two, though I don't like the task; but, as I have said, if she sees it suddenly, without previous preparation, it will kill her, poor child! Perhaps they may have already heard of it, though that's not likely. I'll go at any rate. Dear me, dear me, how shocking! 'In the midst of life we are in death.' 'Man that is born

of woman hath but a short time to live.' 'Though the wicked flourish like a green bay tree, he is cut down'—no that's not it—besides, Edward wasn't wicked, as human nature goes."

And thus soliloquizing, intermingling somewhat garbled, but what he considered appropriate texts of scripture, the good natured but somewhat eccentric counsellor rang for his servant, and retiring to his dressing-room, commenced to make preparations for his sad journey—his anticipated pleasure turned to anxiety and pain.

All was gaiety and pleasing enjoyment at the seat of Patrick G——, Esq., near the city of A——, county Armagh, when Counsellor Darcey, who had alighted from the stage at a cross-road, half a mile from the dwelling, entered the house. Many of the young folks had already arrived, some of the youngest accompanied by nursery-maids, and every few minutes a fresh carriage stopped at the gate of the park, and discharged a happy juvenile band. Invitations had been issued to sixty children, and, as many were accompanied by their parents, these, with the nurses and other guests, raised the number to considerably over a hundred. Every conceivable plan had been adopted to provide for the entertainment of the juveniles, both in and out of doors. Swings had been erected in the park; ball-alleys had been formed; kites, hoops, bats and balls, leaping-poles—in fact, everything that could be thought of, had been provided in profusion. Chinese lanterns were suspended from the trees, to be lighted at night; a miniature stage had been erected and scenery hired for the occasion, from the theatre at A——. Nothing that it was thought would afford pleasure and variety of entertainment to the children was wanting, while indoors a large hall had been prepared for dancing, and a band of music hired. There was also a large room appropriated for the display of a huge magic-lantern, the exhibition of which was to close the festival; and, as many of the children had never seen a magic-lantern, this spectacle was looked forward to with a kind of awful curiosity.

The supper tables were abundantly supplied with dainties and fruits of every description and amply garlanded with flowers. Such a juvenile entertainment had never been heard of in the neighborhood before, and the grown folks were almost as much excited as the little ones. The park had the appearance of a fair-ground. Servants were bustling about in all directions, and amidst them were seen Mrs. G—— and Emily, as busy as bees, issuing orders and superintending the various preparations going forward.

Counsellor Darcey was very fond of children, and at another time he would have entered heart and soul into the spirit of the thing. Now all these preparations for pleasure only increased his anxiety and sadness, and yet he thought it advisable, for the present, to disguise his apprehensions and heart-burnings. He was speedily pressed, with Mr. G—— and other gentlemen, into the ladies' service, and sad as he was at heart, was soon as busy as those around him.

"Ah," he sighed, "as yet they have heard nothing, poor creatures! Poor Emily, little does she anticipate the sad tidings in store for her! But I will not spoil the party. 'Sufficient for the hour is the evil thereof.' I will say nothing till I speak to Emily alone, at night."

Emily had grieved sorely over the departure of her lover, and scarcely an hour had passed that she had not "consulted her oracle," as she called it; slipping away to her own room to look at Edward's portrait on each occasion, with a kind of feverish apprehension lest she should find the smile had faded away from the well-formed lips. For though she laughed at the superstition, and knew it was folly, she really had attached an involuntary importance to Edward's playful remark. Have we not all of us been as foolish at one time or other of our lives?

But the portrait had smiled as cheerfully and lovingly as ever, and now to-day she was so busy that her cheerfulness had returned, and perhaps for the first time since Edward had left, she had, for a few moments at a time forgotten him. The counsellor sighed bitterly as he watched her flitting to and fro, stopping now and then for a few moments to greet some new arrival, or to caress some little favorite, and thought how soon her renewed cheerfulness would be changed into sorrow and distress, if, indeed, nothing worse occurred. If Edward had really perished, he feared the worst! The entertainments began. The air resounded with the joyous shouts and the merry laughter of the children. Each distinct amusement was brought into requisition by one party or another, and before dark the tea-table was spread upon the lawn, and all partook of the good fare provided for them. Then the Chinese lanterns were lighted, and the house was lit up at the same time. Those who chose to remain out of doors, amused themselves there; those who preferred dancing or indoor amusements adjourned into the house, and soon some scores of little feet were keeping time to the music of the band, while the older folks, unable to resist the temptation, formed sets of quadrilles, or polkaed among themselves. Even the counsellor found himself compelled to dance with Emily, in

order to conceal his low spirits, which had already caused much comment. As yet he had not been able to raise his courage sufficiently to hint anything to his young favorite, though he had more than once advanced towards her with that intention, but the words he intended to utter stuck in his throat. His was, perhaps, the only heavy heart in that large and happy assemblage.

And now the crowning entertainment of the evening, the exhibition of the magic-lantern, was to take place. The room was darkened, with the sole exception of the smallest possible jet of gas. The darkness increased the mystery, and even added to the terror felt by some of the younger children. A large sheet on which to reflect the figures, was drawn across the farther end of the apartment, and chairs and forms were closely ranged, for all who desired to witness the performance to seat themselves upon.

While these preparations were being made, Emily, for the first time since morning, stole up stairs, in order to have a peep at Edward's portrait. Her conscience seemed to reproach her for having allowed anything to cause her to forget, even for a few hours, him, whom her imagination pictured as battling with continuous storms and tempests, and all sorts of perils—the more terrible because she was so perfectly ignorant of the sea and all belonging to it, save what she had learned by reading, or had heard from Edward—and without any intention of alarming her, Edward, like most sailors, old or young, when called upon to relate his experience on the salt sea-wave, had been prone to tell stories of old ocean in its wrath and might, rather than in its more smiling moods, and, perhaps, in order to add to the dramatic effect, and increase the wonder of his auditors, to "draw the long bow," and indulge somewhat in exaggeration.

The visage of the hearty, handsome, blue-eyed, curly-haired sailor, gaily attired in the uniform of the Honorable East India Company's marine, looked happy and smiling as ever, and after pressing her lips to it, Emily restored it to its hiding-place, and returned to her company. Her short absence had, however, been remarked, and as her engagement to Edward, and her possession of his daguerreotype was no secret, she was rallied upon the cause of her leaving the room.

Reserved and retiring as she was by nature, she was not one to be ashamed of her love, or to pretend indifference, coyness or prudery, when once she had given her heart into her lover's keeping, and with a charming blush, which made her look truly beautiful, she confessed to the object of her visit. As I have said, nearly every one present had known Edward &—, though a good many

of the grown people who had come from a distance, had not seen the young man since he entered the company's service.

A desire was expressed to see the portrait, and Emily readily consenting, brought it down stairs, and with a mixture of diffidence and pride, exhibited it to her friends. Most recognized the features, all admired the portrait—and while a group of persons were still looking at it, the whole party were summoned to see the magic-lantern. The fears of the younger children soon gave way to loud mirth, as one after another, the grotesque, highly-colored figures were passed in review across the white sheet which served for a disc. Mr. Darcey had watched an opportunity to seat himself by the side of Emily, quite in the rear of the rest of the company, for he could not find it in his heart to witness the color fly from her cheek, and at the least, anxiety and alarm take the place of her innocent joyousness; yet, time was passing away apace. The morrow would bring the dreaded newspaper, and with it the shock which the counsellor wished to deaden, and at the same time inspire the poor girl with hope that Edward had escaped in one of the boats and was safe, and would soon be heard from, or perhaps would return to his home. He knew nothing of Emily's singular presentiment of evil, or he would have found the difficulty of his position enhanced. As it was, there was no time to lose; the company would soon disperse; so he, somewhat coward-like, chose the darkness of the room, and the abstraction of the host and guests, to give her the hint he desired.

The young man to whom the magic-lantern belonged, had exhausted most of his more comic figures and scenes, and he now requested the musicians to play soft music, and as the strains arose, an expanse of ocean beneath a bright blue sky appeared on the disc, and presently a ship was seen with all sail set, gliding gracefully over the blue water. Then the music changed to harsh, discordant strains—for a moment there was a blank, and then appeared another ship, dismasted and with torn sails, tossed madly to and fro on the stormy billows, while overhead the lightning flashed—and the music gave forth sounds in imitation of squalls of wind, rain and thunder. Emily trembled and shuddered as she gazed. Mr. Darcey noticed her alarm, and forbore as yet to speak.

Again there was a blank, and the next moment, to the accompaniment of a mournful wail from the music, there passed slowly across the disc a scene representing a portion of rocky sea-coast. The heavens were again bright, the sun shining, and the sea calm; but close to the

rocks lay portions of wreck, and on the sandy beach, partially immersed in the water, were seen the bodies of drowned men, their pale faces upturned to the bright sky.

"O, this is horrible!" exclaimed Emily, with a shudder.

"It is but a fancy picture," said Mr. Darcey. "Shipwrecks are rare, and the sea in low latitudes is more often calm, and the sky bright, as in the first scene, than stormy and canopied by clouds."

"Now prepare—prepare—prepare to see a ghost," said the young man, in charge of the magic-lantern. Some of the children uttered screams, more of affected than real terror, and others laughed and bade the ghost "Come on."

A ludicrous scene representing a parcel of country bumpkins flying in terror from one of their comrades, who had wrapped himself in a sheet, and had hoisted above his head a huge scooped turnip, into which a candle had been stuck, which reflected on the face of the turnip the outlines of human features, passed across the disc. The laughter was loud and long—there was little of the terrible in this ghostly exhibition. Emily laughed with the rest, and Mr. Darcey took this opportunity of speaking to her in relation to the subject which had been uppermost in his mind all day.

"Would you be very much frightened, Miss Emily," he commenced, "if you were to hear something which might sound to you like bad news?"

Her alarm took the turn he anticipated immediately. She seized his arm, and in a tone of piteous terror, cried out:

"O, Mr. Darcey, you would speak of Edward! Ah, that scene!—the storm, the shipwreck, the drowned men! Edward has been wrecked. Tell me—tell me all! I felt, I knew that evil was hovering over us!"

"You are mistaken, dear Emily," said the counsellor. "I do not know that harm has happened to Edward, and—and—there are other dangers to be met with at sea, besides shipwreck."

"O, tell me—tell me—he is drowned—he is dead—tell me! Do not—O do not keep me in suspense!" cried the agonized girl.

"I have not said—I do not know that Edward has suffered harm," replied Mr. Darcey. "To be sure, an accident is reported, but—"

"Prepare—prepare to see a second ghost," cried the young man, who guided the magic-lantern, assuming a sepulchral tone of voice.

Mr. Darcey was hesitating how, after all, he should hint to Emily the possibility of accident having happened to her lover, and at the same time inspire her with hope, when the outlines of

a gigantic human head began to show themselves on the disc, gradually becoming more distinct, till the ghastly, pallid features were clearly visible. A sense of terror affected all who gazed upon it. And now, as it appeared perfectly distinct, Carry gave utterance to a scream, and said:

"O, it is Edward—it is Edward!"

Others immediately recognized the features, Mr. Darcey among the rest. The head was larger than life; it was of gigantic size. The complexion was pale as marble, and the features were slightly distorted, but they were unmistakably those of Edward S—.

Counsellor Darcey said afterwards, that at that moment he felt assured in his own mind that Edward had really perished, although he could not account for the strange apparition on the disc. But there was other matter to call the attention of all from the mummery of the magic-lantern. On seeing the terrific figure which represented the features of her lover, pale and distorted in the agonies of death, immediately after Mr. Darcey had uttered his warning words, Emily had arisen from her seat, and stood for a moment erect and rigid as a statue. Then, with a fearful shriek which long rung in the ears of those who heard it, she fell senseless, lifeless to the floor. All was confusion and consternation. The lights were turned on, and sympathizing spectators gathered around the lifeless form of the poor girl, who was lifted from the floor and carried to a sofa. The young man who had conducted the magic-lantern, came forward with the rest.

"I am very, very sorry," he said. "I meant no harm. It was intended as a joke. I did not anticipate this. I thought to amuse, and perhaps for a moment to terrify the company by exhibiting the reflection of Edward S—'s daguerreotype on the disc. I took it up unperceived, and placed it in the slide of the lantern—I never expected this."

His explanations were, however, unheeded. All were too busy in endeavoring to resuscitate the unfortunate Emily. But their endeavors were useless. She lay rigid and motionless—a slight palpitation of the heart alone told that she was not dead. The lately happy party dispersed, all save one or two intimate friends, and two physicians, who were among the guests. All through the night Emily lay in this condition, showing no signs of returning animation.

In the morning the expected newspaper came and brought the intelligence of the burning and explosion of the *Indiaman*, but long before that Mr. Darcey had told the sorrowful story, and though the cause of the strange apparition was



known to have been the unpardonable practical joking of a comparative stranger, all who heard the story were fully impressed with the belief that the young sailor had perished.

Throughout the day Emily lay in the same condition. The physicians shook their heads and said that the poor girl's nerves had received such a shock that her vital system was destroyed. It was not likely that she would ever recover. The distress of her parents may be conceived; but the counsellor, much as he loved and pitied her, thought secretly that it was perhaps all for the best. If she awoke to consciousness and heard the intelligence of the loss of the Indian-man, he was satisfied that a relapse would occur, and death ensue.

So passed the dismal day, but just at nightfall a carriage drove up the avenue and stopped at the door. There came a ring at the bell. The door was opened by a servant, and the next moment all present in the room where Emily lay, started at the appearance of what they believed to be Edward's ghost. But it was no ghost, it was the young man himself! He had escaped in one of the boats from the burning ship, with most of the passengers and crew. As a matter involving their own safety, they had got as quickly as they could, as far as possible from the burning wreck, anticipating the explosion. The wind and current had carried them over toward the French coast, and two days elapsed ere they were able to make a port in the British Channel. Fearing the effect of the intelligence on Emily, Edward had immediately started for Ireland, but he only arrived to find her whom he loved dearer than life, already, as it were, in the cold embrace of death. His own feelings I dare not attempt to describe. I leave this to the imagination of my readers. He stood, too much agonized with grief to shed a tear, over the couch of the unconscious girl, who since the fatal shock had not shown the faintest sign of returning animation. Only once, as he held her cold hand, he raised his voice in a wail of intense grief and called her by name. To the surprise of every one, she opened her eyes, and recognizing her lover, smiled with an expression of ineffable joy.

"Emily!" he cried again—"Emily, speak, love—speak, my own darling. Say that you know me—that you will recover for my sake!"

The lips of the dying girl moved tremulously, but for some moments no words were audible. Edward bent his head and placed his ear close to her lips. Then he heard her murmur:

"Edward, dearest, my love, my husband, you did not expect me so soon, but I could not live on earth without you."

The lips ceased to move. There was a slight convulsive tremor of the frame, and the spirit of the loving girl passed away to Him who gave it! Then Edward gave full vent to the long-suppressed grief which was consuming him, and throwing himself upon the bosom of the pale corpse, beautiful in death, he wept long and loud, tears of the bitterest anguish!

From that hour he was a changed man, his once high spirits had departed forever. He quitted the Honorable Company's service, and took up his abode on his estate, contiguous to that of Mr. G——. But he avoided all society, and appeared to have retained no feelings in common with his fellow-men. Day after day he might have been seen, in all weather, lingering for hours in moody silence, over the tomb of his betrothed in A—— churchyard.

At length this life of inactivity became insupportable, and the death he really prayed for would not come. At this period, Sir John Franklin was on the eve of sailing on his last fatal expedition to the Arctic seas. Edward subscribed liberally to the expenses of the expedition, and sought and obtained an appointment as a volunteer officer in the *Erebus*, commanded by the gallant and lamented Sir John Franklin in person.

The expedition sailed, and long ere now the unhappy youth has found the death he craved for in the dreary region of eternal frost, with the rest of the noble band of heroes who perished in the performance of their duties, uncheered by the applause of their fellow-men—dying slowly of starvation one by one, with none to whisper hope or comfort—their corpses left to bleach uninterred, on the spot where they fell to earth and breathed their last breath, their only solace the consciousness that they had died doing their duty to the last! Let us hope, if disembodied spirits are permitted in another world to recognize those whom they loved on earth, that Edward and Emily have met to part no more.

The other day I saw the name of the young sailor honorably mentioned in Captain McClintock's narrative. It recalled the facts I have narrated to my memory, and that is the reason why I have written this touching story.

#### THE DEATH-BED.

We watched her breathing through the night,  
Her breathing soft and low,  
As in her breast the waves of life  
Kept heaving to and fro.

Our very hopes belied our fears,  
Our fears our hopes belied;  
We thought her dying when she slept,  
And sleeping when she died.—Hæc.

[ORIGINAL.]

## THE CHIEFTAIN'S DAUGHTER.

BY MARY PERCIVAL.

A youthful Indian maiden strayed  
In a lone forest wild;  
And there in nature's solitude  
Her darker hours beguiled.

For sorrow o'er her lonely path  
Its darkened shadows flung;  
And in a sweet and plaintive tone,  
Her own wild lay she sung:

"My father has to battle gone,  
And left me weeping here;  
Alas, no tender mother's voice  
Is heard my grief to cheer!

"But the Great Spirit will protect  
And guide my orphan child!"  
'Twas thus he spoke, in mournful tones,  
And accents sweetly mild.

"I decked him with his wampum belt,  
And wrought his moccasins, too;  
While many a day his boat lay moored  
Within the still bayou.

"He lingered but to bless his child—  
The dearest tie on earth;  
What most could soothe or charm him here  
Was my own childish mirth.

"In hope and fear I bade adieu  
To thee, my darling friend;  
And ever in my daily prayer  
Thy name shall sweetly blend.

"And when thy wanderings all are o'er,  
Thou 'lt seek, with faithful love,  
The image of thy dark-eyed queen,  
Who dwells in realms above."

[ORIGINAL.]

## THE BROKEN WILL.

BY MARY A. KEABLES.

JAMES ROBBINS was old, and dying. Even the rich must lay aside their costly velvet, leave their urgent business, close their eyes upon their merchandize, their broad lands, their yellow gold, and yield to the grim messenger, willing or unwilling. Squire Robbins had found little time to relieve the poor, attend the sick, read his Bible; too busy had he been earning and laying up riches upon earth, but he was obliged to find time to die.

Not that he was miserly or ungenerous; far from it, he was esteemed kind enough in his hurried business way—but he was dying now, so the neighbors said, and shook their heads, while

the physician hinted to him the necessity of his making his will, and the clergyman warned him to make his peace with Heaven.

The family of Squire Robbins consisted of himself and two children, a son of twenty-five, and a daughter perhaps twenty-one years of age, his wife having been dead many years. These two children were in the room when the physician warned the old man he had but a few more hours to live. The son gazed coldly and carelessly from the window, and tapped his foot restlessly upon the velvet carpet, while the daughter busied her face in her hands and wept.

"Don't play the hypocrite, Em," said Harvey Robbins, turning to his sister with a lowering cloud upon his brow, and in a voice perfectly audible to the dying man—then adding in a lower tone, "If you'd tell the truth, you'd say you are as glad as I, that—"

"What, Harvey?" and the girl's clear earnest eyes were raised wonderingly, questioningly, to the young man's face.

"Glad of what?" she repeated, for her brother hesitated.

"That we shall soon be our own master and mistress, since you are so dull to understand; that we will be at liberty to go and come, when we please; and more than all that we shall have the pleasure of spending that which the old man has been so long laying up for our especial use, this many years."

"O, Harvey!"

There was genuine sorrow, anguish, in the girl's voice.

"O, Harvey, to talk so of our poor dear father."

"Might as well say it, as to think it," muttered Harvey Robbins, doggedly.

"But you surely—surely do not think such a thing as that?" questioned Emily, the tears starting afresh down her cheeks.

"O, you're very innocent, Lady Em!" sneered the young man, "you know your fingers ache as well as mine to get possession of the old man's property, only you are too hypocritical to tell the blunt, unpolished truth as I do!"

"You are unkind, Harvey," replied the sister, sadly, again burying her face in her hands. "God judges between us. He knows you have misjudged me."

"Humph!"

Harvey Robbins yawned, and then arose and left the room; the physician gave a few directions to Emily, and then followed the young man down stairs; the two met in a small private apartment on the first floor. Harvey Robbins, after bidding the physician be seated, locked the door, produced two cigars, gave one to Dr. Ryan,

and hit the other himself, gave two or three whiffs, and then said, in a low and guarded voice:

"What do you think, doctor?"

"That he cannot possibly last but a few hours, until midnight I should say at the furthest, and this is—let me see—two o'clock, P. M.?"

"Yes," replied the young man, consulting his gold repeater.

"Has your father made his will?" asked the physician, a little anxiously.

"Yes."

"When?"

"This forenoon at half-past ten, I put him off as long as I could, but—"

"What?"

"He sent unknown to me for an attorney and witnesses, and made the will in spite of my teeth."

"He did?"

"Yes."

"Do you know how it stands—in whose favor it is made?" questioned the physician, twisting uneasily in his chair.

"No."

"You're a fool, Harvey Robbins," hissed the other from between his shut teeth, "you'll slip out of your rightful property after all, and then—"

"Then what?"

"Where will be the five thousand I am to receive?"

"Perhaps you can guess as well as I," replied the young man, carelessly.

"You are insulting!" said Dr. Ryan, his face crimsoning; "for the part I have taken in this transaction, I was to receive five thousand dollars."

"I have not disputed it—but if I lose, of course you will. Of course you will, doctor, and all you can do will be either to extricate me from the difficulty, and thereby ensure yourself the reward I promised you, or—"

"What?"

"I shall find means to accomplish my ends without you, and I shall pay you nothing, not a red copper, Dr. Ryan!"

"You would fear to defraud me in that manner, Harvey Robbins," returned the other, growing pale with rage.

"Fear?" questioned the young man, snapping his fingers—"fear, Dr. Ryan, not *that*, you are far more in *my* power than *I* in *yours*!"

For a few moments neither spoke, the physician bowed his head upon his folded hands in thought. Harvey Robbins puffed away at his cigar, perfectly cool and unconcerned; finally the former said in a conciliatory tone:

"Then what do you purpose to do?"

"What I do is my own business, Dr. Ryan."

"O, certainly—certainly."

"You may come in to-morrow morning at nine o'clock. I shall have breakfasted by that time, and then no doubt I shall be prepared to plan a little with you—till then, good afternoon, Dr. Ryan," and the young man opened the door, and bowed the physician from the room.

Harvey Robbins closed the door, and paced slowly up and down the elegant room, with a lowering brow, and a cold, cruel look in his eyes—"Dr. Ryan was right," he said, "I was a fool." Then he went up to the room where his father lay dying. Emily sat near him holding one wrinkled hand in one of her own, and with the other she smoothed the gray damp hair back from the furrowed brow.

"Let me come here, Em," said Harvey, touching his sister upon the shoulder. "I wish you'd go away a few minutes, I want to talk with the old man alone."

"Can I do anything for you, father?" asked the girl, stooping and kissing the white lips of the sufferer.

"Only a sip of water, Emily."

A glass of that cooling and refreshing beverage was held to his lips by the same hand that had smoothed his pillow, and supplied his wants during his entire sickness; for Emily had allowed no stranger to perform these acts of kindness for her sick parent, *love* could so much better suggest and carry out. For more than a week, night and day, this devoted girl had watched over her dying father, regardless of her own weariness—forgetful that her own health was far from good, and that she was growing very pale, and weak, from the constant confinement.

"I have a few words to say to you, father," said the young man, after his sister had left the room; "a few questions to ask you."

The sick man pressed his hands over his eyes, and waited for his son to continue.

"You made your will to-day?"

"Yes," replied the old man, faintly.

"May I ask in whose favor?"

A sudden flush of animation passed over the pale shrunken face, and there was strength and energy in the voice that replied:

"You have been an undutiful son to me, Harvey Robbins; you have brought my gray hairs down to the grave in sorrow; in return for all my kindness to you, you have requited me by disobedience and disrespect, and not one acre of my broad lands, not an eagle of my gold, not the slightest hold on this old homestead will you ever possess. I do not fear to tell you this, Har-

vey Robbins, take the dollar the law allows you, and buy a rope to hang yourself, I care not!"

The old man sank back upon his pillow exhausted.

"And you have made your will to that effect?" asked the son, his black serpent-like eyes glowing and scintillating, his voice hard and cold in its tone. "You have made a will to that effect? Who then, may I ask, is to be your heir or heiress?"

"I might question your right to ask this, Harvey Robbins—but I will tell you; your sister Emily, but for whose tender care I should have lacked for every comfort, *she* is my heiress—and I do not fear to tell you so."

"And I do not fear to tell you such a will can never stand," replied Harvey, a dark, wicked smile illuminating his countenance. "I shall break that will, miserable, old man—I swear it to you—"

"You will?" cried Squire Robbins, energetically, "you will? dare to tell me that again, and I will curse you, bone, blood, sinew; curse you, body and soul, for time, and for eternity!"

For a moment the young man stood irresolute; he did not reply, and the dying man continued:

"The will *shall* stand! dare to break it after I am dead, and as I hope for heaven, I will haunt you until your dying day! I will give you misery and anguish of mind and body, day and night—I will make your friends your enemies—your own kindred shall turn from you. I will haunt your dreams, your waking nights—beware, Harvey Robbins, beware!"

"And I dare your power!" cried the young man, scornfully. "The dead cannot affect the living, change your will or destroy it, or by the powers that be—"

"Then be the curse upon your own head, Harvey Robbins, a curse upon your life, your riches, your dearest hopes—a father's dying curse it is, take it, you have called it down upon your own head!"

*That night Squire Robbins died.*

The next morning Dr. Ryan called according to agreement, and was closeted with Harvey Robbins for an hour in private consultation. At the close of the conference the former departed with a look of satisfied determination; the latter sought his sister whom he found in her dressing-room, and addressed her with more of brotherly tenderness in his tone than he had used for many years.

"I am sorry to see you looking so sad and ill, Em."

The poor girl was indeed looking weary and wan; there were dark heavy semi-circles beneath

her eyes—eyes that were large and unnaturally bright, while her face was very pale, except the spot of crimson that glowed in the centre of either cheek. To her brother's greeting, she replied with a sad smile, and made room for him on the sofa by her side.

"I have been talking with Dr. Ryan," began the young man at length, looking searchingly into the girl's innocent face with his wicked black eyes.

"Have you?" replied the sister, abstractedly.

"Yes—shall I tell you what he said in regard to father's illness?"

"What was it, Harvey?"

"You know Dr. Ryan graduated from one of the first medical colleges at the east?" queried Harvey Robbins, noting closely the expression of the girl's countenance as he spoke.

"Yes."

"Is a skillful practitioner?"

"Termed such, I believe."

"With an experience of some five years?" pursued Harvey, watching his sister's every expression.

"Well?"

"You were satisfied everything was done for our dear father that could be done, Em?" asked the young man, his great black eyes still gazing intently into the girl's face.

"What do you mean, Harvey?" And Emily Robbins worked her hands together uneasily.

"Simply this, Em, that I want to know if you have perfect confidence in Dr. Ryan?"

"Why, yes, of course I have; but what makes you ask, Harvey?"

"Simply this; that Dr. Ryan has informed me of something I had not guessed before, something that at first quite startled me. He did not give me the English name of the disease which he discovered had affected our father, and as I am unacquainted with Latin, I cannot give the name he did. Enough, Em, that if he had lived, he would have been a maniac the rest of his life."

"How very dreadful!" shuddered the girl.

"Yes, indeed. He informed me also that this disease has been working in his system for months, perhaps years, and that he has not been in his right mind, that is to say perfectly sane, during his entire illness."

"And why does he think so?" asked Emily, raising her brown, earnest eyes to her brother's sober face.

"I'm sure I don't know; I never studied medicine, Em, you are aware, and come to think of it, don't you think father appeared rather out of his right mind before he died, especially the last few days?"

"Perhaps he did. Some of the time he talked very curious," said Emily, meditatively.

"Yes, I recollect he did—very strange in fact. Don't you think so, Em?"

"Come to think of it, I don't know but that he did."

"He said a great many things calculated to injure the feelings of the neighbors. Once in particular I remember—you were not in the room, I believe—he fairly ordered some visitors from the apartment. I felt very badly, of course, but what could I do?" said Harvey, falsely.

"Did he really—poor father?" sighed Emily, tears filling her eyes.

"And considering all this, I have thought it would be as well for it to be understood he was out of his right mind during his recent illness, as that was of course the case, and it will save the feelings of a great many whom he almost insulted, for no one could be heartless enough to bear ill-will towards an insane man—you understand, dear Em?"

"Yes."

"And it would be as well for you to mention it while speaking of his illness to any one, that he was delirious most of the time, for as Dr. Ryan says that was the case, of course it must have been."

Emily was a good, kind-hearted girl, and she took but a surface view of things. She did not dream that beneath her brother's words there lay a deep, cunning design in the end to destroy her. She only understood the meaning of her brother's words, not the motive which prompted them.

In due time, the funeral of Squire Robbins took place. It was a grand affair, for neither trouble nor expense were spared upon the occasion, and the overwhelming sorrow of the two young mourners, Harvey Robbins in particular, was noted by those who were present.

"What filial affection!" said the neighbors to each other.

"What an affecting scene—a son weeping so bitterly over a father's remains!" remarked the clergyman.

Harvey Robbins played his part well. Even his sister was a stranger to the extent of his hypocrisy; and yet, as the young man gazed down into the dead face for the last time, had as he was, conscience whispered reprovingly, and his father's curse sounded in his ears like a prophecy, "I will haunt you until your dying day! You shall have misery of mind and of body, both day and night, a curse that will be upon your life, your riches, your dearest hopes—a father's dying curse, Harvey Robbins; you have called it upon your own head!"

It is not necessary for the development of our story that we should minutely describe the days intervening between the funeral of Squire Robbins and the reading of the will, in due time, in open court. Enough to say that the validity of the will of the deceased was contested on the ground of the insanity of Squire Robbins during his illness, to which Dr. Ryan gave in his medical testimony, and as it was not disputed after a formal trial, the will was pronounced null, and the property was equally divided between Harvey Robbins and his sister Emily.

With the curse of a dying father ringing in his ears, the young man rejoiced in his good fortune, as he termed it, and in his secret heart set about a new plan, by which he hoped to come in possession of not only *half* but *the whole* of his father's property. And now follows the strangest part of our story:

One evening Dr. Ryan and Harvey Robbins were closeted in private consultation—the former came at dusk, and did not leave until after eleven o'clock, P. M.

The next morning at breakfast, Emily did not appear. Mrs. Elmer the housekeeper, fearing she was ill, sought her room, but found it vacant, but a note was upon the table, sealed and directed to any one who might desire to read it. And thus the note ran:

"When you read this note I shall be no more. Ever since my father's death an uncontrollable melancholy has been stealing over me, and my existence has become a burden. I am tired of living, and I seek rest in that long sleep that knows no awakening. Farewell.

"EMILY ROBBINS."

Of course the whole neighborhood was aroused, and started out upon a search for the unhappy girl, dead or alive. Mrs. Elmer testified that she had noticed Emily had of late appeared greatly depressed, and that she feared her grief had or soon would overpower her reason, and she believed that had been the case. She said also that she appeared rather more cheerful than usual the evening before her disappearance, that she chatted pleasantly with her brother and Dr. Ryan at the tea-table, at eight o'clock, P. M., retired to her room at nine, complaining of feeling slightly indisposed; that she (the housekeeper) retired to rest between nine and ten o'clock, and slept soundly until five A. M. This was all she knew concerning the subject.

Harvey appeared overwhelmed with grief at the loss of his sister, offered a large reward for the recovery of her remains, if she had indeed committed self-destruction, and himself headed a large company of neighbors, who sought for the unhappy girl.

A bonnet was recognized as belonging to Emily Robbins, a light scarf, and a glove with her name marked in it, and a small shawl she had often been seen to wear, were found upon the bank of a narrow, rapid river, a mile or so distant from the Robbins mansion. The river was dragged, but the body of the girl was not found. The general impression was, that in a fit of melancholy she had committed suicide by throwing herself into the river, and after a time the search was given up, and otherwise than as a very sad circumstance the affair was forgotten. The Robbins estate lay some mile or mile and a half from the village of Glenvale—a pretty little village, by the way. The mansion was of dry limestone, two stories high, surrounded by grounds artistically laid out, and the broad meadow lands, fine orchard and fields of waving grain, excited the envy of farmers for miles around. Harvey superintended the management of the farm, and had expressed his determination never to see the old homestead sold; but soon after his sister's mysterious disappearance, he changed his mind, and declaring that he had lost all taste for farming, wished to sell out or lease the place for a number of years, as he desired to travel for some length of time. A purchaser or tenant, however, to suit the young man did not offer himself, and Harvey, although he appeared to be settling into a morbid melancholy, did not find an opportunity of seeking a change of place and scenery, as he evidently wished to do. It was in harvesting time, and he was needed to overlook the work and direct the hands. Harvey Robbins grew pale and nervous; he was evidently laboring under some kind of mental depression, but what, could not be guessed, unless it were the loss of his father and sister. Some said that insanity was hereditary in the family, that his father had died insane—his sister in a fit of madness had ended her own life, and that Harvey would no doubt sooner or later become a raving maniac.

A year had scarcely elapsed since the decease of Squire Robbins, and the curse was beginning its work! Harvey Robbins grew paler as the cool months advanced. His black eyes had a wild, strange gleam in them, and he could not be induced to be out after dark under any circumstance whatever. The least noise frightened him—he started at his own shadow—at the reflection of his face in the mirror, and in his sleep he would groan and cry out in such a manner as to alarm the housekeeper and servants, whose rooms were on the same floor with his own. The cause of Harvey Robbins's strange conduct was attributed to his affliction at the loss of his

father and sister, and when questioned in regard to his unusual actions, he would shiver, turn pale, and give no answer whatever.

"Did you hear anything—any unusual noise last night in the hall, Mrs. Elmer?" he asked of the housekeeper, one morning.

"La, no," replied the old lady, "did you?"

Harvey did not reply, only turned a shade paler, and arose to leave the room, when a servant met him and informed him that Dr. Ryan was in the parlor and wished to see him. This was the first time Harvey had met his friend the physician since his sister's mysterious disappearance, for Dr. Ryan had been absent from the village. He gasped rather than said, as they met:

"You back again, Ryan?"

"Yes."

"For what? I thought never to have beheld your face again—but it is well enough."

Harvey Robbins locked the door, and then drew a chair close to Dr. Robbins's side.

"Tell me all about it," he said.

"About what? Talk plainly, so I can understand you."

"About Emily," whispered the young man, grasping Dr. Ryan's arm and gazing earnestly into his face.

"She is dead."

"You swear this to me, Ryan?"

The physician turned uneasily from his interrogator—"Why do you ask?"

"Do you swear to me she is dead? Answer me!"

"Yes."

Harvey Robbins's face grew very white. "The property is all mine now," he said.

"Except the portion you are to pay to me; that is what I have come to you for. Give me what you owe me, and I'll never trouble you again."

"How much is it, Ryan?"

"The little sum of a thousand or so, I believe. But you are looking miserable enough with all your property, Harvey."

"Yes, hang it! I'll tell you the truth of it, doctor, I'm under a curse—the curse of a dead father, and it crushes me down day and night. I don't believe there is peace for me again in this world, and most surely none in the next."

"And why?"

Harvey Robbins arose from his chair, went to the door, opened it, saw that there were no listeners, closed and locked it again. Then he paced the room several times with his hands pressed upon his forehead, groaned heavily once or twice, and then resumed his seat.

"I'll tell you all about it, doctor," he said, at

length, removing his hands from his face, and speaking in a low, hurried, and excited manner. "Perhaps I shall feel better to tell some one, than keep all hidden in my own heart. Ryan, I shall die if there is not a change soon. *I am haunted to death!*"

It was the young man's manner and tone, more than his words, that checked the sneering laugh Dr. Ryan was about giving utterance to.

"How?"

"Every way. It commenced the very night after I had commenced the contestation of the old man's will. You remember the night perhaps; it was dark and stormy, the worst night of the season, in fact. You remember it, Ryan?"

"Perhaps I do—yes, I attended old Harmon Locker—disease of the lungs. I remember the night because of its blackness. But go on, Harvey."

"Well, you remember it. Let me see where I was. O yes, I recollect now—I was saying the night was very stormy—I was in my room alone, and I could not sleep, though I was in bed, for I kept thinking, thinking of the old man's curse, and how he had threatened to haunt me till the latest day of my life, if I ever contested that will. So I could not sleep, and there I lay listening to the winds, and the sleet as it dashed against the windows, and to the old clock in the hall—for, in spite of the storm, I could hear its "tick, tick," as plain as I can hear it now if I listen. I heard the old clock strike ten. An hour afterwards—it seemed an age—it sounded eleven. I arose from the bed, lit a candle and tried to read. Failing in this, I walked the floor for a while, then blew out the light and threw myself upon the bed. Then I arose again and lit the candle. The darkness seemed to oppress me, to choke, or suffocate me—I must have light. Again the clock struck. I counted every stroke and there were *thirteen!* I heard every one distinctly."

"You are sure?"

"Yes, I am sure. Then I listened, and by-and-by I heard a tramp, tramp, tramp, and a noise that sounded like the clanking of a heavy chain upon the stairs. Nearer and nearer it came, and finally stopped directly in front of my chamber door. I heard it."

"All imagination," said Dr. Ryan, insolently.

"No, it was *not* imagination. Do you take me for a fool, Ryan? I tell you it was not imagination. I heard the clock and the tramp just as plain as I ever heard anything in my life. I lay and listened until I heard it stop in front of my chamber; then there came a thundering

knock at my door; that seemed to jar the whole house; then I heard the clanking of the chain again, and—"

"What?"

"I did not believe in ghostly visitations, but somehow I thought of Marley's ghost, and almost expected to see a wierd, airy, transparent spirit come in through the keyhole; but after a moment's reflection, I regained my courage, sprang from my bed and dashed out into the hall. Nothing was to be seen—all was still and quiet. I went down stairs and looked at the clock. The time was ten minutes past twelve! The outer door was locked, and everything as usual. I went back to my room, threw myself upon my bed, and then again I heard in the hall the tramping and the clanking. I tell you, Ryan, it was terrible!"

Harvey Robbins shuddered.

"That was the beginning, but not the end. I tell you, Ryan, since then I have not enjoyed one night of undisturbed sleep. Sometimes I awake with a sensation of choking, or suffocation; at other times I see lights dancing across the room in the midnight darkness. I hear steps about my chamber—steps sometimes too heavy, and then too light for a mortal. In the daytime I seem to see faces, white, dead ones, just like the old man's as it looked in the coffin—such faces peep over my shoulder, and I hear strange voices whenever I am alone. I have not had one hour of peace and happiness—not one. I am, I have been ever since that will was broken—haunted!"

Harvey Robbins concluded with a shudder.

"I have not told you all," continued the young man. "Since the disappearance of Emily I have been more tormented than ever; I have dreamed of her, and waking, I have heard her voice as plainly as I hear my own. Last night—" Harvey Robbins paused.

"What of last night?" questioned Dr. Ryan.

"Last night I heard steps all along the hall, up stairs and then down, up stairs and down. I could not sleep—how could I? And then, in the darkness I heard my door open; then I felt rather than heard something moving about the room; then I had a consciousness of a cold hand passing over my face—ah, so cold, so icy cold—then, I do believe I fainted, for, for a long time I knew no more. When I did return to my senses, the clock struck three, and it could not have been more than eleven when it came first. How long I lay shivering with terror after I half awoke to consciousness, I cannot tell. The moonlight streamed in at the window, and there, where I could see perfectly distinctly,

stood—*Emily!*—ah, so white—so very deathly white, her sad eyes looking straight into my face—O, Ryan, it was no dream, and you say she is dead!”

For a moment the young man paused, buried his face in his hands, and then groaned aloud; then he arose from his chair and paced the room several times hurriedly, excitedly; finally he went to the mantel-shelf, bowed his head upon it over his folded hands, and said, in a voice hoarse and tremulous:

“Yes, I saw her!”

Dr. Ryan was not unmoved during the young man’s recital; his face rapidly changed its expression and color, and his foot tapped the carpet nervously.

“And what then?” he asked, after waiting a time for Harvey to continue his narrative.

The young man shuddered.

“You do not believe in spiritual manifestations,” he said at length.

“And what if I do not?”

“Then I need not tell you any more; I have said too much already. Forget what I have said, Ryan—forget it. I am nearly wild—but I heard her voice as plain as you hear mine now—‘Murderer! murderer! my father’s murderer!’ Yes, I heard her say that, and her dead eyes looked into mine—so cold and stony—and then she left the room, and all the rest of the night I lay and trembled and trembled— But what ails you, Ryan?”

The young physician was paling and trembling.

“Nothing.”

“Yes there is—but listen! did you hear nothing? I thought I detected a step in the entry.” And Harvey Robbins arose and opening the door, glanced out into the hall; but seeing no one, he returned and resumed the conversation.

“How did Emily die?” he asked, hoarsely.

Dr. Ryan turned from his interrogator.

“I must go,” he said. “There is a little account between us, I believe. The night I performed that last matter of business for you, I was promised—”

Before Dr. Ryan had time to conclude his sentence, steps were heard in the hall, and the next moment the door was burst open and a sheriff, accompanied by several other men, entered the room, followed by Mrs. Elmer the housekeeper. The two young men turned pale, and tremblingly attempted to escape; but this they were prevented from doing, and were arrested in due form for the murder of Squire Robbins.

Driven to desperation, Harvey Robbins made

a full confession; and Dr. Ryan, seeing that concealment was useless, did the same. They were both afterwards convicted upon their own evidence, and sentenced to the penitentiary.

It seems that Harvey Robbins, disliking the restraint of his father’s presence, and coveting the possession of his broad lands and yellow gold, had bribed Dr. Ryan to administer poison to his father in such a manner as to excite no suspicions, and afterwards to swear in court to his father’s insanity at the time of making his will. Afterwards, wishing to possess the whole of the Robbins estate, Harvey Robbins employed his confederate to despatch Emily. He himself drugged her tea the night of her disappearance, wrote the note which purported to have been from the unhappy girl, and assisted Dr. Ryan to convey her, in her insensibility, from her room to the physician’s carriage which was in waiting.

The plan was to consign her to the cold waters in her unconsciousness; but Dr. Ryan, having been smitten with the charms of the young girl, conceived the idea of sparing her life and reserving her for a fate far worse than death.

In a fit of drunken insanity, one day, Dr. Ryan revealed his intentions in regard to herself, and the part taken by himself and her brother in her father’s death, to the poor girl, who took the first opportunity presented and escaped from her captor.

It was the night before the arrest of the young men that she arrived at her native village, and it was Emily Robbins in the body, rather than in the spirit, who visited Harvey as he himself related. Making herself known to the housekeeper, she remained secreted, wishing to wait for the coming of Dr. Ryan, as she doubted not he would sooner or later. She is married now, and is the mother of several blooming children, and leads a happy life in the old family mansion.

As for Dr. Ryan, he is still an inmate of the penitentiary—his term of years not half expired—but it is of Harvey Robbins we would speak in conclusion:

“I saw him,” said a friend, speaking to me one day, “I saw him as I was passing through the prison—a wild-eyed, pale, emaciated-looking being—pointed out to me by the keeper as one tormented by some great mental suffering. He said that this man would pace his cell almost distractedly nights, scarcely ever sleeping, and when he did, crying out as if in the most acute bodily misery, and remarked that he had often thought him a more fit subject for a lunatic asylum, than a State prison.”

There is more I have heard of Harvey Rob-



bins—that he died, a short time since, in the greatest physical and mental anguish, crying out:

“Haunted! haunted! a dead father’s curse has been visited upon me! It crushes me even now, down, down, DOWN!”

We may add that all the mysterious and ghostly visitations experienced by Harvey Robbins, before the arrest, were easily accounted for from natural causes, viz., the trickery of a juvenile servant in the family. Yet many there are who to this day believe the old house to be haunted, and relate to wondering listeners, in a more marvellous but less truthful manner than ours, the story of the *dead man’s curse*.

#### —♦♦♦— DON’T FRET.

This is a world of ups and downs, of crosses and contradictions. Every day turns up something to disturb the equanimity of one’s temper. But it is worse than useless to fret. Fretting is like a caustic applied to a sore. It inflames but never cures. A fretful spirit is never happy, and it drives happiness from all other spirits with which it comes in contact. We say, then, if the world goes wrong, and it does that pretty often, don’t fret. If a man cheats, and then laughs at you for a verdant one, make the best of it and keep cool. Fretting will only make a bad thing worse. If you break your leg, or find your favorite seat at the lyceum occupied; if the stage upsets, or the cars leave you behind; if the cook spoils your dinner, or the thick-headed servant mis-delivers an important message; if “the dear image of its beautiful mother” repays your caresses by thrusting its tiny fingers into your plate of soup and wiping them on your “snow-white” shirt bosom; if banks fail and States repudiate, keep your temper. Repeat the alphabet, read the one hundred and nineteenth psalm, do and say anything, “lovely and of good report,” but as you value quietness of mind and the good temper of others, don’t fret. It is marvellous how much good nature and patience will do towards curing the ills to which flesh and spirit are heirs.—*Salem Observer*.

#### —♦♦♦— THE COST OF AN ARGUMENT.

Sheridan had been driving out three or four hours in a hackney coach, when, seeing Richardson pass, he hailed him and made him get in. He instantly contrived to introduce a topic upon which Richardson (who was the very soul of disputatiousness) always differed with him; and at last, affecting to be mortified at R.’s arguments, said:

“You are really too bad; I cannot bear to listen to such things—I will not stay in the same coach with you,” and accordingly got down and left him.

Richardson halloed out triumphantly after him: “Ah, you’re beat, you’re beat!” nor was it till the heat of his victory had a little cooled, that he found out he was left in the lurch to pay for Sheridan’s three hours’ coaching.—*Moore’s Diary*.

#### NEVER DO TOO MUCH AT A TIME.

Sir Edward Bulwer Lytton, in a lecture recently delivered, gave the following history of his literary habits:—Many persons seeing me so much engaged in active life, and as much about the world as if I had never been a student, have said to me, “When do you get time to write all your books? How on earth do you contrive to do so much work?” I shall surprise you by the answer I make. The answer is this: “I contrive to do so much by never doing too much at a time. A man, to get through work well, must not overwork himself, for, if he do too much to-day, the re-action of fatigue will come, and he will be obliged to do too little to-morrow. Now, since I began really and earnestly to study, which was not till I had left college, and was actually in the world, I may perhaps say I have gone through as large a course of general reading as most men of my time. I have travelled much, and I have seen much; I have mixed much in politics, and the various business of life; and, in addition to all this, I have published somewhere about sixty volumes, some upon subjects requiring much research. And what time, do you think, as a general rule, I have devoted to study—to reading and writing? Not more than three hours a day; and, when Parliament is sitting, not always that. But then, during those hours, I have given my whole attention to what I was about.”—*London Examiner*.

#### —♦♦♦— WOULDN’T KNOW IT.

A certain Sunday school teacher was, in the practice of taking up a collection in his juvenile class for missionary objects every Sunday; and his box received scores of pennies which might otherwise have found their way to the drawers of the confectioner and toyman. He was not a little surprised, however, one Sunday, to find a bank-bill crushed in among the weight of copper. He was not long in finding it to be of a broken bank; and on asking the class who put it there, the donor was soon pointed out to him by his classmates, who had seen him deposit it, and thought it a very benevolent gift. “Didn’t you know that this bill was good for nothing?” said the teacher. “Yes,” answered the boy. “Then what did you put it in the box for?” “I didn’t s’pose the little heathen would know the difference, and so it would be just as good for them.”—*Knickerbocker*.

#### —♦♦♦— ANALYSIS OF WINE.

A chemist of New York, by a recent analysis, found a bottle of champagne to contain one quarter of an ounce of sugar of lead, and in sixteen samples of so-called Port, Sherry and Madeira wines, was found everything but grape juice. The following astonishing receipt for making port wine, is taken from an English book: “To 12 galls. of port add 6 galls. of rectified spirit, 3 galls. of brandy, 42 galls. of firm rough cider, and red sanderswood or budbear to color the mixture.”

#### —♦♦♦— CONSCIENCE.

Better be with the dead,  
Whom we, to gain our place, have sent to peace,  
Than on the torture of the mind to lie  
In restless ecstasy.

SHAKESPEARE.

## The florist.

Now the bright morning star, day's harbinger,  
Comes dancing from the east, and leads with her  
The flowery May, who from her green lap throws  
The yellow cowslip and the pale primrose.—MILTON.

### How to succeed with the Rose.

To succeed well with this flower the ground should be trenched two feet deep, and enriched with good manure. For the finer sorts of perpetuals six or eight inches of small stones may be advantageously thrown into the bottom of the bed, to drain off the surplus moisture. Without such drainage the plants will not grow and bloom satisfactorily, and, unless the soil is naturally quite dry, they will die in winter. During the growing season the ground should be kept loose and free from weeds; and in dry weather an occasional watering of soap-suds, or weak guano-water, will have a beneficial effect. In the fall the beds should be covered with several inches of manure, to serve as a winter protection for the roots, and for the enrichment of the soil; the manure may be forked into the ground in the spring.

### The Sensitive Plant.

There is no annual which we cultivate that excites so lively an interest as the *mirabilis sensitiva*. The peculiarity of the plant consists in its shrinking up or drooping at the touch, or even if blown on with the breath, which is the more singular, as the gentle winds of heaven have no effect. By light touches with a small stick each leaflet will close, independent of the rest; a harder touch will cause all the leaves and footstalk together, or in succession, to close up and droop as if dead, and so on, of the whole plant. The cause of this singular property has never been discovered. It is one of the mysteries of the vegetable kingdom. It is perfectly easy to raise.

### Dahlias.

It may well be said that the subjects connected with the garden are inexhaustible, like the notes in music—different combinations are as fresh as they would have been before the millions of tunes now extant were composed. So it is with flowers, every season produces some novelty. A few years back, and in the recollection of many, the dahlia was introduced—a single flower, of velvet-like texture, with only half a dozen petals. For years we had no double ones of any color. But when they, among a succession of seedlings, began to give now and then a species of double flower, by saving seeds from them we were not long without perfectly double, full flowers. There are now any number of beautiful blossoms.

### Erysimum.

Hedge Mustard. Most of the kinds are weedy plants, generally biennials, and seldom grown in gardens. One species, *E. Perofskianum*, is an annual, with dark orange flowers, and since 1838, when it was first introduced, has become a favorite from its beauty. These plants grow best in sandy peat, mixed with a little loam. They are quite hardy, and very showy.

### To save frozen House-Plants.

When plants are found to have been frozen during the night, they should not be removed to a warm place, but on the contrary, they should be dipped in cold water, and set in some cool place where they will not freeze, and also in the dark. They will then have a chance to recover, if not completely dead.

### Flower-Plants in Pots.

Many persons find it more difficult to keep their pot-plants in summer than in winter. And the principal cause of this is, allowing the soil in the pots to become too dry before they are watered, owing to the sun striking against the sides of the pots and scorching the roots; for when they are injured by drought, their roots usually decay on the application of water. When a plant appears sickly, it should be taken out of the pot, and its roots examined, and all that are decayed should be cut off; the plant should then be re-potted in fresh soil, and kept a little moist, but not too wet, and, if not much injured, it will soon recover. When plants are kept too wet, or in too damp a situation, worms are apt to get at their roots and injure them. If the plants are small, they may be taken out, and the worms picked out of them, and the plants replaced. If the plants are too large to permit that, the worms may be got out with lime water, applying it two or three times, in a clean state.

### The Tuberose.

The tuberose has long whitish green leaves, with the flower stem from four to five feet high, terminating in a sparse spike of white flowers of a very powerful fragrance. The double kind only should be grown, as the single, though equally fragrant, is not near so beautiful.

"The tuberose, with her silver light,  
That in the gardens of Malay  
Is called the mistress of the night,  
So like a bride, scented and bright,  
She comes out when the sun's away."

### Pansies.

The qualities of a good pansy are size, roundness, thickness of the petal, evenness of edges and color. Prepare ground by the middle of June—select deep moist soil if possible. Put on six inches cow manure and three inches of sand, dig deep, and incorporate these dressings thoroughly with the soil. Then plant one foot apart. After planted draw up sand round each plant in the form of a saucer. This, and frequent waterings with mild liquid manure will ensure good pansies.

### Diosma.

Cape shrubs, with hair-like roots, which require to be grown in pots in a greenhouse, or in a room, in sandy peat, well drained and frequently watered. They have a very peculiar smell, which some persons like, and which remains on the gloves or any article of dress which may have touched the plant for a long time. The Hottentot belles are said to use it as a perfume. The plants have heath-like leaves, and small but pretty flowers; they are propagated by cuttings, which root freely in sand under glass.

### Flower-Stems.

Flower-stems should always be cut with a knife, and never with scissors, as the tubes will not draw up the water, if they are bruised and lacerated, and partly closed. Two or three drops of camphor in every ounce of milk-warm water, will often restore faded flowers, as it does a fainting person.

### Francoa.

Handsome plants, most of which may be treated either as annuals or perennials, and may always be raised from the seed. They are nearly hardy, and will grow in any common garden soil. *F. remota*, with white flowers, is generally kept in the greenhouse, and will not admit of being treated as an annual.

## Curious Matters.

### Curious Fire.

The coach carrying the mail from Lock Haven to Tyrone, Huntingdon county, Pennsylvania, recently took fire between Lock Haven and Bellefonte, and was entirely consumed, together with the mails and the baggage belonging to the passengers. The accident occurred through the negligence of one of the passengers throwing a lighted match into the straw in the bottom of the coach. In an instant everything was enveloped in flames. It was with difficulty that the passengers escaped from the stage unhurt—and to make matters worse, the horses took fright and ran. Before they could be stopped the coach was so much burned that neither mails nor baggage could be saved. It was fortunate that no ladies were on board, as they could not have been rescued, the flames spread so rapidly. We doubt whether there is a similar accident on record.

### Rare Bird.

A beautiful bird known as the White Heron (*Ardea Canadensis*), was shot at or near the pond in West Brookfield, recently. They are common on Long Island, and are called by the gamers, "White Pike." They frequent the salt marshes, mud-flats and sand-bars, in search of crabs, lizards and worms—which, with aquatic plants, furnish their subsistence. They usually visit Massachusetts late in the spring or in the summer. Wilson found them breeding among the branches of the red cedars of Somers Beach, on the coast of Cape May, some trees having three or four nests, built of sticks, each containing three eggs, of a pale, greenish-blue color, being an inch and three-fourths in length, and deemed a table luxury. The bird migrates to the South in September.

### A queer Character.

A grocer woman died recently in Glasgow, Scotland, at the age of eighty-one, who left a fortune of £28,000, collected from earnings from a small shop which she had rented for about forty years. She was never married, and studiously avoided paring with a single farthing that she could avoid. She bequeathed the sum in £4 annuities to destitute people of good moral character, who are natives of, and have lived in, the Gorbals parish of Glasgow forty years, and who have attained the age of 65 years. As the parish is small, but few claimants can exist. She left nothing to any of her relations.

### Singular Discovery.

The California papers notice the discovery of the fossil remains of a large sized whale, in Santa Cruz, in that State. It was found embedded in chalk rock, about 12 feet below the surface. The upper strata of chalk is covered with soil varying from one to two feet in thickness. No part of the whale, except the vertebrae, retains its original shape, it having become so identified with the surrounding rock as to be almost indistinguishable. Some portions of the vertebrae, however, are in quite a good state of preservation.

### Wonderful Dexterity.

The Albany Journal says that Hezekiah Dubois, who is about eighteen years of age, and now confined in the penitentiary, makes daily forty-three pairs of brogans with apparent ease. The person who saw him on the bench at work, says "that he appeared to blow the pegs from his mouth into the shoe, and never made a miss while he was looking at him."

### Awful Alternative.

The last will of a queer old miser, who has just died, is much talked of at Vienna. He cut off all his nearest relatives, and made a very distant one, an extremely handsome young girl, sole heiress of his considerable property. So far there is nothing extraordinary; but there is a condition added to it. The testator was a hunchback, and had a club-foot, which defects probably had obstructed many attempts of his to marry. He has made it, therefore, a condition, *sine qua non*, that the heiress is to get the property only when she marries a man shaped as he was. She is, besides, to live in a convent three months in each year, to pray for his soul. The heirs-at-law have attacked this odd last will, on the plea that when it was made the testator must evidently have been mad. As there is, however, no equity jurisdiction in Austria, they may find their task not an easy one.

### Curious Formation.

In a limestone quarry, in Scotland, a cave comparatively uniform in breadth, but very irregular in height, has been brought to notice, the chief objects of interest being the stalactites which cover the sides and roof, some of them in shapes which arrest the attention of the spectator. One has the form of a human skull, another bears an exact semblance to a horse's jaw-bone, while a little further on one is struck by the appearance of a complete set of organ-pipes. In other places the sides and roof look as if they had been carved by some sculptor of remarkable skill but erratic genius; and as the visitor proceeds this changes, and on looking up the place resembles an arched passage richly hung with drapery. The explorations so far have only extended some forty or fifty yards.

### A curious Case.

The reporter of the Memphis Avalanche was present, recently, at the disinterment of the body of a young lady, who had been buried more than five years. The body was enclosed in a metallic case, which, when opened, revealed the following singular phenomena:—The body was in an excellent state of preservation—the hair, particularly, was very lifelike; and, what was more astonishing, a full-blown camellia japonica, which some affectionate hand had twined in the tresses of the hair, was remarkably fresh looking—the leaves retaining their soft, greenish hue to perfection.

### Strange Accident.

At Buffalo a Mr. Lohouse and his wife had been away from home during the day. On their return they found the house full of gas, which had escaped in some way. Mr. L., without suspecting danger, lighted a match, and a terrific explosion instantly occurred, blowing out the windows in the building and shattering it in a serious manner, and even blowing out the windows in buildings across the street. Mr. Lohouse was badly injured, though not fatally. The explosion made a report like heavy artillery, and startled the whole city.

### Singular Incident.

A daughter of Mr. Meredith, who resides near Ludlow, England, recently met her death from the following incident:—Returning from Ludlow, and finding her lip much chapped from the wind, she applied some tallow to it, which is supposed to have contained some poisonous matter, or fat that had been much decomposed. Her lip shortly afterward began to swell, and increased every day for a week, when she expired in the greatest agony.

### Remarkable Incident.

A curious circumstance occurred on a Central Railroad freight train. The train was drawn by the locomotive "Ledyard," W. W. Rogers, engineer. About four miles west of Batavia, while the train was running at good speed, suddenly a crash occurred forward, and the head light was extinguished. After the first surprise subsided, Mr. R. directed his fireman to go and re-light the lamp, but subsequently concluded to wait till he arrived at Alden, for fear an accident might occur to the man. On reaching the latter place, a wild pigeon was found inside the lantern, dying. It had a broken wing, and was otherwise injured. The glass in front, three-sixteenths of an inch in thickness, had a hole broken through it just large enough to allow the bird to enter; and the appearance of the aperture was similar to that usually made when a rifle ball is shot through glass. It is supposed that the train encountered a flock of pigeons, and that one of them, dazzled by the powerful light of the head lamp, dashed at it, and was caught as above related.

### A Dog's Tale.

A Mr. Esler, of the Johnson Reef, Australia, recently went overland to Adelaide, taking with him his brother's dog. On arriving the dog appeared ill at ease; he determined to see if he would return, and accordingly wrote a letter to his brother, and wrapping it up, tied it to the dog's neck, which then started. A letter was then posted to the brother, which read as follows:—"Dear brother—Arrived here safely. For further particulars see dog." This was, of course, perfectly unintelligible to him; but the day after receiving the letter, the dog arrived with his "further particulars" round his neck. After his journey of six hundred miles he did not appear much fatigued, but seemed overjoyed at regaining his own town again.

### An eccentric Will.

A curious will case has just been decided after a long trial in the Superior Court at Norwich, Ct. The will of Stiles Park, disposing of property amounting to \$34,000, contained a provision that none of the money should be applied in any manner whatever, directly or indirectly, to the support or for the benefit of any religious teacher, society, church or denomination, on condition of reverting the property to the Retreat for the Insane, in Hartford, for the support of the insane poor. The validity of the will was sustained.

### An ancient Watch.

Mr. Solomon True, of Freeport, Me., has a watch and chain which have been in the possession of his family for two hundred and five years. The watch is silver-cased, with a silver face, and appears to have been manufactured by "Robbins, London." There is a watch-paper inside the case of "Joseph Lovis, Watchmaker, at the sign of the Gold Watch, Fish Street, Portland." Lovis probably repaired the watch the last time it had anything done to it. It is an antique-looking thing, and a high price has been refused for it.

### Old Wedding-Cake.

The Elmira Press says there is an elderly lady residing in that place, who has in her possession the remains of a piece of her own wedding-cake, which she has preserved for *over forty years!* It is wrapped in the same piece of paper that was put around it to "dream by" on the night of her wedding. There is also some writing on it, but its age has so obliterated it, that its chirography is scarcely perceptible.

### The Shirt-Tree.

The accounts of travellers have made us well acquainted with the "bread-tree," but it remained for the indefatigable Humboldt to discover, in the wilds of South America, a tree which produces ready-made shirts. We copy this account of this tree:—"We saw on the slope of the Cerra Duida," says M. Humboldt, "shirt trees fifty feet high. The Indians cut off cylindrical pieces two feet in diameter, from which they peel the red and fibrous bark, without making any longitudinal incision. The bark affords them a sort of garment, which resembles sacks of a very coarse texture, and without a seam. The upper opening serves for the head, and two lateral holes are cut to admit the arms. The natives wear three shirts of marins in the rainy season; they have the form of the ponchos and ruanoes of cotton which are so common in New Granada, at Quito, and in Peru."

### A Gipsy Queen.

A tribe of gipseys, numbering between three and four hundred, was lately encamped at Forest Grove, near Cleveland. The Herald says:—"This is the tribe, the death of whose king, Stanley, has attracted so much notice. Lady Stanley, wife of the late king, is a superb looking woman. She is tall and majestic in appearance, with regular and really beautiful features, and converses fluently in half a dozen different languages. She is with the tribe lately encamped at Forest Grove, as are also her sisters, two dark-eyed gipsy beauties. The appointments of the tribe are extensive, embracing some fifty horses, a large number of baggage-wagons, tents, etc."

### The oldest Belgian Book.

A book connected with the history of Arras was lately sold by auction at Cologne. It is the treaty concluded at Arras on the 8th of April, 1483, by which Charles VIII. repairs part of the disasters inflicted on the Artesian capital by the violence of Louis XI. This treaty, which is found in all diplomatic collections, and has been published many times, was sold on the present occasion for 480 francs. It consists of twelve pages only, but is valuable as being the first book printed at Ghent. The book hitherto supposed to be the first was published in September, 1488; but that now disposed of, as appears from a note on the back, appeared in April of that year.

### Yellow Bees.

At the last meeting of the British Apian Society, Mr. Tegetmeier, the honorable secretary, stated that the *apis ligustica*, or yellow Ligurian bee, had been recently introduced with success into England, and also into Germany and America. It is regarded as a more valuable species than the ordinary honey-bee (*apis mellifica*). It is singular that a species that has been known and preferred since the time of Virgil, who, in the fourth book of the Georgics, described the best bees of a golden color, should only recently have been diffused over Europe.

### An eccentric Character.

The Marquis de la Cousseaye, who died lately at his villa, near Paris, bequeathed a sum of fifty thousand francs to the commune of Enghien upon trust, to pay the interest thereof to some well-conducted girl for her marriage portion—but upon this condition, that the maiden to be annually elected shall, in the month of May, place a garland upon the testator's tomb with one hand while she receives her fortune with the other.

## The Housewife.

### To stew a Breast of Veal.

Cut it in pieces, and put it into a pot with a bunch of sweet herbs, a small piece of bacon, a little mace, and a few black peppercorns, salt, and one or two onions, and as much water as will cover it; let it stew well over a slow fire; boil some peas and lettuce by themselves, and, when the veal is stewed enough, strain the liquor from it, and put it into a stewpan with part of the liquor, the peas, lettuce and a piece of butter, and let them stew again; thicken with the yolks of two or three eggs and a little flour.

### Victoria Pudding.

Pound two ounces of orange-peel with one of bitter almonds. Put it on the fire in a brass pan with an English pint of sweet milk; stir till it boils five minutes. Pour through a fine drainer, add half a pint of cream, stir occasionally till nearly cold. Have a quarter of a pound of ground white sugar beat up with six eggs. Mix all together. Butter and ornament a mould with raisins, pour in the pudding, steam two hours. Serve with a custard and sweetmeats round it.

### Snow Pudding.

Dissolve half of a small package of gelatine in half a pint of water; add a pound of ground white sugar, the juice of four lemons, and the whites of two eggs. Beat all up till very light and spongy, then pour into a mould. When wanted, turn into a crystal dish, and serve with a custard round it made of the yolks of two eggs.

### South Carolina Johnny Cake.

Half a pint of boiled rice or hominy, two eggs, one table-spoonful of butter, a little salt, flour enough to make a stiff batter; spread on an oaken board, and bake before a hot fire; when nicely baked on one side, turn, and bake the other; cut through the centre, and butter well. It pays for the trouble.

### For removing Mildew and Iron-Mould.

When the clothes are washed and ready to boil, pin a few leaves of the common Jamestown weed on the moulded part, and boil as usual. If the article is badly mildewed, throw a handful of leaves in the bottom of the kettle; lay the soiled part next to them. When rinsed, they will be clear from defect.

### Bakers' Yeast.

Boil two ounces of hops one hour in nine quarts of water; take seven pounds of mashed potatoes, when the liquor is milk-warm, and add one pound of sugar, two ounces of carbonate of soda, half an ounce of spirits of wine, one pound of flour; and half a pint of brewers' yeast to work it.

### Soda Biscuits.

One pound of flour, half a pound of sugar, quarter of a pound of butter, a little carbonate of soda, one gill of new milk or two eggs. Mix well; then roll out until it is about half an inch thick, and cut with a tin into small cakes. Bake in a quick oven.

### Method of fixing French Pastry.

This pastry is fixed by white of egg. A veil is formed over the whole by white of egg and white sugar boiled briskly, stirred when it has boiled, and poured over while in a froth.

### Yule Cake.

Take one pound of fresh butter, one pound of sugar, one pound and a half of flour, two pounds of currants, a glass of brandy, one pound of sweetmeats, two ounces of sweet almonds, ten eggs, a quarter of an ounce of allspice, and a quarter of an ounce of cinnamon. Melt the butter to a cream, and put in the sugar. Stir it till quite light, adding the allspice and pounded cinnamon; in a quarter of an hour take the yolks of the eggs, and work them two or three at a time; and the whites of the same must by this time be beaten into a strong snow, quite ready to work in. As the paste must not stand to chill the butter, or it will be heavy, work in the whites gradually, then add the orange-peel, lemon and citron, cut in fine strips, and the currants, which must be mixed in well with the sweet almonds; then add the sifted flour and the glass of brandy. Bake this cake in a tin hoop in a hot oven for three hours, and put twelve sheets of paper under it, to keep it from burning.

### Luncheon Cake.

Take of white flour, one pound; bi-carbonate of soda, two drachms; sugar, three ounces; butter, three ounces; sour buttermilk, half a pint, or ten ounces. Mix as above, and bake in a quick oven, in a tin, one hour. Or, one pound of flour, half a pound of butter, half a pound of moist sugar, half a pound of currants or raisins, three eggs, half a pint of warm milk, one spoonful of carbonate of soda; rub in the butter well with the flour and sugar, add currants and soda, then the eggs and milk, well mixed; bake it two hours in a slow oven. This is a very good receipt, and the cakes keep fresh and nice for a fortnight.

### Beef Collops.

Take some beef that is tender and free from skin, cut it into small thin pieces, hack it with a knife; then butter a stewpan, and put in as much beef as will cover the pan, with a little onion, some cucumber cut small, and salt and pepper; put it over a quick fire, and give it two or three tosses about; two or three minutes will do them; add a little flour, butter and water to the stewpan, after taking the collops out, to make your gravy. Garnish, if approved, with pickles.

### To make Orange Pudding.

Put six ounces of fresh butter and eight ounces of lump sugar, pounded, in a mortar. Then grate in the rind of a Seville orange; beat the whole well together, and as you do this, gradually add eight eggs, well beaten and strained. Scrape a hard apple, and mix it with the other ingredients. Put paste at the bottom of the dish, put in the mixture, and then put over it cross-bars of paste. Half an hour will be sufficient to bake it.

### Snow Pudding.

Dissolve half of a sixpenny package of gelatine in half a pint of water; add a pound of ground white sugar, the juice of four lemons, and the whites of two eggs. Beat all up till very light and spongy, then pour into a mould. When wanted, turn into a crystal dish, and serve with a custard round it made of the yolks of the eggs.

### Blanc-Mange.

Boil one ounce and a half of isinglass, the thin rind of a lemon, and some loaf sugar in a quart of good new milk, stirring it frequently till the isinglass is all dissolved; cleanse it through a piece of muslin, and when nearly cold, add half a pint of sherry and brandy.

**Whipped Syllabubs.**

Stir gently one pint of scalded cream the same way until it becomes smooth and thick, but not to let it curdle; then add, while stirring, four ounces of loaf sugar rolled and sifted, the grated rind of one lemon and the juice of two, two glasses of sherry wine, and, finally, the whites of three eggs beaten to a high froth with a small pine whisk. Fill your glasses, and having left some syllabub in your bowl to raise the requisite froth for the tops of your filled glasses, begin and whisk it well, taking off every bubble as it rises with a teaspoon, placing it on the glass, and continuing to raise a pyramid of bubbles on each till enough to complete the light appearance. Syllabubs should always be made the day before they are to be eaten, and form a very pretty addition to the supper table.

**Apple Custard.**

Peel, cut and core a dozen large apples, which put into an earthen-lined saucepan, with a small teaspoonful of cold water; as they heat bruise to a pulp, sweeten with moist sugar to taste, and grate amongst it the peel of one lemon; when cold, press the fruit hard into a pie dish, and pour over it a pint of thick custard made with the best part of the core, a pint of new milk, four eggs well beaten, yolks and whites together, and two ounces of loaf sugar to sweeten; place the dish in a moderate oven, and bake from twenty minutes to half an hour, according to the size. This is a most delicious and sweet dish.

**Arrowroot Pudding.**

Take two tablespoonfuls of arrowroot and two quarts of fresh milk; mix the arrowroot with a small portion of the milk, and when the remaining part of the milk has boiled, add it to the former; when nearly cold, add the yolks of three eggs well beaten, three ounces of sugar, two ounces of butter, and a little grated nutmeg. Stir the ingredients well together, turn them into a buttered dish, and bake for a quarter of an hour.

**To cook Shad.**

With iron the shad should never come in contact. A piece of planed plank, two feet long and one foot wide, with a skewer to impale the fish upon it, are all the culinary implements required. A fire of glowing coals, in front of which the shad is placed, gives you a shad cooked as shad should be. Apicius himself could desire nothing more delicious.

**German Method of keeping Cucumbers.**

Pare and slice (as for table), sprinkle well with salt, in which leave the cucumbers twenty-four hours; strain the liquor well off, and pack in jars, a thick layer of cucumber and then salt alternately; tie close, and when wanted for use take out the quantity required. Rinse in fresh water, and dress as usual, pepper, vinegar, etc.

**To make Cream.**

Beat up two eggs with a tablespoonful of cold milk; have ready half a pint of milk boiling hot, to be poured gradually on the eggs, stirring all the time; pour backwards and forwards in the saucepan. If not sufficiently thickened, place on the fire for a moment, but be careful it does not boil, or it will curdle and be spoiled.

**Rock Cakes.**

Beat well two eggs, and then add one pound of crushed lump sugar, and let it stand for an hour; then add nine ounces of flour and a few drops of the essence of almonds. Bake in a slow oven.

**Tipsey Cake.**

Cut a small savory cake in slices, put them into a basin, and pour some white wine and a little rum over. Let it soak for a few hours, put into a dish, and serve with some custard round. It may be decorated with a few blanched almonds, or whipped cream and fruit. Or it may be made with small sponge cakes, by soaking them in some white wine in which some currant jelly has been dissolved. Take twelve of them, stale. Soak them well, put them in a dish, cover them with jam or jelly, and thus make four layers, decorating the top with cut preserved fruit. Dish with custard or whipped cream around.

**Another Recipe.**

Pour a pint of marmala over a sponge cake, let it stand till thoroughly moistened. Blanch and cut in strips half an ounce of sweet almonds, stick them in the cake; lay round it some ratafias. Pour over the whole a custard, made as follows:—Boil in a pint of milk, with a bay-leaf, bit of cinnamon, and loaf sugar to taste. Mix a tablespoonful of ground rice in a teaspoonful of cold milk; beat in the yolks of three eggs; gradually mix it with the boiling milk; strain, and stir it over a clear fire till thick; it must not boil. When cold, add two tablespoonfuls of brandy, and pour over the cake.

**Rock Biscuits.**

Five yolks and two whites of eggs, beat half an hour with a wooden spoon; add one pound of lump sugar, bruised, not very fine, and beat with the eggs; then add one pound of flour and a few caraway seeds. Mix all well together. Put it with a fork on the tins, making it look as rough as possible. Bake them in a quick oven.

**To detect Copper in Pickles or Green Tea.**

Put a few leaves of the tea, or some of the pickle, cut small, into a phial with two or three drachms of liquid ammonia, diluted with one half the quantity of water. Shake the phial, when, if the most minute portion of copper be present, the liquid will assume a fine blue color.

**Stye on the Eyelid.**

Put a teaspoonful of black tea in a small bag; pour on it just enough boiling water to moisten it; then put it on the eye pretty warm. Keep it on all night, and in the morning the stye will most likely be gone; if not, a second application is sure to remove it.

**Cambridge Pudding.**

Two ounces of loaf-sugar pounded, two ounces of fine flour, two ounces of butter, the yolks of three eggs, the whites of two, and half a pint of new milk. Melt the butter in the milk, and mix the whole together. Put it in tencups, and bake half an hour. Serve with wine sauce.

**Receipt for Burns.**

Lay a thick plaster of soft soap on the burn; renew it constantly during half an hour, or a shorter time, until the heat is drawn out. It should be applied as soon as possible. The wound will heal in a few days.

**Block Biscuits.**

Half a pound of butter beaten up to a cream, half a pound of ground rice, three-quarters of a pound of flour, half a pound of loaf-sugar, four eggs, and a little sal volatile.

## Editor's Table.

MATURIN M. BALLOU, EDITOR AND PROPRIETOR.

### VOLUME TWELVE.

With the present number of *Ballou's Dollar Monthly*, we commence the *twelfth* volume of the work. Its continued and increasing popularity leaves us nothing to desire as it regards its success, but as our list of subscribers grows larger and larger each month, we strive by increased liberality and care to merit the extended patronage which the work has received. That it is valued even for preservation we know very well from the thousands of volumes which we are called upon to bind up for our patrons. We placed the rate of binding, per volume, at the low price of *thirty-eight cents*, because we desired to make it an object for our friends to preserve the Magazine. In renewing subscriptions for the Magazine, our patrons will please remember that we send *Ballou's Dollar Monthly* and *The Welcome Guest* (the largest weekly journal in the country), together, for \$2 50 a year.

**ACQUIRING WEALTH.**—Wealth is not acquired, as many persons suppose, by fortunate speculations and splendid enterprises, but by the daily practice of frugality and economy. He who relies upon these means will rarely be found destitute, and whosoever relies upon any other will generally become bankrupt.

**A FALSTAFF.**—An immoderate drinker of lager beer died lately in Baltimore, weighing 460 pounds. Ten years ago, he weighed but 150 pounds. It is probable that he tested his body's power of expansion to the utmost, and then expired like the frog in the fable, who sought to emulate the ox.

**TRUE CHARITY.**—All noble natures are hopeful. It is a remarkable fact, that the purest people are the most charitable people.

**WORK AND NO WORK.**—Where hard work kills ten, idleness kills a hundred men.

### OFFENSIVE MOTTO.

In an article in *Blackwood*, on the rejoicing which took place in celebration of the short peace concluded between England and France in 1800, the following characteristic anecdote occurs: In the evening London was illuminated, and looked as brilliant as lights and transparencies could make it. An odd incident during the day, however, showed of what tetchy materials a great populace is made. Otto, the French resident, in preparing his house for the illumination, had hung in its front a characteristic motto, in colored lamps, consisting of three words, "France, Concord, England." A party of sailors, who had rambled through the streets to see the preparations for the night, could not bring their tongues to relish this juxtaposition, which they read as if it were—"France *conquered* England." The mob gathered, and were of the same opinion. Jack began to talk loud, and to speak of the motto as a national insult. Fortunately, however, before the latter could proceed to breaking windows, or perhaps worse, some of the envoy's servants informed their master of the equivocal nature of his motto. The obnoxious word was changed accordingly, and the illumination in the evening (which was most splendid) displayed the motto, "France, Peace, England."

**THE WEED.**—The Emperor of Austria is not a member of the anti-tobacco society, for he is encouraging the cultivation of the weed in all of his provinces.

**EFFECT OF CONTROVERSY.**—People that change their religion from reading books of controversy, are not so much converted as outwitted.

**LOSS OF SWEETS.**—Several sugar estates in the valley of Trinidad, Cuba, have been burned over. Loss estimated at half a million.

**FAST WORK.**—In the California pony express, 1800 miles is passed over in ten days, through an unbroken country.

**BARNUM AT QUAKERDOM.**—It is said that Mr. Barnum will open a museum in Philadelphia next winter.

## COURT COSTUMES.

The subject of the dress of our American representatives at foreign courts, has recently been revived by a resolution of the United States Senate and a reply of the President transmitting an official correspondence relating to it. Prior to 1853, our ministers and other diplomatic agents were wont to comply with the customs of the courts to which they were accredited, and to wear the dress prescribed for official receptions—usually a sort of uniform coat, chapeau, sword, dress pumps with buckles, etc.; a costume, by the way, not a whit more dashing and extravagant than those worn by the fathers of our republic in the days of Washington. But on this side of the water a hue and cry was raised about the wearing of this uniform. It was called a "livery," an insult to free-born American citizens, a "degrading badge of servility," etc., etc.; and such was the popular feeling about this trivial matter, that the late Mr. Marcy, when Secretary of State, issued a somewhat famous circular, dated June 1, 1853, in which our foreign ministers, charges, secretaries of legation, etc., were recommended to appear at court "in the simple dress of an American citizen." It appears that this order was construed in various ways by our diplomatic servants abroad. Some continued the old official uniform; others strictly obeyed the circular, and clothed themselves in the deep black which is the popular garb of the American citizen, worn alike at bridal, funerals, Fourth of July and other festive occasions, while others again invented "stunning" costumes not known in any military or civil service. We know one gentleman who allowed himself to be presented at the French court (that was in Louis Philippe's time, and years before the circular) in a long-waisted black frock coat radiant with brass eagle buttons, yellow gauntlets, a cavalry sabre, a tall chapeau with a red artillery plume, aiguillettes, epaulettes and brass spurs. His only claim to any uniform, by the way, was that he had been chaplain to a militia regiment.

"The simple garb of an American citizen" strikes us as being too indefinite; for American citizens dress in a variety of ways, and as our diplomatic representatives come from all parts of the republic, if they followed local fashions, they would create, occasionally, no little astonishment in European courts. For instance, the "simple dress of an American citizen" who happens to be a California miner is a slouched hat, a red shirt, and India rubber boots reaching half way up his thighs. Mose of the Bowery, who thinks himself as good as the President, wears a red shirt, a white hat with a weed on it, trousers

tucked into his boots, and his coat thrown gracefully over the left arm. A fringed hunting-shirt, leggings and moccasins, are the habitual wear of many an American citizen. Other American citizens wear Panama hats, and luxuriate in cool, white linen coats and pantaloons. Other American citizens, again, are fond of pepper-and-salt coats, shawl-pattern waistcoats and checker-board peg-tops. But the usual full-dress suit worn by the gentlemen of our older Atlantic cities, and we presume that is the standard of diplomatic dress, happens to be, as Mr. Buchanan remarks, "exactly that of the upper court servants in England," so that the American minister at St. James's, if he follow the suggestions of the circular, would present precisely the same external appearance as her majesty's flunkies.

In our view, the outcry raised about our ministers abroad wearing a court dress, is "much ado about nothing." We are of opinion that a foreign sovereign has just as much a right to prescribe the costume of his visitors, as a private gentleman has to regulate the details of a party he gives. A protest against the attire usual at any court, and worn alike by all who appear at it, strikes us as absurdly snobbish. We think there are better ways of exhibiting American independence than by the cut and color of a coat, and the hue and form of a pair of pantaloons; and if a man's nationality is shown in every other way, let us not consider him an outlaw and a traitor, if he is willing to hold a chapeau under his arm, or wear a sword at his side, when it is usual for other gentlemen holding the same official position to do so.

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**A GENTLE HINT.**—Don't undertake to write skim-milk poetry when you feel a little disposed towards enthusiasm. Go and do a kind action, or speak an encouraging word to somebody, if the feeling must have vent. Depend upon it, you'll be better satisfied afterward.

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**AN INTELLIGENT CHILD.**—At an examination in the primary department of a Pittsfield school, the listeners were "brought down" by the answer of a juvenile, when asked of what use whales were. One little miss replied that they were "good for hooped skirts!"

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**WONDERFUL.**—A teacher of penmanship, in twelve lessons, taught a lawyer to read his own writing. Give us his name, and we'll make him President of the United States.

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**NEW OBJECTS.**—The mind requires constant enriching by new objects, as the land needs fertilizers. Without replenishing, the intellect withers.



**DU CHAILLU AND THE GORILLA.**

Those of our readers who have seen the skeleton of the full-grown male gorilla in School Street, will readily plead guilty to a disinclination to meet a live one in a lonely place. How Du Chaillu raised one of those skeletons he tells us in his journal: "Gambo and I rose early this morning, rather discouraged, as we had spent the two preceding days looking in vain for the gorilla. We had seen their tracks, but nothing of them. Before leaving our encampment, which was simply made with a few branches scattered on the ground, on which we slept during the night, we resolved to spend the day in the ravines of the mountains, where we intended to hunt the gorilla. Gambo made great preparations. He cut his hands in many places, in order to let the blood run freely; afterward he rubbed them with some charmed powder, which was to make his hands sure if called to shoot; he painted his body, and covered himself with his war fetiches. As for me, I was dressed in my usual hunting costume, made of dark blue cloth. I blackened my face and hands, in order not to be easily seen; and was, as usual, very careful in loading my gun, in order that it should not miss fire. We spent the greater part of the day in the midst of these impenetrable forests. At last we met, near a spring, tracks of a gorilla which had just left. His footprints were very large, and we foresaw that we would soon have to encounter a most formidable animal. We were not mistaken, for after a while we were startled by the tremendous roar of the monster. At our approach he raised himself erect, beat with his powerful hands his tremendous chest, and advanced boldly toward us, looking with his fiery eyes straight into our faces, as if to bid us defiance. He showed us at the same time, his powerful teeth. There was no time to be lost. We levelled our guns at the monster together and fired. He fell to the ground, uttering a tremendous groan, and was soon a lifeless corpse."

**TERRIBLE.**—We dread the political squabble to come off between now and the Presidential election. It will be worse than the late international prize fight.

**PHILADELPHIA.**—The Press says the present population of Philadelphia, counting none but those who actually sleep within the municipal limits, exceeds 650,000.

**ENGLAND.**—England ought to be called the Great Water-Power, for she claims to be the mistress of the seas.

**EARLY METHODIST MINISTERS.**

The early ministers of the Methodist church were restricted in their salary to sixty-four dollars a year, which was to include all presents and marriage fees, and out of which they were to provide their own horses, saddles, clothing and books. Marriage was discouraged amongst them, as their official duties required their whole time. Of Bishop Asbury, Mr. Milburn says: "With all respect to Jonathan Edwards, Dr. Dwight, Dr. Channing, and all other eminent and pre-eminent men of New England—I have read them all, and knew some of them—I think that Francis Asbury, the first superintendent and bishop of our Methodist church, was the most renowned and redoubtable soldier of the Cross that ever advanced the standard of the Lord upon this continent. Yet you will not find his name in a single history of the United States, that I know of; and it is a burning shame that it is so. He travelled for fifty years, on horseback, from Maine to Georgia, and from Massachusetts to the Far West, as population extended, journeying in that time, as was computed, about three hundred thousand miles. He had the care of all the churches; was preaching instant in season and out of season; was laboring indefatigably with the young men to inspire and stimulate them; winning back the lost, and bringing amorphous elements into harmony, in a church, which, when he began with it in 1771, numbered probably not fifty members, and which, when he was an old man—he died in 1816—numbered, white and black, from Maine to California, and from far Northwestern Oregon to sunny Southern Florida, nearly a million of members."

**GOOD WIVES.**—There is nothing men like to write about better than good wives. This is reasonable enough, for there is nothing, certainly, in which mankind are more interested. "A good wife," says one, "is to a man wisdom and courage, and hope and endurance."

**HAPPINESS.**—It is a great blunder in the pursuit of happiness not to know when we have got it; that is, not to be content with a reasonable and possible measure of it.

**MINNESOTA.**—More than double the usual number of acres have been sown with wheat this year in Minnesota, we see it stated.

**A QUESTION.**—A waggish fellow asks if a trade-wind is the same thing as a financial storm?

## THE FIRST DEBT.

Admiral Jervis, of the British Navy, afterwards Earl of St. Vincent, in telling the story of his early struggles, speaks, among other things, of his determination to keep out of debt: "My father had a large family," said he, "with limited means. He gave me twenty pounds sterling at starting, and that was all he ever gave me. After I had been a considerable time at the station (at sea) I drew for twenty more, but the bill came back protested. I was mortified at this rebuke, and made a promise which I have ever kept, that I would never draw another bill without a certainty of its being paid. I immediately changed my mode of living, quitted my mess, lived alone, and took up the ship's allowance, which I found quite sufficient; washed and mended my own clothes; made a pair of trousers out of the ticking of my bed; and, having by these means saved as much money as would redeem my honor, I took up my bill, and from that time to this have taken care to keep within my means." Jervis for six years endured pinching privation, but preserved his integrity, studied his profession with success, and gradually and steadily rose by merit and bravery to the highest rank. It is easy for a man who will exercise a healthy resolution to avoid incurring the first obligation, but the facility with which that has been incurred often becomes a temptation to a second, and very soon the unfortunate borrower becomes so entangled that no late exertion of industry can set him free. The first step in debt is like the first step in falsehood, almost involving the necessity of proceeding in the same course—debt follows debt, as lie follows lie.

**LITERARY HABITS.**—Schiller, during his hours of composition, kept at his side a bottle of champagne, or Rhenish wine, or a cup of strong coffee. Horace Walpole wrote usually from ten to two o'clock at night, always having strong coffee by him. Sir William Jones drank a great deal of coffee to support him in his nocturnal studies.

**EASY TO LEARN.**—The Chinese language contains only 42,713 characters, and a knowledge of about one-tenth of these is sufficient to enable Chinese works to be understood. The rather startling proposition is advanced that the Chinese is as clear as the easiest of the modern languages.

**A FACT.**—If all men knew what they say of one another, there would not be four friends in the world. This appears by the quarrels which are sometimes caused by indiscreet reports.

## AMATEUR SAILORS.

We have often felt some little nervous trepidation in sailing on our bay, when we have accepted the invitation of some amateur salt of our acquaintance to take a trip among the islands, and have been seduced into his craft, by the natty and 'shipshepe' appearance of our friend's "togs," the rake of his tarpaulin, the breadth of his blue shirt collar, the multitude of his buttons, the tie of his cravat, and above all the professional seasoning of his discourse. Always eschew an amateur who talks about his "tarry toplichts," and "mizzen to' g'ant eyebrows." Be sure he knows nothing of the rocks and sandbars, is perfectly innocent of the mysteries of "tacking," and unconsciously courts a capsize by "belaying his sheets taut" in a gale, and refusing to "luff" even if the wind "blew great guns." What then must be the danger of the crew of a line-of-battle ship when a crowned head undertakes to play the tar, and that crowned head an autocratic sovereign? That these things be, the following case in point illustrates.

It is stated in a recent work upon Russia, that the late emperor on visiting the ship of the line "Russia," while on the stocks, thought there was not sufficient room to walk about, and accordingly commanded the space to be enlarged, even enforcing his opinion against competent judges. Consequently this vessel is the worst sailer in the whole Russian navy, and is very seldom employed. When he took it into his head to command the movements of a ship, which he did almost every time he went to sea, the captain of the vessel took care always to keep behind him, in order, by counter signals, to prevent the strict execution of his majesty's orders, which would inevitably have led to the loss of the ship and its august passenger.

**A POMOLOGICAL CONGRESS.**—A grand display will be made by the fruit-growers of the United States, on the 12th of September next, at Concert Hall, Philadelphia, on the occasion of the United States Pomological Congress, which will assemble in that city at that time. Some of the most eminent fruit-growers of the country are concerned in this enterprise.

**A TRUTH.**—You may outlaw the friend of truth, but truth remains; you may humble the poet, the artist and the Christian, but you cannot debase poetry, or art, or Christianity.

**POETRY.**—"Building the lofty rhyme," has been explained to be writing verses in a garret.

## PREDICTED DEATHS.

In all ages, astrologers, fortune-tellers, diviners and the like, have ministered to the passion of mankind for prying into futurity, by undertaking to foretell the hour and the manner of death of certain individuals, and history is full of the records of the accomplishment of such prophecies. In many of these cases, there is little doubt that the prediction has been forged after the event, in others that the death has been produced by the prophecy, that is, the victim dwelt upon the prediction till imagination destroyed him, while in yet other cases the seer or prophet made a lucky guess. For, although accomplished prophecies are faithfully recorded, unaccomplished prophecies are forgotten, and the ratio of the former to the latter is probably as one to a million. Yet such is the superstition and credulity of mankind, that probably not one in a thousand could listen to a prediction of his death by an ignorant, strolling gipsy without a secret terror. We remember in our boyhood hearing an old lady tell the story of a girl of whom a certain fortune-teller predicted that she should die at noon on a certain day. On that day she was out shopping, and was in the act of leaving a store in Province House Row, when the bell of the Old South struck the hour of twelve she fell dead upon the sidewalk. Supposing this story to be authentic, it may be supposed that the prediction of death, acting on a nervous and excitable temperament, produced the result. Let us cite a few cases of predicted deaths.

"In the autumn of the year 913," says the Russian historian, Nestor, "Oleg, Grand-Duke of Russia, bethought himself of a horse which he had sent to be kept, but which he had ceased to ride. This came about because, one day, seeing a sorcerer, he said to him, 'How am I to die?' And the enchanter or sorcerer had answered him, 'Prince, this horse that you love, and on which you are riding, will be the cause of your death.' Oleg trembled, said to himself, 'I will neither ride him nor see him any more.' He accordingly ordered a servant to feed him, but never to bring the horse before him. Some years passed without his seeing him, until the war against the Greeks. On his return to Kief, and five years after the prediction, he thought of the horse, which, according to the soothsayer's declaration, was to be the cause of his death. He sent for his old groom, and said to him, 'What has become of the horse I gave you to feed and take care of?' The latter answered, 'He is dead.' Oleg then began to mock the prophet, reproaching him with his ignorance, and said, 'All that these sorcerers predict is false.

My horse is dead and I am still living.' And he had a horse saddled and rode forth to see the bones; and when he had reached the place where the bones and the carcass lay, he dismounted, and said, 'There is the beast that was to cause my death.' Thereupon he gave the skull a push with his foot; but immediately a serpent came out of his head, and stung his foot and inflicted a grievous wound of which he died."

When Alvaro de Luna, the celebrated minister and favorite of John II., King of Castile, was beheaded, July 5, 1452, "the rumor spread," says the historian, Mariano, "and it was commonly reported that Don Alvaro, having consulted a certain astrologer on his destiny, the latter said that he would die at *Cadahaleo*; he did not then understand that *cadahaleo* signified a scaffold, and that he would lose his head there; but he thought it meant a little town of that name which he owned in the kingdom of Toledo and which he was never willing to enter.

The responses of the classic oracles were worded with such ambiguity that however the event turned out, their reputation was saved. Thus the famous response of the oracle to Pyrrhus, "Thou shalt go; thou shalt return. Never in battle shalt thou perish." Trusting to this prophecy, Pyrrhus went boldly into the campaign and perished; the oracle claiming to have predicted, "Thou shalt go; thou shalt return never. In battle shalt thou perish." Here a mistake in punctuation put a "period" to poor Pyrrhus's career.

When James I., King of Scotland, hated by the nobility whose arrogance he labored to repress, was repairing to Perth, in 1437, while a conspiracy laid by Robert Grahame was organizing against him, a Highland woman tried to prevent him from entering the city, and predicted he would perish if he persisted in his resolution. James was struck with these words, which tallied with a prophecy according to which a king would be killed in Scotland that year; but, without attaching much importance to it, he said laughingly, to one of his knights, who was surnamed the "King of Love," "Well, one of us is to die this year, for we are the only two kings in Scotland." Still the event justified the prediction, and James was assassinated on the 20th of February.

The deaths of several princes have been predicted in different ways. Philip le Bel and Clement V. were, it is said, summoned to the bar of God by the Templars whom the King of France had with the consent of the pope, doomed to perish at the stake, and both actually died in 1314.

"In 1312," says Mariana, "Ferdinand IV., king of Castile, caused to be arrested two brothers, Don Pedro and Don Juan de Carvajal, who were accused of having assassinated a lord of the House of Benevides, at Valencia, as they were leaving the palace. It was not certainly known who the assassins were; many persons were suspected of the deed, and withal thoroughly examining whether the suspicion was well or ill-founded, they were treated in their prison with the extremest rigor; but finally the two brothers Carvajal suffered for all the rest. In vain did they repel the charge; no attention was paid to the reasons they alleged in the defence; they were declared guilty of leze-majesty, and as such condemned to death, without having been judicially convicted, and without having made any confession. They were sentenced to be thrown from the top of a steep rock near Martos, without any one daring to speak in their favor, for the king was intractable in his anger when the offence was recent. As the two brothers were led to punishment, they declared with a loud voice that they died innocent, calling on heaven, earth and God himself to witness their innocence, and saying that, since the king was deaf to their just complaints, they appealed to the tribunal of the sovereign judge before whom they cited King Ferdinand to appear in thirty days. At first little attention was paid to these words, but what happened afterwards, either by chance or otherwise, awakened profound reflection. The death of the king was attributed to excessive eating, gluttony being a common failing of his; but others regarded it a just punishment for the execution of the Carvajals, the more so since exactly thirty days elapsed from their execution to the king's death; hence it comes that he was called 'Don Ferdinand the Summoned.'"

**A STEADY GOER.**—An old lady was asked by a parson to what religious denomination she belonged. "I don't know," she replied; "and I don't care anything about your nominations; for my part, I hold on to the old meetin'-house."

**A PHENOMENON.**—A Scotch girl, with two distinct noses, lately passed through Detroit on her way west. How she escaped Barnum, is a miracle.

**AN AMERICAN DUCHESS.**—The Duchess of Leeds is one of the grand-daughters of Charles Carroll, of Carrollton.

**MEXICO.**—A severe drought is prevailing in Northern Mexico.

#### FACTS FOR PARENTS.

A number of physicians, practising in New York and in Brooklyn, having "compared notes," have come to the conclusion that one leading cause of the great mortality among children arises from their being left too much to the care of servants. It has been observed that children who are taken care of by their parents—undressed and put to bed by them, and by them dressed in the morning, and kept under a loving mother's eye during the day—are, as a general thing, far more healthy, good-tempered and intelligent than such as are left almost exclusively to the care of servants. In addition to this, it must be remembered that most of the accidents which happen to children, whereby they are seriously injured, and sometimes crippled, maimed or rendered idiotic, occur through the negligence of those in whose care they are left by unthinking or unloving parents. Parents who love their children would do well to give these statements their earnest consideration; for, if they are true, the facts on which they are predicated lie at the very basis of domestic well-being and happiness.

**"TIME TRIES ALL THINGS."**—An old but true saying, as shown in the instance of Wistar's Balsam of Wild Cherry, now acknowledged to be the remedy *par excellence* for the cure of coughs, colds, croup, whooping-cough, bronchitis, asthma, phthisis, sore throat, influenza, and last, but by no means least, consumption. Years of steady trial have placed this remarkable medicine in a position rarely attained by any patent compound, and it has become an article of household necessity everywhere. Buy none unless it has the written signature of "I. Butts" upon the wrapper, which is always the case with the genuine.

**OLD VOLUMES.**—Any person having old volumes of books injured, torn or defaced, can have them rendered as firm and perfect as when new, by handing or sending them in to our office. Bound and returned in one week. Persons out of the city can hand their packages, with directions enclosed, to the express, and be equally well served.

**GOING DOWN.**—A St. Louis market report states that "whiskey has a downward tendency." Whiskey always has a "downward tendency" when toppers get hold of it.

**NEW PAPER.**—An American weekly journal is to be started in London, and contributed to by American gentlemen, political and commercial in its character.

## Foreign Miscellany.

An American bar-room has been opened at Hakodadi, Japan. Bowie-knives will come next.

The English language has of late become a compulsory branch of education in the public schools in Norway.

Peace has at last been established in Venezuela, and that government has effected a loan of \$1,000,000 in England.

The Cunard Company intend in June next to resume regular sailings to New York with their screw fleet, and will then, in addition to goods, carry all classes of passengers.

The editor of a satirical journal of Turin has been condemned to two months' imprisonment and a fine for publishing disgraceful articles against the Emperor of the French.

The Morocco traders with Timbuctoo do a profitable business. In return for goods valued at a million and a half of dollars they get productions worth eighteen millions.

Macaulay's death has given a sudden impetus to the demand for his works in England, and the publishers there are busily engaged in satisfying this demand.

A machine for weaving by means of electro-magnetism, invented by Mr. Bonelli, was on exhibition in London. Most important advantages, and great saving in time and money, are predicted from it.

Lord John Russell lately stated in the House of Commons that the government was exerting all its power to stop the trade in coolies between China and Cuba, and had opened negotiations with Spain on the subject.

The English scandal-mongers says that the young Prince of Wales is coming to Canada to escape the consequences of injudicious promises made to a lady, Clara Vane. She is about to commence a suit against him, it is said.

The twelfth session of the Congress of Learned Societies has been opened in Paris. The congress is composed of 150 delegates, representing the academies and learned or agricultural societies from various parts of France.

The Emperor of France has decided on two military expeditions which are to set out, one from Algeria and the other from Senegal, to proceed to Timbuctoo, where they are to unite. A large sum has been placed to the credit of the Minister of War to defray the expenses.

One of the leading London papers says that the Armstrong battery, sent to China, has been so unskillfully shipped as to be useless, or nearly so. This mishap is made the vehicle of a strong attack on the government, whose administrative skill, it is contended, has in no wise been improved since the disasters in the Crimea.

Two Swedish ladies, the teacher, Miss Henrietta Cortegren, and the singer, Miss Sarah Magnus, have received travelling stipends from the King of Sweden to the amount of 1000 reichsthalers each, in order to continue their studies abroad. The first named of these ladies is especially to acquire knowledge in the different countries of Europe on the best methods of female instruction.

The Empress Eugenie lately appeared at a fancy ball as an oyster-girl, dispensing bivalves.

An interesting medallion of Kirke White, by Chantry, has recently been added to the National Portrait Gallery.

The Imperial Library at St. Petersburg contains 29,569 volumes written by foreigners about Russia.

The majority of the female inmates of the famous insane asylum, known as the Bethlehem Hospital in England, is said to be by a recent writer, either governesses or maid servants.

The latest Irish bull we read of is the case of an Irish gentleman who, in order to raise the wind whereby to relieve himself from pecuniary embarrassments, got his life insured for a large amount and then drowned himself.

The pulpit in which Jeremy Taylor used to preach is now in the library of the Bishop of Down and Connor, at the Palace, Holywood, having been placed there by his lordship's predecessor, Bishop Mant.

In the district of Erris county, Mayo, Ireland, twenty thousand people are said to be in a state of absolute destitution, and the able-bodied of both sexes are running for their lives from the famine-stricken locality.

The magnificent ball which the Empress Eugenie gave in the Duchess d'Albe's palace in Paris cost a lively figure. The decorations alone required \$30,000. The empress does right to progress during her juvenility.

It is announced that among the petitioners for annexation to France at Nice are the Jewish fraternity, on account, as they say, of "complete civil equality, without distinction of creed," guaranteed by the French constitution.

**ENGLISH SEWING-MACHINES.**—It appears that no fewer than two hundred patents for the manufacture of sewing-machines in Great Britain have been taken out, but that not more than twenty have been brought into use, and that only eight firms are now making the article.

All told, there are, large and small, some thirty-five opera-houses, theatres and hippodromes in the city of Paris, with its 1,250,000 inhabitants. In the city of London, with about 3,000,000 inhabitants, there are twenty-seven similar places of amusement.

According to Dr. Forbes Winslow, there are in London 16,000 children trained to crime, 5000 receivers of stolen goods, 15,000 gamblers, 25,000 beggars, 30,000 drunkards, 180,000 habitual gin-drinkers, 150,000 persons subsisting on profligacy, and 50,000 thieves. This would make an interesting colony; fancy the state of society that would exist in a city occupied exclusively by this list.

The Emperor Napoleon has approved the model of a gunboat, constructed on a system to be propelled without steam, and has ordered boats to be built on this plan. The power intended to be substituted for steam, is hot air. It will produce as much rapidity, and be far more economical than steam. It is calculated that the yearly saving in the cost of fuel for the French navy, will be about 80,000,000 francs.

## Record of the Times.

The debt of the city of Hartford, Conn., exceeds \$1,100,000.

The cost of delivering letters from the New York post-office was \$97,000 last year.

There are at this moment more persons profitably employed throughout the United States than at any previous date in the history of the country.

Two rowdies arrested in Philadelphia for being engaged in a prize fight, have been sentenced to two years' hard labor in the Penitentiary.

The Governor of Virginia gets \$5000 annually, and his term of office lasts for four years. He has also a fine house furnished rent free.

The public sales of land, 2,700,000 acres, will take place in Kansas in August and September, and in Nebraska, more than four and a third millions, in August.

The Mormons are to receive a reinforcement of nearly six hundred persons from England. Most of these are recruits from England and Scotland.

Scrofula among children, a medical authority informs us, often proceeds from the habit of sleeping with the head covered with the bed-clothes.

The Pennsylvania papers say that already two hundred oil wells have been found in that State, and that speculation is increasing with each newly discovered deposit.

The Madison (Wisconsin) Argus says that the number of mortgages upon farms to railroad companies in that State is 4500, the average of the mortgages is \$1200, and the total amount is \$5,400,000.

A New Orleans surgeon complains through the newspapers that he has been in attendance at fifteen duels where nobody was hurt. The thrust and parry is the style there, and hot-blooded youths are skilful.

Coal has been discovered near the Cascades, and also on Mill Creek, about twenty miles from Salem, Oregon. At the latter place the vein discovered was eight feet thick, and the coal of good quality.

There is a noble organization of true women in Philadelphia, who, under the name of the Rosine Association, have, during the twelve years of their existence, rescued and restored to their friends 684 of the fallen of their own sex. This has all been accomplished unostentatiously and as a labor of love.

Professor Greenough of New Orleans has succeeded, after much investigation, in impregnating common burning fluid, or camphene, with carbonic acid gas, as a neutralizing agent, which, leaving the inflammable nature of the fluid unchanged, makes it unexplosive, and consequently harmless.

A block of silver ore, estimated to weigh five hundred pounds, has been taken out solid from a new mine discovered by the Stone surveying party, as a contribution to the Washington Monument, Mr. White, the sutler at Fort Buchanan, having generously offered to defray the entire cost of transportation.

A company with \$200,000 is to test thoroughly Mr. Fawkes's new steam plough.

It is estimated that \$100,000 were bet on the Philadelphia mayoralty election.

One New York store sells 100 pounds of snuff daily to female "dippers." Faugh!

Hillsboro' County, New Hampshire, is said to be the richest county in that State.

A Frenchman wishing to compliment a girl as a "little lamb," called her a "small mutton."

The Jews are raising funds for the erection of a hospital, at Cincinnati, for widows and orphans. The sum required is \$30,000.

It is settled now that the capitol of California will not be removed to San Francisco, but will remain at Sacramento.

An old boot buyer lately purchased a pair of boots of a Northampton lady, for twelve cents, and afterwards sold them to her husband for half a dollar.

A western editor has placed over his marriages, a cut representing a large trap, sprung, with this motto: "The trap down—another nunny hammer caught."

The Magdalen Benevolent Society in New York reports, that since the establishment of the asylum in 1833, eleven hundred fallen women have been gathered to that institution and saved from their shame.

The Middleborough Gazette estimates that there are now in Middleborough 3000 acres of woodland more than there were in the year 1800, and still the old fields are coming in to pine more rapidly than ever.

The Northampton Gazette says that a couple from a neighboring town were recently married at a hotel there, and after the ceremony the landlord was tendered twenty-five cents for the use of his house, and the clergyman fifty cents for his services.

The largest circulation of any one bank in the United States is that of the Citizens' Bank, New Orleans, viz., \$5,535,000. Others in that State have large issues, viz., Bank of Louisiana, \$1,065,000; State Bank, \$2,898,000; Canal Bank, \$1,623,000.

The people of Davenport, Iowa, were beautifully "taken in" recently, by a young man who pretended to be a cousin of William B. Astor, of New York, and to be possessed of untold wealth, but they were not "done for," because they found him out before he got hold of any of the large purchases which he made on forged drafts.

General Miles, of New Orleans, was recently robbed of a set of diamonds worth \$10,000, by a servant girl, who ran away and secreted herself. Her hiding place was discovered, and she was arrested; but the girl says she gave the diamonds to two free negroes, and they are probably irretrievably lost to the general.

The Bennington Banner says that John Sherman, in Pownal, Vt., had born to him, on the day he completed his seventieth year, a son, and he called his name Levi; and on the same day were born unto him a grandson and great grandson, the parents at the time residing in three different States. All three of the boys are living now.

## Merry-Making.

A splendid ear but a very poor voice, as the organ-grinder said to the donkey.

When an actor "brings down the house," where does he take it to?"

What people may be supposed to have iron nerves?—the Castilians. (*Cast steel 'uns.*)

A cobbler ought to become a perfect man before he dies, for he is all the while *a-mending*.

The wind is responsible for many an unlucky blow.

What is the best to prevent old maids from despairing?—pairing.

Shrewd inquiries are being made whether the cup of sorrow has a saucer.

Poverty is, in some countries, merely an inability to make one's mark.

The Queen of Spain, when she reviews her troops, treats them to cigars; of course they are bound to *back* her quarrels.

Why is a tender-hearted person like a house-keeper with little furniture? Because he is easily *moved*.

The mischievous winking of a beautiful coquette, from under a smart hood, Prentice thinks is a pleasant kind of hood-winking.

To "see as far into a millstone as the man who picks it," requires you to weigh every barrel of flour you purchase.

Simkins remarked that money is a great lever in the affairs of mankind. "A very great *lever* indeed," replied Blinks; "I never can keep it."

Flour is an article well enough in its sphere, but we deprecate the rubbing of it on ladies' faces.

Why is a cannon ball on a level plain like a lump of baker's dough? Because when *fired* it generally ends in a roll.

A man in Monson, upwards of seventy five years of age, has a third set of front teeth growing. Some *gum* about that.

A live lobster is a perfect puzzle, which can only be *red*, "inwardly digested," and fully solved after it is dead.

"I have learned this profound truth," said Alderman Johnson, "from eating turtle, that it shows a most depraved taste to mock anything for its greenness."

Mrs. Partington thinks the pillows of liberty are stuffed with the feathers of the American eagle. The superintendents of the United States Mint are investigating the matter.

A man was offered a glass of soda-water, the other day, but he rejected it with great indignation. "Do you think I am a salamander," said he, "to drink water *bilting* hot?"

It is said of the French ladies, that their fondness for effect runs to such excess, that widows who have lost their husbands, practise attitudes of despair before a looking glass.

The question is discussed in some of the Missouri papers, whether raising hemp is a good business. A much better business than being raised by it.

Why are jokes like nuts?—Because the drier they are, the better they crack.

One of our contemporaries says he "dropped a remark." Had he better advertise for it?

A hungry man does right well to eat the egg; for he might starve before it got to be a pullet.

There is a firm in Boston who rejoice in the names of Salmon and Ham.

The fellow who got intoxicated with delight has been turned out of the temperance society.

How is it that *lasting* buttons have to be renewed so often?

A bad hat, taken to an evening party, frequently comes out the next day as good as new.

He who asks no questions at all, is queer; but he who asks many questions, is the *querist*.

Why is Berlin the most dissipated city in Europe? Because it is always on the Spree.

Things bought at "great bargains," are mostly parted with afterwards at "a tremendous sacrifice."

A practical joker ought to be the best of auctioneers—judging by his success in selling his friends.

What means of conveyance by land, and what by sea, are ladies fondest of? Busses and smacks.

Laughing after dinner is a better "stomachic" to promote digestion, than cheese, champagne or pills.

A hermit prefers always to be "left alone," but as for us, we would rather be "left a fortune."

Why is a man paying his note at the bank like a father going to see his children? Ans.—Because he meets his responsibilities.

There is a man in Totnes so witty, that his wife manufactures all the butter that the family uses from the cream of his jokes.

One of our political parties is getting up clubs all over the State. We suggest that the opposition get up Shillelahs, and beat them.

The boy who was caught looking into the future has been arrested for trying to see the show without paying.

"Do you believe, sir, that the dead ever walk after death?" "No doubt of it, madam; I have heard the Dead March in *Sail*."

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# A NAUTICAL DICTIONARY.



High (tied) Tide.



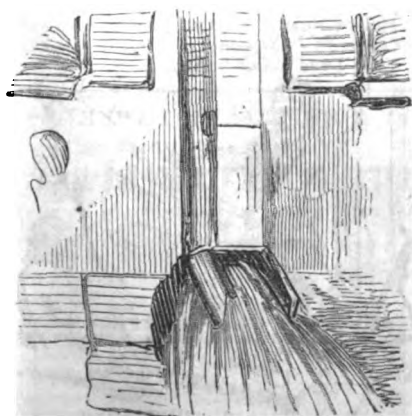
Taking a Pilot.



A Light-House.



A Fishing-Smack.



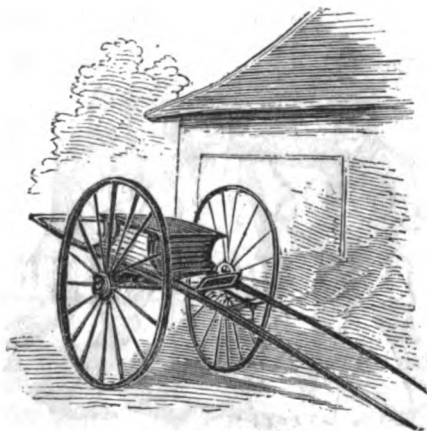
A Water-Spout.



Breakers Ahead.



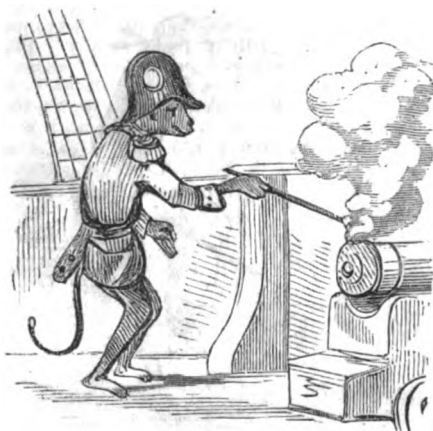
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**Keeping the Log.**



**Clinging to the Shrouds.**

# BALLOU'S DOLLAR MONTHLY MAGAZINE.

VOL. XII.—No. 2.

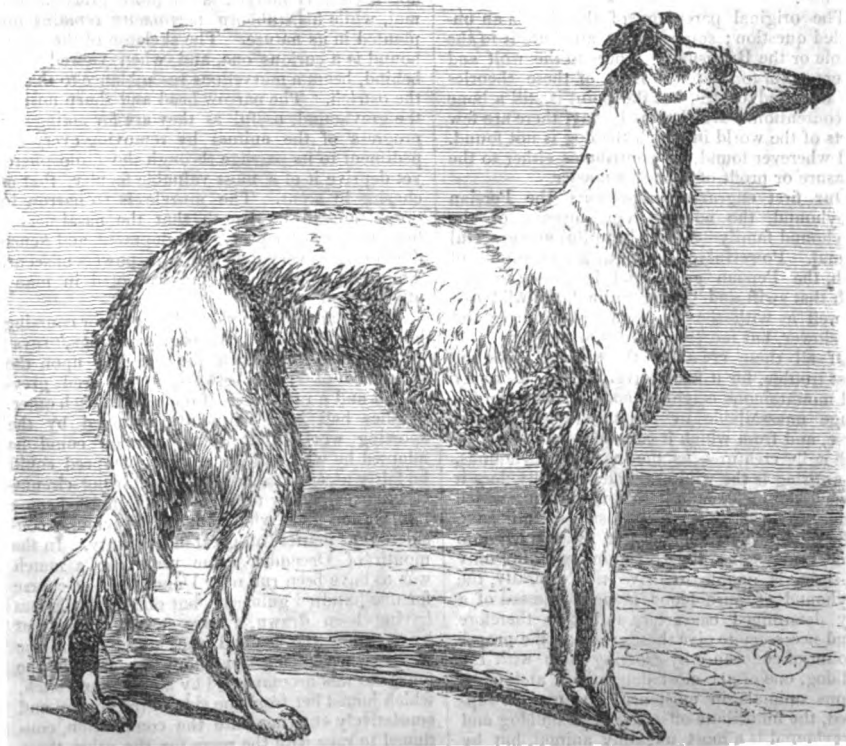
BOSTON, AUGUST, 1860.

WHOLE No. 68.

## A CHAPTER ON DOGS.

If it were necessary to give a reason for devoting a dozen pages of our Magazine, and as many engravings, to the subject of domesticated dogs, we need only quote the words of Sir Walter Scott—*clarum et venerabile nomen*—as authority for the importance of our theme: "The Almighty, who gave the dog to be the companion of our pleasures and our toils, hath invested him with a nature noble and incapable of deceit. He forgets neither friend nor foe—remembers, and with accuracy, both benefit and injury. He

hath a share of man's intelligence, but no share of man's falsehood. You may bribe a soldier to slay a man with his sword, or a witness to take life by false accusation, but you cannot make a dog tear his benefactor. He is the friend of man, save when man justly incurs his enmity." Pope, too, says—"Histories are more full of examples of the fidelity of dogs than of friends." We might, indeed, embroider our text with a thousand quotations from distinguished authors, all eulogizing the important services of dogs, and



PERSIAN GREYHOUND.



KING CHARLES SPANIELS.

their admirable qualities. The theme is a prolific one.

The original parentage of the dog is an unsettled question; some writers attribute it to the Dhole or the Buansuah; others to the wolf and others again to the fox. Each of these theories has warm advocates, but the point is still a bone of contention. Be that as it may, there are few parts of the world in which the dog is not found, and wherever found, he contributes either to the pleasure or profit of man, his master.

Our first engraving represents the Persian Greyhound, the noblest representative of the greyhound family—a truly beautiful and graceful animal. Powerful of jaw, quick and supple of limb, the Persian greyhound is chosen to cope with that swift and daring animal, the wild ass, as well as with the no less rapid antelope, and the slower, but more dangerous, wild boar.

Of all these creatures, the wild ass gives the most trouble, for it instinctively keeps to rocky and mountainous neighborhoods, which afford a refuge unassailable by the sure-footed Persian horse, and from which it can only be driven by such agile creatures as the native greyhounds. So untiring is the wild ass, and so boldly does it traverse the rocky mountain spurs among which it loves to dwell, that a single ass is so agile as to baffle the best hounds, and get away fairly into cover, from whence the greyhound, working only by sight, is unable to drive it. Naturally, the greyhound of pure blood is not possessed of a very determined character, and it is therefore found necessary to give these creatures the proper amount of endurance by crossing them with the bull-dog, one of the most determined and courageous animals in existence. As may be supposed, the immediate offspring of a bulldog and a greyhound is a most ungainly animal, but by continually crossing with the pure greyhound,

the outward shape of the thick and sturdy bulldog is entirely merged in the more graceful animal, while his stubborn pertinacity remains implanted in its nature. The skeleton of the greyhound is a curious one, and when viewed from behind, bears a marvellous resemblance to that of the ostrich. The narrow head and sharp nose of the greyhound, useful as they are for aiding the progress of the animal by removing every impediment to its passage through the atmosphere, yet deprive it of a most valuable faculty, that of chasing by scent. The muzzle is so narrow in proportion to its length, that the nasal nerves have no room for proper development, and hence the animal is very deficient in its powers of scent. The same circumstance may be noted in many other animals.

In England the greyhound is used for coursing hares. Jesse, in his "Anecdotes of Dogs," says:

"Various have been the opinions upon the difference of speed between a well-bred greyhound and a race-horse, if opposed to each other. Wishes had been frequently indulged by the sporting world, that some criterion could be adopted by which the superiority of speed could be fairly ascertained, when the following circumstance accidentally took place, and afforded some information upon what had been previously considered a matter of great uncertainty. In the month of December, some years ago, a match was to have been run over Doncaster race-course for one hundred guineas; but one of the horses having been drawn, a mare started alone, that by running the ground she might ensure the wager, when having run about one mile in the four, she was accompanied by a greyhound bitch, which joined her from the side of the course, and emulatively entering into the competition, continued to race with the mare for the other three miles, keeping nearly head and head, and afford-

ing an excellent treat to the field by the energetic exertions of each. At passing the distance-post, five to four was betted in favor of the greyhound; when parallel with the stand, it was even betting, and any person might have taken his choice from five to ten: the mare, however, had the advantage of a head at the termination of the course.

"The courage and spirit of these dogs is very great. A greyhound ran a hare single-handed and raced her so hard, that, not having time to run through an opening at the bottom of some paling, she and the greyhound made a spring at the same moment at the top of the pales. The dog seized her at the instant she reached it, and in the momentary struggle he slipped between two broken pales, each of which ran into the top of his thighs. In this situation he hung till the horsemen came up, when, to their great surprise, he had the hare fast in his mouth, which was taken from him before he could be released.

"I saw a hare coursed on the Brighton Downs some years ago by two celebrated greyhounds. Such was the length of the course, some of it up very steep hills, that the hare fell dead before the dogs, who were so exhausted that they only reached to within six feet of her. This was one of the severest courses ever witnessed.

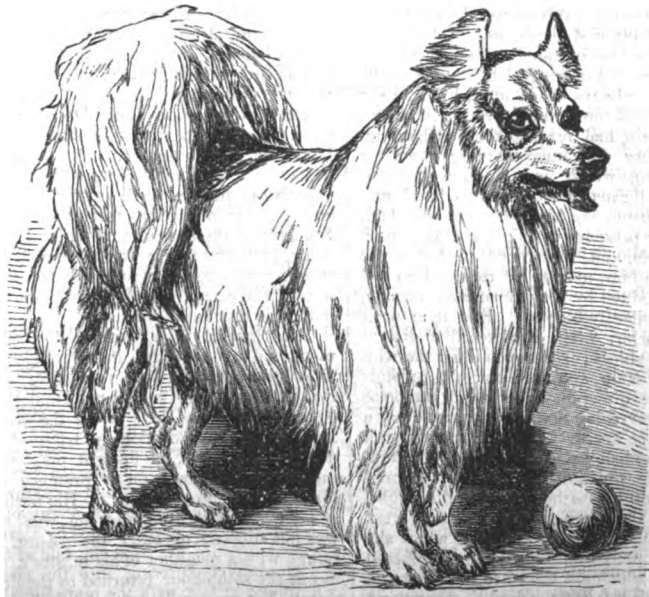
"On another occasion, two dogs ran a hare for several miles, and with such speed as to be very soon out of sight of the coursing party. After a considerable search, both the dogs and the hare were found dead within a few yards of each other; nor did it appear that the former had touched the hare. Mr. Daniel, in his 'Rural Sports,' states that a brace of greyhounds, in Lincolnshire, ran a hare from her seat to where she was killed, a distance, measuring straight, of upwards of four miles, in twelve minutes. During the course there was a good number of turns,

which must have very considerably increased the space gone over. The hare ran till she died before the greyhounds touched her.

"In the year 1798, a brace of greyhounds, the property of Mr. Courtall of Carlisle, coursed a hare from the Swift, near that city, and killed her at Clemmell, seven miles distant. Both greyhounds were so exhausted, that unless the aid of medical men, who happened to be on the spot, had been immediately given, they would have died, and it was with difficulty they were recovered."

The King Charles Spaniel takes its name from the merry monarch, Charles II. of England, who took great delight in these delicate and playful little creatures, and used to walk in Hyde Park, surrounded by a host of them. It is a very small animal, as a really fine specimen ought not to exceed six or seven pounds in weight. Some of the most valuable King Charles Spaniels weigh as little as five pounds, or even less. These little creatures have been trained to search for and put up game after the manner of their larger relatives, the springers and cockers, but they cannot endure severe exercise, or long-continued exertion, and ought only to be employed on very limited territory. On one occasion, one of these little dogs was the means of saving the life of his mistress.

"About the year 1800, Mrs. Osburn, who lived a few miles out of London, went to town to receive a large sum of money granted her by Parliament for discovering a lithontrypic medicine. She received the money, and returned back with it in her own carriage to the country, without anything particular happening to her on the road. It was evening when she arrived at home; and being fatigued with her journey, she retired early to rest. On her stepping into bed, she was somewhat surprised at the importunities of a small



FOX TERRIER DOG.



SPANIEL.

King Charles's dog, which was a great pet, and always slept in her bedchamber. He became exceedingly troublesome, and kept pulling the bedclothes with all his strength. She chid him repeatedly, and in an angry tone of voice desired him to lie still, that she might go to sleep. The dog, however, still persisted in his efforts, and kept pulling the bedclothes; and at length leaped on the bed, and endeavored with the most determined perseverance to pull off the bedclothes. Mrs. Osburn then conceived there must be some extraordinary cause for this unusual conduct on the part of her dog, and leaped out of bed; and being a lady of some courage, put on her petticoat, and placed a brace of pistols by her side, which she had always ready loaded in a closet adjoining her bed-room, and proceeded down stairs. When she had reached the first landing-place, she saw her coachman coming down the private staircase, which led to the servants' rooms, with a lighted candle in his hand, and full dressed. Suspecting his intentions were bad, and with heroic presence of mind, she presented one of her pistols, and threatened to lodge the contents of it in him, unless he returned to bed forthwith. Subdued by her determined courage, he quietly and silently obeyed. She then went into a back-parlor, when she heard a distant whispering of voices; she approached the window, and threw it up, and fired one of her pistols out of it, in the direction from which the noise proceeded. Everything became silent, and not a whisper was to be heard. After looking through the different rooms on the lower floor, and finding all right, she proceeded to bed and secured the door, and nothing further occurred that night. Next morning she arose at an early hour, went into the garden, and in the direction which she had fired the preceding night she discovered drops of blood, which she traced to the other end of the garden. This left no doubt on her mind

of what had been intended. Thinking it imprudent to keep so large a sum of money in her house, she ordered her carriage to drive to town, where she deposited her cash. She then repaired to the house of Sir John Fielding, and related to him the whole affair, who advised her to part with her coachman immediately, and that he would investigate the matter, and, if possible, discover and convict the offenders. But the parties concerned in this affair were never discovered; for the mere fact of the coachman being found coming down the stair was not sufficient to implicate him, although there were strong grounds of suspicion. Thus, by the instinct and fidelity of this little animal, was robbery, and most likely murder, prevented."

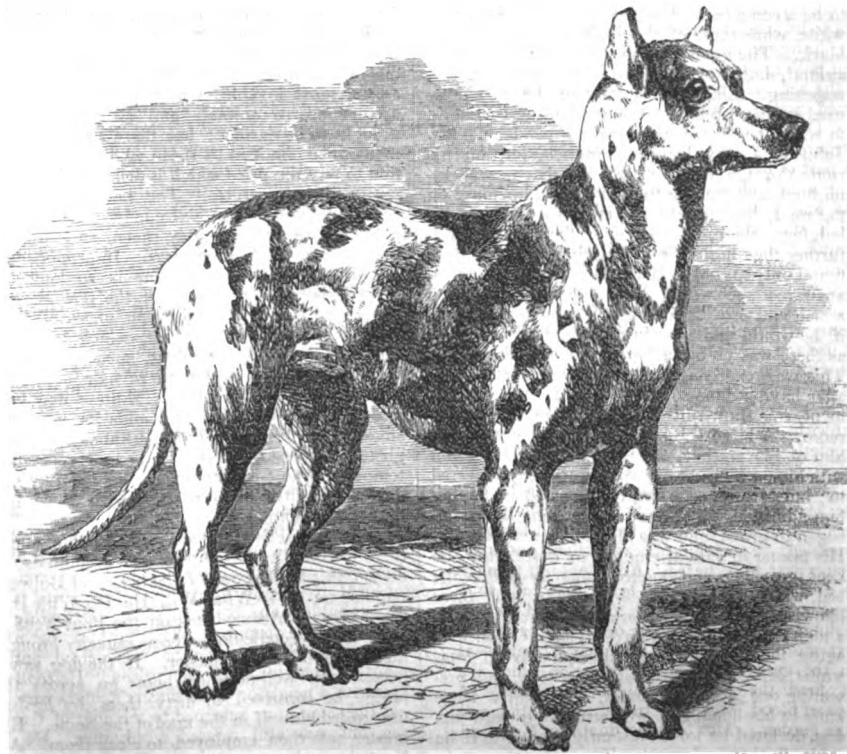
The Pomeranian Fox Dog, of which we present a good engraving, is much fancied as a house-dog and companion. It is very intelligent in its character, and its long white fur and bushy tail give it quite a distinguished appearance, of which the animal seems to be thoroughly aware. Sometimes the coat of this animal is a cream color, and very rarely is deep black. The pure white, however, seems to be the favorite. It is a lively little creature, and makes an excellent companion in a country walk.

The Spaniel is a favorite dog with sportsmen, and is a beautiful and intelligent creature. The following old, but interesting anecdote of the spaniel, is taken from Daniel's "Rural Sports:" "A few days before the overthrow of Robespierre, a revolutionary tribunal had condemned M. R——, an upright magistrate and a most estimable man, on a pretence of finding him guilty of a conspiracy. His faithful dog, a spaniel, was with him when he was seized, but was not suffered to enter the prison. He took refuge with a neighbor of his master's, and every day at the same hour returned to the door of the prison, but was still refused admittance. He,

however, uniformly passed some time there, and his unremitting fidelity won upon the porter, and the dog was allowed to enter. The meeting may be better imagined than described. The jailor, however, fearful for himself, carried the dog out of the prison; but he returned the next morning, and was regularly admitted on each day afterwards. When the day of sentence arrived, the dog, notwithstanding the guards, penetrated into the hall, where he lay crouched between the legs of his master. Again, at the hour of execution, the faithful dog is there: the knife of the guillotine falls—he will not leave the lifeless and headless body. The first night, the next day, and the second night, his absence alarmed his new patron, who, guessing whither he had retired, sought him, and found him stretched upon his master's grave. From this time, for three months, every morning the mourner returned to his prison merely to receive food, and then again retreated to the grave. At length he refused food, his patience seemed exhausted, and with temporary strength, supplied by his long-trying and unexhausted affection, for twenty-four hours he was observed to employ his weakened limbs in digging up the earth that separated him from the being he had served. His powers, however, here gave way; he shrieked in his struggles, and at length ceased to breathe, with his last look turned upon the grave."

Jesse says: "The late Reverend Mr. Cor-

sellis, of Wivenhoe, in Essex, had an old game-keeper who had reared a spaniel, which became his constant companion, day and night. Whenever the keeper appeared, Dash was close behind him, and was of infinite use in his master's nocturnal excursions. The game at night was never regarded, although in the day no spaniel could find it in better style, or in a greater quantity. If at night, however, a strange foot entered the covert, Dash, by a significant whine, informed his master that an enemy was abroad, and thus many poachers have been detected. After many years of friendly companionship, the keeper was seized with a disease which terminated in death. Whilst the slow but fatal progress of his disorder allowed him to crawl about, Dash, as usual, followed his footsteps; and when nature was nearly exhausted, and he took to his bed, the faithful animal unweariedly attended at the foot of it. When he died, the dog would not quit the body, but lay on the bed by its side. It was with difficulty he could be induced to eat any food; and though after the burial he was caressed with all the tenderness which so fond an attachment naturally called forth, he took every opportunity to steal back to the room where his old master died. Here he would remain for hours, and from thence he daily visited his grave. At the end, however, of fourteen days, notwithstanding every kindness and attention shown him, the poor, faithful animal died, a victim of grief for the loss of his master."



DANISH DOG.



MALTESE DOG.

Buffon was of opinion that the Danish Dog, which is chiefly found in Denmark, Russia, and Northern Germany, is only the *Matin* (the usual sheep-dog of France) transported into a northern latitude. The color of this dog is generally white, marked all over his body with black spots and patches, in general larger than those of the Dalmatian, of which some have supposed him to be a congener. His ears are for the most part white, while those of the Dalmatian are usually black. The great Danish dog is a fine sprightly animal, but is of little use either for sporting or watching. Like the Dalmatian, he is chiefly used in this country as an attendant on carriages, to which he forms an elegant appendage. Mr. Johnson, a traveller from Manchester, on his route through Scotland on horseback, was benighted, and coming to a small public house on the road, he thought it better to take up his lodgings there, if possible, than to proceed further that night. On entering the house, he found only an old woman, who, to his inquiries, answered she would accommodate him with a bed, and provide for the horse in a small shed, if he would assist her in carrying hay and litter, as there was no other person then in the house. This was readily agreed to by Mr. Johnson, who, after having done so, and taken a little refreshment, was shown by the old woman to his bedroom. A large Danish dog, which accompanied him on his journey, offered to go up to the room with him, which the old woman strongly objected to; but Mr. Johnson firmly persisted in having him admitted. The dog, on entering the room, began to growl, and was altogether very unruly. His master in vain attempted to quiet him—he kept growling and looking angrily under the bed, which induced Mr. Johnson to look there likewise, when, to his utter astonishment, he saw a man concealed at the further end. On encouraging the dog, he sprang immediately at him, whilst Mr. Johnson seized his pistols, and presenting one at the stranger, who had a large knife in his hand, and was struggling with the dog, declared he would instantly shoot him if he made further resistance. The man then sub-

mitted to be bound, and acknowledged that his intention was to rob and murder Mr. Johnson, which was thus providentially prevented by the wonderful sagacity of his faithful dog. Mr. Johnson, after securely binding the man and fastening the door, went (accompanied by his dog) to the shed where his horse was left, which he instantly mounted, and escaped without injury to the next town, where he gave to a magistrate a full account of the murderous attempt, and the culprit was taken into custody and afterwards executed. A gamekeeper belonging to the castle of Holstein (in Denmark), returned one evening from a long and fatiguing chase, and deposited the game in the larder, without being aware that he had locked up his dog at the same time.

Business of importance unexpectedly called him away immediately afterwards, and he did not return for five days, when, mindful of his game, he went to the larder, and beheld his dog stretched dead at the door. The gamekeeper stood extremely affected; but what were his sensations, when he saw on the table eleven brace of partridges and five grouse, untouched? This admiration increased his grief, when he found the poor dog had suffered starvation, rather than transgress his duty.

The Maltese Dog, as its name implies, was originally brought from Malta. It is the prettiest and most lovable of all tiny pet dogs. It is a very scarce animal, and at one time was thought to be extinct; but there are still specimens to be obtained by those who have no objection to pay the price which is demanded for these pretty little creatures. The hair of this tiny creature is very long, extremely silky, and almost unique in its glossy sheen, so beautifully fine as to resemble spun glass. In proportion to the size of the animal, the fur is so long that when it is in rapid movement, the real shape is altogether lost in the streaming mass of flossy hair. One of these animals, which barely exceeds three pounds in weight, measures no less than fifteen inches in length of hair across the shoulders. The tail of the Maltese dog curls strongly over the back, and adds its wealth of silken fur to the already superfluous torrent of glistening tresses. It is a lively and very good-tempered little creature, endearing itself by sundry curious little ways to those with whom it is brought in contact.

Every one is familiar with the Poodle, one of the most intelligent and teachable of animals. A dog of this kind is one of the heroes of Bulwer's popular novel—"What Will He Do With It?" Jesse says: "A shoe-black on the Pont Neuf at Paris had a poodle-dog, whose sagacity brought no small profit to his master. If the dog saw a person with well-polished boots go across the bridge, he contrived to dirty them, by having first rolled himself in the mud of the Seine. His master was then employed to clean them. An English gentleman, who had suffered more than



ones from the annoyance of having his boots dirtied by a dog, was at last induced to watch his proceedings, and thus detected the tricks he was playing for his master's benefit. He was so much pleased with the animal's sagacity, that he purchased him at a high price and conveyed him to London. On arriving there, he was confined to the house till he appeared perfectly satisfied with his new master and his new situation. He at last, however, contrived to escape, and made his way back to Paris, where he rejoined his old master, and resumed his former occupation. I was at Paris some years ago, where this anecdote was related to me, and it is now published in the records of the French Institute."

The Newfoundland Dog, delineated in one of our engravings, is a truly noble animal. When we reflect on the docility of the Newfoundland dog, his affectionate disposition, his aptitude in receiving instruction, and his instantaneous sense of impending danger, we shall no longer wonder at his being called the friend of his master, whom he is at all times ready to defend at the risk of his own life. How noble is his appearance, and at the same time how serene is his countenance! No animal, perhaps, can show more real courage than this dog. His perseverance in what he undertakes is so great, that he never relinquishes an attempt which has been enjoined on him as long as there is a chance of success. We allude more particularly to storms at sea and consequent shipwreck, when his services, his courage, and indefatigable exertions, have been truly wonderful. Numerous persons have been saved from a watery grave by these dogs, and ropes have been conveyed by them from a sinking ship to the shore amidst foaming billows, by which means whole crews have been saved from destruction. Their feet are particularly well adapted to enable them to swim, being webbed very much like those of a duck, and they are at all times ready to plunge into the water to save a human being from drowning. Some dogs delight in following a fox, others in hunting the hare, or killing vermin. The delight of the Newfoundland dog appears to be in the preservation of the lives of the human race. A story is related, on good authority, of one of these dogs being in the habit, when he saw persons swimming in the Seine at Paris, of seizing them and bringing them to the shore. In the immediate neighborhood of Windsor, England, a servant was saved from drowning by a Newfoundland dog, who seized him by the collar of his coat when he was al-

most exhausted, and brought him to the banks, where some of the family were assembled watching with great anxiety the exertions of the noble animal.

The English Pointer is a capital sporting dog. While it possesses a sufficiently wide muzzle to permit the development of the olfactory nerves, its limbs are so light and wiry that it can mate almost any dog in speed. Indeed, some of these animals are known to equal a slow greyhound in point of swiftness. This quality is specially useful, because it permits the sportsman to walk forward, at a moderate pace, while his dogs are beating over the field to his right and left. The sagacious animals are so obedient to the voice and gesture of their master, and are so well trained to act with each other, that at a wave of the hand they will separate, one going to the right and the other to the left, and so traverse the entire field in a series of "tacks," to speak nautically, crossing each other regularly in front of the sportsman as he walks forward. When either of them scents a bird, he stops suddenly, arresting even his foot as it is raised in the air, his head thrust forward, his body and limbs fixed, and his tail stretched straight out behind him. This attitude is termed a "point," and on account of this peculiar mode of indicating game, the animal is termed the "pointer." The dogs are so trained that when one of them comes to a point he is backed by his companion, so as to avoid the disturbance of more game than is necessary for the purpose of the sportsman. It is a matter of some difficulty to teach their lesson rightly, for the dogs are quite as liable to error through their over-anxiety to please their master as through sluggishness or carelessness. Such dogs are very provoking in the field, for they will come to a point at almost every strange odor that crosses their nostrils, and so will stand

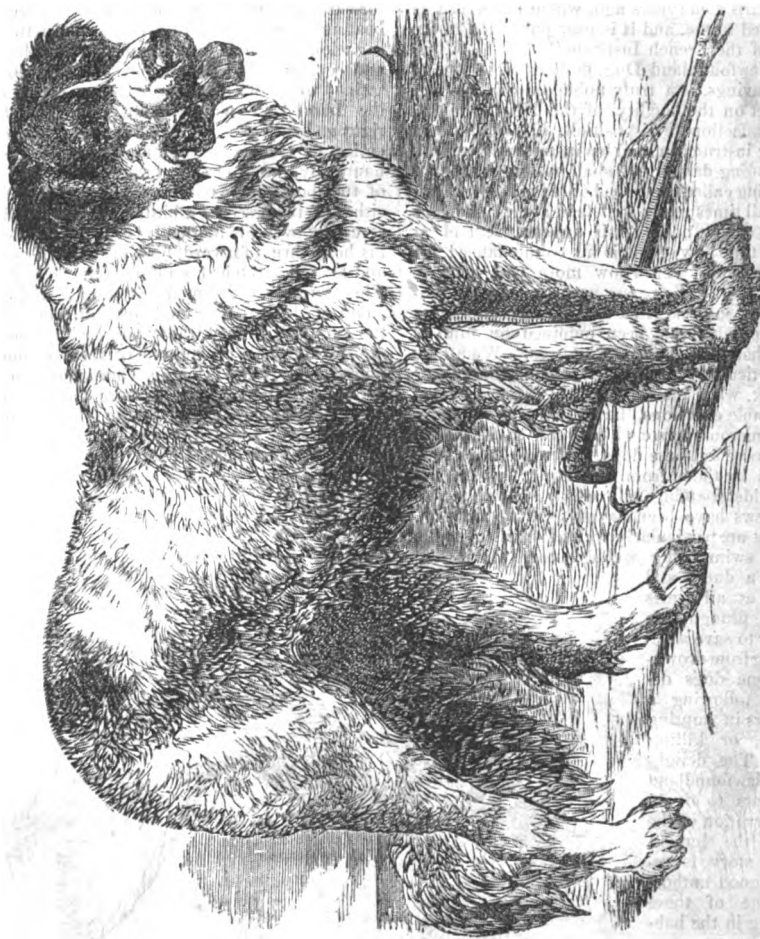


POODLE.



at pigs, sparrows, cats, or any other creature that may come in their way, and will hold so firmly to their "point" that they cannot be induced to move, except by compulsory means. This extreme excitability seems to be caused by too close adherence to the same stock in breeding, and is set right by a judicious admixture with another family. According to "Stonehenge," the marks of a good pointer are as follows: "A moderately large head, wide rather than long, with a high forehead and an intelligent eye, of medium size.

the greyhound, and the depth in the back ribs being proportionably greater than in that dog. The tail, or 'stern,' as it is technically called, is strong at the root, but, suddenly diminishing, it becomes very fine, and then continues nearly of the same size to within two inches of the tip, where it goes off to a point, looking as sharp as the sting of a wasp, and giving the whole very much the appearance of that part of the insect, but magnified as a matter of course. This peculiar shape of the stern characterizes the breed,



NEWFOUNDLAND DOG.

Muzzle broad, with its outline square in front, not receding as in the hound. Flews (*i. e.* the overhanging lips) manifestly present, but not pendent. The head should be well set on the neck, with a peculiar form at the junction only seen in the pointer. The neck itself should be long, convex in its upper outline, without any tendency to a dewlap or a ruff, as the loose skin covered with long hair round the neck is called. The body is of good length, with a strong loin, wide hips, and rather arched ribs, the chest being well let down, but not in a hatchet shape as in

and its absence shows a cross with the hound or some other dog." The author then proceeds to recommend long, slanting, but muscular shoulder-blades, a long upper arm, a very low elbow, and a short fore-arm. The feet must be round and strong, and padded with a thick sole, the knee strong, and the ankle of full size. The color is of comparatively small importance, but ought, if possible, to be white, so that the animal may be visible while beating among heather, clover, or turnips. Black or liver-colored dogs are very handsome to the eye, but often cause

much trouble to the sportsman, on account of the difficulty of distinguishing them among the herbage. White dogs, with lemon-colored heads, are the favorites of this author.

The Esquimaux Dogs are extremely like the gray wolves of the Arctic circle in form and color, and nearly equal to them in size. To the Esquimaux Indians the services of this animal are invaluable. He assists them to hunt the bear, the reindeer, and the seal; in summer, while attending his master in the chase, he carries a

and the length of his body from the back of the head to the commencement of the tail, is two feet three inches. His coat is long and furry, and is sometimes brindled, sometimes of a dingy red, sometimes black and white, and sometimes almost wholly black. The manner in which the sledge is drawn by these animals is thus described by Captain Parry: "When drawing a sledge the dogs have a simple harness of deer or seal skin, going round the neck by one bight, and another for each of the fore legs, with a single thong



weight of thirty pounds; in winter he is yoked to a sledge, and conveys his master over the trackless snows. Several of them drawing together will convey five or six persons, at the rate of seven or eight miles an hour, and will travel sixty miles in a day. In winter he is scantily fed, and roughly treated, yet his fidelity remains unshaken. The Esquimaux dog does not bark. In appearance he comes nearest to the shepherd's dog and the wolf dog. His ears are short and erect, and his bushy tail curves elegantly over his back. His average stature is one foot ten inches,

leading over the back, and attached to the sledge as a trace. Though they appear, at first sight, to be huddled together without regard to regularity, there is, in fact, some considerable attention paid to their arrangement, particularly in the selection of a dog with a very peculiar spirit and sagacity, who is allowed, by a longer trace, to precede the rest as leader, and to whom, in turning to the right or left, the driver usually addresses himself. The choice is made without regard to age or sex, and the rest of the dogs take precedence according to their training or



ESQUIMAUX DOG.

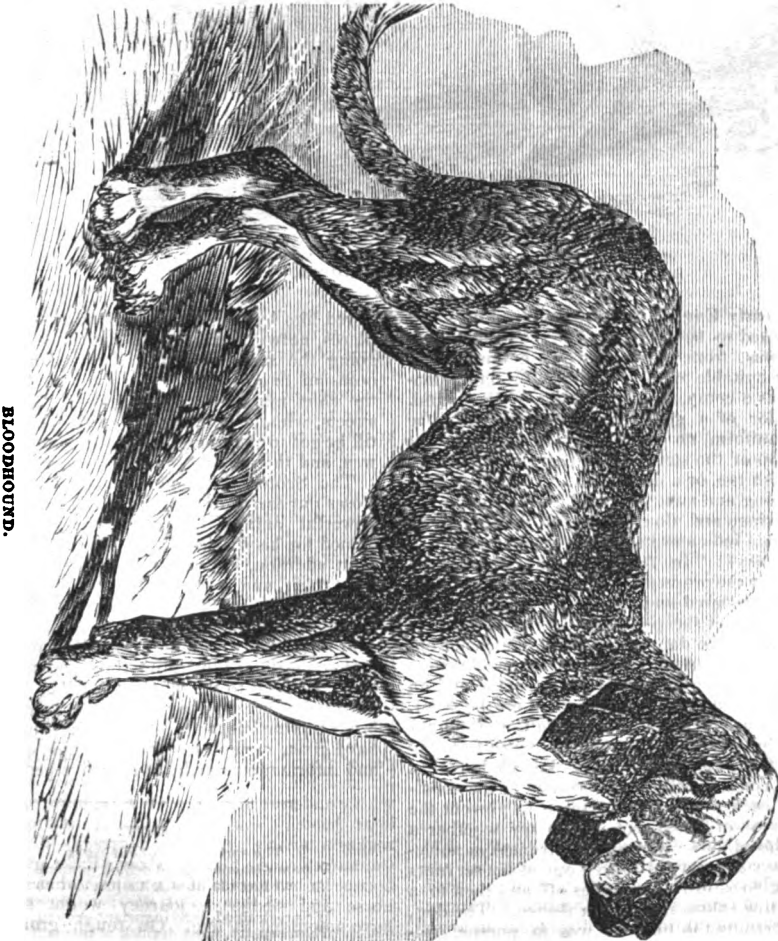
sagacity, the least effective being put nearest the sledge. The leader is usually from eighteen to twenty feet from the forepart of the sledge, and the hindmost dog about half the distance; so that when ten or twelve are running together, several are nearly abreast of each other. The driver sits quite low on the fore part of the sledge, with his feet overhanging the snow on one side, and having in his hand a whip, of which the handle is plaited a little way down to stiffen it, and give it a spring, on which much of its use depends; and that which composes the lash is chewed by the women, to make it flexible in frosty weather. The men acquire, from their youth, considerable expertness in the use of this whip, the lash of which is left to trail along the ground by the side of the sledge, and with which they can inflict a very severe blow on any dog at pleasure. Though the dogs are kept in training entirely by fear of the whip, and, indeed, without it, would soon have their own way, its immediate effect is always detrimental to the draught of the sledge; for not only does the individual that is struck draw back, and slacken his trace, but generally turns upon his next neighbor, and this passing on to the next, occasions a general divergency, accompanied by the usual yelping and showing of the teeth. The dogs then come together again by degrees, and the draught of the sledge is accelerated; but even at the best of times, by this rude mode of draught, the traces of one third of the dogs form an angle

of thirty or forty degrees on each side of the direction in which the sledge is advancing. Another great inconvenience attending the Esquimaux method of putting the dogs to, besides that of not employing their strength to the best advantage, is the constant entanglement of some of the traces, by the dogs repeatedly doubling under from side to side to avoid the whip; so that after running a few miles the traces always require to be taken off and cleared. In directing the sledge, the whip acts no very essential part, the driver for this purpose using certain words, as the carters do with us, to make the dogs turn more to the right or left. To these a good leader attends with admirable precision, especially if his own name be repeated at the same time, looking behind over his shoulder with great earnestness, as if listening to the directions of the driver. On a beaten track, or even where a single foot or sledge mark is occasionally discernible, there is not the slightest trouble in guiding the dogs; for even in the darkest night, and in the heaviest snow-drift, there is little or no danger of their losing the road, the leader keeping his nose near the ground, and directing the rest with wonderful sagacity. Where, however, there is no beaten track, the best driver among them makes a terrible circuitous course, as all the Esquimaux roads plainly show; these generally occupying an extent of six miles, when with a horse and sledge the journey would scarcely have amounted to five. On rough ground, as

among hummocks of ice, the sledge would be frequently overturned, or altogether stopped, if the driver did not repeatedly get off, and by lifting or drawing it on one side, steer clear of those accidents. At all times, indeed, except on a smooth and well-made road, he is pretty constantly employed thus with his feet, which renders the driving of one of these vehicles by no means a pleasant or easy task. When the driver wishes to stop the sledge, he calls out, 'Wo, wo,' exactly as our carters do, but the attention paid to this command depends altogether on his ability to enforce it. Six or seven dogs will draw from eight to ten hundred weight, at the rate of seven or eight miles an hour, for several hours together; and will easily, even under these circumstances, perform a journey of fifty or sixty miles a day over the snow and ice."

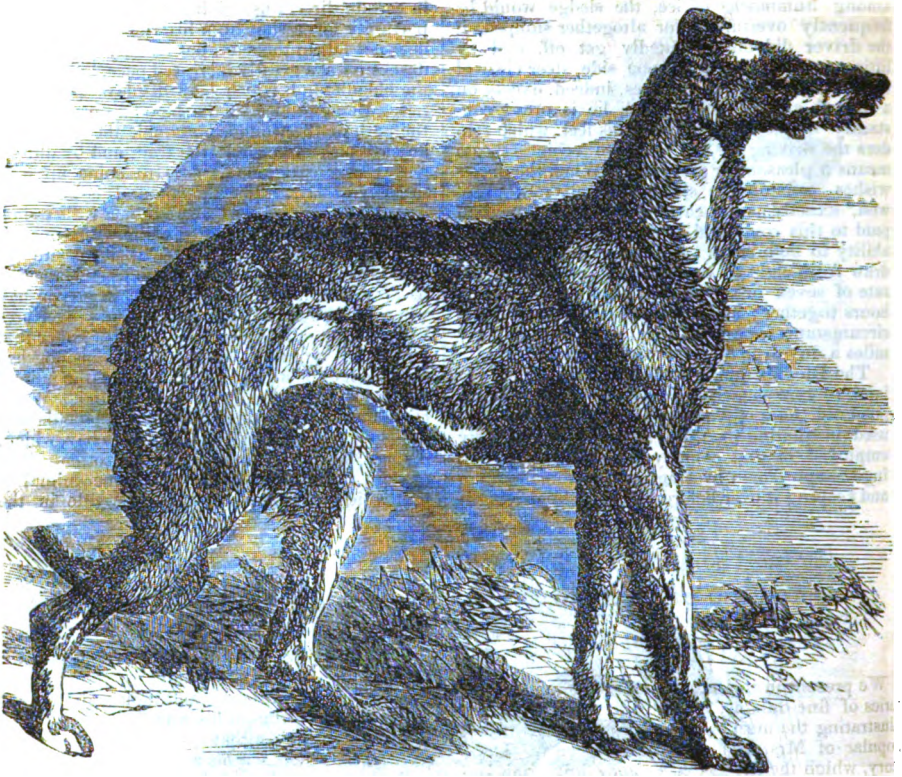
The Bloodhound is a noble and intelligent animal, of rare sagacity in tracking a foe. In the good old times of "merry England," they were used in hunting men, but now they are chiefly employed in that country in deer-shooting, aiding the sportsman by singling out some animal, and keeping it ever before him, and by driving it

in certain directions, giving to its master an opportunity for a shot from his rifle. Should the deer not fall to the shot, but be only wounded, it dashes off at a greatly increased pace, followed by the bloodhound, which here displays his qualities. Being guided by the blood-drops that stud the path of the wounded animal, the hound has an easy task in keeping the trail, and by dint of persevering exertions is sure to come up with his prey at last. The bloodhound is generally irascible in temper, and therefore a rather dangerous animal to be meddled with by any one excepting its owner. So fierce is its desire for blood, and so utterly is it excited when it reaches its prey, that it will often keep its master at bay when he approaches, and receive his overtures with such unmistakable indications of anger that he will not venture to approach until his dog has satisfied its appetite on the carcass of the animal which it has brought to the ground. When fairly on the track of the deer, the bloodhound utters a peculiar, long, loud, and deep bay, which, if once heard, will never be forgotten. The modern bloodhound is not the same animal as that which was known by the same title in the



BLOODHOUND.





SCOTCH GREYHOUND.

days of early English history, the breed of which is supposed to be extinct. The ancient bloodhound was, from all accounts, an animal of extremely irritable temper, and therefore more dangerous as a companion than the modern hound. The color of a good bloodhound ought to be nearly uniform, no white being permitted, except on the tip of the stern. The prevailing tints are a blackish tan, or a deep fawn. The tail of this dog is long and sweeping, and by certain expressive wavings and flourishings of that member, the animal indicates its success or failure.

Jesse says: "In 1803, the Thrapston Association for the prosecution of felons in Northamptonshire, procured and trained a bloodhound for the detection of sheep-stealers. In order to prove the utility of the dog, a man was despatched from a spot where a great concourse of people were assembled, at ten o'clock in the forenoon, and an hour afterwards the hound was laid on the scent. After a chase of an hour and a half, the hound found him secreted in a tree many miles from the place of starting. The very knowledge that farmers could readily have recourse to the assistance of such a dog, would serve to prevent the commission of much crime. To try whether a young bloodhound was well instructed, a nobleman (says Mr. Boyle) caused one of his servants to walk to a town four miles off, and then to a market town three miles from thence. The dog, without seeing the man he was to pursue, fol-

lowed him by the scent to the above-mentioned places, notwithstanding the multitude of people going the same road, and of travellers that had occasion to cross it. When the hound came to the chief market-town, he passed through the streets, without noticing any of the people there, till he got to the house where the man he sought was, and there found him in an upper room."

The Scotch Greyhound, a picture of which closes our series of illustrations, is a noble and powerful animal, of great fleetness and highly valued for his services in the hunting-field.

In addition, likewise, to the beauty, elegance, high spirit, and speed of the greyhound, may be mentioned his mild and affectionate disposition, as well as his fidelity and attachment to those who treat him with kindness. We might give many anecdotes illustrating these and many other traits, especial to the whole dog tribe, but all of our readers are familiar with such facts, and we bring this article to a close, believing that we have given enough to furnish a topic of interest and information worthy of attentive perusal.

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#### CRUELTY.

The spring-time of our years  
Is soon dishonored and defiled in most  
By budding ill, that ask a prudent hand  
To check them. But, alas, none sooner shoot,  
If unrestrained, into luxuriant growth  
Than cruelty, most devilish of them all!—Cowper.



BERNARDO DEL CARPIO SUING TO THE KING.

## BERNARDO DEL CARPIO.

BY FELICIA HEMANS.

We present in this number of the Magazine a series of fine designs, executed expressly for us, illustrating the most striking points in this most popular of Mrs. Hemans's lyrical poems. The story, which the poetess has made immortal, is thrilling and touching. Bernardo del Carpio, a renowned Spanish chieftain, had made frantic efforts to procure the release of his father, the Count of Saldana, who had been kept in prison by Alfonso, king of Asturias, almost from the hour of Bernardo's birth. Bernardo made war upon the crown with such success, that the leading nobles urged upon the king to compromise the matter. Alfonso agreed to restore the count to his son on condition of the latter surrendering the fortresses and prisoners he had taken—and the champion faithfully fulfilled his part of the contract. He rode forth to meet his father—the ballad informs us of the result. The early chronicles and romances leave us entirely in the dark with regard to the ultimate fate of Bernardo. Our artist has sketched five designs—the first, representing Bernardo appealing to the king to release his father; the second, showing him on his way to meet the count; the third, the unhappy discovery of the truth; and the fourth, the champion bringing the king and his victim face to face; and the last, the tomb of Count Saldana. The drawings are full of spirit, and the engravings beautifully executed.

The warrior bowed his crested head  
And tamed his heart of fire,  
And sued the haughty king to free  
His long-imprisoned sire.  
"I bring thee here my fortress-keys,  
I bring my captive train,

I pledge thee faith, my liege, my lord,  
O, break my father's chain!"

"Rise, rise! even now thy father comes,  
A ransomed man this day;  
Mount thy good horse, and thou and I  
Will meet him on his way."  
Then lightly rose that loyal son,  
And bounded on his steed,  
And urged, as if with lance in rest,  
The charger's foamy speed.

And lo! from far, as on they passed,  
There came a glittering band,  
With one that 'midst them stately rode,  
As a leader in the land.

"Now haste, Bernardo, haste! for there  
In very truth is he—  
The father whom thy faithful heart  
Hath yearned so long to see."

His dark eye flashed, his proud breast heaved,  
His cheek's blood came and went;  
He reached that gray-haired chieftain's side,  
And there dismounting bent.  
A lowly knee on earth he bent,  
His father's hand he took—  
What was there in his touch that all  
His fiery spirit shook?

The hand was cold—a frozen thing—  
It dropped from his like lead;  
He looked up to the face above—  
The face was of the dead!  
A plume waved o'er the noble brow—  
The brow was fixed and white;  
He met at last his father's eyes,  
But in them was no sight!

Up from the ground he sprung and gazed;  
But who could paint that gaze?  
They hushed their very hearts that saw  
Its terror and amaze.

They might have chained him as before  
That stony form he stood,  
For the power was stricken from his arm,  
And from his lip the blood.

"Father!" at length he murmured low,  
And wept like childhood then:  
Talk not of grief till thou hast seen  
The tears of warlike men!  
He thought of all his glorious hopes,  
And all his young renown—  
He flung the falchion from his side,  
And in the dust sat down.

Then covering with his steel-gloved hands  
His darkly mournful brow,  
"No more—there is no more," he said,  
"To lift the sword for now.

And sternly set them face to face—  
The king before the dead!

"Came I not forth upon thy pledge,  
My father's hand to kiss?  
Be still, and gaze thou on, false king,  
And tell me what is this!  
The voice, the glance, the heart I sought—  
Give answer, where are they?  
If thou wouldst clear thy perjured soul,  
Send life through this cold clay!

"Into these glassy eyes put light—  
Be still, keep down thine ire—  
Bid these white lips a blessing speak:  
This earth is *not* my sire!  
Give me back him for whom I strove,  
For whom my blood was shed;



BERNARDO RIDING TO MEET HIS FATHER.

My king is false, my hope betrayed,  
My father—O, the worth,  
The glory and the loveliness  
Are passed away from earth!

"I thought to stand where banners waved,  
My sire! beside thee yet,  
I would that *there* our kindred blood  
On Spain's free soil had met;  
Thou wouldst have known my spirit then,  
For thee my fields were won—  
And thou hast perished in thy chains,  
As though thou hadst no son!"

Then, starting from the ground once more,  
He seized the monarch's rein,  
Amidst the pale and wildered looks  
Of all the courtier train;  
And with a fierce, o'ermastering grasp,  
The rearing war horse led,

Thou canst not—and a king? His dust  
Be mountains on thy head!"

He loosed the steed; his slack hand fell;  
Upon the silent face  
He cast one long, deep, troubled look,  
Then turned from that sad place:  
His hope was crushed, his after-fate  
Untold in martial strain—  
His banner led the spears no more  
Amidst the hills of Spain.

The smallest natural magnets generally possess the greatest proportion of attractive power. The magnet worn by Sir Isaac Newton in his ring, weighed only three grains; yet it was able to take up 746 grains, or nearly 250 times its own weight, whereas magnets above two pounds seldom lift more than five or six times their weight.



## BEAU BRUMMELL.

Brummell contrived, like the duke, to pass some five months of every year in the very best country houses in England. The Dukes of Bedford, Beaufort, Devonshire, Dorset and Rutland, were especially gratified by his condescending to visit them—he, the grandson of the London confectioner! He had little taste for rural sports, though he shot well and was a good show-rider. Hunting he did not care for, alleging that a man got nothing for it except having his boots and garments splashed. Even in the field he wore a white neckcloth, and his boot-tops were white, the brown color being discharged by oxalic acid, after which they were sponged with champagne.

At a time when it was fashionable for a nobleman belonging to the four-in-hand club, to wear the dress and affect the manner of a stage-coachman, Brummell made a dead set against the Squire Westerns species, natural or artificial; and when he objected to some country squires being admitted into Watier's club, justified his exclusiveness by declaring that their boots always smelt of bad blacking and the stable.

In London, so great was Brummell's ascendancy in society before he was twenty-five years old, whenever the fashionable journals gave an account of a ball or rout, always put his name first in the list of untitled guests. He was the dictator of fashion, retaining his power by frequent exercise of his strong power of satire. At one of these parties, where the young daughter of a duke appeared for the first time, her *chaperon* said, "You see that gentleman next to the door? If he should speak to us, endeavor to make a favorable impression. That is Mr. Brummell, whose smile or sneer can make or unmake your position in society."

He prided himself on saying rude things. Dining with a gentleman who vulgarly boasted of his wine and its high price, Brummell refused his glass when the servant brought him the bottle

a second time, with—"No, thank you, I don't take cider."

Another time, in a country house, where his host piqued himself upon disliking French wines, which Brummell greatly affected, he was saluted with, "Don't take that thin claret, but have some of this old port." The Beau exclaimed: "Port?—O, I remember now—a dark, intoxicating fluid, much drank by the lower classes!" Assuredly, had Brummell lived in our day, he would have had his nose pulled, if he were thus impertinent.

Once he dined in the city, to the wonder of those who knew how exclusive he was, and said: "Yes, the man wanted me to bring him into notice, and I desired him to give a dinner, to which I invited Alvanley, Mills, Pierrepoint, and a few others." He was asked how the party went off. "Very well—only for one *mal-a-propos*—the man who gave the dinner positively had the assurance to seat himself at the table with us."

Another time, speaking of a city millionaire, said, "Ungrateful wretch! Once I gave him my arm down St. James Street, and he actually has refused to discount a little bill for a thousand pounds!"

Meeting a rich but undistinguished young gentleman at dinner, Brummell asked the loan of his carriage to take him to a ball at Lady Jersey's. "I am going there," was the reply, "and shall be happy to take you." Brummell answered in his most delicate tone, "Still there is a difficulty. You can't well ride behind your own carriage, and how would it do for me to be seen in it with you?" Here, most certainly, a gay manner of speaking, alone could have carried off this impertinence.

"You have a cold," said some one. "Yes," said Brummell, "I was in to Hutchett's coffee-room yesterday, waiting for Lord Alvanley, and the wretch of an innkeeper brought in a damp stranger."



BERNARDO KNEELING AT THE FEET OF THE COME.





BERNARDO REPROACHING THE KING.

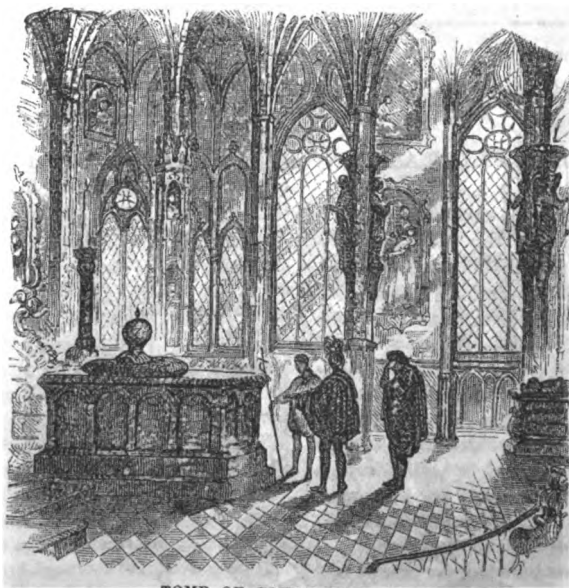
In the month of a very cold August, he was asked if he had ever seen such a summer day?

"Yes—I did—last winter."

"Are you fond of vegetables?" asked a pressing host in the country. Brummell slowly drawled out, "I think—that—I once ate a pea!"

On one occasion, when he declared that he did not like the cut of the prince's coat, that exemplary, corpulent hero blubbered like a whipped school-boy. Brummell, with all his frivolity, real

or assumed, contrived to conciliate the favor of many very intellectual persons, among whom may be named Lady Hester Stanhope, the beautiful and poetizing Duchess of Devonshire, Lord Erskine, Crabbe, Moore, Sheridan, and Byron. He had some literary talents, for he wrote occasional verses very passably. It was Brummell's fancy to keep an album, in which the leading wits and belles of his time were very proud to write. —*Philadelphia Press.*



TOMB OF COUNT SALDANA.

[ORIGINAL.]

## LOWLY GRAVES.

BY ARTHUR L. MERRIVE.

While the sun goes down in the crimson west,  
 Let me take you by the hand;  
 And we'll wander adown to the "silent town,"  
 Which is in the voiceless land.

No, we'll pause not by the sculptured urns  
 That tell of pomp and pride,  
 But pass along mid the silent throng,  
 O'er to the other side.

Nay, turn not back 'cause weeds have grown  
 Above the lowly graves,  
 But come with me to yon cypress tree  
 That the golden sunset laves.

See these three graves where the grass grows green,  
 And the early violets bloom;  
 Affection's tear is oft shed here,  
 Yet seldom at yonder tomb.

The hands of love o'er this silent group  
 Have planted the flowers at even;  
 And the tears they shed o'er their household dead  
 Were more precious in sight of Heaven

Than the marble shaft that proudly tells  
 That a rich man sleeps below,  
 Or a warrior brave, that's found a grave  
 Close where the cypresses grow.

Ah, the lowly mound o'errun with flowers  
 Speaks to the heart far more,  
 That the pure white dove of household love  
 Thinks of those who've "gone before."

[ORIGINAL.]

## TWICE WOODED:

— OR, —

## FRED LYNDE'S FLIRTATION.

BY MARY A. KEABLES.

SHE was a pretty girl; I might have said beautiful, and not gone astray from the truth. Her eyes were of a deep, dark blue, fringed with long brown lashes; her complexion was a blending of the rose and the lily; her features were faultlessly regular, and well defined, while her abundant brown hair—black in the shadow, golden in the sunshine, but a dark beautiful brown seen in a medium light—was parted smoothly from a low, girlish forehead, and half drooping upon the swan-like neck, looped back and fastened in rich braids around her well-shaped head.

Gertie Eldridge was beautiful, her mirror told her so, as well as the weak, foolish woman who loved the bright, fair girl better than her life, and

who lavished upon her praises and compliments that were enough to turn the poor child's brain. Mrs. Eldridge worshipped her daughter, and her ill-timed, ill-directed flattery proved her to be entirely unfit to guide the young and sensitive spirit looking to her for direction.

Mrs. Eldridge was a widow, supporting herself and daughter with her needle. They lived in a little brown house in the outskirts of a pleasant country village, Glenvale—brown and low to be sure, as seen from the street, but within, neat and cosy, and furnished with a simple elegance. There were three rooms in the cottage, a kitchen, parlor and bedroom; but all three were clean and cheerful, and, although the little front room boasted but a home-made rag carpet, ten-cent muslin curtains, and the lounge was covered with the cheapest chintz, still there was no lack of visitors to make it resound with merry laughter, for Gertie was the attraction.

Now although she had attained the respectable age of seventeen, and was the prettiest of all the Glenvale lasses, strange to say, Gertie Eldridge had never had a real lover. There was a pretty, scornful way about her that I do believe made the young men afraid of her; for, although they admired at a distance, they blushed and stammered like bashful girls when they tried to address her upon the most trivial subjects, and when one or two, more daring than the rest, offered themselves, at different times, of course, to escort her to some party or picnic, they immediately received a "No, I thank you," for their pains. Some called her coquetish, but we are sure, whatever her faults were, this was not one that could be rightly laid to her charge.

The Academy of Glenvale was an institution noted for miles around for the excellence of its discipline, the capability of its teachers, and the rapid advancement of its pupils. This school Gertie was attending at the time of which we write, endeavoring to fit herself for the capacity of a teacher, and she hoped in a short time to relieve her mother of a burden that had been weighing heavily upon her hands, and to be able, not only to maintain herself, but to render it unnecessary for her mother to work constantly at her needle, an employment that was evidently destroying her health.

This was the state of affairs when Fred Lynde entered the Glenvale Academy as a pupil. He was a handsome young man, with strange, fascinating eyes, the color of which it would be impossible to determine; a fine figure, and manners bespeaking the thorough-bred gentleman.

It was soon rumored that this new comer was wealthy, heir to a large estate that would come

into his possession upon his twenty-first birthday, as he had not quite attained his majority. He was from a neighboring State; more than this was not known of him. He was a thorough student, so the teachers said, and altogether he was declared quite an addition to this flourishing and popular school. Among the young men he was considered a first-rate fellow, the girls thought him a charming young gentleman, but old ladies and old gentlemen shook their heads and muttered "too wild, too wild."

Now, to make a long story short, when Fred Lynde's eyes first rested upon the beautiful face of Gertrude Eldridge, he made up his mind she would be a charming lassie to flirt with for a season; and the assurance he received from his classmates that he would waste his time while thus engaged, only strengthened him in his determination.

"'Faint heart never won fair lady,'" he laughed; "if that pretty ring my lady wears upon her finger isn't upon mine in less than two months, expel me from Glenvale Academy, mark that! And mind ye, the first one who tells Miss Scorn of what I have said, shall receive his reward, remember that, boys!" And those bewildering eyes fairly shot glances of fire.

Of course the said boys did not care after this to inform the young lady of the young gentleman's boast, and waited for future developments impatiently.

They came soon enough, too soon. The second week after young Lynde's entrance into school found him at the Widow Eldridge's cottage. He wished a little sewing done, some handkerchiefs hemmed, he had heard she was a beautiful seamstress, and therefore he had troubled her.

Mrs. Eldridge's vanity was aroused; she assured Mr. Lynde his handkerchiefs should be hemmed in the neatest manner, that her daughter Gertrude was a much prettier seamstress than herself, and that she should hem them and mark them for him also if he desired.

Mr. Lynde observed that nothing would give him greater pleasure, that he had lost a great many handkerchiefs in his short lifetime, because they were not marked, and then asked if the charming and talented Miss Eldridge who attended the Glenvale Academy was her daughter? The vain mother answered in the affirmative.

"I should be delighted to make her acquaintance, my dear madam," said young Lynde, in his most condescending manner; "the rules of the academy are so strict I have not been fortunate enough to secure even an introduction."

"Then I beg you will stay and take tea with

us, Mr. Lynde," replied Mrs. Eldridge, with a low and deferential bow, and a smirk of self-complacency upon her faded but no doubt once pretty face.

Mr. Lynde regretted he could not accept the invitation as he was engaged very busily at that hour with his studies; but if Mrs. Eldridge would permit him, he would call around in the evening; there would be a lecture at the academy, and perhaps Miss Eldridge would like to be present, as it was upon the very interesting and profitable subject of metaphysics. Did Mrs. Eldridge think her daughter would like to go?

Mrs. Eldridge was very sure she would, and Mr. Lynde took his leave, taking good care to display to view a costly jewelled watch, a massive gold chain, and an ornamental seal, which impressed Mrs. Eldridge so much with the young man's importance that she made up her mind he would be the most eligible match in the world for her daughter, and when Gertie returned from school, informed her of the good fortune that no doubt awaited her.

Now any one at all acquainted with human nature will understand Mrs. Eldridge took entirely the wrong way to impress her daughter with an idea of this "good fortune." Girls are contrary, of course they are, and if the manoeuvring mama had only informed her pretty daughter she should not associate with Mr. Fred Lynde, ten chances to one she would have eloped with him in a month; as it was immediately after tea, Gertie tied on her pretty sun bonnet, and ran over to spend the evening with her dearest friend, Lucy Dwight, leaving Mr. Lynde to be entertained by her mother, who had taken so great a fancy to him.

Now Lucy Dwight had a brother, Harry, a fine fellow, by the way, and he loved pretty Gertie Eldridge with all his heart; but, alas, Harry was neither handsome, learned nor wealthy, awkward as he was good hearted, and as shy and bashful as Gertie was scornful and distant. She never imagined the great overgrown, ungainly lad loved her, and so treated him as she would any other shy and awkward fellow, that is to say, she didn't treat him at all; and this particular evening, as she ran up the little grassy, rose-bordered path, and met Harry upon the steps, she failed to notice him in the least, pushed past him, opened the door, and ran lightly up stairs to her friend Lucy's room.

Now we might describe Lucy, and after saying that she was exactly the opposite of Gertie, say also that she was possessed of as warm and generous a heart as ever throbbed in a human breast;

but our story is not of Lucy this time, although her's was no tame, common place life, "and thereon hangs a tale."

Gertie found Lucy busy arranging a bouquet of flowers upon her toilet table, and ere she was aware of an intruder, a pair of white arms were around her neck and a pair of rosy lips were pressed upon her cheek. Lucy gave a little start of surprise, but regained her composure when she saw it was only Gertie, and then the two sat down, school-girl fashion, to chat, and Harry Dwight, his heart thumping loudly against his home-made jacket, looked up to the window from whence he could hear her voice, listened for a moment, and then walked away to the orchard to find the largest and reddest apples to send to her mother; for he wouldn't give them to Gertie for the world, and he knew if he sent them to Mrs. Eldridge, Gertie would be very likely to appropriate as many to her own use as she desired.

So the apples were gathered, and placed in a little basket on the steps where Gertie would find them; then upon second thoughts, he concluded he would run down to Mrs. Eldridge's with them himself, and have a little chat with her to while away the time. But sad to relate, as Harry approached the cottage he espied the accomplished Mr. Lynde sitting by the window in the little parlor, so he passed, and turning a corner, returned home again.

Then he left the basket of apples upon the steps where he first intended, and hearing the academy bell ring, decided he would go to the lecture, just to pass away the time, which he did, and yet he never thought of inviting pretty Gertie Eldridge to accompany him. As he was returning home that evening in the darkness, he heard Fred Lynde's voice behind him.

"Never mind, never mind, boys, not foiled yet! But Gertie Eldridge shall pay dearly for this!"

"Perhaps," suggested another voice.

"No 'perhaps' about it," returned Lynde, "if I don't walk to school with Miss Scorn to-morrow morning, call me a fool for my pains, that's all."

And Fred Lynde did as he had boasted he would do, for apparently very accidentally he fell into her company the next morning, introduced himself, spoke of the beauty of the weather, the loveliness of the scenery, and parted with her in the hall.

All this looked very presuming, very audacious to Gertie Eldridge, but then what could she do? Stop in the street to rid herself of his company? He possibly would stop too. Walk faster? She tried that, but Mr. Lynde was her equal there.

She answered his questions haughtily, and in monosyllables, and turned her pretty head scornfully, but Fred Lynde would not take the hint that his presence was disagreeable, he did not care to. And this was Fred Lynde's first victory over Gertie Eldridge, the prettiest girl in Glenvale Academy.

The old saying is, "we first endure, then pity, then embrace." At first Gertrude merely tolerated Fred Lynde's society, next she thought it really pleasant, and finally fully agreed with her mother that Mr. Lynde was charming company. We do not mean that Gertie was guilty of saying this, even to her dearest friend, Lucy, but we do maintain she admitted it to her own proud and sensitive heart. And this was Fred Lynde's second triumph.

Two months had nearly elapsed since the young man's rash assertion in regard to gaining possession of Gertrude's ring; but he accomplished it in due time in this wise.

He asked her for it to look at one day, and accidentally (?) broke it. Of course he was profuse in his apologies, begged her to wear one of his until he had hers mended, which he would have done shortly; took a pretty, jewelled ring from his own finger, and placed it upon her's so gallantly she could not refuse.

Two days afterwards the students of the Glenvale Academy beheld upon the young man's finger the fair Gertie's ring. And thus it was Fred Lynde gained his third victory.

Poor Gertrude Eldridge, if she had only known the net that this young and unprincipled man was weaving about her, she might have broken the meshes ere they had grown too strong for her feeble strength. She judged others by herself; because her own heart was pure and innocent, she imagined all others to be so likewise. Fred Lynde flattered her vanity by his preference, by his skilful flattery, by his carefully worded compliments. She had not the benefit of a prudent mother's counsel but believed all the young man told her. Her love became infatuation, she was blind to everything except the fact, as she believed, that she loved, and that she was beloved. And this was Fred Lynde's fourth victory.

Gradually an estrangement grew up between Gertie Eldridge and Lucy Dwight. How it began it would be hard to determine; perhaps it was when Lucy said that she did not think Fred Lynde unexceptionable; her strong, penetrating mind had read well the young man's character, and from the first she believed he was but trifling with Gertie's affection; we say perhaps it was then the estrangement commenced.

Be that as it may, but a few weeks elapsed

before Gertie's visits to Lucy became very rare, and when together the young girls appeared constrained and embarrassed in each other's society. About this time Lucy left the village on a visit to a distant relative, and Gertrude's calls at the Dwight mansion were discontinued entirely.

The reason we mention this is because we do believe, had the friendship existing once between these young girls remained unbroken, the sad circumstances about to follow had never taken place.

"I'll tell you what it is, boys," said Fred Lynde to his classmates, one day, "she's a verdant little puss. I think of calling her 'my ever-green,' for she will be one, I'm very sure! Ha, ha! ha, ha!" And the young man laughed lightly.

"You're a magician, Lynde," laughed one. "Now that same Gertrude Eldridge would have mitteden you as quick as any of us three months ago, and now—"

"She thinks more of me than her life! Ha, ha, boys, nothing like understanding the business! Now I've made flirting a study, as much as I ever did the sciences. I shall keep Miss Gertie at my feet as long as I please, and then—"

"What?"

"Go home and marry the beautiful and wealthy Miss— Ahem, I don't care to mention her name just now and here."

"And Gertie Eldridge?"

"Ha, ha, don't mention her; what do you suppose I care for the future of a cast-off sweet-heart?"

"You shall not mention Gertrude Eldridge in that manner," said a slow, deliberate voice, and Harry Dwight laid his powerful hand upon Fred Lynde's shoulder. "If Miss Eldridge knew the manner you abuse her confidence, I am very sure she would treat you with the scorn and contempt you deserve."

"Perhaps you will be kind enough to take up the gauntlet in defence of a girl who despises you as she does the worm beneath her feet? Ha, ha!" And Fred Lynde twisted himself from Harry Dwight's grasp, and laughed sneeringly.

The hot blood rushed to the young man's honest face, and his brown eyes flashed.

"If she despised me in a tenfold manner, I should take up the gauntlet in her defence," he said. "She is fatherless, and brotherless, and I have not forgotten that I have a mother, and a sister, Fred Lynde, whose good name I value more than my life. For their sakes I will not bear a defenceless woman spoken evil or lightly of, and the man who speaks of a young and in-

nocent girl, whose only fault is that she has too much faith in a lover's truth, as you have done of Gertrude Eldridge, is a coward and a villain!"

"Do you mean to apply these epithets to me?" inquired Fred Lynde, pale with rage.

"As you please to understand me; but speak lightly of Gertrude Eldridge in my presence again at your peril!"

It would have been hard to recognize in the resolute, fearless youth, whose eyes seemed to blaze with indignation, and whose lips curved proudly with feeling, the bashful youth who blushed at the sound of Gertie Eldridge's voice, and whose heart went pit-a-pat at hearing the sound of her footsteps as she passed by his father's on her way to school.

Fred Lynde's companions were astonished, and fearing a serious quarrel would ensue, and knowing their favorite Fred was no match for the strong and vigorous young farmer, they interposed, and taking him by the arms, almost dragged him away.

As for Harry Dwight, after the young man had left him alone, he stood as if rivetted to the spot, his eyes resting upon the ground, his arms folded tightly across his bosom, his high, full forehead now flushing, and then paling, stood there, while, like the ocean waves in a tempest, tumultuous thoughts surged wildly through his brain, and his heart heaved and throbbed painfully, as if it longed to burst from its confinement. Harry Dwight was not easily excited, but when once aroused his strong nature felt it to the utmost; a variety of emotions contended in his bosom for mastery now—love, jealousy, hate, anger—yes, we will say—pity.

Pity for the poor dove being drawn into the destroyer's net. Harry Dwight crushed back with a mighty effort all other passions, and pity gained the mastery.

"There is but one way," he murmured to himself, "but one way to save her; some one must go to her and tell her of her danger. But who? Yes, who?"

For a long time he pondered, but could arrive at no satisfactory conclusion.

"She is becoming the talk of the town, even now many avoid her as evil; soon her character will be entirely lost in the eyes of the pure and good; but what shall be done? Who will go to her and tell her—tell her all?"

Harry Dwight sought his mother, and after informing her of the state of affairs, besought her to go to Mrs. Eldridge, and tell her of the danger her daughter was in; but Mrs. Dwight was one of those rarely-found individuals who

strictly mind their own affairs, and declined to have anything to do in the matter. She thought herself able to attend to her own children, she said, and no doubt Mrs. Eldridge had a like confidence in herself. No, if Gertrude's mother could not see her daughter's danger without having it pointed out to her, all the people in the village could not make her see it. Mrs. Dwight was a kind-hearted woman, and really pitied Gertie; but as for stepping out of her own sphere, and meddling with the affairs of others, she would not do it.

Harry Dwight left his mother's room with a look of determination upon his countenance, and a resolute expression in his fine brown eyes. Mechanically he attended to "doing up the chores," and then going up to his small room, he made his toilet in a neat and simple manner, and then went down stairs, down the narrow, rose-bordered path, strewn over with the yellow autumn leaves, out of the little wicker gate that he closed thoughtfully behind him, and then down the road leading to the Widow Eldridge's cottage.

He paused a moment as he reached the little brown house, half irresolute as to the course he should pursue, weighing all over in his mind, and again pity and love gained the mastery.

The stars were beginning to come out in the September sky, as Harry Dwight opened the gate in front of the little cottage, and walked resolutely up to the door; it was open, so he walked in and sat down on the chintz-covered lounge to await the coming of Mrs. Eldridge or her daughter.

The latter came in at length with a lamp, which she shaded from the evening air with her hand. Harry saw Fred Lynde's ring glittering upon her finger in the light. It unnerved him, for a moment, and only for a moment he regretted that he had come.

Gertrude set the lamp upon the table, and then began to roll up some sewing which lay scattered around. Harry arose and approached; his steps startled her, she turned, expecting it was Fred, who visited her nearly every evening, turned with a smile that darkened into a frown as she observed her mistake.

"You, here, Harry Dwight?"

"Yes."

For an instant she stood irresolute, without speaking, then she said, inquiringly:

"Mother will be in, shortly."

"But I don't want to see her; but you, Gertrude."

"Me?" questioned the girl, scornfully, "and what, pray, do you wish with me?"

"I want to talk to you a few minutes, may I?"

She did not say 'no,' so he proceeded. "I have come to talk to you about Fred Lynde."

"And what of him?" asked Gertrude, haughtily.

"You will pardon me for what I say, I hope you will, Miss Eldridge, but I am sadly afraid—"

The youth paused.

"Of what, Harry Dwight?"

"That Fred Lynde, handsome, pleasing as he is, is trifling with you."

"Thank you for minding my business, Harry Dwight!" cried the girl, contempt and scorn depicted upon her countenance. "Is that all, and if so, may I ask you the facts upon which you found your suppositions?"

"Certainly," he replied, "I have no hesitation in telling you; first, I am quite sure he is engaged to be married to a young lady in his native State; secondly he makes your name a by-word in company, and has even gone so far as to boast of the power he has over you."

For a moment the young man paused, and waited to see what Gertrude would say, but overcome with a variety of emotions, the poor girl remained silent.

At length she said, looking up into Harry Dwight's face, her own crimson with wounded feeling and mortification.

"Are you sure, sure of what you are telling me, Harry Dwight?"

"If I had not been very sure, I should not have troubled you with this information," he said.

For a moment she stood still, her hands pressed tightly over her face; when she removed them her cheeks and brow were white with very rage.

"I do not believe you, Harry Dwight!" she said. "This is a base plan to injure Fred Lynde in my estimation. I thank you for nothing, Mr. Dwight. Go! I hate you!"

The hot blood mounted to the high brow of the young man, then receded and left it marble pale.

"If you hated me ten times as much as you do," he said, "I should again pray of you as you value your good name, to beware of Fred Lynde; he does not love you; he is a base traitor to you—he is only seeking your destruction!"

It was a beautiful faith Gertie Eldridge had in the man she loved. Beautiful, we say, and yet, alas, misplaced. Had Fred Lynde been worthy such devoted, such absorbing, such faithful love, it had been well; but he was not. And that faith in his truth, his constancy, caused Gertrude Eldridge to answer:

"I do not believe you, Harry Dwight! For

some cause you hate him, and misrepresent him to me. Go, I will not listen to you, for you speak falsely!"

"Gertrude Eldridge," again said the young man, with a strange, wavering tenderness in his tone, "next week I leave Glenvale, perhaps forever. I have no reason to wish to misrepresent Fred Lynde to you, and I have not. You will know at some future time that I have spoken truthfully, and at the sacrifice of my own feelings. I say you will remember this all at some future day, and perhaps then, even if too late, you will in your heart thank Harry Dwight that he tried his utmost to save you."

Gertrude gave her pretty head a toss and said, scornfully:

"You are quite sentimental, Mr. Dwight; allow me to bid you a good evening."

"Be it so," said the young man, bitterly; "we may never meet again, Gertie Eldridge; but sometimes think kindly of the unprepossessing lad who would have given his life willingly to save you from ruin. Good-by! Heaven protect you, Gertrude!"

A moment more and the young girl was alone. The little brown gate slammed as Harry Dwight closed it behind him, then she listened to his footsteps until the sound died away in the distance, then she threw herself upon the little chintz covered lounge, buried her face in her hands, and cried bitterly.

How long she lay there sobbing she could not tell, but the sound of advancing footsteps along the road, and then the click of the gate, warned her that a visitor was approaching. It was Fred Lynde, handsome, smiling, bewitching as ever.

"In tears, my darling?" he said, tenderly. "In tears! And who, pray, could be heartless enough to provoke them?"

Then Gertrude Eldridge, weak and trusting girl as she was, laid her tearful face upon his shoulder, and told him all.

"The villain!" hissed the young man.

"I knew it was all false, dear Fred," said Gertrude, raising her beautiful eyes to his face; "only tell me, assure me once that there is nothing to found such stories upon."

"Do you doubt me, then?" asked Fred Lynde, his brow darkening.

"No, O, no, not doubt you, Fred, but then—but then—"

"What, my daisy?"

"I—I—"

"You did not know but what I really deserved all that you heard ill of me? Forget it all, dear Gertrude—my own Gertie—believe me to be true until you know me to be false."

"I will," said the trusting, deceived girl, "I will always trust you until then, Fred Lynde." And Gertrude Eldridge fulfilled her promise.

The next week Harry Dwight left Glenvale for a distant State. Leaving him to Dame Fortune's frowns and smiles, let us follow Gertie Eldridge even down into the dark valley of adversity and sorest trial, the valley her tender feet trod painfully and alone.

Gradually the young people of the village left Gertrude to herself; old peopleshook their heads, and said they never thought Gertie Eldridge would come to that, so pretty—what a pity! Young men laughed when her name was mentioned, and even little boys and girls did not care to be seen going with her to school. Gertrude wondered concerning the cause of this change, but as no one cared to deal as honestly by her as Harry Dwight had done, the mystery to her remained unsolved.

The school term was drawing to a close, and all was bustle and excitement, preparing for a grand exhibition, which came off in due time and in fine style.

Fred Lynde delivered the valedictory, and was enthusiastically applauded by the delighted audience, while Gertrude, who took no part in the exercises, sat with the assembled multitude, her eyes filled with happy tears, her true woman's heart overflowing with joy at his success.

That evening Fred Lynde walked home with Gertie Eldridge beneath the quiet stars, the pale, winter moon casting her silver rays over the frosted fields, and the quiet, snow-wreathed village. Very little was spoken by either until they reached the brown wicket gate in front of the cottage, when Gertie said:

"Wont you come in, Fred?"

"Yes," he said, abruptly, "and I want to talk to you, Gertrude."

Mrs. Eldridge had retired, but the lamp was burning brightly upon the table, and a warm fire was blazing cheerily in the grate. Gertrude wheeled the two large arm-chairs close to the crackling fire, took one herself, and motioned Fred to take the other. For a time neither spoke, finally Fred Lynde said, hurriedly:

"I'm going away to-morrow, you know, Gertie."

"Yes."

There were tears in the girl's eyes. Fred Lynde saw them, and his own lit up with a strange, wicked, cruel light.

"Do you care, Gertie?"

"I am sure I shall be very lonely," she said, evasively.

"Will you care, Gertie?"

He asked the question again, looking straight into his face with his strange, bewildering eyes, watching her every expression as the tiger does the motions of his helpless prey.

"Yes, certainly I shall care, Fred," she replied, a vivid flush mantling cheek and brow.

"Then you do care for me a little, Gertie?" he continued, with a soft, bewitching smile.

"Certainly I do," she said.

"Is it only a *little* you care for me, Gertie?" he questioned again. "Am I asking too much when I say I want your love, your whole love, Gertrude Eldridge?"

"And supposing I cannot give it to you? Supposing you have it now already, Fred?" she asked, timidly, while her whole face flushed crimson.

She was not looking into the young man's countenance, or she could not have mistaken its expression—so perfectly heartless and mocking, that it would have startled her.

"Then you do love me, Gertie?" he questioned. "You will always love me, Gertrude?"

And her answer was just what any other innocent, trusting girl would have given to the object of her heart's first, best and purest affections—"Yes!"

He drew his chair to the other side of the fireplace, leaned his head back, and half closed his eyes. Then he said in a tone very hard for the poor girl to understand:

"Did I ever tell you that I loved you, Gertrude?"

He never had in that set phrase, though a thousand words and actions had implied it.

"So you see I have the advantage of you there. To tell the truth, I generally gain the affections of the fair portion of community without any trouble, and now what I want to tell you is this—that I am to be married to a young and beautiful girl immediately upon my return home."

Had a thunderbolt fallen at the feet of the poor girl, she could not have been more astonished.

"Married?" she whispered, at length. "You are surely jesting, Fred Lynde?"

"No, I am not jesting!" he replied. "True as gospel, every word. Did you imagine I would ever marry you, my little puss? I have enjoyed my flirtation immensely. Allow me to thank you for the amusement it has afforded me, for without it, I am sure I should have died of *ennui*!"

O the tone—the bitter, sneering, contemptuous tone! It was more the tone, than the words, that sent that thrill of hopeless anguish through the young girl's frame. She had dreamed, and the awakening was like death.

She started from the great rocking-chair—her face whiter than the snow that lay drifted upon the house-tops—her blue eyes dark with pent-up, agonising, hopeless distress—her hands clasping each other so tightly that the pink nails wounded the tender flesh—started from her chair, and going up to Fred Lynde, she said with a strange, forced calmness:

"Then you have never loved me? You have trifled with me all this summer? Tell me this is so, Fred Lynde!"

He laughed scornfully; her beautiful despair pleased him.

"Yes," he answered; "only trifled."

She pressed her hands over her heart. The action was involuntary—she thought it was breaking. Poor child! she did not know how much the human heart can bear and not break. She did not know *them*.

What she might have said, we do not know; but at that moment a shriek from her mother's bedroom drew her attention in that direction. The poor, weak mother had been listening to the conversation, and heard all. The shock was too great for her, and that scream of agony was the last sound that ever passed the poor woman's lips. The first part of the night she lingered in a dreadful stupor, and the skill of the village physician, and the care and solicitude of the almost distracted daughter, were without avail; for a little after midnight she breathed her last, and Gertrude Eldridge was motherless.

"A stroke of apoplexy," so the physician said. Only Fred Lynde and the miserable daughter knew the real cause.

The young man left Glenvale the next day. It would be strange if his conscience did not upbraid him; we do not doubt it did. As for Gertrude, after the funeral she gathered together what little money was left to her from her mother's hard earnings, and after parting with various articles of household furniture to pay debts that had been contracted, she packed up her trunk and, three days after her mother's burial, took the stage-coach for the station of B—, some twelve miles distant, intending to there go by rail to the city of S—, where a relative of her mother's resided, hoping that there she might find a home at least for a time. But how little we poor mortals know of the future! "Man proposes, but God disposes."

As for Fred Lynde, he arrived home in due time without any particular adventure. Had it not been for the brilliant hopes before him, his glowing anticipations, it is possible his conscience might have troubled him more. As it was, he pictured to himself the warm reception



he would meet with from his affianced bride, the wealthy and beautiful Miss Louise Allen, to whom he had been betrothed from his childhood—imagined, we say; but, sad to relate, it never met with a realization.

Fred Lynde had carelessly, thoughtlessly, in a letter to Louise's brother, related the story of his country flirtings—a letter that Louise had the pleasure of perusing. So Mr. Lynde was informed by his affianced that a gentleman who made a boast of winning a young and beautiful girl's affections merely to cast them aside as worthless, could never be her husband. Miss Allen was firm and decided, and so Fred was compelled to submit. Ah, Fred Lynde, Fred Lynde! you did not guess then what the future had in store for you, and what more would come of your country flirtation!

As we said, three days after her mother's burial Gertrude Eldridge took passage in the lumbering stage-coach for a railroad station some twelve or fourteen miles distant. The driver assisted her into the old coach and then busied himself with strapping on the small trunk containing her scant wardrobe.

Gertrude Eldridge sat back in the coach, her veil drawn tightly over her face—for there were tears in her eyes that she did not care that the peering, prying world should see. We say she sat back in the old yellow stage-coach weeping silently and bitterly, for there was no loved voice to say "God speed you, Gertie!" She was an orphan—ay, and more, it was a great sorrow that crushed her—a great grief such as a young and innocent girl can know but once in her whole life. She had loved too blindly—she had dreamed, and her dream had had its awakening.

"All aboard! all aboard!" shouted the stentorian voice of the driver.

There was a slamming of the coach doors, a "ready! all's right!" from the stage-agent, a sudden starting of the lumbering vehicle, and a few minutes sufficed to leave the pretty village of Glenvale far in the distance.

The day was cloudy and cold, and before long, a heavy snow-storm set in. The wind whistled in at the broken coach windows, laden with a burden of sleet, and poor Gertrude, weak and exhausted, felt every blast to her very heart. Her shawl was very thin for the season and for travelling, and before she had proceeded half a dozen miles, she found herself nearly frozen.

There were four occupants of the miserable conveyance, besides Gertie Eldridge; of three of them it is unnecessary to speak—they were gentlemen well wrapped in shawls and great

coats—while the fourth was an old lady attired in a warm and heavy travelling costume, rich furs, and a heavy veil that bade defiance to King Frost in whatever guise he should choose to appear.

"Snowing to kill!" exclaimed one of the three gentlemen, drawing his muffler closer around his ears.

"Probably'll take runners before long," remarked a second; while the third merely gave vent to an expressive "ugh!"

The old lady drew aside her veil to look out, but the frosty air caused her to replace it in haste. Then the coach rumbled along slowly over the frozen road, the wind blew colder and colder, a numbing sensation stole over poor Gertrude Eldridge, the tears froze upon her cheeks, and leaning her head back upon the side of the old coach, she fell into a strange lethargic slumber. And still the old coach rumbled on, in its snowy way.

"Jerden's a hard road to travel, I believe," sang the driver, clapping his hands against his sides to prevent them from freezing.

By-and-by he became less musical, and exercised his hands more industriously; while the three gentlemen inside the old yellow coach pondered over the rise and fall of stocks, the depression of the money market and the mercury, the rise of provisions and the increasing storm. The old lady was wondering quietly to herself why such public conveyances were allowed to impose upon travellers, and how much further it could be to the next station; and Gertie, poor Gertie Eldridge, was dreaming of her mother and Fred Lynde—and the sad, reproachful brown eyes of Harry Dwight *would* intrude themselves. Poor Gertrude! in the numbing lethargic slumber, she was happy.

By-and-by there was a stopping of the coach wheels, a "whoa, whoa!" in the half frozen articulation of the driver, and a—"Here we are at last, pity save us all!" as the stage doors were thrown open and the steps let down.

The three gentlemen descended the lumbering vehicle first, then the old lady in her costly wrappings, but Gertie Eldridge neither moved nor spoke.

"Come, ma'am, be quick!" cried the driver, impatiently. Then he added, with an exclamation of affright: "Good heavens! the girl is frozen!"

"On your hand that pure altar I vow,  
Though I've looked, and have liked, and have fel  
That I never have loved till now."

Some seven or eight years after the events last narrated, in a handsomely furnished apartment

in a large "brown stone front" on Broadway, sat a lady and gentleman earnestly engaged in conversation. The former might have been twenty or twenty-five years of age; it would have been impossible to determine exactly. Her manners were faultlessly graceful, and her face and form displayed uncommon beauty and symmetry. Miss Allwin the heiress—the belle of the day—kind reader, and her companion was none other than our friend Harry Dwight, now a rising and popular young lawyer, and a nominee for the legislature at the coming election. Report said that it was very probable he would be elected, for, young as he was, he possessed the confidence of the people, as well as the respect and esteem even of his political opponents.

Energy and perseverance had done much for Harry Dwight, the once awkward and unprepossessing lad of Glenvale Academy. Harry Dwight had changed much in these eight years; and yet the clear, earnest brown eyes were the same—full of deep, kind, truthful feeling, that welled up from a generous and noble heart. Flattery and applause had not spoiled him; he had not grown vain and self-important, as many another might have done. Harry Dwight had a mother and sister, and their advice, their counsel, had proved a safeguard against the follies and fashionable evils of a large city.

The full-lighted chandelier cast a cheerful glow over the magnificently furnished apartment, with its statues and pictures from the studios of the best artists, its mirrors and curiosities all arranged with faultless taste and order. Miss Allwin and her lover, for such was her companion, sat upon a luxurious sofa. The former was toying carelessly with her fan, while the latter was speaking of his ambitious dreams—dreams that he had woven when a boy, and that he fondly trusted would be more than realized, should his life and health be spared.

"And yet," he said, in conclusion, "after all, fame is but a bauble. It is unsatisfying; it fails to answer the cravings of the heart. A man turns wearily from the applause of the multitude, and longs for a quiet, happy, peaceful home, where the woman he loves reigns supreme."

Miss Allwin's eyes were downcast, and her face averted from the speaker.

"Love is mightier than ambition," continued Harry Dwight. "My dear Miss Allwin, I would gladly give up my dearest dreams of fame, could I thus secure for myself the dearer realities of domestic love and peace."

The fair maiden turned her face towards the young man and gazed full into his brown, truthful eyes as he spoke.

"And why do you not?" she asked, blushing.

"Because," he answered, "I have until this evening lacked courage sufficient to ask of you this great boon. Will you be my wife?"

The beautiful face of Miss Allwin turned first crimson and then very pale; the proud lips worked convulsively; the white, jewelled fingers clasped each other almost painfully. Finally, raising her eyes, and gazing full into his, she asked:

"Have you given me your heart's first love, Harry Dwight?"

For a moment he paused. Then he said earnestly, truthfully:

"No, Miss Allwin, I will not deceive you. In my boyhood, Gertrude Eldridge was dearer to me than my life—Gertie Eldridge, I used to call her. She was my idol then; but my idol was clay, God forgive me!"

"And now—"

"I offer you such a love as a man may offer a mortal. Will you accept such an one, Miss Allwin?"

"I will never be second in the heart of any man," she said, scornfully. "Go, Harry Dwight! perhaps Gertie Eldridge, the rustic maid of your dreams, may prove the bright star that shall illumine your domestic horizon."

The young man arose and said, sadly:

"I mistook your character, Miss Allwin. I fancied you loved candor and truth, and very few men will you find who have not had their boy loves. I might have asked you if your girlhood had none, but that is nothing to me; your present, and not your past love, was all I asked of you."

"While I ask both of the man I wed," said Miss Allwin, haughtily; then she added, in a softer and more womanly tone: "Favor me with a call to-morrow morning at nine o'clock, Mr. Dwight, if you please. Till then, adieu!"

A moment more, and Harry Dwight found himself alone; another, and he was descending the broad stone steps of the mansion and was soon traversing the great thoroughfare of the metropolis.

A few moments more, and in the privacy of his own room Harry Dwight took up his pen and wrote: "Another dream is over! Heaven help me!"

In another part of the city, in one of the fashionable billiard and drinking-saloons that are the curse of every large city, enticing young men and older ones too, in fact, to destruction, and wasting money that should supply widowed mothers, perhaps, and starving children—in such

a place, at the precise time Harry Dwight wrote "Heaven help me!" two young men sat near a card table, one shuffling a pack of "kingly" and "queenly" pictures carelessly, the other, whose brow was darkened, and whose eyes flashed angrily, in the act of counting out the contents of a nearly emptied purse, which he piled upon the table, muttering:

"There, that's the last I have in the world! One more game!"

Again the cards were shuffled and the game began. Again was the agitated young man the loser, and again the tempter cried out to him—"One more game may retrieve all." But the tempter spoke falsely; when Fred Lynde left the saloon, he was in debt to the amount of several thousand dollars.

Fred Lynde reeled to his boarding-house, maddened with loss and with wine. When he reached his room, he threw himself upon his bed, and, falling into a deep slumber, did not awake until nearly eight o'clock the next morning.

Alarmed at finding the hour so late, he proceeded to make his toilet. The cause of his haste may be inferred from the contents of a note that lay upon the table, which had come in answer to a letter written by himself, a few days before, to the lady whose favor he sought.

"Call to-morrow morning at nine o'clock, Mr. Lynde; then you shall receive your answer."

And this note was in the hand-writing of the beautiful and accomplished Miss Allwin, whose love he had sought. Again Fred Lynde and Harry Dwight were rivals—although each was not aware of the other's feelings.

Fred Lynde made a hasty but careful toilet. This morning, he felt, would decide all. If he received, as he fondly hoped, a "yes" to his important question, Miss Allwin's property would fall into his hands, and after paying all his debts of "honor," he would be a rich man. "Otherwise"—Fred Lynde, handsome, heartless Fred Lynde shuddered; "otherwise"—but the sentence remained unfinished.

Fred Lynde was esteemed a fashionable, elegant young gentleman in society. Young ladies and their maneuvering mamas considered him unexceptionable; dear things, they didn't know of his dissipated habits—how should they? and if they had, why "the young men of these days are rather fast, you know—and then he's rich!" That would have been the comment in ninety-nine cases out of a hundred.

Now whether Miss Allwin was that one exceptional case, remains to be seen. She had treated him, to be sure, with considerable favor,

smiled upon him—and so she had upon Harry Dwight, poor fellow!—but then, in his elegant note, Mr. Fred Lynde had informed Miss Allwin that she was his first and only love; that all the bright faces he had ever seen in his lifetime had failed in winning the heart he humbly laid at her feet. He told her that he did not seek her because of her wealth or station—that it was for the love he bore her on account of her gentleness and beauty, and the purity of her heart. All this Mr. Lynde said in his elegant, perfumed, embossed note. All this Miss Allwin had read, with a quiet smile and a toss of the head.

Just exactly five minutes to nine o'clock, Fred Lynde stood upon the broad marble steps in front of Miss Allwin's mansion, with his hand upon the bell-knob. A servant opened the door and ushered him into an elegant parlor, where he was left to await the coming of the mistress of the mansion.

Just at nine o'clock the bell rang again, and to the astonishment of Fred Lynde, Harry Dwight was shown in by the self-same servant.

"The deuce! you here, Dwight?" muttered Fred Lynde, in astonishment.

"Fred Lynde!" ejaculated the other, in a surprised tone.

"And may I ask for what?" queried Lynde, with a supercilious glance.

"Certainly you may," replied Harry Dwight, composedly taking a seat upon the sofa, "though I shall of course reserve the privilege of answering you or not, as I see fit."

"Then let me say that your presence is unnecessary here, this morning," said Fred Lynde. "I come here, by appointment, to see Miss Allwin," he continued, triumphantly.

Harry Dwight's brow flushed, but he made no reply.

"I have yet the pleasure of thanking you for a service you did me eight or nine years ago—of meddling with my business in my affair with Gertrude Eldridge. I have not yet forgiven you for that, and if duelling was not contrary to law I should most assuredly call you out."

The memory of the olden days came back with an overwhelming rush to Harry Dwight. With a mighty effort, he controlled his feelings.

"I shall consider the source from which such language emanates—but it will be sad for you, if you mention Gertrude Eldridge's name thus in my presence again."

Fred Lynde arose to his feet with a show of courage; but the words he was about to utter were cut short by the entrance of Miss Allwin, who smiled blandly upon the two young men, merely saying: "Mr. Lynde—Mr. Dwight."

Of course Fred Lynde expected she would appear surprised at the intrusion of Harry Dwight, while the latter waited impatiently to see why he had been invited to call upon her at the precise hour as his rival. He waited, we say; but the denouement came full soon.

"I invited you both here this morning, gentlemen," began Miss Allwin, seating herself at a short distance from her rival lovers, "in the first place, to thank you for the preference you have shown me, and secondly, to tell you a little story—a story a part of which may not be unfamiliar to you.

"Nearly nine years ago, in a little quiet village, lived a young girl with a widowed mother. This daughter was the poor woman's all; to her she looked as the staff of her old age—the one who should smooth the rough path of life as she journeyed on towards the grave. The daughter was young and trusting. I need not repeat the story; you both know it. You, Fred Lynde, know who won that love and cast it away as worthless. It was you, my mother's murderer! Go! know now I have waited for my hour of triumph. It has come, at length. You know me now! I am Gertrude Eldridge!"

Both young men started to their feet in surprise—Fred Lynde, pale, trembling, with an abject, miserable terror that seemed to call down the speaker's disgust and indignation.

"Go!" she said, pointing to the door; "go! and let this be a solace for your disappointment, that Miss Allwin hates, far more than Gertrude Eldridge ever loved you!"

Like a whipped cur, young Lynde sneaked from the apartment, and then it was that Gertrude, for so we may now term her, turned towards the astonished Harry Dwight.

"Harry," she said, sadly, "Harry Dwight, tell me—tell me that you do not despise me!"

"I never could do that," he replied.

"Now that you know me as I am, can you repeat truthfully that which you said to me last night?"

"On one condition," he answered; "that you reconsider your answer."

"I have nothing to reconsider," she replied.

"If Miss Allwin does not accept the second, Gertie Eldridge will be the first love of your heart, Harry Dwight!"

Reader, we need not repeat what followed; lovers dislike a third person, so we will step aside for a few moments.

"And now tell me all about this strange metamorphosis," said Harry, at length.

And then Gertrude told him the whole story of her mother's death and burial—her determi-

nation to leave Glenvale and seek a home in the family of her mother's uncle, who lived in a neighboring State—her narrow escape from freezing in the old coach that bitter cold day—the pity for her expressed by the rich old lady, her travelling companion, who, being a widow and childless, adopted her as her own, with this condition, that she should adopt her name, which she did—of the life of peace and happiness she had led beneath Miss Allwin's roof, up to the present time. All this Gertrude Eldridge told her lover, as they sat side by side upon the sofa; and she did not forget to tell him, too, of her blind, youthful love for Fred Lynde, with a crimson blush of shame, and begged Harry to forgive her for the deception she had practised in keeping him in ignorance of her identity.

Of course all was forgiven—certainly it was; and ere long, an announcement something like the following appeared in one of the city papers:

"MARRIED.—On the 15th inst., by the Rev. Dr. —, Mr. Henry L. Dwight to Miss Gertrude Eldridge Allwin, all of this city. We understand that the happy couple are to spend their honey-moon travelling. Our best wishes go with them."

The day after their return home, in looking over the morning's paper, Gertrude Dwight read a paragraph that caused her cheek to blanch, and her hand to tremble. She passed the paper to her husband, and he read aloud:

"DREADFUL AFFRAY.—We are sorry to notice, in our columns, the deeds of wickedness daily and nightly committed in our city, which call for some active measures on the part of our police. This morning, at half past two o'clock, an affray between several noted gamblers took place at an infamous drinking and billiard saloon, between — and — Streets, in which two men were mortally wounded, and one killed. The murdered man's name was Fred Lynde, and was, we think, the originator of the difficulty."

"Heaven forgive him!" murmured Harry, letting the paper fall.

"Amen!" responded Gertrude Dwight, fervently. "May Heaven forgive him, even as I do."

Harry Dwight is now a member of Congress—his wife, one of Washington's "bright, particular stars." Only the names we have used are fictitious.

#### KINDNESS IS POWER.

A conqueror is kindness; far beyond  
The armed victor, who doth thundering preach  
Civilisation with the cannon's tongue.  
Woe-bought delights and bloody benefits.  
A gentle word begets a gentle thought—  
Drawing the sting from malice. Better thus  
Than bruise with hate the ignorant serpent's head,  
Who knoweth nothing till you teach it him.  
BARRY CORNWALL.

(ORIGINAL.)

## BELLE ASHLEY.

BY MRS. CAROLINE A. SOULE.

"DEAR, dear, dear!" And with a curl on her crimson lip, Belle Ashley tossed the magazine she had been reading half-way to the ceiling, and then flirited her tiny, slippered foot so impatiently against a cushioned stool, that it turned a noiseless somerset on the velvet carpet.

"What is it, Belle?" And the inquirer, a gentleman who had been for some time furtively watching her from behind his evening paper, now looked her fairly in the face.

"Why, that story, guardy—it has exasperated me beyond the powers of endurance."

"Why did you read it?"

"Why? A pretty question to ask me. You know as well as I do, that I had to read it. I must pass away my time somehow or other."

"And there was nothing in this wide world for you to read but that silly story, Belle?" And he glanced at the draperied alcoves of the library, for it was there they sat.

"I know what you mean," she said, quickly; "but I haven't brain enough for those ponderous tomes, and if I had, what good would it do me to know just how many soldiers have been killed since the world was created, or why I am what I am, and why everybody isn't somebody else—pshaw! I detest history and philosophy, and metaphysics, theology and the like. The truth is, guardy, I am dying of ennui. I want something to do."

"Why don't you sew?"

"Sew! What would become of poor little Emily Bird then? Don't she half support herself and mother out of what I pay her to keep my wardrobe in order. No indeed; I should feel as if I had been stealing lambs if I took a stitch for myself."

"Practise then."

"I do," she answered, hotly. "Practise! There isn't a key on the piano that I didn't thumb and finger forty times this morning before you were up."

"Paint—draw."

"I spent two hours at my easel this forenoon. That is as long as I can endure the smell of oil."

"Walk."

"I've worn out a pair of boots every month the last year, tramping over the hills and dales of this wretched country town."

"Ride."

"I gallop ten miles every day of my life."

"Assist Mrs. Gray."

"She won't let me; says I make her more trouble than I do good—salt the custards and sugar the soups. It's a fib too, I could beat her if I'd try. Wait till I keep house. You see how it is, guardy, now—I am really and literally dying for the want of something to do. I sometimes wish I was poor, poor as a church-mouse. Then I'd have something to do; then my life wouldn't be such a sinful waste of time; then—"

"What would you do, Belle, if you were poor?"

"Do! Why I'd *work*!" She spoke energetically, and as she did, her whole expression changed, and she seemed transformed at once from a giddy girl to a thoughtful woman. "I'd have to, you know; because I haven't a relative in the world to look to for help."

"But what would you do? Make shirts at six cents a piece, be snubbed about as a governess—be—"

"No, guardy, no; neither of them. Indeed, I hardly know what I would do, but God would open some way for me, in which to earn an honest livelihood, and how I should enjoy it. I am so weary of this do nothing life." And she folded her arms over her heart, as if to still its impatient throbbings.

"And meanwhile, Belle, what would become of me?"

"Of you?" And she looked up quickly.

"Yes, of me. Who would pour my coffee for me at breakfast; bring me my dainty lunch at eleven o'clock—my fruit and cream; help me to soup at dinner; make my tea at evening; air my dressing-gown and slippers; keep my buttons on my wristbands, and the strings on my collars; knit me soft lambs-wool stockings, embroider me smoking-caps and hem my handkerchiefs; who would read to me when I am weary, nurse me when I am sick, sing to me when I am sad? Belle, my little ward, the old house would be very lonely without you." He might have added, "and my heart too."

The color came and went in her cheeks while he was speaking, but when he paused she was pale as death, with a mist upon her eyes. Murmuring plaintively, "I'm glad if I am good for anything," she left her seat and walked quietly out of the room. Her guardian rose as if to follow her; then, abruptly checking his steps, he sat down again and hid his face in his hands.

"We pluck not cherries in autumn-time." The words came from his lips with a low, moaning tone, which spoke eloquently of the struggle in his heart.

But was it autumn-time with Herbert Sidney? True, he was past thirty, but not a single thread

of silver glistened in the glossy masses of raven hair which his little ward had so often pushed back from his high, white forehead in his hours of headache; not a wrinkle seamed his face; his eye was like an eagle's; his heart warmer now than in his boyhood. He loved Belle Ashley with all the depth and fervor of his strong, passionate nature, but he had never whispered a word of his feelings to her; a grim sense of their disparity of years made his lips dumb.

And Belle, a beauty of eighteen, an heiress, too, whom a score of suitors had already strove to win, Belle loved her guardian as only a woman of her temperament can love. She would have died to save him a sorrow. Yet she had her secret so deep down in her heart, that even her own keen eyes could scarcely see it. Now she lay panting on her bed, her face wet with tears, her white lips crying continually, "to him I am but a child."

A month later and she sat alone in the library reading; not out of a magazine, though they lay scattered all about her, but from one of those very ponderous tomes of which she had spoken so disdainfully to her guardian. It was one she had seen often in his hands, and now secure of interruption, for he was many miles away, she was bending all the quick powers of her mind to the erudite pages.

A servant entered bearing a silver salver. Mechanically she took the letter it held. One glance at her name, so boldly written, and a glad cry dropped from her lips.

"It is from Herbert, bless him." And she read it. Her cheek lost its crimson as she took in the import of the message.

"MY LITTLE WARD:—But that I fear you will be torturing yourself with anxieties about my health, I would not write you at all, but reserve my tidings until I see you, which will be in a week's time. I am well, perfectly well, only a little tired. Belle, prepare yourself now for unpleasant news. Perhaps you do not know it, but I have been for a long time distrustful of the integrity of the firm to whom your uncle loaned your money. I came here to satisfy myself. Belle, not a dollar of the immense sum loaned them is now in their hands. I have been very busy unravelling the affair, and will give you the particulars when I come home. Do not worry, Belle, over the matter, and above all things, do nothing rashly. Wait till I meet you and talk it over. Now as ever, yours,  
"H. SIDNEY."

What she had so often lightly wished for, had come to pass. She was poor; an orphan and poor—no blood of hers in the veins of either man or woman. Poor and alone in the world.

Did she weep? Not a tear. She read the

letter thrice over, then folded it in its original creases, replaced it in the envelope, and put it in her bosom. Pushing aside the table, she rose and paced the room back and forth; first with quick, nervous steps, afterwards with slow, quiet ones. At midnight she ceased and went carefully about the room, gathering up the books and ornaments which belonged to her. She made several trips to her chamber ere she had carried them all. Locking herself in, she drew her travelling trunks from the closet and commenced emptying her bureau and wardrobe, folding and packing. It was nearly daylight when she turned the keys and buckled down the straps. Her plainest travelling suit was left out. Then she counted her money; the quarter was nearly gone, and she had but forty dollars left. She smiled half sadly as she put back the little roll of bills and the silver change. Then she went back to the library and took up a pen, but as she traced a few lines on the sheet she had chosen, her features worked convulsively. For the first time she realized that she was leaving him, her guardian. Dashing off the burning drops that streamed over her face, she compelled her fingers to be calm, and wrote:

"MY DEAR GUARDIAN:—Your note revealing the loss of my wealth, was received last evening. Alone, poor, there is of course but one thing for me to do—*work—earn my own living*. I know all your generous, noble heart would tempt you to say, but, Herbert, I cannot brook dependence, even from you. Do not seek to find me, or, if you do come across me in your wanderings, do not seek to break my resolution. When I have proved to you that I am no longer a child, but a woman—a woman capable of caring for herself, then I will write you. Till then, adieu. Your little ward,  
BELLE."

To the servant who came in to clear the grate, and who looked surprised to see her there dressed for a journey, she said, briefly:

"Order the carriage for me. I must be at the station in half an hour, and ask the cook to send me a cup of coffee and some crackers."

An hour afterwards, and she was speeding by express to a city a hundred miles off. She had been there before, and ordered the porter to carry her luggage to the same hotel she had before frequented. Before her bonnet and cloak were laid aside, she had written this note and despatched it to the office of a daily paper:

"WANTED.—By a young lady, a situation as companion to some invalid lady. Wages not so much an object as a comfortable home. Apply at room No. 57, A—Hotel, between the hours of ten and five."

Then changing her dress, she sat down quietly

by the window and watched the passing crowd. As soon as the fashionable dinner was over, she retired to the couch, and wearied with excitement and travel, slept soundly till morning. She dressed herself with more than usual care that day, and with a book in hand which she vainly strove to read, she awaited the issue of her advertisement. Slowly, tediously, the day wore on. Her face began to be troubled, and her heart to sink. But at three o'clock there came a rap at her parlor door. She opened it, and bowed courteously to the middle-aged gentleman who entered.

"This is yours, I believe, handing her a slip of newspaper.

"Yes, sir, I am the young lady. My name is Isabella Ashley, and my references are these—" and she handed him the cards of the different teachers whose tuition she had enjoyed from time to time.

He looked at them carefully, and was apparently satisfied, for he said at once: "My name is Olmstead, Ralph Olmstead, of the firm of Olmstead & Baring. I come in behalf of my mother, who has been an invalid for years, though but lately debarred society and confined to her chamber. We have succeeded in procuring an excellent nurse, but she needs something more—attentions such as a daughter or interested friend might give. It will be an arduous task for you, if you conclude to undertake it, but she as well as myself is wealthy, and will amply remunerate you for the time you may spend with her."

"When can I see her?"

"Now, this afternoon, if you will. My carriage is at the door."

"I will go with you, sir." And she was soon rattling over the paved streets.

They stopped at a palatial home, and Belle was soon ushered into a darkened chamber. A strong smell of camphor greeted her first, then a medley of odors, anything but agreeable to one whose life was the breath of flowers. An aged woman, wan and wasted, lay upon the couch towards which she bent her noiseless footsteps. She moaned as if in pain, and frequently threw her hands to her head. Belle noticed that her gray hair was sadly disordered, and the cloth which lay upon it stiff and dry.

"Your head aches badly," she said, in her lowest, sweetest tone.

"It crazes me almost. But who are you?" And the half-closed eyelids opened wide.

"It is the young lady whose advertisement I read to you, mother. She has called to see if she and you can agree to keep company a while."

"Her voice suits me. That nurse, where is she, Edward?"

"Gone out a moment."

"She nearly kills me with her tones, so shrill and owl-like.—Child,"—and she put her wrinkled hand in the soft palm of the stranger—"it will be a weary task for you, for I am grown querulous with suffering, and should try an angel's patience. My eyes are weak, too, and my room has to be kept very dark. Think well, ere you decide to come."

"Do you think I shall suit you, ma'am?"

"Yes, I do. Your step is light, your touch gentle, and your voice low and musical. Yes, you will suit."

"Then I will come at once."

"I will pay you just what I used to Ralph's governess, six hundred a year. I shall be more trouble though than he was, but I will make it right. Can you stay now? O, my head! my head!" And a spasm convulsed her face.

"You will see to my trunks, sir. I will give you an order. Your mother needs me now if ever." And pencilling a line, she gave it to him, and then laying aside her bonnet and shawl, went again to the bedside.

"Bring me some cool water, and a bit of soft, fresh linen, and a comb and brush," she said, quietly to the nurse.

"O, you mustn't touch her hair; it will kill her at once."

"Please do as I say; I will be responsible." She spoke gently, but there was something in the tone that enforced obedience.

Very grateful to the fevered skin was the soft, cooling touch of the damp linen, as Belle wiped the face and hands, and like mesmeric touches, the parting and smoothing of the long, thin locks. She was half asleep ere the cap was tied on, and a few lulling words, such as a mother half-sings, half-whispers to the babe as she puts it in the cradle, finished the charm and the lids were closed.

"She is sleeping very quietly," said the physician to her son, an hour afterwards, as he stood at her bedside. "I have not seen her so calm since she was taken down. How is it?"

"She has done it," said the nurse, a woman nowise disposed to be jealous. "She understands her case better than I do."

The physician glanced at Belle, who timidly shrunk from observation into the darkest corner. Crossing the room, he came directly to her. "I do not know what you have done, my friend, but your prescriptions are more powerful than mine. No opiate has ever made her so quiet. Continue your attentions and watch her symptoms carefully."

Then taking the son by the arm, he led him from the room, saying earnestly, "You must retain her, though it cost five dollars a day. Your mother can never be well again; all we can do is to smooth her passage to the grave. That young girl can do it better than you or I. Mind what I say; keep her, and let the other go. They will only come in conflict."

The next morning the nurse was dismissed with presents that gladdened her heart, and Belle was left alone with the invalid. It was, as the aged woman said, an arduous task she had undertaken, but she never faltered, though her face grew pale as the sick one's, and her cheeks lost their roundness and her eyes their brightness. She had never known confinement or restraint, and the close air of that darkened chamber seemed to poison her blood. Many things she missed; the fragrance of the spring flowers which she knew were now sunning themselves in the mossy depths of the woodland; the breath of the April breeze as it lingered in the green boughs of the trees; the morning and evening sky-tints, and the golden banners of noonday; the music of the wild birds; the long rambles in the country; the gay gallops on the jet-black pony; the precious hours in the library with her guardian to talk to, and the yet more precious ones in the parlor at eventide, when they sang together the ballads of olden times.

Mr. Olmstead was kind and thoughtful, tendering her every attention in his power; the servants smoothed her way all they could, for they soon came to dote on the young mistress, as they called her, and even the invalid, worn and worried with years of suffering, suppressed many a moan to spare her little nurse. And yet, with all they did for her, it was a sad, sad life Belle Ashley led in that darkened room. Not as in other times, was she weary because she had nothing to do, but tired now with having so many duties.

Spring brightened into summer; that faded into autumn, and then her vigils were over, for the tremulous nerves and the unsteady heart of the sick woman were quiet under the shroud-folds. Belle was once more at liberty, and as she counted the contents of the purse the mourning son had placed in her hands—six hundred dollars all told (for such had been the request of the dying mother), though but half the year was up, she felt an irrepressible desire to exhibit her earnings to her guardian. She longed to have him know that she was something more than he had ever thought her—stronger, better, nobler. As though he did not know all about her, the cautious spy. As though he would have let his one ewe lamb

wander a moment from his fold without his guardian care.

He sat alone in his library, Herbert Sidney—but though his eyes rested on the page before him, his thoughts were far away in that distant city, where his little ward was losing her health and strength, and learning the great lesson of life—patience—patience. The bell-wire tinkled softly. He did not notice it; that, nor the little bustle in the hall, and when half an hour afterwards, there came a light footfall on the carpet, and the rustle of a woman's garment as it brushed the furniture, he did not stir or look up. He was lost to outward sounds and sights. Away down deep in his heart nestled a bonny love, and he was doting on it, his hidden, darling treasure.

"Are you deaf, dumb, blind, guardy? Have you no word of welcome for your little ward?"

How he started, and what a crimson flushed his face as he caught her for a moment to his heart.

"So you have come back to me," he said, as she sat down beside him; "I always believed you would."

"But I have not come to stay," she said, quickly.

"And why not, Belle? It's very lonesome living here with no one but Mrs. Gray and the servants to speak to day after day. Why can't you keep me company?"

How her heart swelled! How her pulse quickened! But she shook her head resolutely, and forcing calmness into her voice, she said:

"Because it is impossible. I am poor and must work."

"And is it pleasant, Belle, to earn your own living?"

"Pleasant—pleasant," she murmured; "no, it is not pleasant, but then it is my duty, and I shall learn by-and-by to be satisfied with that."

"Tell me of your wanderings, Belle. Sit down here as you used to." And he dropped a velvet cushion at his feet.

She did so, and told him all. Had she looked into his face, she would have seen it wet and pale as she spoke.

"And your earnings, Belle?"

She showered the bills and coins into his hands.

"You can afford to rest awhile," he said, quietly, as he counted them.

"I know it, guardy, and have come to visit you."

A month passed on. They two went on in the old way pretty much, save that Belle did not tease him quite as much as of old, and was never heard to complain of ennui.

They stood together beside the mantel one



evening, both looking into the blazing grate—both thinking of the great and holy love they bore each other.

"Have you looked you up a new situation yet, Belle?" Mr. Sidney spoke quietly, as any man would remark of a purely business matter.

Belle's lips quivered and her eyes grew dim, but she was growing strong, and soon answered gently, "I wrote an advertisement to-day, but I have not sent it."

"And what do you propose to do now?"

"Keep house for some old grandfather, guardy."

"Keep house?" He spoke quizzically. "Can you tell me the ingredients of a loaf of bread?"

"Flour, salt, yeast and milk or water, as you can afford, guardy. I have been taking daily lessons of Mrs. Gray for four weeks, and she says she can recommend me."

"I wonder she didn't mention your name to me this morning then."

Belle looked up inquiringly.

"You see, she gave me notice she was going to leave in a month. She has had a legacy, and is going to set up housekeeping for herself. She named several who she said would suit me. Strange she did not mention you."

"Would I suit you?"

"Would you suit me?" He lingered on the syllables—he repeated them; then looking into her face, he said, gently: "Yes, Belle, I think you would suit me."

"What are your terms?" She spoke gravely, though something like a dimple wavered in her cheeks.

"Four hundred a year, with a suite of rooms to yourself. Are they satisfactory?"

"Perfectly."

"You are then engaged, Belle." The emphasized word brought a brighter flush to her cheek, and involuntarily it seemed, she murmured:

"Yes, engaged."

Mr. Sidney looked at her earnestly awhile; then taking from the mantel one of the hands she had rested there, he held it a moment in his own. Then, slipping a jewelled ring upon one of the slender fingers, he said, in a voice that fruitlessly strove to be calm, "and this seals our engagement, Belle."

An instant her eyes met his; then he drew her to him and pressed a holier seal upon her lips, whispering, "you are too young, darling, to be my housekeeper—just old enough to be my wife."

"I will be both, sir. You know I must have something to do."

There was a dash of her old playfulness in

the tones, yet Mr. Sidney felt she was in earnest.

Little Emily Bird was very busy the next month cutting and sewing, for the whole bridal wardrobe was given up to her, and quite a little fortune did she earn in preparing the dainty garments. Old Mrs. Gray, too, was very busy, for every room in that spacious mansion had to be torn upside down and put to rights, and if she did not earn, she certainly spent quite a little fortune in baking and icing wedding cakes. Mr. Sidney and Belle were very busy, too, it seemed, telling and hearing the old, yet ever new and delicious story of human love. They sat together in the twilight the night before the bridal, not as in olden time, he by the table, and she in the recess of a window, but side by side upon a sofa drawn near the fire.

"Belle," asked he, after a long silence, "what did you ever do with that letter I wrote you once, the one that sent you wandering over the world?"

"I have it yet."

"Bring it here."

She did so. "Read it to me by the firelight, can't you, darling?" She obeyed. "Once more," he continued.

A sudden light flashed over her mind, and she said, looking him closely in the face, "You wrote that to try me, Herbert. I am not poor—never was. It was a precious little fib!"

"One that cost me many a pang, darling. But the temptation to try the strength of your womanhood was too strong to be resisted. But I little dreamed you would run away as you did; and Belle, when you came back to me, thin and pale and careworn, I almost cursed myself for yielding as I did to the temptation of a moment. A lifetime of devotion can only half atone for the great wrong I did you."

"Do not call it wrong, Herbert. It was a great good; the greatest that ever befell me. In my lonely watches beside the sick bed of my mother-friend, I learned lessons that will go with me through life, that will guide me to heaven. I was fast lapsing into a selfish woman of the world, but that letter started up my latent energy, my hidden goodness. Then did I realize what a blessing it is to be rich, and that the rich man or woman can never truly say they have nothing to do. There is ever something before them that cries piercingly, "help, help!" I am glad to know that my money is not lost, because I can answer those cries now, and shall always have something to do."

"The poor ye have always with you," said her lover, solemnly. And then he folded her to his heart and blessed God for this last, best gift to him—a noble woman's love.

[ORIGINAL.]

## THE TWO CLOUDLETS.

BY ISA. ARNOLD BERNHART.

O, do you remember, dear Mary,  
An evening in beautiful June,  
When we sat in a bower of roses,  
And gazed on the rising moon?

And do you remember the cloudlets  
That hung in the silvery light?  
They looked like the beds of angels,  
So beautiful, pure and white.

They seemed to be wooing each other:  
And somehow we chanced to see,  
In the happy and love-laden cloudlets,  
A picture of you and me.

I never could tell how we knew it,  
But both seemed to feel that a heart  
Was lodged in each cloud, and we trembled,  
And feared the bright cloudlets would part.

But while we were anxiously gazing,  
And love-glances trembled in sight,  
The beautiful cloudlets were waning,  
And faded away in the light.

To-night I was silently sitting  
Beside the same roses of June,  
And lo, the same beautiful cloudlets  
Came wooing the love-wedded moon!

And still they grew larger and brighter,  
Each gleamed like a rising sun;  
And, drawing still nearer each other,  
They mingled, and now they are one.

O, say, must the love we have cherished  
Grow fainter and vanish away?  
Or may it, like yon happy cloudlet,  
Grow heavenward and brighter each day?

[ORIGINAL.]

## THE ITALIAN PHYSICIAN.

SUGGESTED BY RUFFIN'S "DOCTOR ANTONIO."

BY MRS. M. T. CALDON.

IN the month of April, 184—, a travelling-carriage dashed rapidly down the steep, neglected road leading from B—, a small village in Southern Italy, toward Naples. The Sicilian postilion was in exuberant spirits, and rather recklessly endeavored to convince the tall, stiff English valet on the box with him, of his superior skill in handling the reins, which proceeding the latter regarded with mingled alarm and disgust, muttering something about "tearing over such heathenish roads at that rate," and concluding with an affecting reminiscence of the smooth drives in his own unrivalled land.

Notwithstanding their mutual sentiments were so unintelligible through the common medium of

language, yet, spite of his ignorance of Italian, Tom Dexter had managed to give Antoine a clear view of his own supreme contempt for Italy and the hapless race who owned it for their country. So Antoine, in wicked retaliation, snapped his long whip about the horses' ears and set the animals into a hurried canter, the more delighted as the alarm on the valet's face became more apparent, for the narrowness and sudden descent of the road made it as dangerous, as the rough, uneven ground caused it to be uncomfortable and annoying.

A commanding voice, in angry expostulation, came from the coach window, and Antoine was obliged to check his revengeful pleasantries and, if he could, his awakened horses—which last was quite another thing, for, though the creatures had come quietly enough thus far, yet Antoine's whip seemed to have inoculated them with some of his own vindictiveness. Away they sped, plunging and dashing along the highway, threatening every moment to upset the reeling coach down the narrow, rocky precipice which separated the road from the beach (where the blue Mediterranean waves came surging up in short, full swells, curling away in snowy drifts among the sands), and then nearly crushing the stout crested panels against the mountainous wall on the other side.

Just where the street turns abruptly around the brow of the hill and leads into the straggling, retired little village of B—, the catastrophe came. An antiquated one-horse vehicle was just then, unluckily, upon the curve of the road; and the furious steeds, quite unmindful of Antoine's vigorous, desperate pull at the reins, made a plunge for the centre of the approaching gig. Such a scene as ensued! Such voluble shrieks of Italian, and round, sturdy oaths of English, as from this untoward mixture of nations and classes one after another prostrate figure disengaged itself from the promiscuous heap of broken panels and glass, baskets and books, and looked around, in indignant inquiry, as to the cause and extent of the calamity!

First and foremost, like all true Englishmen prompt to act in the hour of danger, however timid before, John Dexter sprang up and held the violently struggling horse still left in the shafts, until his fellow-travellers had likewise an opportunity to extricate themselves. The other horse had fortunately cleared himself and was dashing away out of sight, long before Antoine's bruised and rueful face was raised from the dust of the highway. Next, as stout and nationally expressive a Briton as ever wandered away from the Thames, raised himself from his undignified position, bearing a slender, girlish form in his

arms. At the same time, a tall, spare lady's maid emerged from the other side, with a face as dubious and rueful as the crushed band-boxes at her feet.

Sir Richard Hereford laid his helpless burden tenderly on the turf by the roadside, and turned fiercely to the luckless Antoine, who stood mute and motionless with consternation; but he was interrupted by a tall, singularly handsome, yet coarsely-dressed man, who addressed him in Italian, while he bent anxiously over the insensible girl.

"I don't understand half your jargon," cried the excited baronet. "All I wish, is to find a physician and another carriage; but I suppose neither is to be found in this accursed country, short of Naples."

To his equal relief and surprise, the stranger (who was no other than the driver of the stout gig which had escaped the collision with no other harm but that of an overturn) addressed him in respectable English.

"That is what I say, sir—that I am a physician, and, with your permission, will examine into the amount of injury the lady has received."

Sir Richard eyed him sharply; but somewhat mollified by hearing his native language, and forgetting his dignity and haughtiness in his anxiety for his daughter, replied eagerly:

"Do so, at once. You don't imagine it is anything serious, do you?"

The Italian doctor had explored the delicate wrist and lifted the fair, drooping head; and glancing over at the father's troubled face, he forgave the discourteous treatment he had received himself, in pity for his anxiety, and replied, soothingly:

"Be not alarmed, signor; there is life and strength here."

Just then the sufferer's snowy lids unclosed, and a pair of wondrously soft blue eyes looked into the speaker's face. He bowed smilingly, and said, in a tone tender as a parent might use to a suffering child:

"Don't be alarmed, dear lady! You have fainted from a little fright."

A sweet, childish smile wreathed the pale lips, and she made an effort to rise; but wincing with pain, and half suppressing a shriek, she sank back again.

He looked instantly and anxiously at the slender ankle, passed his hand lightly across it, and then leaving his patient half supported by the maid, drew Sir Richard one side to say:

"The lady's ankle is fractured. Rather a difficult case, but I have no doubt careful treatment and perfect quiet will restore it, in due time, to

its original strength. You shall have the most comfortable quarters the village can offer."

Sir Richard Hereford looked almost as much annoyed at the last, as the first sentence. His brow was as gloomy as if fate had conspired to thwart every plan he could propose for his own enjoyment.

"Good heavens! poor dear Edith!" was the first ejaculation. Then he muttered: "What is coming next? That horrible steamboat detention, the murderous drivers of these abominable roads overturning, and now lodgings in that miserable village! I tell you, I never can stand it! We must get on to Naples someway, where there's a chance of finding Christian comforts in this heathenish land." His voice grew louder and angrier as he proceeded. "Stay here, indeed! Don't I know all about it? I dare say there isn't a pot of butter, or a bowl of milk, in the whole village—nothing but olives, and that villanous oil for one's bread."

The doctor's keen eye had been scanning the florid face, and he obtained a very fair estimate of the character of the sturdy baronet, not so much, perhaps, to his own awe and admiration as that dignified individual might have imagined.

"Well, sir," said Dr. Pietro, with quiet dignity, "what have you decided? Shall I attend to the lady? I assure you speedy attention will relieve the pain very much, and any attempt to go on to Naples will be as dangerous as unnecessary."

But Sir Richard could not all at once relinquish his British dignity and obstinacy; so he kept the whole party, around whom a group of peasants had by this time gathered, waiting there in anxious suspense.

"How do I know it is dangerous?" he muttered, testily. "All doctors are ready to make out a desperate case, for their own curing. And then, again, if it is a serious case, how dare I trust her to an Italian quack?"

But a flash of the Italian's eye and a groan from his daughter, compelled him to a decision.

"Stay, stay!" he cried, hastily, as the former was turning proudly away. "Attend to her, by all means, and use your utmost care and skill. Your patient is Miss Hereford, of Hereford Manor. And I am Sir Richard Hereford."

A slightly sarcastic smile curled the young physician's lip; but it faded off, as his glance wandered to the pallid face of the lonely sufferer, and he replied at once:

"Very well. I will do the best I can. I assure you I am not one to attempt anything I cannot carry through, although I am only the parish doctor of this poor little town."

An hour afterward, the street was cleared of the carriage wreck, and the whole party safely, and, despite the ungracious Englishman's moodiness, comfortably situated in a queer little box of a house, half hidden by myrtle and orange trees, and commanding a refreshing view of the sea. The house was occupied by a poor widow and her daughter, who were as delighted, and sensible of the unusual honor and privilege granted them through such noble guests, as even Sir Richard himself could ask.

The pale English girl was lying on a snowy couch, half covered with flowers (the graceful offering of pretty Francesca's warm southern heart to the suffering English signora), just as the doctor had left her when the painful operation was completed, and the ankle carefully bandaged. Opening her eyes from a drowsing slumber, she found him standing by her side sorting out the flowers, some of which he left her, but by far the greater portion he had thrown away.

"These ardent orange buds are too powerful for a sick room," he said. "Francesca must not bring you any more. How do I find you? has the pain abated?"

Miss Hereford smiled back into the kindly face with a touching expression of confidence and trust doubly refreshing, in contrast with her father's suspicious, distrustful manner.

"Thanks to your kindness," she said, "I am much relieved. How long do you think it will be before we go on to Naples?"

He shook his head. "Not for many weeks, certainly. Do you care so much?" he asked, seeing the blank dismay her face expressed.

"O, no—not for myself, but papa! How will he ever manage to be contented? Because—you see"—she paused, at a loss how to express her meaning without wounding his national pride—"he has been used to such different ways of living!"

"O, yes!" interrupted Dr. Pietro, good humoredly. "I understand your doubts, but Francesca and her mother will do the best they can. There is his own valet, and your waiting-woman, and last—not least, in this case—myself. Believe me, Miss Hereford, your father will enjoy himself much better than he imagines. The greatest difficulty he anticipated will soon be obviated. I have despatched a peasant to one of the farms in the neighboring town for a cow, and you shall soon enjoy your accustomed luxuries, milk and butter, which I confess are seldom found in this benighted place. For us, the oil answers every purpose. Habit is second nature," he added, laughing at the rueful face she

wore at mention of the oil. "Now, then, I must try my hand at upholstering."

Whereupon he opened the bundle he had brought, and produced hammer and tacks, a roll of carpeting and chintz, and several other little trifles. Then, while Edith watched him smilingly, he quietly and noiselessly hung up curtains at the window, pasted over all cracks that admitted the air in treacherous draughts, spread down a carpet on the floor, and finally hung up an exquisite painting on the wall opposite the couch.

"Now, then, Miss Hereford, you will seem a little more comfortable."

She had been quietly following with her eye the busy, fitting figure, and wondering what nameless charm he possessed, that had so completely won her confidence and friendship.

"Thank you, I have no fears for my own comfort or contentedness. Is there a shop in the village where you found the chintz?"

He shook his head. "Our poor little town is far more limited in its resources than you imagine. In fact, you English people have very little idea of how few are the requirements of simple living, in cheerfulness and usefulness, at that."

He did not tell her how his ruthless hand had left his own room desolate, to make up for the deficiencies of hers.

So day after day passed on. Dr. Pietro was constant and thoughtful in his attentions to the invalid, not more in his professional character than in the light of a tender and watchful friend trying every means to amuse and beguile the tedious hours of confinement. And Edith Hereford became more and more impressed with the singular beauty and simplicity of a character so full of fire and genius, and a mind so stored with deep and varied knowledge, and yet contented to minister to the needs of the poor, oppressed, ignorant population about him.

Sir Richard, too, began to receive him with his natural hearty cordiality, when his tall form appeared in the doorway, and Dr. Pietro's arrival kindled a glow on his ruddy face almost as vivid as the pink tinge that transformed Edith's cheek from a waxen lily to a warmly-tinted rose. In fact, Sir Richard had grown to be not only contented, but even charmed with the pastoral life he led—more especially since he had purchased a fine horse, sent down for his inspection from a neighboring town at Dr. Pietro's suggestion, and received a liberal supply of accustomed luxuries from Naples.

Possibly, too, the magic of the air and sky had imparted Italian languor and love of ease, in place of his usual restless, bustling life. Edith

was rejoiced to find he no longer murmured at their detention, or railed at the uncomfortable accommodations offered him.

And for Edith herself, a new life seemed to have dawned. Although debarred from the invigorating walks she had hitherto accustomed herself to take, yet the soft fresh air had worked magically upon her constitution, and the pallor of her beautiful face was rapidly disappearing beneath a healthy bloom. And when, at length, she was able to bear wheeling her couch into the verandah, to catch, with the glimpse of the sparkling water, a fresh sea-breeze on her forehead, her girlish vivacity was charming to behold. At least so thought her delighted father and her gratified physician, as well as the admiring Francesca peeping out from the basement window to enjoy the scene.

Rarer days came, when the cautious Dr. Pietro consented she should try walking, with his steady arm for her support; and charming strolls and drives followed, and even after Miss Hereford was quite able to bear the journey to Naples, neither her father nor herself made any allusion to forsaking their pleasant retreat.

Occasionally, to be sure, Sir Richard's conscience accused him of indolence, warning him how time was slipping away, while their tour on the continent remained so incomplete and unsatisfactory; but the wonderfully beneficial effects of the air and manner of living upon Edith's delicate constitution was sufficient excuse for their prolonged stay, and so he relapsed into his delicious reveries, his quiet morning canters and afternoon siestas, so entirely foreign to his active English habits.

A rude interruption to all this peaceful tranquillity came in the person of Captain Edward Hereford, the only son and brother, who had slipped away from his regiment at Dover and come down, post haste, to see what had become of his relatives, whom his Naples acquaintances reported as buried in some retired, benighted spot, out of sight and sound of humanity—i. e., English people. A rough, tyrannical, pompous fellow was Ned Hereford, with all his father's obstinate prejudices deepened into actual passions.

The first glance he caught of his sister, sitting in her shady, green-strewed room, so fair and smiling and happy, listening to a poem Dr. Pietro was translating, he gave a terrible frown with his huge, dark eyebrows, and a low, significant whistle, forming at that very moment a cruel plan which he was not long in executing.

The moment she beheld her brother, poor Edith's innocent heart felt a foreboding chill. Too well she knew his relentless determination

—that with his presence vanished peace and quiet—and nerveless and trembling, she sank back in her chair, while Dr. Pietro bowed with dignified courtesy, in answer to the captain's insolent stare, and quietly retreated from the house.

"Edith," said Captain Ned, the next day, "that Dr. Pietro is a fine-looking man. By Jove, I wish he was an Englishman and a count!"

Edith's glowing cheek was veiled by a myrtle bough, as she returned:

"Why do you wish that? He seems perfectly contented as he is, and the people around here almost worship him."

"I dare say; but in case he was a British peer, you see, you and he would make a splendid couple. As it is"—he paused; his stern, cruel, pitiless face was bent close to the shrinking girl's—"as it is, I would rather see you ~~dead~~ and buried, than married to such a low-born adventurer! You understand? I shouldn't be long disposing of him."

She did understand. Full well she knew the tyrannical persecutions before her, his iron will, that so pitilessly could crush her unyielding disposition, and her own sad fate. Pale and drooping, like a bruised lily, she crept to her easy-chair, not daring even to indulge her heart, parched and scorched with the sudden fever of grief, with even the cooling shower of tears.

And in this rude, unfeeling manner was the veil torn from Edith's gentle heart; and with the first discovery of her love, came the knowledge of its utter hopelessness!

A week from the day of Captain Hereford's arrival, another coach stood before the door, and from the window Edith's sweet face, as pale as when she was borne in from the accident, looked forth a mute, agonized farewell to the upright form and sternly controlled features of Dr. Pietro. Never a word had been exchanged between them, except upon the most indifferent topics, before her father and brother—and yet how well each torn and bleeding heart comprehended the depth, as well as hopelessness, of the love only their eyes had dared to speak!

Pietro was left to toil on, in patient self-abnegation, for his humble, hapless brethren, and to work silently and steadily for the relief of his oppressed, downtrodden country. His was one of those rare and noble minds, content to see their genius and worth remain unknown and obscure, if thereby they can more steadily advance the one grand aim that swallows up all personal joy and comfort. He was left alone—but in the midst of the scenes her presence had hallowed and beautified! How sweet, and yet how torturing, his

daily passing to and fro to his patients, before the house from whose deserted balcony no longer shone the soft blue eyes whose gaze could never be effaced from his heart! And now the energies and strength wasted upon a hopeless passion, were bestowed with redoubled vigor in the service of his hapless country.

And Edith—languid, silent and uncomplaining, she was borne away to gay society and brilliant scenes and endless festivities! Perhaps Captain Hereford believed the whirl of gaiety, into which she was plunged, would shut out from her remembrance the mellow, Italian voice and handsome, manly face. How little he knew gentle Edith's loyal heart, that sickened, amid the splendor and adulation around her, for the low, vine-wreathed walls and homely rooms and luxurious quiet of the hamlet house at B—.

Never a word of complaint, however, escaped her lips. The magic talisman that held Edith captive to her brother's cruelty, was her fear for Pietro, and she did, what many another weak, yielding woman has done before her, she quietly sacrificed her own happiness for the safety of the one beloved.

So when, one day, her brother said, in his abrupt way, "Viscount Englington will lay before my father and you a proposal of marriage, to-morrow—he is a most suitable husband for you—if you decline I shall soon understand the reason why, and remove the obstacle by relieving Italy of one of her fortune-hunting beggars," she only shivered, pressed her hand closely against her fluttering heart, and answered the noble viscount as cheerfully as possible, accepting the hand and name he offered her.

The aching heart was hidden beneath jewelled bands and costly lace, and that marvel of mistiness—woven, one would think, of moonbeams—the bridal veil, concealed the wildly gleaming eye and ashy cheek from the happy eyes of the noble bridegroom.

But once Viscountess Englington, Edith tried to fulfil every duty with heroic faithfulness. And she succeeded. Never was wife more beloved and venerated than she, and little enough did her husband suspect the pining, shivering, remorseful heart that throbbed and tortured itself away because of the little it had to give in return for his devotion. And while the sensitive, newly-awakened conscience suffered, the cheek paled, the eye dimmed, the rounded form grew thin and attenuated, and Edith's health grew every day more feeble.

In anxious solicitude the viscount gathered a bevy of physicians around her. They shook their wise heads with portentous gravity, and

declared it a most singular case, threatening to baffle all their skill. Then Sir Richard suggested:

"Go to B—, Edith; you remember how wonderfully the air agreed with you, and how well Dr. Pietro seemed to understand your illness."

A hectic glow shone a moment on Edith's faded cheek, but she shook her head sadly. "She should never see B— or Italy again."

But who can foretell the future? The delicate wife was still pale and drooping, when a sudden and violent fever laid low the stout and healthy viscount, and at twenty-six Edith was a widow.

Then once more was her face turned to Italy, as a last hope for her failing strength, and eight years from the day the overturned carriage drew such attention in B—, the handsome private equipage of Viscountess Englington passed down the same steep road, with the Mediterranean on one hand, and the rising mountain side upon the other, while the sweet-faced invalid gazed wistfully and tearfully upon the unaltered scene. Unaltered? Nay, not so, for she starts nervously to find only a blackened ruin, where arose the vine-wreathed, well-remembered walls, and directs the postilion to pause at the neighboring cottage. The bright-faced mistress of the house comes to the door, and the viscountess asks faintly:

"What has become of Dame Marguerite and Francesca, who lived in that house eight years ago?"

The woman stares. "Eight years, signora pardon me, but I have never heard of such people, for I've only been here five years back."

Edith's trembling lip tries twice vainly, ere it articulates:

"And Dr. Pietro, is he not here?"

The forefinger of the peasant rests musingly on the fresh, scarlet mouth.

"Dr. Pietro! Dr. Pietro! We've no such person here. Our parish doctor is Dr. Giovanni. But signora will please wait. Is she the great English lady who was hurt here so long ago, and did so many generous deeds? I've often heard of her. And now I remember, Dr. Pietro was the poor man's name who was left behind, and he went away very soon to Naples."

The viscountess could ask no more, she had sunk back in one of the fainting fits so common with her of late. As soon as she had recovered, the carriage moved on to Naples, where the lodgings and luxuries, suitable to her rank and position, were at once secured, and very soon, notwithstanding her feeble health, the Viscountess Englington became well-known throughout the city, because of her constant appearance, here,

there, and everywhere, at all public places and assemblies, and some little comments made, in her own circle, upon the excited curiosity the lovely invalid betrayed to see all the sights where medical or military men were prominent.

At length, by means of an *attache* who had obtained his position through the exertions of her late noble husband, she obtained cards for the reception levee of the king, and there, amid the crowd, she beheld a face that gladdened her vision like a flash of sunshine. Clad in garments very different from the coarse habiliments of the parish doctor, still she recognized at once, that tall, upright form, so light and airy of carriage, yet so strong and powerful, with its muscles of steel-enduring energy.

Her heart beat wildly. Would he recognize, in the pale, drooping woman of to-day the youthful patient he had cared so tenderly for? She did not know what a sudden bloom, like the rose of youth, had blossomed on her cheek, nor what unwonted gleam of joy had kindled the old light in the clear blue eyes. His face caught the illumination of hers, and he came instantly to her side.

"Is it possible I see you again?" The keen eye, as of old, was searching her face. "And ill, too. Have you come to try the benefit of Italian air a second time?"

She gave a smile of inexpressible thankfulness and relief.

"Yes, I have returned to be cured again by my old doctor, whose care is not yet forgotten. I went to B—— for you, and then continued the search in Naples."

While she spoke he was scanning her sable dress, and wondering.

"Is it possible she is free again? I saw her marriage, years ago, among the fashionable news from England. What has become of her husband?"

Yet he went on quietly giving her directions for selecting a more salubrious residence than her present situation in the grand square of the city, and ere long discovered the true state of affairs. And how could he conceal his delight and satisfaction, when he learned that she had left home especially to seek his aid, and perceived the childish trust and confidence she reposed in his kindness and skill?

Something like the renewal of old times followed. The girlish laugh Edith had believed forever silenced, echoed again, and the morbid, gloomy oppression vanished before the light, elastic spirits of returning happiness. Not a word of past sorrow and struggle, or of future hope and joy, had passed the lips of either. They

seemed willing to live only in the freedom and peace of the present.

Dr. Pietro related all his patriotic hopes and fears. He acquainted her with his efforts to obtain the abolition of certain tyrannical laws, that crushed down so many of his hapless countrymen, and confided to her his belief that he was, even then, near the successful removal of one of the most obnoxious measures, and Edith listened with kindling sympathy, and unbounded admiration, and in return, laid before him the gloomy presentiments that had haunted her when she left England, and her firm belief that she was only journeying to find an Italian grave, gratefully assuring him, that even then his skilful care was restoring strength and hope.

One rare month of unsullied happiness was granted them, wherein they read, they sang, they rode together, and talked of all things else but the one great love that throbbed in either heart. Then came the cloud, the crash, the lightning stroke, suddenly, as from a hurrying summer tempest.

They were sitting together in the shaded balcony of the charming retreat on the outskirts of the city, which the limitless wealth of the viscountess had enabled her to secure, talking upon Pietro's favorite theme, the hope of future freedom for down-trodden Italy, when a sudden tumult, and firing in the populous portion of the town arrested an eloquent sentence on Pietro's lips. He sprang to his feet, his black eye flaming, his firm lip ashy white with the retreat of the startled blood to his heroic heart.

"Edith," he said (it was the first time he had ever addressed her thus), "he has deceived me! My friends are quartered there. There is treason, mutiny, betrayal, or there would be no such commotion. My place is with them. I must go!"

The viscountess clung frantically to his arm. In her sudden fright at the dangerous exigency his face betrayed, womanly pride and reserve were swept away.

"Pietro, Pietro," she cried, "it will be of no avail for your single arm to interpose. Your life may be the forfeit. Do you not know mine hangs on yours—will you crush them both? Remain with me, for my sake, stay!"

A soft, lambent glow quenched the fire in his eye. Solemn and earnest was the reply.

"Edith, from the moment I beheld you first, your image has been the dearest and most sacred earth could find for me. The love I bear for you is too strong and pure for words to express it, but that love, I have always believed a hopeless one, and therefore to Italy have I consecrated

what heart, and life, and strength was left me. Now my mistress calls me, I must go. Nothing else in the wide world, Edith, before you, but Italy, my poor, down-trodden Italy!"

The noble, heroic spirit penetrated even her gentle heart. She received calmly the first thrilling kiss—alas, so plainly the last farewell caress likewise!—comprehended his meaning as he said, "I will return to-night, or—" pointing silently upward—and sank down mute and tearless, as his firm, ringing tread died away in the distance.

But with the long, weary hours of suspense the enthusiasm of lofty emotion died away, and horrible fears and sickening doubts filled the poor heart so lately returned to peace and hope.

Evening saw a pale face peering anxiously from the palazzo window, but no Pietro's graceful form disturbed the myrtle shrouded portal. The stars shone down, serene and bright, throughout that livelong night, but gave no answer back to the imploring agony of those wild, watchful eyes.

Weeks came and went, and notwithstanding her cautious inquiries, and the efforts of a few influential English friends, no tidings of Dr. Pietro's fate could be obtained.

Who does not know the terrible scenes, so hidden from sight, and yet so plain to a careful examiner, which the people of Italy and Sicily have known for the last twenty years, without daring to breathe a word of complaint, surrounded as they are in all directions, by the spies of government?

The sinking, hopeless invalid had no faith that Pietro was living, but some of his friends cherished a forlorn hope that he might be one of the prisoners who were saved from the summary punishment of most of those engaged in the revolt. Not shot down like cattle, but immured amid tenfold horrors through a live-long death. Those who were accused, as most active in opposition to the royal decrees, were granted the insult and mockery of a trial where neither justice nor pretence of fairness reigned.

And among the crowd, in the gallery, Viscountess Englington, closely veiled, and accompanied by her servant, and the attache, found her way to catch a glimpse of the prisoners. Yes, he was there. And when the dread sentence of imprisonment for life was pronounced upon them all, a woman's shriek disturbed the sudden silence, and a fainting form was borne out from the hall, while a tall figure, amid the condemned, started up wildly, wrenching at the manacles that fettered the muscular wrists. Hapless Pietro! Wretched Edith!

The prisoners were borne away to the guarded fort, on one of the neighboring islands. There, also, in sight of the frowning prison walls, the viscountess finally removed, for the sake of her extremely delicate health, the world said. Her physicians had likewise recommended constant indulgence in sea air. The Viscountess Englington was fabulously wealthy. The whims and caprices of such are never wondered at, so it excited little attention when a fine little steamer yacht, with luxurious accommodations, arrived for her especial use. So Edith was living almost constantly upon the water, steaming around from one bay to another, until she had become well-known to all the harbor officials, and they ceased to interrogate, or investigate, when the graceful little yacht appeared in view, and they caught sight of the sick lady's sweet, sorrowful face from the couch on deck.

So cautious were their movements, no one was aware, either, of the servant who assisted the jailor at the prison, and came to buy fish at the wharf where the steamer was moored once at least every week, so none mistrusted how every package of fish was wound about with a long loop of strong, nicely twisted silk, carefully prepared by the fair hands of the gentle Englishwoman, only kept alive by this one last, forlorn hope.

Came at length, a dark, rainy night, when the little steamer lay anchored far out in the bay, with the viscountess pacing the deck, unmindful of the falling rain, crying restlessly:

"What has delayed him? Why does he not come?"

Just before the gray morning broke, a boat that had been lying in the shade of the rocks, below the fort, came off to the steamer, and with a sorrowful glance at the haggard, excited face of her ladyship, the attache handed her a tiny fragment of paper with these words scrawled with a coal:

"It will not do. I cannot leave these four tried comrades. They will suffer so much worse, if I escape. God keep you!"

The disappointment was terrible, but Edith's pale lips repeated feebly:

"We will save all three."

But the next day the steamer received a visit from the superintendent of the prison. The viscountess felt her heart throbbing wildly, as he entered the cabin, and chatted gaily over the news and gossip of the town. Although it seemed only a friendly call, too well she knew their treacherous policy to doubt there was a motive for the visit. At length he said:



"What a fine little steamer your ladyship has! You were out in the bay, last night, pray did you know it was rather dangerous? We learned this morning some kind of a craft was about to rescue the prisoners in the fort. So, to-day we have sent them off to a more secure retreat."

Edith forced her quivering lip to say, calmly: "Ah, indeed, but pray where can you find a safer asylum?"

An exulting, meaning smile broke over his face, as he replied:

"Ah, madame, that is my secret, and you will scarcely follow them this time."

When he was gone, the viscountess sank back upon the velvet sofa with a white, heart-broken misery stamped upon her face, too deep and terrible for sighs or tears. She rested her cold cheek against the pillow, closed her eyes wearily, and folded the thin, white hands in prayer. One only burden the petition bore: "Let me die, O, my Father, let me die!"

She might have died, then and there, from very languor and exhaustion, the chilled blood stagnating about the heart, too hopeless to care to throb another pulse of life. All day her attendants ministered to her, and with anxious pathetic affection entreated her to rouse herself, but not a word or look could they obtain. At dusk the attache came on board and hurried to her side, shocked and alarmed at the change. He called her name. The white lids raised, and the blue eyes looked wistfully into his face, then closed again.

"It is all right," he cried, putting his lips to the heedless ear; "they are all saved. Does your ladyship hear me? They are all safe, and the steamer must sail to-night."

He might as well have talked to the marble statue by the couch. In frantic distress he hurried to the shore again. When he returned, a rough, uncouth-looking boatman assisted him at the oars; but the moment the deck was reached, the boatman hastened into the cabin, threw off the rough jacket, and brushed carefully the wild, neglected hair, and then bending over the prostrate figure on the couch, kissed softly the pale, speechless lips. As he chafed the chilly hands, and moistened the parched lips, his warm tears fell upon the fast closed lids.

"Edith, Edith," he cried, "do not die, now that all is safe. It is I. It is Pietro who speaks to you."

As the ringing, well-known voice echoed through the cabin, the viscountess started, opened her eyes wildly, glanced at the worn, yet still handsome face bending over her, burst into a flood of tears, and then fainted.

"It is all right now," said the calm physician, forgetting the agitated lover in the offices of his old vocation.

At midnight another boat came off from the shore with the four escaped prisoners, and the little steamer, so many weeks before in secret readiness for her departure, quietly slipped out from the bay, on her way to England.

When Edith awoke from her long, refreshing slumber, she found her hand clasped tightly in that of Pietro, and his anxious eyes bent tenderly and assuringly upon her bewildered face.

"Lie quiet, dearest," he said, with his accustomed playful peremptoriness, "do not try to talk, and I will tell you what you do not understand. Your friend, as well as you and I, believed all hope of escape lost, and was on his way to Naples, lest the superintendent of the prison should call on him to make further investigations, when he stumbled upon our escort, taking us, still fettered, from the prison to a boat, to remove us before daylight. There were only half a dozen soldiers for us five men. He hurried away for his employes, found four vagabonds willing to sell their liberty for gold, and the moderate fare of a prison, and with them overtook our train, mixed in with us apparently accidentally, and, covered by the darkness, left the others locked into the cells on board the frigate in yonder harbor, and brought us away with them. The soldiers were stupid hirelings, or such a shallow stratagem would never have succeeded. It will be likely to become known to-night; but we are far on our way, and I have little fear of further molestation, for once out of Italy, the government bears no malice toward us. Alas, poor Italy, I never thought to flee from your shores! But, Edith, for your sake—"

Her touching, joyous smile answered him, and the English shores were safely won, and health and happiness returned; but Captain Hereford was not there to frown or storm, when at a quiet wedding in London, the wealthy Viscountess Englington laid aside her title and widow's weeds, to become the beloved and happy wife of Dr. Pietro. Captain Hereford had been thrown from his horse and instantly killed, while riding out with a pretty actress who had created a great sensation in town. But Sir Richard was there, the most jovial and delighted of all the guests, declaring to all he had prophesied rightly when he assured his daughter that Italian air and Dr. Pietro could restore her fading bloom and health.

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That man lacks moral courage who treats when he should retreat.

## WAITING.

BY ANNIE CHAMBERS KETCHUM.

Waiting for health and strength—  
 Counting each flickering pulse, each passing hour,  
 And sighing when my weary frame at length  
 Sinks like a drooping flower.

Waiting for rest and peace—  
 Rest from unravelling life's perplexing woof;  
 Peace from the doubts that crouch like hidden foes,  
 And glare at me aloof.

Waiting for absent eyes,  
 Brighter than sunrise to the lonesome sea;  
 Lovely as life to youth's expectant gaze,  
 'And dear as heaven to me.

Thou who didst watch and pray,  
 Quickened the pulse, bidd'st doubt and weeping flee!  
 Or, if these must abide, still let me cry,  
 Bring back the loved to me!

[ORIGINAL.]

## THE OLD LADY'S STORY.

BY ELIZA FRANCES MORIARTY.

LISTEN to my story; simple it is to be sure, but then it may not be altogether uninteresting.

Far away in the country, in the depths of a green valley can be seen the little village of Bradford. I lived close by the roadside at the entrance to the valley, and from my own door I could see into Widow Clare's thatched cottage embowered among fragrant shrubs and a garden full of flowers. Farther down the valley, the tower of the old church overtopped the massive oaks and elms that were the pride of all the country round.

Mrs. Clare was the widow of the late curate, who had died some years before, leaving a slight provision for his wife and only child. But though poor they were respected, and Ally Clare, "little Ally" as she was called, grew up petted by all Bradford. Fair in face, gay as a lark, a little wayward, perhaps, yet with a temper as sweet as the roses in June, her presence was welcomed at every fireside in our village.

Many and many a time would she come up to my cottage of an evening, to hear me tell over and over again all about the queen's coronation. Ah, my poor James, now dead and gone, had carried me all the way to London, a good three days' journey then, to see the crowning of the young queen, God bless her!

Little Ally would never tire of hearing all that I had to tell of the great city, and thanking me in her gentle way, she would go away sighing because her lot was cast in such an out of the way place as Bradford.

Well, Time went wandering on through the world, making his wonderful changes in young and old; and while the silver threads of age were gathering fast on the comely head of Widow Clare, her sweet daughter, now the tallest and prettiest maiden in the parish, was causing many a heart-ache among the merry swains of Bradford.

Among them all there wasn't a more likely youth than Philip Hart. Poor lad, his was a hard lot. At the tender age of nine he was motherless, and his father marrying soon after a woman of ungovernable temper, the little orphan met with nothing but blows and abuse from his cruel step-mother. The greatest sorrow of the poor child's life was, that his father, once fond and indulgent, now turned to dislike him, lavishing all his love on the young children given to him in this second marriage.

Notwithstanding all the unkind treatment that he had received, Philip grew up to be a handsome, active and intelligent young man; and now that he was able to do for himself, he would have emigrated to America, where he had an uncle settled for many years, but that old associations and old memories bound him to the place of his birth. So said the villagers, though it was a plain case that Philip had fallen in love, as the saying is, with Widow Clare's pretty daughter.

Well, it was hard to say whether little Ally favored young Philip or not. At one time she seemed to prefer him above all others, delighting his heart with her sweet words, as he stood waiting for her at the church porch after the Sabbath service. Then it would do one's heart good to see them both, side by side, so young, so comely and so happy. Why did a cloud lower upon them, darkening all the sunshine of their youth? On more than one of those blessed Sundays have I seen little Ally place her hand in Philip's, and while her mother lingered behind in friendly chat with the neighbors, the two would trip away across the meadows, where the grass was green and bright beneath their feet, and the birds sang around them as if they shared in their happiness. At other times again, that same pretty hand would be refused to Philip in the dance, and mischievous Ally, tossing her head with affected indifference, would turn away with some more fortunate swain to join in the merry reel.

Well, things had been going on in this way for some time, when one soft summer evening as little Ally sat at the door of her mother's cottage, singing like a lark, and spinning in the meantime, a foreign looking gentleman suddenly stood

before the startled girl. He held his hat in his hand with as much respect as if he was speaking to a lord's daughter, and with a voice low and soft as a woman's, asked her some trifling question about the village.

The Widow Clare, who prided herself on her good manners, on hearing the stranger's voice was at the door in an instant. And well pleased was she to see the respect that was paid her daughter by one whose dress and appearance betokened a gentleman. She immediately invited him to rest himself in the cottage, saying that she hoped she would be able to give him the information he desired. As may be supposed, this wasn't his last visit to the cottage. His name was Colamber Fitz Arthur, and he had taken lodgings in the village, as he intended remaining for a few weeks taking sketches. He was no painter, as we had supposed at first, but a gentleman from Shropshire, travelling for his amusement.

The whole village was full of surmises about the stranger, and while some were greatly taken with his handsome face and winning manners, others again would shake their heads and say, "Time will show who and what he is." As to Widow Clare, she was highly indignant that anybody should look with suspicion on so grand-looking a gentleman; though I smiled at her notion of his being a great lord in disguise, I agreed with her in blaming those who were so hasty in declaring their judgments on the stranger.

The following Sunday, Mr. Fitz Arthur was bright and early in the little church, but instead of paying attention to the service, he never took his eyes off of Miss Ally's sweet face, that drooped lower and lower under his steady and admiring gaze—so everybody said, and, moreover, that the young girl felt flattered by his notice. Didn't everybody in the church remark the half-triumphant smile that played around her pretty mouth all the time that Mr. Fitz Arthur's two eyes were upon her? Yet everybody seemed as attentive to the services as little Ally herself.

Mr. Fitz Arthur went out with the congregation, not without casting a lover-like look towards Widow Clare's pew, where little Ally still sat with her head bent over her book, though I fear me that she knew little of its holy contents that blessed day. When a minute afterwards Philip Hart approached her and spoke to her in a low voice, she started as if wakened out of a trance.

What passed between them, I never knew, but Philip went alone across the meadow that day. Little Ally had pleasant company though, for

Mr. Fitz Arthur joined her and her mother as soon as they left the church. He walked as far as the cottage with them, and, of course, on being asked in as before to rest himself, he was but too glad of an excuse to enter and gain a firmer footing in the cottage.

I could see all from my own cottage-door, where I was standing, looking at the people passing along the road on their return from church, when I was startled by the form of a man rising up from a clump of bushes that had hidden him from view. In a moment, I knew Philip Hart, and on seeing that he was observed he came quickly towards me, saying, in a broken, hurried voice:

"Mrs. Malahide, you always pitied me when a boy—do so now."

He was off in an instant. Never shall I forget the look of hopeless love, grief and anger that was stamped upon his face—and that face itself deadly pale—nor the strange harshness of his tones that used to ring on my ear like rich music. While the tears stood in my eyes as I watched the poor lad dashing away across the meadows towards the home that was no home to him, I was wicked enough to wish Mr. Colamber Fitz Arthur at the bottom of the Red Sea.

The next day and the next, found Mr. Fitz Arthur wandering around the widow's cottage with his sketch-book under his arm, though no one ever saw him making any use of it. As for Ally Clare, she was the envy of all the pretty girls in Bradford, who tried in vain to win the notice of the distinguished-looking stranger.

One by one, the suitors for the hand of the village beauty were dropping away before so great a rival. But Philip, who was proud to a fault, hid all his love and jealousy under a look of cold indifference. Then people said that Philip Hart cared very little for the fair young girl who it was thought would be his future wife. Ah, could they have seen him crouching among the bushes on the roadside, watching his little Ally bestowing her smiles and sweet words on a stranger—words and smiles that should be his—they would have felt for him as I did.

Well, things went on in this way for about a fortnight. The Widow Clare was in high glee, and went singing about her cottage like any young girl. Being an old friend of Mrs. Clare, and loving her child as if she were my own, I took the first opportunity to speak a good word for my favorite, Philip. Great was my surprise, when she said in an offended tone:

"You know, Mrs. Malahide, that Philip Hart wouldn't make a suitable husband for my daughter. He hasn't the means of supporting a wife,

and will not have for some years to come. Indeed," she added, in an exulting tone, "I have far different prospects in view for her. It was but half an hour ago that her hand was claimed from me in marriage."

"Mr. Fitz Arthur?" I ventured to ask.

"Mr. Colamber Fitz Arthur," she went on to say, with a vain effort to conceal her pride and gratification, "wishes to make Ally his wife—he has my full consent, having fully satisfied me as to his rank and prospects."

"And does Ally give her consent?" I asked, in a tone of disappointment, not having so strong a faith in the gentleman's "rank and prospects" as the hopeful mother.

"Why, what do you think?" she returned coldly. "If you glance through the back window you can see the two lovers walking together in the meadow."

A deep groan startled us both, at the same instant that we observed Philip Hart standing at the half-open door. He was sadly changed; his eyes looked sunken, his cheeks hollow, and a deadly paleness overspread his face.

"Mrs. Clare," he said, in a heart-broken voice, "I have heard all. I came here to see Ally and know the worst. But, for God's sake tell me truly, will she marry this—this stranger?"

"What right have you to ask that question, Philip Hart?" she returned, reddening with anger. "*This stranger*, indeed. You must know that Mr. Fitz Arthur can buy all Bradford. I hope," she continued in a different tone, taking some pity on his wretched looks, "that you will not cloud my daughter's happiness by troubling her with a profession of your love, which can never find a return."

"You need not fear it," he said, bitterly. "She shall never see me again."

The poor fellow turned round, wished me good-by, in a choking voice, and hurried out of sight. As I arose to go, old Madge the village gossip entered, and I felt sure then that Mr. Fitz Arthur's proposal would be the talk of every fireside in Bradford before evening.

Of course, the news spread about, and everyone wished well to little Ally. But while the many thought her fortune was made, a few, and myself among the number, had a suspicion that Mr. Fitz Arthur wasn't what he represented himself to be.

To the surprise of every one, little Ally herself, was the first to contradict the report of her engagement with Mr. Fitz Arthur—and though it was easy to see that the widow's heart was set upon the match, she loved her child too well to force her to wed against her inclinations.

The next day it was rumored through the village that Mr. Fitz Arthur had suddenly and mysteriously disappeared; and later still in the day, the news went about that Philip Hart had not been seen since the previous noon.

I was alone in the cottage that same afternoon; pondering on the strange disappearance of Ally Clare's two lovers, and dreading the worst—it was now the belief of all that they had met and quarrelled, though none offered a conjecture as to the result—when the door was flung open, and Widow Clare and her poor child stood before me. They were both very pale, and Ally looked bewildered, almost breathless, with grief excitement.

I saw at a glance that the pride of yesterday had vanished, while the good widow was now humbled and sorrowful. She had come to learn if I knew anything of Philip, and on telling her that I had seen him last under her own roof, she shook her head with something of a sad meaning, saying:

"Ah, my heart misgave me yesterday when he broke away so, with his wild looks and tones. May Heaven preserve us from every danger! I trust and pray that the poor boy hasn't fallen into any sin."

A low, heart-breaking cry from Ally checked her. I knew then, as well as I did afterwards, that the foolish child loved none other than Philip Hart; but piqued at his seeming indifference, with a young girl's desire for admiration, she had permitted the attentions of Mr. Fitz Arthur.

Before night the mystery was partly cleared up, giving the good people of Bradford food for talk for many a long day. Two strangers had arrived in the village, and at once sought out old Dan Brown, from whom Mr. Fitz Arthur had taken lodgings. They were closeted with him for half an hour, and after spending a shorter time at Widow Clare's, they rode away in another direction from that in which they had come.

After that, the news spread like wild-fire through the village that they were two detective policemen from London, who had been for weeks in search of a noted swindler. His real name was Mike Grigs, they said, but he had passed under a dozen others, the last of which was known to be Colamber Fitz Arthur. The next morning early they were seen riding through Bradford, with Mr. Grigs mounted between them, his sketch-book before him on the saddle, and his whole air showing the utmost effrontery. It was supposed he had learned by some means that the police were in pursuit of him, and left Bradford immediately.

At the end of a week, a long, dreary week to

poor Ally, a letter came to her from Philip, dated from Liverpool, and written on the day of his departure for America. In it he told her of his love and disappointment, bade her a long farewell, and ended by wishing her the happiness that was lost to him forever.

After that a fever seized upon the poor girl, and kept her prostrate for six long weeks. The Widow Clare herself looked wasted and haggard, and while she felt grateful to Heaven for saving her child from the wiles of that wicked impostor Grigs, she repented her harsh words to the upright Philip.

"Ah! if he would come back now, he should have my child with a mother's blessing," she would sigh, when her eyes rested upon the pale face of her darling.

For two years nothing was heard of Philip, until a son of old Dan Brown's, who had been in America, returned home and reported that he had seen him in Philadelphia, where he was in partnership with his uncle, a wealthy commission merchant. Philip was much respected, and he had heard it said that Mr. Hart would soon bestow his name on a beautiful rich young lady.

Poor little Ally—she had been hoping all along that Philip would return, and that they would yet know true happiness. This news fell heavily upon her heart, and every one in that happy valley grieved to see its fairest flower drooping slowly into the grave.

Time changes us all; I was even then an old woman, and that is ten years ago—when I turned my back upon the old place forever. My two sons were married and living in Manchester, where they were very well off, and I was now going to them, so as to end my days by my children's hearthstone.

I had gone to break bread for the last time with my old neighbor, Widow Clare. Full three months had passed since young Brown's news, of the approaching marriage of Philip Hart, had struck a final death-blow to Ally's hopes. She now exerted herself to appear cheerful, not wishing that I should carry away a sad impression of my parting visit. Well, we had been sitting over our tea for some time, and talking of old times, when the door was suddenly pushed open, and Madge, the news vender of the entire parish, put in her head, and said:

"Hah! I see by your faces that you haven't heard the news? Philip Hart has returned home from America with his young bride. He arrived two hours ago at his father's; but after spending the honey-moon in England he will go back again."

Without saying another word she was off to

spread the news elsewhere. I glanced at Ally, she was deadly pale and held the cup to her lips to hide the tears that were flowing down her cheeks. Not a word was spoken for many minutes; then the sound of footsteps startled us, for they had paused outside the cottage door. A slight knock followed, and as Mrs. Clare looked agitated after old Madge's visit, I opened the door. A gentleman stood there, young and handsome, with a very beautiful girl beside him. A second look brought my heart into my mouth, for I recognized Philip Hart.

"Am I so changed that you have all forgotten me?" He entered the room without ceremony as he spoke, and I had left a motherly, welcoming kiss upon his cheek as Mrs. Clare came forward and greeted him, appearing quite embarrassed as she did so. Poor Ally stood leaning against the wall for support, but calling all a woman's pride to her aid, she received him with a cold and distant manner. He appeared not to notice it, but said, in a tender and manly way:

"Ally, it is a long time since we met—I never inquired for you, because I thought you was the wife of another." A low sob burst from poor Ally. "An old neighbor arrived from Bradford some six weeks since, and stopped in Philadelphia. From him I learned all. I am now here to ask your forgiveness for ever having wronged you in thought."

"Why should you ask my forgiveness, Mr. Hart?" she said, proudly.

The young stranger had come close to Philip and placed her hand beseechingly upon his shoulder.

"Ally," said he, "let this sweet girl plead in my behalf. Wont you listen to my—" But Ally had fainted.

What is the use of prolonging the story? You can imagine the happy scene that followed, better than I can describe it. Little Ally recovered to learn that Philip's cousin wasn't his wife, and that he had ever remained true to her; the report of his approaching marriage having been mere idle talk. He had come to England to claim little Ally for his wife, and his cousin had accompanied him, to see the land that was hallowed in the memories of her parents.

I delayed my journey for another week in order to attend my little Ally's wedding. It was a merry affair, and every one enjoyed himself to his heart's content. Well, if I had remained in Bradford how lonely I would have been after my dear friends. Three weeks after the wedding Mrs. Clare accompanied her children to their home in the New World, where she is now the happiest grandmother living.

[ORIGINAL.]

## MY COUSIN ADA.

BY MARGARET VERNE.

WHEN papa forbade Charley Hamilton the house, I was both glad and sorry—so much so, that I could hardly tell which feeling predominated. Glad, because although every one else in the house (with one exception) supposed his visits were on my account, I knew that Ada, my little pink and white faced doll of a cousin, was the magnet which attracted him, and it did me a world of good to spite her; yet sorry for the reason that his handsome face had bewitched me, and to have it banished from my sight was a continual pain which only those who love can understand. To be sure, I might have set it all right and had him back in a twinkling, if I had had the will or the wish to explain; for, although papa objected to having a poor clerk for a son-in-law, he wouldn't have uttered a word of remonstrance, or raised a single obstacle in his way, had he known him to be only a suitor for the hand of his penniless niece. The match was a very suitable one for her, and we were all tired of having her in the family.

Perhaps I ought not to say *all*. The children were mighty fond of her. She had a fawning, sweet way with them, that made them take to her wonderfully. The baby would lie in her arms and coo and laugh by the hour together, while if I touched it, it would squall itself black in the face (the obstinate little thing!) and kick its feet—vigorous ones they were too, let me tell you, for such tiny bits of things—into my side and stomach, till I was glad enough to drop her; though perhaps that wasn't much to be wondered at, seeing that I never noticed it only when we had visitors, and even then was mortally afraid of her tumbling my silks and tearing my laces.

And then papa himself—hard and unyielding as he was to the rest of us—his own family, too—was always kind to Ada, and never thought his dressing-gown properly aired, or his slippers half warmed, unless she was 'round to see to them. I don't think he half understood, himself, the influence the artful creature had gained over him, with her pretty, wheedling ways and soft words. I have known him to take her in his arms, or draw her down upon his knee, as I, his own daughter, could not remember of being taken since I was a little child, and fondle her bright hair (I used to envy her her hair—it was so long and thick and golden!) and kiss her

cheeks and eyes and lips, right before mama's face and mine; and if we ventured to say a word about it, he would turn upon us with one of those queer, stern looks of his, which always made me feel so uncomfortably, and ask us if he was to be compelled to beg our permission every time he wished to kiss his dead sister's child—his dead sister, who had been kinder to him while she lived, and truer to him, even in her memory, after she was dead, than his own wife and daughter.

I think this was why we hated her so—mama and I! At any rate, I had determined to thwart her in her maneuverings after Charley Hamilton—partly because I knew (though she had never given me her confidence—trust a woman to read another woman's heart!) that there was no other way I could wound her so deeply and surely, and partly, as I said before, because I was bewitched, and in spite of his poverty and my aristocratic breeding, would sooner have married Charley than a lord duke.

"I can't see why a man is the worse for being poor!" I said, defiantly, at the breakfast-table the next morning after papa informed us that he had warned Mr. Hamilton to discontinue his visits.

My remark occasioned quite a variety of feeling among my hearers, if I may judge from the different expressions of countenance. I saw Ada's face brighten, and there was a cordial "thank you, cousin," in the sparkling blue eyes she turned towards me. Mama gave her plate a little push, as if in her astonishment she could think of nothing else to do, and then leaned back in her chair with a surprised—"hear the child!" Brother Frank held up both hands and whistled, and papa, abstractedly soaking a burnt muffin in his coffee, asked me a little curtly if "I hadn't changed my mind since the time I broke off my engagement with Henry Kimball because his father failed in business?"

"But Henry Kimball and Charley Hamilton are so unlike each other, I persisted, pretending not to notice the half smile that ran round the table at my father's words, though I couldn't help the angry color mounting up to my cheeks.

"To be sure," my father replied, crustily.

"If a man is honorable and intelligent and manly, I can't see the wisdom or beauty of turning him out of doors, simply because he is poor, which is plainly no fault of his, since everybody would be rich if they could."

I had that grateful light smiling out of Ada's eyes again, and for a moment I thought she was going to reach her hand across the table to me for very sympathy and gladness, because I was

Charley's champion. Her little white, tender hand! I could have set my teeth through it that blessed instant with envy and rage.

"Can any one inform me of the exact time when the democratic principle began to germinate in Miss Helen's character?" inquired my father, with an unmistakable touch of irony in his voice.

There was no reply to this pleasantry, and after a moment's silence, he continued, speaking in a graver tone:

"Perhaps I *was* a little hard on the boy, and rather hasty—what do you say, puss? 'tisn't too late to have him back yet."

Puss was his favorite name for my cousin, and a stranger seeing the fond, half-playful smile with which he turned towards her as he spoke, would have thought her a favorite daughter, and me the dependent niece.

"Why, uncle—" she began, in her gentle, coaxing voice.

I knew it would never do to let her go on with what she had to say.

"La, papa!" I exclaimed, interrupting her—how the warm, resentful color flickered up to her brows at my rudeness!—"you needn't ask Ada. She can't be supposed to make an impartial judge, since she hates the very ground he treads on."

"Whew! It isn't like puss to hate anybody! What's the reason?"

"I don't know, I am sure, papa," I answered, laughing maliciously to see Ada drop her head, so that her curls would screen the vivid crimson of her cheeks, "unless she overheard what he said to me yesterday about her being vain and verdant. It *was* rather cruel of him, after flirting with her so steadily for the past three weeks. It's a wonder I haven't been jealous. I shouldn't have allowed it, only Ada, little goose, was so unsophisticated and received his attentions so seriously, and it was such rare sport for him, that I enjoyed the fun from nothing but sympathy."

Ada lifted her face and turned it full upon me with such a white, shocked look, that I saw instantly she put full faith in all I had said, and did not so much as mistrust the game I was playing. Her babyish mouth whitened and quivered for a moment, and she put her hand up suddenly to her forehead, as though a quick pain had flashed through it. Then I saw her eyes dilate and brighten, till they seemed fairly to emit sparks of fire. Her face flushed up hotly (I never knew her to have such a magnificent color before), and rising hastily from the table, she ran from the room, without a word.

"By Jupiter, if he *has* been trifling with that child, I'll break his neck!" exclaimed papa, excitedly, bringing his hand down upon the table violently, as the door closed after her. "The rascally, sneaking young—" And leaving the sentence unfinished, he also arose from his seat and left the room.

After that, I had a part to play, and I threw my whole soul into the effort of playing it well. I had staked everything on one desperate throw. If I won—well and good. If I lost!—but I dared not think of the depths of shame and self-humiliation into which I should sink in such a case.

For a time, I was successful. If Charley sent tender billet-doux to my cousin, they passed through the servant's hands into mine, but went no further. An old cast-off silk gown or two repaid Bridget for her share in the duplicity. If he sent her flowers, I wore them on my bosom and in my hair, as proudly as though they had not rightfully belonged to the woman I detested. If, once in a while, she came down pale and heavy-eyed of a morning, as though she had wept all night, I noticed it was invariably after I had boasted to her of his gallantry and devotion, and begged her in pretended terror not to betray me to my father. Evidently though she believed he held her in contempt, her womanly pride could not quite conquer her love, and it gave me a kind of fierce triumph to know it.

As for Mr. Hamilton, I shunned him at first, and that was no hard matter, as he never came to the house, and we seldom met in company. I dared not make my plot too intricate at the commencement, for although I had determined to win him at all hazards, I thought it wiser to work cautiously. When I had managed Ada—killed out by deception and intrigue the last particle of affection from her heart (in my spite, I was quite willing to have the task a lingering one), it would be time to work out the other half of my scheme!

But one morning—it was about six weeks after the conversation above recorded—there came a note of more than usual importance. It contained a passionate avowal of love—not a labored and wordy affair, but brief, manly, eloquent, and sweet enough to have won a different heart from hers. In conclusion, he said he could bear her silence and apparent indifference no longer. It was getting to be nothing short of torture. He loved her—he believed she loved him. If she was afraid of that old ogre of an uncle, just let him (Charley) know. He would turn the world upside down but he would win her, if she cared enough for him to let him make

the attempt. Would she not grant him an interview? If she would only run down to the foot of the garden while the rest of the family were at dinner, he—

I stopped there, and thrust the note into my work-basket, for I heard Ada's step at the door. She came in, looking so downcast and meek that I hated her worse than ever. She had taken the baby from the nurse's arms in the hall, and was laughing at and caressing it as she entered the room. But when she saw the bouquet in my hand (it had come with the note), the smile faded from her lip and the sparkle from her eyes. She seated herself silently and bent her pale face down over the child, to conceal, as I thought, a gush of tears. I doubt if she had known the whole truth even then, whether she would have had sufficient spirit to forego her affected amiability long enough to resent it. As it was, she sighed heavily, while the baby, as if understanding her change of mood, put its little hands up against her cheeks in mute, infantile pity, and then crowed with all its might to attract her attention.

My plan was formed on the instant. When the dinner-hour arrived, I excused myself on the plea of a headache, and declaring that I needed a breath of sweet out-door air to freshen my spirits, put on my hat and ran into the garden. How redly the June roses blushed along my path! and with what shy grace the pansies—those untiring little milliners—held up their gold and purple hoods for the sun to criticise! But somehow flowers and sunshine, and even the gay birds twittering in the branches above my head, connected themselves, in spite of me, with my thoughts of Ada, and so displeased me.

Once out of sight of the house, I strolled on more leisurely, till I came in sight of a tall, waiting figure, standing in the shadow of the high shrubbery at the foot of the garden. It needed but one glance to assure me that Charley Hamilton was true to his appointment. That handsome, erect form and proudly carried head, could belong to no one else in the world.

He sprang forward eagerly when he heard my step, but I was not slow to notice the shade of disappointment that crossed his face as he discovered that it was I, and not my cousin, who approached him. I enjoyed his discomfiture for a moment, and then said softly, putting my finger on my lip with a playful signal of secrecy:

"Ada sent me, Mr. Hamilton!"

He was all gratitude in an instant, and then all anxiety, overwhelming me with questions. Was Ada ill? No, quite well. Was she afraid of displeasing her uncle? Not at all. He looked

a little disconcerted and uneasy at that, as though thinking nothing short of some such motive could excuse her for sending a substitute, instead of coming herself. I liked to prolong his stay, and so gave him no information beyond what he asked.

"My note was received, I suppose?" he inquired at length, biting his full under-lip with ill-concealed impatience.

"O, yes!" I answered, readily. If he had only known by *whom*!

"And you are in her confidence, Miss Draper?"

I bowed acquiescence. If he had only imagined *how*!

"And you have a message for me?"

I bowed again. If he had but suspected *what*!

There was a short, embarrassed silence after that. I saw the proud color creep slowly up to his face, showing its unsteady stain even through the brown and silken beard; and the hands, which he had unconsciously clasped together in his eagerness, trembled visibly. I knew what hope and what fear it was that agitated him so, and the knowledge gave me a desperate and unscrupulous courage.

"What if I should tell you that my cousin Ada was as false and heartless, as she is beautiful and bewitching?"

The crimson wavered to white in his face, but that was the only effect my words produced.

"I should say you told an untruth!" he answered decisively, without so much as changing his position or removing his eyes from mine.

The cool hauteur of his manner, and his firm faith in Ada, baffled me. I hardly knew how to proceed.

"I see you are not prepared for what I came to communicate, Mr. Hamilton," I said, affecting a sadness I did not feel, and turning slowly away from him. "I will be merciful."

But as I was moving off, he sprang forward and caught my arm.

"Tell me all you came to tell, whatever it is," he said, in a hurried, agitated way.

"I cannot. I have not the courage."

"Tell me!" he persisted.

"You will not believe me if I do; you have said as much."

His hold of my arm tightened.

"Tell me!" he repeated, imperiously.

"You cannot bear it."

"Tell me!" He fairly shook me in his impatience. "I am not in a mood to be trifled with."

"Well, then, release my arm," I said.

He stepped back, loosening his hold of my wrist as he did so, and coloring at his own vehemence.



"But just let me assure you," I said, softly, drooping my eyelids before his earnest gaze, "that you have my sympathy and respect. If the rest of my family have a false pride that would keep them back from acknowledging you as an equal, I, at least, am capable of appreciating and admiring true worth and manliness, aside from pecuniary distinctions. Please remember that, Mr. Hamilton."

I reached out my hand to him as I spoke. He lifted it respectfully to his lips, and though I knew it was only a formal gallantry, the kiss thrilled through my blood electrically.

"And now let me tell you that it was at Ada's instigation that papa forbade you the house. She made your attentions the matter of common jest, and when a richer lover came along, took this method of ridding herself of them. You—"

"It is false! Do not believe her, Charley! As God hears me, it is false!"

I whirled suddenly about. Behind me, with an open note in her hand, stood Ada—waxen-white as though risen from the dead—her great, dilating blue eyes looking straight beyond me to her lover, with a wistful, adoring glance I shall never while I live forget. The next moment he opened his arms to her, and with a faint cry she sprang past me into them.

Even then I might have conquered, had I set my woman's wit to work. But to see her lying there, clinging to his heart, nestling her face to his shoulder; to see him hold her in that strong, close clasp, as though he defied death itself to wrest her from him, was more than I could bear. In my mad fury I sprang forward and struck her full in the face with my clenched hand. I would have repeated the blow, but Charles Hamilton snatched my hand with a gripe that made me wince, and held me off.

"It is well for you that you are a woman, Helen Draper!" he exclaimed, trying to control his voice, which, in spite of him, was husky with passion. "I advise you to go into the house."

And I did go, not because he advised me to, but for the reason that just then I could think of nothing better to do. O, how I hated them both!

The worst had not come even then. I have not been able to solve the mystery of my father's conduct to this day, but when Ada refused to be married without his sanction, and Charles went to him, he not only yielded a ready consent, but gave Ada a handsome dowry, and the next day announced his intention of taking Charles as a partner. What he meant by it, I am at a loss to know. I suppose it was some of that artful Ada's doings. And I was forced, out of consideration for our relationship, to go to the wedding!

#### NEVER ACT A FALSEHOOD.

Many respectable people, think lightly of the sin of deception, if no words of falsehood are uttered. But the Bible recognizes no moral distinction between lying acts and lying words, and a stern moral integrity will judge them equally blameworthy. The following anecdote illustrates the uprightness of the Duke of Wellington:

Being afflicted with deafness in his left ear, he applied to Mr. Stevenson, an aurist, whose operation not only failed, but placed his patient in imminent danger, from which he was saved by the timely aid of Dr. Hume. The grief and mortification of Mr. Stevenson, when he heard of the results of his practice, knew no bounds. He hastened to Apsley House, and being admitted to the duke's presence, expressed himself, as any right-minded person under the circumstances would have done. But he was instantly stopped, though in the kindest manner.

"Don't say a word about it; you acted for the best; it has been unfortunate, no doubt, for both of us, but you are not to blame."

Grateful for this reception, Mr. Stevenson went on to say, "But it will be the ruin of me. Nobody will employ me any more, when they hear that I have been the cause of such suffering and danger to your grace."

"Why should they hear anything about it?" replied the duke; "keep your own counsel, and depend upon it I won't say a word to any one."

"Then your grace will allow me to attend you as usual, which will show them that you have not withdrawn your confidence from me."

"No," replied the duke, still firmly; "I can't do that, for that would be a lie."

So strong, even in a case which made no common appeal to his generosity, was the duke's love of truth. He would not act a falsehood any more than he would speak one.—*Life of Wellington.*

#### INDUSTRY IN SWITZERLAND.

A correspondent thus writes from Geneva, Switzerland:—"The whole population appears to be prosperously engaged in some kind of industrial occupation, chiefly in jewelry and watch making. Women and children even are able to earn money by some particular branch of these manufactures. Children of ten years earn five or six francs a week, and after a little time as much as ten or more. Many girls support themselves by painting on enamel, or by engraving, and almost every member of a family contributes a portion towards the common stock. Upward of 100,000 watches are manufactured annually by the 6000 workmen engaged in the business. The town has besides 60 goldsmiths' shops. Trinkets and jewelry are nowhere so cheap as in Geneva. A good journeyman earns from 30 to 40 francs a week. Division of labor is carried to a great extent, since about 80 different machines unite their labor in the production of a watch. Perhaps there is no provincial town in Europe having a greater amount of wealth. I have seen an estimate made by one of the bankers, which gives eighty-one millionaires in a population of less than 60,000, the inhabitants of the Canton."—*Eclectic.*

#### AFFLICTION.

Heaven but tries our virtue by affliction;  
As oft the cloud that wraps the present hour  
Serves but to lighten all our future days.—BROWNE.

[ORIGINAL.]

## TO MARTIE.

BY H. L. ATHERTON.

Come home to me!  
 I've watched for thee,  
 And my heart is weary with waiting long;  
 The moonlight falls  
 On our cottage walls,  
 But I hear not, as erst, thy familiar song.

Have I watched in vain?  
 Shall I never again  
 Hear thy light, quick step on our cottage floor?  
 Will thy soft, low voice  
 Make our hearts rejoice,  
 And thy presence cheer us, nevermore?

Will thy footsteps free  
 Never stray with me,  
 To gather bright flowers to wreath thy brow?  
 Loop up thy hair,  
 With its ringlets fair,  
 For thou art a wife, and a mother, now!

Let thy baby rest,  
 As now, on thy breast:  
 Thou mayst look on her with a mother's pride;  
 And thy fond eyes gaze  
 On the noble face  
 Of him who now walks by thy side.

He is good and true—  
 O, joy to you!  
 Though you have left us, our sister-band:  
 We may never tell,  
 For we loved thee well,  
 How we miss at home thy busy hand.

Let the little bird,  
 Who thy glad voice heard,  
 And flew from heaven to cheer thy home;  
 Let her leave a place,  
 For each loved one's face,  
 In thy heart, when the olden memories come.

Let no care-cloud now  
 Hover over thy brow,  
 For care makes wrinkles, people say;  
 But sunshine shed  
 Round Joshua's head,  
 Thy smiles will brighten the darkest day.

[ORIGINAL.]

## THE CAPTAIN'S DAUGHTER.

BY JOHN H. UNDERWOOD.

On a fine morning in the month of October, the large clipper ship *White Swan*, commanded by Captain Edward Morton, and bound to Calcutta, was standing out of Boston harbor under topsails and courses. The active crew were busily at work, loosing topgallantsails, royals, jibs, and staysails, in obedience to the rapid commands of the pilot; and the deck presented the

usual scene of direful confusion, inseparable from an outward bound vessel just leaving port.

The commander of the ship, a fine-looking man somewhat past the prime of life, stood beside the weather mizzen rigging engaged in conversation with a young gentleman who had taken passage in the ship, hoping that his health, which had been considerably impaired by dissipation and a free indulgence in fashionable vices, might be restored by a sea voyage. A lovely maiden, apparently about seventeen years of age, leaned upon the captain's arm and gazed with great interest upon the scene around her, and the busy operations of the crew on deck and aloft. She was the only daughter of Captain Morton, who was a widower, his wife having died when their daughter was but an infant. He had never married again, but had bestowed his individual affection upon Cora, whom he almost idolized. Until the present time, she had remained at various seminaries and academies during her father's absence at sea; but, feeling unable to be longer deprived of her presence, he had at length decided that she should accompany him upon his next East India voyage.

Foremost among the crew in springing aloft, or laying out upon the yards at the pilot's command, was a handsome, athletic youth, whose whole appearance indicated that he was infinitely superior, in every respect, to seamen in general; while his graceful and easy bearing was such as to warrant the belief that he had been accustomed to society far more refined than that of a ship's fore-castle—and yet his intelligence in comprehending the pilot's orders, and promptness and skill in obeying them, proved him to be "every inch a sailor."

He had already attracted the notice of Captain Morton, who had pointed him out to his passenger, Mr. Atherton, as a fine specimen of the young American sailor. Cora, also, had observed him, as she came aboard the ship and had scarcely lost sight of him during the passage down the harbor. But it was neither his handsome figure and classic features, nor his graceful and agile motions as he passed from one portion of the rigging to another, that caused her to regard him so constantly and with such evident interest; for as she gazed after him, as he ascended the rigging with a firm and confident tread, an expression of doubt and perplexity passed over her fair countenance, as if she had recognized in the young sailor a familiar acquaintance, and yet was at a loss to account for his appearance at that time and place.

Such was indeed the fact. The young man's features, even at a distance, seemed familiar to

Cora, and only the sailor's dress which he wore, caused her to doubt his identity with the person whom he so closely resembled for a single moment; but when the order was given to loose away the mizzen-topgallantsail, and the young sailor bounded aft to obey it, passing close by the side of Cora, and her eyes met his for an instant in a quick glance of recognition, all doubt immediately vanished; for in him she recognized a former schoolmate for whom she had entertained a strong friendship, and a bright blush suffused her cheek at the thought of his probable motives in joining her father's ship in the capacity of a foremast hand.

At length the pilot left the ship, under full sail, and shortly afterward she had sunk the last point of the familiar coast astern, and was fairly at sea. Cora soon retired below to escape the bustle and confusion of the deck, and ere many hours, had begun to experience the prostrating effects of that terror of ocean voyagers—*le malade du la mer*. Several days passed before she was able to appear again on deck; but in the meantime she had received, through the steward, a note from the young sailor whose real name was Henry Bernard, but who had shipped under the alias of Frank Wilson, begging her to grant him an interview at the earliest possible opportunity, that he might explain to her his motives in becoming a sailor on board the *White Swan*, and informing her that such an interview might be secretly arranged by the assistance of the steward. He also requested her to keep his secret, and not by word or look betray to her father the fact that she had ever known him.

This note created a strange tumult in the young girl's bosom; but it did not, in the least, displease her. She had known Henry Bernard for two years, and had perfect confidence in his honor; and, although she could not fail to comprehend that he had joined her father's ship on her account, and that such a course looked very much like a tacit declaration of love, she answered his note and consented to grant him the desired interview at the earliest possible opportunity.

Henry Bernard had been a student at the same academy with Cora Morton for the past two years; but no one, either among the faculty or his fellow-students, knew anything of his antecedents. His manner was somewhat reserved, and he had never spoken, even to Cora, of his family connections. Many of his schoolmates attributed his reserve to pride, and disliked him accordingly; but between Cora and himself the warmest friendship had always existed. They had been drawn together by that mysterious

instinct which enables one to recognize a congenial spirit upon the briefest acquaintance, and their friendship had daily strengthened, as their intercourse grew more and more familiar. But although they had become strongly attached to each other, Henry had never spoken to Cora of love; and perhaps neither had ever realized that their's was anything more than a common friendship.

As soon as Cora was able to come on deck, she found opportunity for a private interview with Henry Bernard, and eagerly listened to his explanation of the causes which had led him to leave his studies and become a common sailor. He informed her that he had never known the nature of his attachment to her until after their separation; that he had then discovered that he loved her with his whole heart and soul, and could never be happy without her. Previous to his acquaintanceship with her, he had made one sea-voyage—intending to follow the sea as a profession; but his father had desired him to first pursue his studies until he had fitted himself for entering college, promising that, when he had done this, he should be allowed to carry out his original intention if he still desired it.

He had nearly finished his preparatory course of study, when Cora departed from the school; and he immediately resolved to become a sailor on board her father's ship, under an assumed name, where he could enjoy the happiness of seeing his beloved Cora every day, and of being able to protect her in time of danger. He said much more than this, but we have neither time nor space for a detailed account of that stolen interview upon the lee side of the *White Swan's* quarter-deck, and will briefly state its results.

Before the maiden again retired to her stateroom, she had confessed her love to Henry Bernard; and, with the blue rolling waves of the Atlantic around them, and the star-spangled canopy of heaven above, the youthful lovers had exchanged vows of eternal devotion and constancy. It was resolved, however, that nothing of this should be known to Captain Morton, who, as Bernard well knew, would regard with scorn and indignation the presumptuous sailor who had dared aspire to the love of the daughter of his captain; and ere the lovers separated, a system of correspondence and frequent private interviews had been duly arranged.

The *White Swan* had been nearly two weeks at sea, and was fast approaching the vicinity of the stormy Bermudas, when a violent gale arose which lasted for several days. On the fourth day, however, the wind abated to a considerable

extent; and during the afternoon, Cora, who had been confined below by the severity of the weather, ventured on deck. Mr. Atherton, the passenger of whom we have previously spoken, immediately seated himself by her side and exerted all his conversational powers—which were considerable—in the hope of making a favorable first impression upon the innocent and susceptible girl; for he had become deeply enamored of Cora at first sight, and had resolved, with all the intensity of his powerful will, to win her before the voyage was ended.

The ship had been scudding, for several days, under a close-reefed main topsail, foresail and spanker; but now the wind had fallen considerably, although the waves still rolled mountains high, and Captain Morton decided to set the fore and mizzen topsails with a close reef in each. An order to this effect was given, and several of the watch hastened aft to loose the mizzen topsail. Among them was Henry Bernard, and as he passed by the side of Cora, a meaning glance was exchanged between the lovers, which, although unobserved by the captain, was not lost upon Mr. Atherton, who instantly resolved to watch the young sailor, henceforth, with an eagle eye—hoping to make some discovery which would result in his own benefit.

Soon after this, Cora arose from her seat, and carefully holding by the life-lines stretched aft, crossed the deck to the head of the companion-way stairs, when she grasped a railing for support, and stood for several minutes gazing in admiration upon the wild scene around her.

Mr. Atherton followed her, and courteously offered her the support of his arm, which she politely declined—for she felt toward him already an instinctive aversion—whereupon he walked hastily forward and joined Captain Morton at the break of the poop, where the latter was engaged in giving orders in regard to setting the topsails.

Suddenly, through the carelessness of the helmsman, a huge wave, which had towered for a moment above the weather-quarter of the vessel, burst upon the deck, and swept athwart ship with resistless force. At that moment Cora had been looking in the opposite direction; and the roar of the billow, as it fell upon the deck, startled her so much that she let go her hold upon the railing of the companion-way, and the briny flood instantly swept her to leeward. In another moment she would have been dashed into the foaming sea, had not a strong arm encircled her waist, and drawn her quickly inboard. Henry Bernard had been descending the rigging at the moment when the wave came aboard, and had

nearly reached the deck, when he beheld the fearful peril of his beloved Cora. With a single bound he was at her side, and, grasping the mizzen shrouds with one hand and embracing her slender waist with the other, was able to resist the force of the torrent until it had emptied itself again into the sea from the lee side, when he immediately conducted her to the companion-way.

Both Captain Morton and Mr. Atherton had observed Cora's danger just as Henry Bernard sprang to her rescue; but, being at a distance from her, neither of them could have rendered her the slightest assistance. As the young sailor, after receiving the whispered thanks of Cora and a warm pressure of her hand, was about to hasten forward, Captain Morton stopped him and expressed his gratitude for the inestimable service he had just rendered him in saving his daughter from a watery grave—promising him that he should be rewarded, at a future time, with something more substantial than words.

The young man modestly declared that he had done nothing more than his duty required, and that the consciousness of having saved Cora's life was, of itself, an ample reward. He soon left the quarter-deck, and, as he turned to depart, he caught the eye of Mr. Atherton fixed upon him with an unmistakable expression of hatred and malice, which evidently boded him no good. At first, he was at a loss to comprehend the cause of this enmity toward himself; but suddenly a suspicion of the truth flashed upon his mind, and he immediately decided that Atherton desired to win the affections of Cora Morton, and was angry because another had rendered her a service which must entitle him to her gratitude and esteem.

One hundred and ten days had elapsed since the White Swan sailed from America, when the welcome sight of the lowlands about the mouth of the Hoogly River gladdened the eyes of her passengers and crew. As she approached the Sangor light-ship, a pilot was taken aboard from one of the brigs which are constantly cruising in the vicinity of the Sand Heads, and, at his suggestion, the ship's ensign was immediately set at the starboard foreyard arm, as a signal for a steamer; for the wind was blowing directly down the river, and it would be difficult, as well as dangerous, to attempt to beat up to the city.

In a few hours more, the ship was ploughing the sacred waters of the Hoogly in the wake of a powerful iron steamboat; and on the afternoon of the third day after she had entered the river, she was lying, securely moored, in the swift

running river, nearly opposite the dry-docks of the East India Company in the city of Calcutta.

Here she remained for nearly two months; and as seamen were in great demand at that time, and wages were unusually high, her entire crew, with the exception of Henry Bernard, and all her officers, except the chief mate, deserted the ship. Captain Morton did not immediately ship another crew, as he preferred waiting until the ship was ready for sea; and in the meantime a crew of Lascars, or native seamen, were set at work aboard, while Henry Bernard, who had proved himself well worthy of the post, was elevated to the rank of second mate. This was a most fortunate event, as, by making him an inmate of the cabin, it enabled him frequently to have intercourse with Cora upon terms of familiarity and equality. During the outward passage, the lovers had held frequent secret interviews; but, as yet, Captain Morton had not the slightest suspicion of the relations existing between them.

Mr. Atherton, however, had watched them with a jealous eye, and had at length discovered their secret. The knowledge that they were betrothed lovers, however, only encouraged him to pursue with the greater energy his designs upon Cora; for he knew that she wished to conceal her love for Henry Bernard from her father, and, by threats of exposure, he sought to gain unlimited power over the innocent and virtuous girl.

In this he was to some extent successful, for when Cora discovered that he knew of her frequent interviews with Henry Bernard, the fear of exposure compelled her to treat him less coldly than she had formerly done, while it increased the feelings of scorn and aversion which she had previously cherished against him.

Atherton was a self-willed, unprincipled man, and did not scruple to use his power to the fullest extent; but he had never yet dared to openly avow his passion to Cora, who hated as well as feared him.

One Sunday afternoon, while the ship remained at Calcutta, the captain and his mate went ashore, leaving the ship in charge of Henry Bernard. Cora chose to remain aboard, and, as soon as her father had left the ship, retired to the after-cabin to spend the afternoon in reading. Bernard, whose duty required him to remain on deck, had seated himself beneath the quarter-deck awning with a cigar; while the custom-house officer, who was compelled by the regulations of the port to remain constantly upon the ship, had thrown himself into a hammock in the fore-castle, for a comfortable *siesta*. No other

person besides these three was aboard; for Mr. Atherton spent the greater part of his time in the city, being sometimes absent from the ship for many days at a time. On this occasion, however, he had met Captain Morton and his mate in Tank Square, and being somewhat intoxicated, had immediately resolved to pay a visit to Cora in her father's absence.

He reached the ship and entered the cabin, unobserved by the second mate, and was soon engaged in conversation with Cora, who at once perceived that he had been drinking, and wished to escape from his presence; but dared not arouse his anger by so doing, lest he should fulfil his threat of exposure.

But at length the tone of fulsome flattery in which he had at first addressed her, changed to one of gross insult, and with flashing eyes and crimsoned cheeks, she arose and was about to leave the cabin in virtuous indignation, when he suddenly grasped her arm, and placing his hand upon her mouth to stifle her cries, attempted to kiss her. Cora struggled violently in his grasp, but could not prevent his odious caresses; and she was upon the point of fainting from the combined effects of terror and indignation, when Henry Bernard suddenly entered the cabin. He stood for a moment paralyzed with astonishment, then as he comprehended the position of matters, he sprang upon Atherton, and with one well-directed blow, laid him prostrate and insensible upon the floor. Then, clasping the almost fainting form of Cora in his arms, he bore her to a sofa.

Atherton soon recovered from the effects of his fall, and as he rose to his feet, he exclaimed, with a fearful oath:

"You, Miss Cora, shall bitterly repent the events of this afternoon. Your father shall know of your disgraceful connection with one of his servants. As for you, sir, we shall meet again." And he hastily left the ship.

When Captain Morton returned from the city, he was informed by Cora, of the insult which Atherton had offered her, and the service which Henry Bernard, or Frank Wilson, which was the name by which he was still known to all save Cora, had again rendered her in protecting her from the assault of the villain.

Burning with rage, Captain Morton immediately returned to the city to demand the satisfaction due him from Atherton; but the libertine had proved himself a coward as well as a villain, for he had disappeared, leaving, however, a letter to Captain Morton, informing him of his daughter's attachment to his second mate. After vainly seeking the scoundrel at the various

places to which he was accustomed to resort, the captain returned to the ship, and demanded of Cora, if the intelligence contained in Atherton's letter were true. With many blushes, she confessed that it was, and informed him of the manner in which she had become acquainted with Henry Bernard.

"You did wrong, Cora, to conceal this from me," replied her father. "However, I have no cause to consider the young man unworthy of you. I esteem him highly, and if he shall prove to be a son of respectable parents, and of good reputation himself, I shall offer no opposition to your union, at a future time. I have always wished that you might become the wife of a sea-captain, and when Bernard shall have attained to this position, which he will doubtless be able to do in a few years, he shall receive your hand in marriage."

This unexpected approval of Captain Morton, which was immediately communicated to Bernard, completed the happiness of the youthful lovers, and for a time the "course of true love" did, indeed, "run smooth."

Nothing was heard of Atherton, during the remainder of the *White Swan's* stay at Calcutta. Fearing the wrath of Captain Morton, he kept closely concealed, and at length, after being loaded with a valuable cargo of East India goods, and manned with an efficient crew, the ship set sail on her homeward passage.

She made a quick passage from the Sand Heads to the Cape of Good Hope, and Captain Morton hoped to hold the south-east trades as far as the equator in the Atlantic Ocean; but the ship had scarcely reached the cape, when she experienced a succession of northerly and north-westerly gales which drove her far out of her course.

In the meantime the mate had, by some means become suspicious of mutinous designs on the part of the crew, and having informed the captain of his suspicions, the latter took the precaution to have a stock of weapons prepared for use and placed in readiness for an emergency. The mate continued to watch the men closely, but, at length, observing no further indications of a spirit of insubordination, began to think that he must have been mistaken; when, suddenly, during the middle watch of a dark night, the entire crew rose in open mutiny, and rushing aft, had nearly succeeded in entering the cabin, for the purpose of murdering or securing the inmates.

They would have certainly accomplished their designs, had not Henry Bernard, who held the watch on deck, succeeded in reaching the cabin a little in advance of the mutineers, and securely

barricading the doors. The captain and other mates and the steward were soon aroused, and armed for a vigorous defence. The mutineers labored under the disadvantage of having no fire-arms, having neglected to provide themselves with such, not anticipating the slightest difficulty in overpowering the few persons aft.

Captain Morton and his officers soon made sad havoc among the ranks of the mutineers with their fire-arms, and at length, desiring to bring the combat to a close with as little bloodshed as possible, threw open the cabin door and armed with heavy cutlasses, charged with irresistible force upon the mutineers. Taken completely by surprise, they were unable to defend themselves, and in a few minutes those who had thus far escaped without injury, threw down their arms in submission, and when Captain Morton requested all who were willing to return to their duty on condition of a free pardon, to step aft, every man who was able to walk responded to the call.

The men declared that they had been incited to mutiny by a man who had hired them to join the ship at Calcutta for the express purpose of murdering the captain and his officers. This man had been concealed in the fore-castle from the time the ship sailed, until the attack had been made upon the cabin, when he had led them on. He had been shot dead during the melee, however, and his body was now lying beside the mainmast.

A lantern was immediately brought, and as Captain Morton and Henry Bernard bent over the body of the dead ringleader, they recognized the form and features of Atherton, who had thus sought to be revenged upon them, but who had so speedily met a righteous doom!

The bodies of the dead were hastily thrown into the sea without form or ceremony, and this task had scarcely been accomplished when a violent squall caught the ship suddenly aback, carrying away the foremast by the board, as well as the fore and mizzen topmast, and laying the ship upon her beams ends!

Exertions were promptly made to clear away the wreck, and by relieving the ship of the pressure of the sails which still remained upon her, to cause her to right; but all to no avail. The waves were making a clean breach over her, and it was soon discovered that she had sprung leak, and was rapidly filling.

There was no alternative left but to get the boats overboard with all possible haste, and trust to them for escape from certain death. The late mutineers, awed and subdued by the presence of imminent danger, worked like brave men in

obedience to the captain's orders, and the jolly-boat, launch and long boat were soon afloat, and supplied with provisions.

The ship was sinking rapidly, and there was no time to lose; but when Captain Morton requested Cora to leave the ship in the first boat, she firmly refused to do so, declaring that she should remain upon the ship until her father and her lover were ready to leave it. All entreaties were alike unavailing; and accordingly the long boat and launch filled with men, were sent off, while only Captain Morton, Cora, and Bernard, and one of the crew remained upon the ship, designing to leave it in the jolly-boat. A supply of provision and water was hastily placed in the boat, and when all was ready, Captain Morton leaped into the boat for the purpose of assisting Cora in her descent over the ship's side; while the foremast hand who had been left behind, took his seat in the stern sheets to fend the boat off from the ship.

At this moment the boat goes high above the ship's rail, upon a huge wave, then it descended swiftly into the trough of the sea, snapping the lines which held it to the ship, as if they had been packthread, and in another moment it was rapidly receding from the sinking vessel. With a cry of agony, Captain Morton sprang to the oars in the hope of being able to pull back to the ship; but, in spite of all his efforts, the jolly-boat was urged further and further in the opposite direction, and at length he threw down the oars, and fixed his despairing gaze upon the ill-fated ship, whose deck was now on a level with the surface of the water.

Cora and her lover stood at the weather gangway clasped in each other's embrace, and at the sight, the grief-stricken parent covered his face with his hands, and sunk down in the boat, almost bereft of reason. At length he cast his eyes once more in the direction of the doomed vessel, and beheld his daughter waving her hand to him in token of eternal farewell. At this moment the bows of the water-logged ship reared high in air; then she rolled heavily to windward, and, with one headlong plunge, disappeared forever in the depths of ocean.

The wheel of Time is ceaselessly revolving; and whether the passage of the years brings us joy or sorrow, they are ever speeding by, to disappear one after another in the abyss of the past. Eighteen months had elapsed since the loss of the White Swan off the Cape of Good Hope, and Captain Morton, who, after spending many weary days and nights in the open jolly-boat, had been picked up by a homeward bound American

ship, and carried back to his native land, had partially recovered from the first violence of his grief at the sad fate of his beloved daughter; but the settled melancholy which had now become habitual to him, gave evidence that his sorrow was still deep and heartfelt.

Shortly after his return to America, he had been appointed to the command of another ship by his former owners, and had sailed for China. During his homeward passage, his ship sprang a leak; but not wishing to put into any port, he continued on his course, keeping his pumps going nearly half the time, and carrying but a short spread of canvass. The passage under such circumstances, was, of course, long and tedious; and ere the ship had reached the equator in the Atlantic Ocean, the provisions and water had become so nearly exhausted that Captain Morton had found it necessary to put the crew upon short allowance, which, added to the constant labor of pumping rendered their situation extremely unpleasant.

After this time a vigilant lookout was constantly kept by night and day, in hope that some outward bound ship might approach within sight of their signals, from which a supply of provisions and water might be obtained. At length the welcome cry of "Sail ho!" was given one morning from the mast head, and in answer to the captain's questions, the lookout man described her as a square-rigged vessel, standing directly towards them. In a few hours the hull of the stranger was visible from the deck, when a signal of distress was set upon Captain Morton's ship, and in answer to which the stranger kept off a point and bore down to his relief.

As the ship ranged up alongside, the mainyards of both were braced aback, and Captain Morton, springing into the mizzen chains with his speaking trumpet, thus hailed the stranger, which had proved to be a large clipper ship, bearing the American ensign at her spanker peak.

"Ship ahoy! What ship is that, pray?"

"The Golden Fleece—Captain Bernard—twenty days out from New York, and bound to Melbourne. What ship is that?"

"The Amazon—Captain Morton—homeward bound from Canton, in a leaking condition, and short of provision. Can you furnish us a supply?"

"Ay, ay, sir. Will you come aboard?"

"Ay, ay, sir." And turning to the mate, Captain Morton ordered him to have the gig manned and got ready for lowering.

As soon as the boat was in readiness, the captain stepped into it, and gave the order to lower away. In a few minutes he was alongside the

Golden Fleece, whose commander stood at the gangway to receive him. In the excitement of the moment, Captain Morton had not heeded the name of the captain of the Golden Fleece; but as he ascended the gangway ladder, and met him face to face, he almost lost his hold upon the man ropes, and came near falling back into the boat paralyzed with astonishment.

"Frank Wilson!—Henry Bernard!—is it possible? Can the sea give up its dead?" he exclaimed.

"I am Henry Bernard, once your second mate, sir," replied the young man, as he grasped the captain's hand.

"And Cora? Is she too alive, or am I dreaming?" murmured Captain Morton, as he gazed in Bernard's face in perfect amazement.

"Please come with me into the cabin, sir," was the reply. And Captain Morton mechanically followed the commander of the Golden Fleece into the luxurious cabin.

At his entrance, a beautiful woman, who had been seated upon a sofa with a lovely babe in her arms, sprang up to meet him; and the next moment he had clasped his loved and long lost Cora to his bosom, and was weeping like a child.

We will not attempt to describe the happy reunion of the father and daughter; but will pass on to an explanation of the manner in which Cora and her lover had been preserved from death when the White Swan went down, and a brief account of their subsequent adventures.

When the ship sunk, they were carried down with it, locked in each other's embrace, but succeeded at length in rising to the surface, where Henry soon bound Cora and himself to a floating spar. Upon this fragile support, they were tossed by the stormy waves for nearly forty-eight hours; but, just as the last spark of hope had expired in their bosoms, were cast upon a low, sandy shore. With great difficulty they succeeded in drawing themselves upon the beach beyond the reach of the waves, and speedily recovered sufficient strength to enable them to examine the shore upon which they had been thrown.

To their great joy, they soon found at a little distance inland, a spring of water and an abundance of nourishing fruits. They knew not where they were, but Henry rightly concluded that they had been cast upon a point of the west coast of Africa.

No signs of inhabitants were to be seen, and after a vain search for the dwellings of human beings, they resigned themselves to their fate; and constructing a rude shelter, prepared for a Crusoe life, upon that desolate strand. They re-

mained here for several months, subsisting upon the fruits and fish, which Henry provided by means of a rude net which he had constructed, and daily watching for the welcome sight of a sail upon the unbroken expanse of ocean, spread out before their dwelling.

At length a homeward bound English East Indiaman approached nearer than usual to the shore, and observing their signals, sent a boat to their rescue. The commander of the Indiaman kindly gave them a passage to England, and supplied their immediate wants upon their arrival. In the meantime Henry wrote home to his father, and promptly received an answer to his letter, containing a large remittance. Immediately upon the receipt of this he took passage for home with his wife—for he had married Cora directly after their arrival in England.

Up to this time they had, of course, heard nothing of Captain Morton and his crew, and had begun to fear that the frail boat in which he had embarked from the ill-fated White Swan had been overwhelmed in the waves; but upon their arrival in America, they learned that he had returned, and had sailed again for China. Letters were immediately despatched for Canton, informing him of the facts just related, but these did not reach their destination until he had sailed thence for home.

Soon after Bernard's return to America, his father—who was, by the way, a wealthy ship-owner—granted his earnest request for a ship, and placed him in command of the Golden Fleece, in which his wife accompanied him upon his first voyage. The cause of Bernard's concealment of his parentage and connection during his first acquaintance with Cora, and his subsequent conduct, was a romantic fancy which he had long cherished of winning a wife who could love him for himself alone. Hence his concealment of the fact that he was the son of a wealthy and influential man.

The Amazon was soon supplied with an abundance of provision and water from the Golden Fleece, and after a tender parting between the now happy father and his newly found children, the two vessels separated, and as each headed away upon her proper course, their ensigns were dipped thrice in token of amity, and a friendly farewell.

When the Amazon arrived at home, Mr. Bernard, the father of our hero, waited upon Captain Morton, and offered him a partnership with him upon equal terms, if he would relinquish the active duties of his profession. The captain was greatly surprised at this proposal, and frankly informed Mr. Bernard that such an



arrangement would scarcely be a just one, as he himself had no capital whatever.

"Never mind that, captain," replied Mr. Bernard. "Your experience and knowledge of ships will fully offset the capital which I shall employ. Besides this, it will give me great pleasure to be associated in business with the father of my son's wife, whom I have already learned to love as a daughter."

At length it was decided that the proposed arrangement should be carried into effect, and the new firm was immediately established under the name of Bernard & Morton.

The Golden Fleece made a remarkably quick voyage, and when she returned to America, Mr. Bernard endeavored to persuade his son to give up the sea, and embark in business ashore, so that the entire family might constantly enjoy the pleasure of each other's society. This he was unwilling to do. He made many voyages in the Golden Fleece, often accompanied by his wife; but at length, having acquired a competency, and having the prospect of a large fortune at the death of his father, he resigned his command, and took up his residence in a beautiful suburban villa, which he had recently purchased, where he resolved to spend the remainder of his life in the enjoyment of his *otium cum dignitate*.

The firm of Bernard & Morton continued to prosper to an extraordinary degree, and shortly after Henry gave up the duties of his profession they too retired from business, and took up their abode with their dutiful children, the student-sailor and the CAPTAIN'S DAUGHTER.

#### FROLIC OF FOOTE.

This celebrated humorist, while educating at Worcester College, Oxford, found in the head of it, Dr. Gower, a highly suitable subject for one of his droll devices. Observing that the rope of the chapel bell was allowed to hang near the ground, in an open space where cows were sometimes kept for the night, he suspended a wisp of hay to it, and the consequence was that some one of the animals never failed to seize the hay before morning, and so produced a most unseasonable and mysterious ringing of the bell. A solemn consultation took place for the elucidation of the portentous circumstance; and Gower having undertaken, with the sexton, to sit up all night for the purpose of catching the delinquent, disclosed the nature of the jest by pouncing out upon the poor cow, and had the hearty laugh of all Oxford to reward him for his pains.—*Examiner*.

#### THE AMERICAN FLAG.

When Freedom from her mountain height  
Unfurled her standard to the air,  
She tore the azure robe of night,  
And set the stars of glory there.—*DRAKE*.

#### HOW TO IMPROVE THE MEMORY.

What we wish to remember, we should attend to, so as to understand it perfectly, fixing our attention specially on its most important and distinctive features. We should disengage our minds for the moment from other things, that we may attend effectually to that which is before us. No man will read with much advantage, who cannot empty his mind at pleasure of other subjects, and does not bring to the author he reads an intellect neither troubled with care, nor agitated with pleasure. If the mind be filled with other matters, how can it receive new ideas? It is a good practice to improve the memory, and far better than making notes, or transcribing pages at the time, to read carefully, and after a lapse of some days, to write an abstract of what has been read. This will give us the habit of storing up for future use our immediate acquisitions in knowledge. Again, memory is assisted by an orderly arrangement of the thoughts. It is obvious that in recollecting a speech or discourse, that is more easily recalled in which the argument proceeds from one step to another by regular induction. So we ought to conduct our studies; otherwise, memory will be defective.—*Letter of Baron Alderson*.

#### PRODUCTIONS OF FLORIDA.

A Florida correspondent of the Charleston Courier maintains that it is practicable to cultivate in that State all the tropical fruits and staples by the side of those belonging to a northern climate. He says: "All who may be skeptical on this subject can readily be convinced by a visit to the southern portion of the peninsula, where they can see the cocoa-tree, the banana, the plantain, the pineapple, the orange, the lemon, the lime, the arrowroot, the guava, etc., growing as luxuriantly as they do in any of the West India Islands. There is certainly no portion of the United States—North, South, East or West—that can compare with East Florida in the variety and value of its agricultural productions. It produces as well all the root and grain crops of the Northern and all the great staples of the Southern States."

#### LOOK OUT FOR THE HENS.

See that the hens are constantly supplied with lime in the form of old mortar, or pounded oyster or clam-shells, gravel, bones and meat. Charcoal is also a valuable article to have about the coop. There is no place they like so well as among the hay and straw in the barn; and to pick up the hay and other seeds about the floor and around the cattle. Fowls dislike damp places, and the cellar though warmer than rooms above, is not so good as a loft would be, where the sun could come in through windows in the roof, and which might be warmed in the coldest weather from a stove below. They require steady attention and care, and when they receive it, will afford as much profit for the outlay as any item of the farm.—*American Farmer*.

The best books are those which are written by men of the world, who are yet no worldlings. They have gathered the fruits of all human experience, without having lost the blossom of their own humanity.—*Simms*.

[ORIGINAL.]  
TO H—.

BY EDWIN S. LISCOMB.

Had hearts the power of glorious sight  
To mingle with their throbs of joy;  
To gather from each seeming night  
Pure gleams unmixed with pain's alloy;

Then would that bosom dear to me,  
A way beyond the purple hills,  
Within my breast a radiance see—  
A faithful beam despite the ills;

Then would that mutual life be born,  
Of purest sympathetic love;  
Affection's sweet, unauilted dawn  
Would shed its rays from heaven above.

No mystery unread could bind  
In painful thralldom one fair gem;  
No common thought of heart or mind  
A prison-house would 'habit then.

O, for the power to read and feel  
Each tender, suffering, joyous thrill!—  
To soothe the woe and share the weal,  
As kindred sight our hearts should fill!

[ORIGINAL.]

## THE CAR ACQUAINTANCE:

—OR,—

### THE TWO BITS OF PAPER.

BY MRS. CAROLINE ORNE.

SEVERAL years ago, I entered a car at one of the New York stations, and took my place on the back seat. I looked at my watch, and found that it lacked fifteen or twenty minutes of the time to start. No one else was in the car, and unfolding a daily paper which I had just purchased of a newsboy, I commenced running my eye over its columns. The first thing that fixed my attention was the following paragraph:

"We understand that yesterday a young man employed as a clerk by Kendon & Browne in their extensive dry goods establishment, while on his way from ——— Bank, where he had been to get a check for \$2000 cashed, was knocked down and robbed of the whole amount. He was spoken to by a man when about midway of a dark alley, who inquired the way to Wall Street, and that is the last he remembers. The man was of middling size, rather muscular, of grave demeanor, and well but plainly clad. The police are on the alert, and will, without doubt, succeed in capturing him."

I had barely finished reading it, when a man entered the car and took a seat by an open window, directly forward of where I was sitting. He came in at the front part of the car, which gave me a good opportunity to observe him. At the moment of his entrance, I saw that he re-

garded me with a quick, furtive look, yet, at the same time, so keen and searching, that the thought flashed into my mind that he might belong to the detective police, and that the inquisitorial glance with which he honored me had something to do with the robbery, an account of which I had been reading.

He was rather small, and his features were of a type which is commonly called handsome. At times, however, there was a certain curve or rather twist of his upper lip, which to me was absolutely repulsive. He bowed, as he was about to take his seat, and bade me good morning in a voice which, though not exactly unpleasant, had something in it to be remembered.

"Any news?" said he, after a minute's silence, turning half way round in his seat, and glancing at the paper I held in my hand.

"I haven't had much chance to ascertain yet," I replied. "I have only had time to read an account of a daring robbery which took place yesterday."

I said this, so that if he was really one of the police on the look-out for the perpetrator of the crime, or his accomplices, he might see that I didn't shrink from the subject. It seemed to me that he gave a nervous start at the mention of the robbery, but the movement was very slight, and possibly might, as I thought, have been owing to some other cause.

"Was it in this section of the country?" he asked.

"Yes, in this city. Would you like to read the account?" And I handed him the paper.

"Thank you," said he, with a smile.

But it was not a genuine smile, and as he commenced reading the account, it gave place to a look of ill-concealed anxiety. This passed away, by the time he had got through.

"They are cunning rogues, some of these thieves and pickpockets," said he. "He undoubtedly thought that a plain dress and sanctimonious air would put the youngster off his guard."

As he spoke, he scanned my dark, kerseymere waistcoat and plain brown coat with an air of great deliberation. I did not quail under the examination, though I became more confirmed in the opinion that he was a detective.

"Should this species of cunning," said I, in answer to his remark, "become pretty generally diffused among the light-fingered gentry, it may become necessary to sport diamond rings and gold chains, as badges of honesty."

"Or, in default of these, a little bogus jewelry," he replied, laughing.

In the meantime, most of the seats had been

taken up. Not a person had entered, I am certain, who had escaped the vigilance of my colloquist. He had returned the newspaper to me, after which, being probably, as I thought, one of that class who are ill at ease unless they have something to employ their fingers about, he had busied himself with tearing into small bits a sheet of note paper, on which were written a few lines.

By the time the sheet of paper was reduced to fragments more or less small, few of which could have measured more than an inch in any direction, and were, as I observed, carefully retained in his left hand, it lacked only about two minutes of the time the train was to start.

He now began to fidget, moving backwards and forwards on his seat uneasily, and watched with increased eagerness every one who entered the cars. A few seconds more, and the train would be off. He now leaned back in a manner which seemed to me to say as plainly as words could have said: "The person I have been expecting wont come. It is of no use to look any longer."

The last moment had arrived, when the door of the car was once more thrown open to give entrance to a woman. The listless attitude into which he had suffered himself to sink was instantly abandoned, while the eyes of her who had last entered, after quickly scanning the tier of seats at her right, rested on the man who was sitting in front of me. At the same moment she raised her hand and pressed her forefinger to her lips. I was aware that this telegraphic sign was answered by my neighbor, though my attention being drawn towards her, I could not tell the exact manner.

She took the first vacant seat that presented itself, which was near the front part of the car, and without appearing to do so, I watched her pretty closely. I never saw her look round, or betray in any manner whatever that he was not an utter stranger to her between whom and herself the little pantomime had passed at the time of her entrance.

Previous to her seating herself, I had noticed that she was tall, and that her figure was good. I now saw that she wore a gray travelling-dress, and, without pretending to be much of a judge in such matters, it appeared to me that her apparel throughout, not forgetting the more minute details, was in good taste. But the view I had obtained of her face, impressed me less favorably. Without a single ill-shaped feature, as a whole, it struck me as peculiarly disagreeable; and except that there was a quick sparkle of her eyes at the moment she pressed her finger to her lips, it was utterly impassive.

About a mile from the station whence we started, the railway crossed a sheet of water, and when we had arrived about midway, the man in front of me put his hand out of the window, and threw away the bits of paper he had so carefully held, which, with the exception of two pieces, were scattered to the wind. These, without his being sensible of it, were wafted back into the car and fell on the unoccupied seat by my side. They were narrow, in some places not more than half an inch wide, and what was a little singular, an end of each matched the other, so that when placed together, they made a strip which, as I could tell by the outer edges, reached across the sheet of paper from which they had been torn.

One whole line of the writing was easily enough deciphered, though the upper edge of the paper was so deeply notched that there was not a single word from which one or more of the letters was not missing. Two or three of the closing words of the preceding sentence were at the beginning of the line of which nothing could be made. What came next, was better. "Do not," it said, "fail to be at ——— station by the morning train." Then came the next line, which was very imperfect. Those of the words which remained so nearly entire as to be guessed at, were as follows, a dash filling the places of such as were torn off: "If all right—roll brown paper—red twine."

My curiosity was more excited than ever, since the telegraphic signs had passed between my neighbor and the woman whose appearance he had looked for with such ill-concealed anxiety. At the same time, the opinion I had entertained that he might belong to the detective police had undergone a change, and I found myself forming conjectures as to whether he was not in some way connected with the grave looking personage who had committed the recent robbery. I therefore slipped the scraps of paper into my waistcoat pocket, lest, by a sudden turn of his head, he might catch sight of them.

I then busied myself with thinking the matter over, and came to the determination to keep a sharp look-out, when we arrived at ——— station, for some one with a roll of brown paper tied with red twine, which, according as I had construed the broken sentence, was to be the means of conveying to my neighbor in the car the intelligence that, as far as he was concerned, all was right.

My thoughts had been so busy, that we arrived at the station referred to in what to me appeared to be a much shorter time than usual. Here we should be obliged to wait from twenty to thirty minutes for the arrival of another train.

The man in the seat before me rose, the instant the cars stopped, and had reached the place where the woman still remained seated unimpeded by the crowd, which, by the time I had taken my carpet-bag from the hook where I had hung it, filled the passage. I kept my eye on him, and saw that he lingered a little when arrived at the place in question, in expectation, as I concluded, of some further communication from the woman, who had now risen, either by word or sign. He then made what haste he could to leave the car, while she appeared to be in no hurry to do so, suffering several persons to pass her, myself among the rest. I pushed forward as fast as possible, for I was in danger of losing sight of him who had so excited my curiosity, and was in season to see him step upon the platform. There were a number of loungers, among whom one, whose air was peculiarly careless and negligent, carried in his hand a roll of brown paper tied with red twine.

"How are you, Harker?" said he, with the heedless air of one who addresses another he cares little for, as my late neighbor stepped from the car.

Harker responded in the same careless way, calling him by the name of Scrimmons, and passed on in the opposite direction.

Just at this time, the woman who had been referred to left the cars, and, without any appearance of noticing either Harker or Scrimmons, entered a hack which drove to a hotel at no great distance.

Notwithstanding the little interest the two men appeared to take in each other, I continued to watch the movements of each. After loitering round a few minutes, seemingly with no object in view, except to kill time, the two, as if by chance, approached each other.

"Going in the down train?" asked Scrimmons.

"Yes," replied Harker; "are you?"

"I've not yet decided. It will depend—"

Here he lowered his voice, and then walked away, so that I lost the remainder of the sentence. During this time, I had opportunity to observe the personal appearance of Scrimmons, which, in some respects, corresponded with the description given in the paper of him who had committed the robbery. But he was not plainly dressed, nor was his demeanor grave. On the contrary, his appearance was careless and gay.

I had come to the conclusion to make known my suspicions to some one worthy of confidence, when I saw a man making directly for the spot where I stood. He nodded, when he had arrived near me, and I answered the unceremonious salutation in the same manner.

"I believe," said he, "that I saw you in the cars?"

"Very likely," I replied.

"Do you know the man who sat directly in front of you?"

"I do not."

"So I thought. You have two bits of paper in your possession," he said, after a pause of a few moments, "which were blown back by the wind when, with a handful of others, he made an attempt to throw them from the window of the car?"

"Pardon me, sir," said I, "but it appears to me that I am entitled to know who the person is who questions me so closely, before going any further."

"It is nothing more than reasonable, I grant. Perhaps you think I'm a friend of him alluded to?"

"You may be," I replied, "for aught I know to the contrary."

He smiled.

"I knew that you were not *his* friend, although you appeared to be on such friendly terms. The truth is, I have reason to suspect that he had something to do with yesterday's robbery."

"Then you are—"

"One of the police," he said, anticipating what I was going to say.

"Exactly the person I most wish to see. Here are the bits of paper." And I put them into his hand.

"Ah, 'twas a right move, my coming to this station!" said he, when he had read what little they contained. I hoped it would prove so, from a few scraps of information I picked up last evening. Yet, after all, it might have been of no use, if you, sir—what shall I call your name?"

"Grafton."

"If you, Mr. Grafton," he resumed, "had not preserved what most persons would have considered two worthless pieces of paper. I saw you put them into your pocket, and it occurred to me at once that as you thought them worth saving, they might serve as a clue to ferret out the real perpetrator of the crime; for I was satisfied, from the description the young man gave of him who robbed him, that this one was only an accomplice."

I mentioned to him the woman who had aroused my suspicion, and found that the signs interchanged between her and Harker had not escaped his attention.

We now parted, and in an hour afterward, Harker, Scrimmons, and the woman, who proved to be the wife of the former, were safely lodged

in the county jail. Scrimmons, notwithstanding the great change he had effected in his personal appearance, was proved, when brought to trial, to be the man who had committed the robbery. Harker, it was found, had been his aider and abettor, not only as regarded the crime for which they were arrested, but in a series of burglaries which had been committed within the last six months; while his wife had afforded invaluable assistance by the ingenuity and adroitness with which she had secreted the stolen goods. The two thousand dollars—the fruits of the street robbery—were, with the exception of one hundred, found concealed in different parts of her clothing.

As to the two bits of paper which were wafted to me on the wings of the wind, they proved to be Sibylline leaves, in which was concealed, though there was no oracle to declare their mysterious meaning, my future fortune and the greatest happiness of my life. To prove this, it is only necessary for me to say that they were the means of introducing me to the notice of Kendon & Browne, who not long afterward gave me a share of their thriving and lucrative business.

Thus, as was very natural, I became acquainted with Miss Oliva Kendon, the only daughter of the senior partner of the firm, who, in due time, consented to be my partner as long as we both should live.

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#### BEST SIDE OUT.

Some people have a happy knack for putting in a pleasant way everything that concerns themselves. Mr. A.'s son gets a poor place as a bank clerk; his father goes about saying that the lad has found a fine opening in business. The young man is ordained, and gets a curacy on Salisbury Plain; his father rejoices that there, never seeing a human face, he has abundant leisure for study, and for improving his mind. Or, the curacy is in the most crowded part of Manchester or Bethnal Green; the father now rejoices that his son has opportunities of acquiring clerical experience, and of visiting the homes of the poor. Such a man's house is in a well-wooded country; the situation is delightfully sheltered. He removes to a bare district without a tree; ah, there he has beautiful pure air and extensive views! It is well for human beings, when they have the pleasant art of thus putting things, for many, we all know, have the art of putting things in just the opposite way.—*Liverpool Guardian*.

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#### COURAGE.

The brave man is not he who feels no fear,  
For that were stupid and irrational;  
But he, whose noble soul its fear subdues,  
And bravely dares the danger nature shrinks from.  
As for your youth, whom blood and blows delight,  
Away with them!—there is not in their crew  
One valiant spirit. JOANNA BAILLIE.

#### REAL LIFE ROMANCE.

The citizens of Columbus and visitors at the Capitol will recollect a beautiful young girl, apparently "sweet sixteen," who daily carried about the legislative halls and State offices a handsomely wrought basket containing the plumpest and sweetest oranges. O, yes! everybody remembers Ettie, the beautiful orange girl, and have wondered in what nook she has hidden for the past two months; for no more her sweet face and girlish form is seen in the Capitol, and interesting clerks, with a great admiration for the rotunda, are obliged to forego glimpses of the neatest gaitered foot tripping up the marble stairs.

Everybody about the State House admired Ettie, but it was with a respectful admiration, and if a gruff legislator was tempted to jest with the girl, or make light remarks, he was restrained by the modest demeanor and pure soul-look appealing from her heaven-blue eyes.

Ettie always brought a full basket and went tripping home with an empty one, and her scarlet silk purse filled with silver coin. She was the sole dependence of a widowed, palsied mother, and her noble efforts to keep away want were known, and made the fruit from her basket ten times sweeter.

When the great Union meeting of the Tennessee, Kentucky and Ohio Legislatures was held in Ohio's capitol, the beautiful orange girl was tripping about disposing of her fruit to the "sons of the South," and receiving the homage of admiring glances from all. At the end of one of the halls, viewing the noble row of princely residences on Third Street, stood alone a youthful member of the Tennessee Legislature, when he was startled by a silvery voice asking:

"Buy an orange, sir?"

"How do you sell them?" said the stranger, looking into her eyes.

"Five cents each," said the maiden, holding a large one toward him.

"Cheap."

"Indeed they are."

This introduction opened the way for a prolonged and serious conversation, in which the girl artlessly revealed to the stranger the poverty of her home, and the necessity of her supporting her sick mother. He was so struck with the girl's manly and singular beauty, that he secretly resolved to visit her home and become more intimately acquainted. He did so, and after successive visits won the confidence and love of the maiden, and the mother's consent to their marriage; and when he went back to his Southern home, it was with a promise to return in a fortnight for his bride. He came, and now the manly Southerner and the beautiful orange girl are man and wife. He has taken her, the fairest of the fair, to his Southern home, to dwell with him and her aged mother in opulence.—*Cincinnati Gazette*.

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Personal respectability is totally independent of a large income. Its greatest secret is self-respect. Poverty can never degrade those who never degrade themselves by pretence or duplicity.

(ORIGINAL.)

## LOST.

BY MRS. R. B. EDSON.

Has any one seen our darling?  
 He has strayed from our fold away;  
 He went out with the sweet June roses,  
 One beautiful summer day.  
 And our hearts grew weary with watching,  
 And our eyes grew heavy with tears,  
 As the days and the months went silently  
 Gliding into years.

I have called him with anguished pleadings,  
 By a mound on the grassy lee;  
 But only in dreams and in memories  
 Does he ever come back to me.  
 But I know when the great All-Father  
 Shall summon me, too, away,  
 I shall meet him, my beautiful angel,  
 To be parted no more for aye.

(ORIGINAL.)

## THE MOUCHARD.

BY H. H. DE HAVEN.

ONE rainy night in a country inn, in Virginia, I heard the following narrative from the lips of a traveller—a white-haired old gentleman from one of the Northern cities.

A short time before the breaking out of our last war with England, I had occasion to make a voyage from New York to Liverpool. I sailed in the good ship *American Eagle*, John Garnet, master, in the month of June. For the first eight or ten days our voyage was a pleasant one. After that we had mostly adverse winds and a good deal of stormy weather, with one or two pretty hard blows.

One morning I happened to wake an hour or two before day, and I soon observed that there was from some cause or other, more commotion on deck than usual. While I lay speculating about the cause of it, I heard the report of a cannon at a distance. This induced me to turn out, get on my clothes and hurry up the companion-way. I found all hands assembled on the fore-castle, gazing at a fire, for which we were steering. It must of course be a burning vessel, for there could be no other combustible in mid-ocean. Minute-guns were firing in the same direction, as signals of distress.

As we were heading directly for the light, it soon began to grow larger and more distinct, and eventually, just as day was breaking, presented the outline of a large ship (large for that

day) wrapped in flames, almost from stem to stern. The excitement now became very great, the question being whether we could reach the burning vessel in time to be of any service. Though we were moving through the water with great rapidity, the flames were advancing still more rapidly. The race was an exciting one, and possessed, of course, a terrible interest for the anxious beings whom we were striving to succor.

On the windward side of the vessel, just abaft the mizzen-mast, was a small space still uninvaded by the fire, and there all on board were huddled together. They were already suffering from the heat, and it was evident that in a very few minutes they must all be either burnt to death, or driven into the raging billows. To add to the difficulties of the case, there was a very high sea running at the time, and the process of transferring the sufferers from their own vessel to ours, must necessarily be a very difficult and dangerous one. Having laid our ship as nearly alongside of the burning mass as prudence would permit, all our available boats were put in requisition, and a call made for volunteers to man them. Nearly all the crew came forward, and a number of the passengers. It was only by extreme care that we managed to launch safely all our boats save one, which was swamped, in spite of all our efforts to prevent it. The boat in which I was, happened to be foremost. It was in charge of the first officer of our ship, and contained one other passenger, who, like myself had volunteered for the expedition. He was a very quiet young man, and I had hardly been aware of his existence until that moment. His name was Arthur Ernschaw.

The burning vessel proved to be the *Penguin* of New York, bound for Liverpool. We reached her in the very nick of time. A few minutes later, and all on board must have miserably perished. As soon as our boat came alongside, we saw the seamen of the other ship making preparations to jump into her, in advance of all the passengers; so many of them that they would probably have sunk the boat. This did not suit us at all, particularly as we saw a number of women and children in the crowd. The mate and one of his men each seized an oar in order to shove off again, and at the same instant I felt a pistol thrust into my hand, while a voice said:

"Shoot them, if they attempt it!"

I looked around, and saw the young passenger already swinging above my head. He had seized a rope, which was lying over the side, and in a few seconds he was on board, standing in the gangway, with a loaded pistol in his hand.

"Fall back!" he shouted, "fall back! If any one attempts to leave the ship before the women and children, I'll blow his brains out, so help me God!"

His determined look, his close-knit brow and flashing eye, even more than his words, caused the startled sailors to retire. By that time, the mate and several others had clambered aboard, and arrangements were speedily made for transferring the more helpless ones to the boats. It was a work of great difficulty and considerable danger. It would have been an arduous undertaking, even if conducted with extreme deliberation; but with the fire in the rear, the water in front, and fear and horror all around, it was truly a terrible task. I almost fancied that I could hear death's dark angel flapping his wings in the murky air.

But a few minutes elapsed before I had occasion to make use of the pistols which had been handed to me. Several sailors had managed to swim to the boat. I allowed them to rest a hand upon the gunwale, but pressed the muzzle of my weapon against the forehead of every one who attempted to come any further, and found the experiment successful. While I was thus engaged, a shriek of bitterest agony rang out upon the waters, rising high above the din around us. At the same instant a sullen plunge told that something had fallen overboard. I looked up and saw a beautiful girl frantically struggling to free herself from a number of men who held her. She was striving to leap in after her father, whose gray hairs were already mingling with the sea-foam, from which they could with difficulty be distinguished. He had fallen in as they were about to transfer him from the ship to the boat, and the remorseless waves had already borne him almost out of sight.

The excitement and confusion were at the highest, when I saw a tall figure run rapidly along the deck, and with a tremendous bound leap far out into the sea. It was our young passenger. The deed seemed truly a desperate one; but the young man possessed great powers of endurance of an extraordinary character, and he resolved to stake his life upon them. Most, perhaps all, of the spectators gave him up for lost. The impulse of his spring, with a few vigorous strokes, carried him to the spot where we had just seen the old man disappear; and there the gallant youth too disappeared, as if swallowed up in a yawning abyss. The next moment, however, we saw him reappear, and with the gray hairs clutched in his powerful grasp; but he was now far away from the ship, and apparently beyond the reach of human assistance. But his quick

eye had noted that which had escaped every other observer. The second boat from our vessel was approaching the spot, directly on a line with the struggling pair. Seeing what had happened, they rowed with all the vigor they were capable of, and were barely in time to rescue them. Their almost lifeless bodies were immediately transferred to our boat, which soon afterwards started to return to the ship laden to the very water's edge with those whom we had saved from the flames. Though the distance was small, it was a tedious as well as a most perilous passage, and nothing but the admirable manner in which the boat was handled saved it from destruction. At last, however, we reached the ship in safety, disembarked our passengers, and then returned to the fire again.

With the exception of one poor woman, who was drowned, all the passengers and crew of the *Penguin* were transferred in safety to the *American Eagle*, and disposed of as comfortably as circumstances would allow. The old gentleman who fell into the sea, had been taken up in a state of insensibility, and had remained so for a long time; but he was at last resuscitated, and eventually restored to his customary state of health. His preserver was much exhausted, but needed nothing but rest to make him as well and strong as ever. This brave fellow was on his way to England, on some business of his father's. He had relatives in the old country, and indeed had spent most of his childhood in Yorkshire. He was an American, however, to the backbone, and as fine a specimen of the breed as any one could desire to see. His father was a resident of the Valley of Virginia.

The old gentleman who had so narrowly escaped a watery grave, was also an American, and a very weakly one—a retired merchant. He was on his way home, after spending some time in Europe with his daughter Fanny, his only child. She was a remarkably pretty girl, and as good as she was pretty. I have known her well from that day to this; I have never known a more excellent woman than Fanny Raye. She was then about nineteen, and a lovelier creature the sun never shone upon. Whether the tender plant of love can grow up, like a mushroom, in a single night, I will not undertake to say; but that it does grow with astonishing rapidity in some soils, and under favorable circumstances, cannot be denied. Of this truth, Arthur Ershawe and Fanny Raye were a notable example. The young man's noble conduct was rewarded by the warmest gratitude on the part of both father and daughter; and it was but a very little time before these sentiments grew

into something warmer still on the part of the latter. As for Arthur, he already loved the sweet girl with his whole soul, while the grateful parent approved with the whole of his, so that it seemed probable that for once, at least, the course of true love would run smooth.

We had made Cape Clear, and were entering the Chops of the Channel, with a fair wind, when we were overhauled by a heavily armed sloop-of-war under British colors. We displayed the American flag, but she paid no attention to it, and proceeded to make signals for us to lie to. Sorely against our will, we were forced to lay our topsails to the mast, and wait for a boat-full of men who were sent to board us. It was a large boat, and there could not have been less than thirty or forty men in it. In the course of the war which soon followed, I made a cruise on board one of our crack privateers, and I did it solely for the purpose of making an effort to apply the tit-for-tat principle to the insulting and arbitrary proceedings of the British officers on the deck of the American Eagle that day. The individual in command of the party, was a red-nosed lieutenant, who had every appearance of considering himself an unappreciated Nelson. After examining our papers, he ordered Captain Garnet to muster his men. He flatly refused, telling the Englishman he would obey no such imperious commands, and that if he did anything contrary to his own free will, it would only be by compulsion.

After a great deal of bickering and fierce altercation, the crew and passengers were forced to appear on deck, and were examined separately by the lieutenant. He questioned them minutely, listened attentively to their pronunciation, and managed to make the discovery that nine of them were British subjects in disguise; and, strange to say, the ablest and best men invariably turned out to be of that class; the refuse of the ship's company only, being adjudged to be real *bona fide* American citizens. More than once during this perquisition, I had noticed the red-nosed man casting sharp glances at Arthur Ernschawe. After he had picked out from among the seamen all the individuals he wanted, he turned to young Ernschawe, and said:

"Young man, you look very much like an Englishman."

"Then my looks lie," retorted Arthur.

"Where were you born?"

"I was born in the State of Virginia, in the United States of America—though I can't imagine what business it is of yours."

"Eh, dear! you can't deceive me. You never got that North of England burr among the Yan-

kees. No, no, my lad, you are as much of a Virginian as York Minster is—just about."

"I have relatives in Yorkshire, and I lived with them when I was a boy. But I am an American by birth, and I have not been out of the United States for twelve years."

"Gammon!"

"Look you, sir!" roared Captain Garnet. "I know Mr. Ernschawe to be an American gentleman of the highest respectability, as was his father before him. But even if he were an Englishman, subject to your villanous press-gang abominations, you could not seize one like him, without making yourself liable to the severest punishment. You know it well."

"I'll run all risks. This is a case of emergency, and we can't stand upon trifles. Clear the gangway and let's be off!"

"By Heaven!" shouted the captain, "if the odds was anything less than two to one, every plank of this deck should swim in blood, before you should leave it with that young man in your clutches. O, for a dozen Yankee tars for ten minutes only! I would give every dollar I am worth for that much of their time!"

"A horse! a horse! My kingdom for a horse!" Ha, ha, ha, ha! Take it coolly, my Yankee game-cock, and don't spoil your beauty by that cut-throat frown of yours."

It would have been easier for a volcano to "take it coolly." But there was no help for it all. They had to submit, and the red-nosed lieutenant carried off his prize. It was of such material that the war of 1812 was made. Seeing that the evil was inevitable, Arthur wisely forbore to struggle against it, though the parting from Fanny made it doubly bitter. I stood by the poor girl's side, as the sloop-of-war stood out to sea, and when she had disappeared, I fed Fanny below and left her with her father. Fortunately for our crippled crew, we had fine weather till we arrived in the Mersey. We made no stay in Liverpool, but posted on to London immediately.

I had become so much interested in these young people that I was determined to make an effort, however feeble it might be, in Arthur's behalf. There was at that time a gentleman in a high official position under the British government, to whom I had once rendered a material service. I had never asked any favor at his hands, but I now called on him, stated the circumstances of Ernschawe's case, and begged him to use his influence in his behalf. He assured me that he would do so, and that he had no doubt of being able to secure his discharge, with an indemnity, as soon as the vessel—the Grey-



hound—should return from the very short cruise on which she was bound.

The very next day after this interview, the news arrived that his Britannic majesty's sloop-of-war Greyhound had been captured by a French frigate, off Cape Finisterre, and all on board had been sent to Verdun as prisoners of war. This was a sad blow to all of us, and a terrible one indeed to poor Fanny Raye. We had felt so sure of Arthur's speedy release; and now he was pining in a French prison of the very worst character, where he might lie for years. It was very hard to bear.

The impressments had been made with the design of "cutting out" a French vessel from one of the channel ports. The prisoners, of course, were all taken for Englishmen, and all treated alike. Poor Fanny's grief moved me to the bottom of my heart, and at last I resolved, by way of doing something, to go to Verdun, and see if anything could be done to ameliorate our prisoner's lot.

The next day after forming this resolution, I started. Having reached the place, I proceeded to seek an interview with Arthur, and with some difficulty succeeded in doing so. He derived from this, however, no benefit except such as might result from the messages I bore him, and the money with which I supplied him. The latter, at least, was decidedly useful.

Having no ostensible rank on board the Greyhound, he was classed with the common sailors in prison, and treated like them in every respect. This was the great hardship of his case, and I tried my best to impress the real facts of the case upon the bull-headed commander of the post—but all to no purpose. He was a veteran martinet, with no more feeling than a piece of machinery. With a heavy heart I returned to Paris. Arthur's case had already been laid before the American Minister at the imperial court, Honorable John Armstrong, and I now called upon him in order to urge an immediate application to the emperor. But everything seemed to conspire to vex and baffle us. I was informed that Napoleon was absent on the frontier, and that it was very uncertain when he would return.

Dispirited and dejected in the extreme, I left the rooms of the legation and strolled slowly back towards my lodgings, hardly bestowing a glance upon the wonders of the capital, which under other circumstances, would have been objects of the liveliest curiosity. My nearest way was through that splendid thoroughfare, the Garden of the Tuilleries. The evening was warm, and I had been walking for some distance; I therefore sat down to rest, and watch the gay

throng in the principal avenues. The seat I had taken was in a shady spot in a quiet corner. Except a few passing by occasionally, there was no one near me except a single individual, who was sauntering about under the trees. He wore a rather shabby, half-military looking costume, and had, I thought, rather a disreputable appearance. Being curious to know whether the dress he wore was a distinctive uniform, I asked a half-grown lad, who was passing at the time, if he knew who that man was.

"He's a *mouchard*," replied the boy, in a whisper.

It was almost the same thing as if he had said a devil. A *mouchard* is a spy of the police, and far more to be dreaded in Paris (particularly at that time) than Satan himself. But my skirts were clear, my passport perfectly *en règle*, and all the *mouchards* in France were nothing to me, unless they could do something for the benefit of poor Arthur. After a while, I ceased to observe the man, and fell into a painful reverie. My thoughts being thus occupied, I did not notice for some time that some one had seated himself beside me, and I was a little startled when I looked round and saw that it was the *mouchard*. Apparently, however, he did not observe me, but seemed like myself a moment before, in a "brown study." If this was a piece of acting, as I thought at the time, it was very good acting certainly; for when a movement of his arm threw down my umbrella, which I had left leaning against the bench, he looked up, gazed at me a moment, said "pardon!" and picked up the umbrella in the most natural manner possible. I cannot say that he was very polite—for a Frenchman, that is. Rather the contrary, indeed. But there was nothing constrained or artificial in his manner. Having looked at me very earnestly for a minute or more, he said:

"You are not a Frenchman?"

"No," replied I.

"An Englishman, I suppose."

"No, I am not an Englishman."

"You are an American then."

"Yes, I am from the United States."

"Are you going to have a war with England?" he asked sharply.

I told him I thought we would, and proceeded to give my reasons for thinking so. He went on questioning me with a fifty Yankee power of inquisitiveness, and, almost before I was aware of it, in declaiming against Great Britain, I told him all about Arthur, and our trouble with the Greyhound. It seemed naturally connected with the subject of our difficulties with England, and I did not feel that there was any necessity

for making a secret of the matter. Still, I felt rather sheepish at having let out my story to a *mouchard*.

He listened with great apparent interest while I spoke of Arthur's noble conduct at the burning of the Penguin, and seemed to feel the injustice of the English officer almost as much as I did.

"You do not seem to be very fond of the British," I said, as I remarked this.

"No, I am not fond of the British," he replied; and the words came hissing through his teeth with an emphasis that left no doubt upon my mind of his sincerity.

"Why didn't you apply to the emperor?" he asked, abruptly, a few minutes afterwards.

"Because he is not here," said I, "and I don't believe it would make any difference if he was, for he is up to the eyes in business—raising a million men they say, to take them to Russia to get—"

"To get what?"

"Well, in my country they call it getting *licked*. I have done a very silly thing in speaking so freely; but I am not used to keeping a gag in my mouth, and I began the sentence before I thought how awkward it would be to finish it."

The man looked intently in my face for a minute or two. I think the word "*lick*," and my slipshod French together, bothered him. He said nothing, however, but abruptly walked away, leaving me to the very pleasant reflection that I had made a fool of myself. It was now getting dark in the shady spot where we were, and I soon saw that he had moved away only to get to the light. When he got away from the trees, he pulled out a greasy-looking pocket-book, and began to write something on a bit of paper. Having scribbled away rapidly for a minute or two, he came back and handed me the paper.

"The commandant at Verdun," said he, "happens to be an old friend of mine. If you will return thither, and hand him that paper, privately, it will probably be of some service to your countryman."

With these words he bowed stiffly, and then strode rapidly away, leaving me, as the French say, "*planté là*," staring after him with eyes (and mouth too, probably) wide open—*ebahi*, as any one of the passers-by would have called it. That this somewhat shabby-looking individual could have any influence over the stiff-backed martinet of Verdun, seemed too preposterous for serious consideration. What could the fellow mean?

The clattering of drums roused me from my reflections. It was the signal for guard-mount-

ing, and warned me that it was time to leave. As I passed out of the nearest gate, I spoke to a sentry who had just been relieved, and asked him if he knew the man who had just passed through. It was my friend the *mouchard*, but it seems the soldier did not notice him. Stopping at the first lamp I came to, I examined the paper which he had handed to me. The contents could hardly be called writing. It was merely a confused jumble of marks, not unlike those made by a child who has never learned to write. What could be the object of such a mystification? I crushed the paper in my hand, and thrust it into my pocket, with a most unamiable feeling towards mankind generally, the English and French nations specifically, and the shabby, semi-military *mouchard* individually.

The next day I started on my return to London, where I arrived in due time, and gave an account of my bootless expedition. Poor Fanny was grievously disappointed, and though she said nothing about it, I could see that she did not agree with me in relation to the paper I had received. By persevering inquiries, I at length drew from her the admission that she had some faith in the truth of the *mouchard's* statement. She had an idea that he and the commandant might both be members of some oath-bound association of Free Masons, Carbonari, Illuminati, or something of that sort, and that one might be under some mysterious obligation to obey the other in any circumstances and at all hazards.

As the poor girl evidently derived some comfort from this fanciful theory, I not only did not oppose it, but told her I would test its genuineness, by returning to Verdun, and taking the scrawl with me. This I eventually did, and Fanny and her father accompanied me. With great difficulty we succeeded in obtaining an interview with the veteran commandant. It was with anything but alacrity that I entered his presence. Having no faith whatever in the mysterious paper, I felt assured that he would consider the presentation of it a deliberate insult, and what the consequences might be I did not like to conjecture.

After keeping us waiting a long time, the old fellow appeared, and it was not without some trepidation that I noticed that his stiff back was still stiffer, and his dark brow still darker than before. I told my story, described the man who gave me the paper, and then presented the paper itself, taking care at the same time, that there should be no obstacles between me and the outside door.

The war-battered veteran's face was a sealed book on most occasions, but the moment his eye lit upon the *mouchard's* hieroglyphics, the whole

man underwent an instantaneous change. That the mysterious scrawl was no mystery to him, was abundantly evident; and that he was greatly moved by reading it was equally manifest. My excitement was hardly inferior to his; but it was all astonishment, pure and unadulterated.

"Monsieur," said he, in a whisper, "have a fleet horse in waiting for your friend, at midnight, at the bridge over the Meuse, on the road to Varennes. He shall be furnished with all necessary papers and passports. Let him cross the frontier with all possible despatch, hasten to the coast, and cross over to England. But, on your lives, breathe not a syllable of this to any one till you are out of France—and even then, the less you say about the thing the better."

With these words, the old soldier bowed us out. He seemed to be in an agony, lest the very walls should hear him, and pressed his finger to his lips more than a dozen times, while we were leaving him.

"I do believe Fanny was right, after all," said I, as soon as we reached the street. "There certainly is some kind of hocus pocus at the bottom of this. Who would believe that old Pipe-Clay there could be thrown into such a fermentation by anything—unless, indeed, it were a rusty firelock on parade, or some such unpardonable sin on the part of a soldier? But it is not much to be wondered at. The emperor will surely skin him alive if he finds it out."

"He is not likely to find it out, I think," said Mr. Raye. "He is entirely absorbed in his Russian scheme, they say."

To our immense delight, we met Arthur at the bridge at the appointed hour. He had been smuggled out of the prison, and escorted to the immediate neighborhood of the spot by the commandant himself. He had a passport, minutely describing his person as that of John Brown, an English merchant, travelling by way of Brussels and Ghent, to Ostend, and thence to London. They have in that part of the world (or had before railroad times) a mode of posting on horseback, called travelling a *franc etrier*, which is more swift than pleasant, decidedly. It suited Arthur, however, and he had determined to adopt it. A hasty embrace, a rapid shaking of hands, and he was off. We returned to our lodgings, and the next day retraced our steps to Paris, meeting no difficulties by the way, except such as resulted from being occasionally taken for English travellers. We were several times annoyed from this cause, in our journeyings in France, but the trouble was merely temporary.

Remaining one day in the French metropolis to rest and recruit, we went to see a grand re-

view in the Champ de Mars; rather to get a sight of the great Corsican, however, than to witness the military pageant. By going early, we secured a favorable location, but we had to wait a long time before the emperor made his appearance. At last, we observed a great commotion among the crowd; hats and caps were tossed into the air, and shouts of "*Vive l'empereur!*" burst from thousands of tongues.

As the commotion and the cries rolled on, in the direction of the spot which we occupied, we saw a splendid cavalcade of generals and marshals of France, in brilliant uniform, come prancing down the lines. The warriors whose names were then filling all Europe with amazement and alarm, were many of them there, bedecked with towering plumes, and blazing with stars, and crosses, and jewels, and gold—"the pomp and pride and circumstance of glorious war."

In the very centre of this glittering galaxy, conspicuous for the plainness of his attire, and the absence of everything like pretension in his equipment, was one who was the observed of all observers. A single glance assured me that it must be "the man of destiny" himself; and yet, it was, beyond a doubt, the *mouchard* of the Garden of the Tuileries!

Yes, it was even so. He was dressed a little better, but in the same style; and the man himself, nobody who had seen him once would ever mistake. The idea of their identity had never occurred before to any of us, so completely impressed was I with the idea that the emperor was not in Paris at the time of our interview. He had returned, as I afterwards ascertained, but an hour or two before I saw him, and had strolled into a retired part of the garden, with his travel-stained, dust-covered apparel, which was absolutely shabby, and in the last degree un-emperor-like. The urchin who told me he was a *mouchard* was probably quizzing me. He had evidently been much interested in Arthur's story, and for reasons best known to himself, had determined to adopt a secret and summary means of liberating him. To show, even to a few humble Americans, his superiority in a matter of good feeling to the hated British, was no doubt one of his motives. The mysterious paper I suppose contained writing in cypher, which he often made use of, and which could of course be read by certain officials, to whom the key had been communicated.

Arthur soon rejoined us in London, and we all hastened back to the United States, for war with Great Britain was now considered a fixed fact. In that war, Arthur Ernschaw afterwaras bore no inglorious part, and at its close he and Fanny were married. We have been fast friends ever since.

[ORIGINAL.]

## I'M SAD TO-NIGHT.

BY WILLIE WARR.

I'm sad, ay, sad to-night,  
 Though all around are gay,  
 And on no brow amid the crowd  
 A shadow seems to play.  
 Rich music falls upon mine ear,  
 And forms flit to and fro;  
 Feet keep time in merry dance—  
 My heart is filled with wo.

I've left the giddy throng,  
 The ball-room's glare of light,  
 And wandered to this bower  
 Upon this festive night.  
 The stars look down from heaven  
 With sadness on me now,  
 The beams of silvery moonlight  
 Fall on my heated brow.

My heart is almost breaking,  
 The tears refuse to flow;  
 My eyes are dull and lifeless,  
 My cheeks have lost their glow.  
 I pine for thee, dear Arle,  
 Amid these scenes of glee;  
 Ah, leave that far-off land,  
 "Come back, come back to me!"

[ORIGINAL.]

## THE GIPSEY QUEEN.

BY MRS. C. ELLIS HOWE.

In the summer of 1484, the valleys of Bohemia were the scenes of fearful conflicts and ruthless slaughter, and the Boehmer-Wald, glooming darkly in the distance, had witnessed the terrible collision of maddened foes, and had seen the glory of the summer day darkened by the smoke of burning hamlets, from the first flush of spring to the ripening of the golden grain.

The autumn wind swept down the ravines, and the sounds of war were borne on its wings to the remotest fastnesses of the land. The peasant gathered his sheaves in terror, the youth of the villages forgot the harvest merry-makings, and in the moonlit eves of October there were no songs, or dances, or joyful trysts beneath the oaks—but instead, there were tearful partings and silent prayers, and sadness in castle and cottage. Upon one of these moonlit eves, the light shone down upon an encampment of gipsies, who had pitched their tents in the shelter of one of the oak forests that skirt the Bohemian plains. The sun had set in fiery pomp, and the dark masses of cloud gathered low in the west, indicated a storm close at hand. From behind

the Boehmer-Wald, which like some giant sentinel guarded the east, the moon rose up broad and red, and looked over the land.

It lit up the weather-stained canvass of the gipsy tents, and streaming in long rays into the gloomy woodland, revealed the strange, dark figures hurrying hither and thither, in busy preparation for their evening meal. As the wind swept through the oaks with stronger gusts and died away in long sobs through the glens, their activity increased—the men put their hands to the work, and the children ran fleetly from tent to tent. But of them there was one—a woman—who stood apart with folded arms, or strode haughtily and leisurely to and fro. She was of queenly presence and great beauty—tall, her figure perfect in its proportions and mould, her complexion olive, her eyes large, black, lustrous, now keef as an eagle's glance, and now soft and gentle with all a woman's tenderness. There were trouble and anxiety brooding now in their depths, and from time to time a wild, longing look would flit over her face, a crimson glow flush her cheek, and she would compress her lips together until the rosy curve was deepened to a vivid scarlet.

"Mother of the Zingari!" she muttered, in a suppressed tone, "this is the day, this the hour; but he comes not. Can it fail? Yon star yet proclaims the truth of thy prophecy, and yet—and yet he comes not."

She clenched her small hands together and strode more rapidly to and fro. She waved away a lad who crossed her path, and the child flew to his mother in fright.

Two swarthy women paused in their work and looked at her. "It is the queen's black day," said one to the other, in low tones. "If she fulfils not to-night the prophecy of the Zingara, the curse will fall upon her—ay, the curse!" And she gloated over the words with terrible emphasis.

"Let it come—let it come!" muttered the other. "Shall she—"

"Hist! she comes this way." And the two evil-eyed crones bent low over their work again.

The gipsy queen approached. "Denko," she called, in a voice as clear and sweet as the sound of a silver trumpet.

A lad of a dozen years came running up.

"Come with me, Denko," said the queen. "I go to the edge of yonder forest." She added: "Ere the moon lights the tree-tops at the foot of the mountain, I will return."

The band listened mutely, and when she was gone turned again to their supper and their jests. The queen and the lad moved on in silence,

threading the forest mazes, crushing the dry leaves beneath their feet, and at last came to the edge of the woodland, and looked out over the broad plain. The queen listened. At first, the sighing of the wind through the trees was the only audible sound, but presently, to her practised ear, an echo broke the silence of the lonely woods. The queen eagerly threw herself upon the ground and placed her ear to the turf for a moment. Then she rose and joyfully swept back the long black tresses wet with night dews.

"Zingarella," she said, exultingly, "thou hast not failed me—lo, he comes!"

The metallic ring of hoofs upon the flinty road now became sharply distinct, and in another moment two horsemen cantered up the hill, their forms darkly outlined in the moonlight. Bidding the lad to remain quiet, the queen wrapped her mantle closer about her, and descending the sloping bank, passed into the road. Drawing up her regal form to its full height, she proudly awaited the coming of the horsemen. The moon veiled herself in clouds and dusky shadows fell upon the landscape. The horsemen came nearer, and still the queen kept her position. The clouds swept by, a flood of light fell upon field and road, and at that instant a panting steed was reined in with a strong hand, and a clear voice rang out with the words:

"St. Agatha protect us! What's this?" And the speaker gazed at the form before him. The gipsy queen slowly let fall the mantle from her head and shoulders, and stood calmly and radiantly beautiful in the moonlight.

"Once—twice—from shame and from death. This is the day. The Zingara foretold it—the stars proclaim it."

"By Heaven, it is one of the Zingari!" exclaimed the other rider. "A rare specimen, too, upon my faith as a Castilian. 'Twas a lucky star that shone over our birth, Rudolpho! Here, in this Bohemian wild, we encounter as much grace and majesty as often sits upon a throne."

"Nay, Don Roderigo," said the other, most courteously, "it is not meet to pour too lavish praise into fair ears. What would you, maiden? Would you read my destiny?"

"If you will, Sir Knight." The words were spoken in the smoothest Castilian, and with a precision of accent and emphasis that made the knight start and exclaim hastily: "You have seen the orange-groves of Spain, maiden, I trow. Why do I find you here in these troublous times, too fierce for even a Zingari maiden to set foot on other than her native soil?"

"It matters not, my lord. Give me your hand."

He complied with her imperious command. While she bent low her head, essaying to read the fine lines by the broken moonlight, he scanned her face and person with admiring interest. The two horsemen were equal in stature and in personal beauty, but there was that about Rudolpho which marked him the superior in rank. One saw it in the proud glance of the eye, the carriage of the head, and in the chivalric, high-toned courtesy of his manner.

"Bane and blessing—light and darkness—in its waxing, in its waning!" muttered the gipsy maiden. "Turn back, my lord! The stars decree it—fate commands it."

"How? What do you mean?" demanded Rudolpho, in surprise.

"Ha! a pretty fortune, by the Alhambra!" laughed the other. "See if thou canst read me a like, maiden." And he extended his hand, with a piece of gold shining in its palm. With a proud gesture, the maiden swept it from her, and the gold clinked across the gravelly path. The knight swore in goodly Castilian fashion, but the maiden, fixing her eyes upon Rudolpho's face, repeated solemnly:

"Turn back, my lord; shame and death lie in your path."

"Come on, Rudolpho. Thou hast stood prating long enough, seeing it is but a Zingari maiden," exclaimed Don Roderigo, spurring his horse. Rudolpho's steed likewise sprang forward, but the gipsy queen, with a bold, quick movement, grasped him firmly by the bridle.

"Maiden, maiden, have a care!" cried Rudolpho, alarmed for her safety. But the girl held the foaming animal, and without stirring from the path, exclaimed:

"My lord, turn back, I implore you by all you love, by the sacredness of your cause. Hark! hear what the stars proclaim—captive—dishonored—reviled—condemned—death. In fair Castile thy mother will weep for thee, thy sisters touch the guitar in mourning songs, thy maiden go down to the grave sorrowing."

"A charming romance," said Don Roderigo, lightly. "Were not thy courage proved, Rudolpho, thou mightst be suspected of playing the craven."

Rudolpho's cheek paled, and he involuntarily put his hand to his sword.

"Don Roderigo, you forget that it is to Rudolpho Echeranza that you speak.—Maiden," he added, kindly, turning to the gipsy, "I thank you for your warning, but I must on. Ere to-morrow's sunset, I have sworn to accomplish a difficult task, but one which our cause demands. My knightly honor is pledged." He would have

unclasped her hand from the horse's bridle, but the girl dropped the rein and throwing herself upon her knees in the path, exclaimed, with passionate earnestness :

"My lord, go not hence. Your errand is fruitless, your death certain!"

"Castilian soldiers do not fear death," he answered proudly. "I thank you, maiden, but I cannot listen. And now a benison rest upon thee. Stay, wilt thou take gold from me?" She sprang to her feet, and pressing close to his horse's side, took from his hand a glittering coin.

"My lord," she said, "I would have saved you; but see, here is a ring," and she drew from her finger a broad circlet of gold, bearing a massive stone of beryl. "Take it, and when the hour of trial comes, if thou canst send it to the gipsy queen Teresa, she will come to thee. Death alone shall stand between her and thee."

The knight took the ring, kissing the hand that gave it, and then repeating his thanks, the two sped away. The maiden watched them till the gray distance concealed their forms, and then slowly made her way back to the encampment.

"Once it is past. Now I wait for the last. Twelve days from this, at the waning of the star," she murmured. And as she went on, she crossed her two hands upon her breast, as if she would keep down the strong sobs that shook her frame.

The two horsemen galloped swiftly across the plain, and then diverging from the highway, struck into the forest.

"What think you, good Rudolpho?" said Don Roderigo, giving his tired animal a breathing space, and pushing back the damp locks from his forehead—"what think you the gipsy maiden meant by her strange tale? She spoke like one in good earnest, in sooth."

"I know not," returned the other. "Perchance some evil superstition haunts her. These wild folk think after another fashion from us."

"If any harm should befall you, Rudolpho, you have a talisman in the ring she gave you. She was more chary in her favors towards me. You were born under a propitious star, my lord."

"I wot the stars have little to do with men's destinies. With our own good strength we must carve out our fortunes, and he shapes the most beautiful form who is the most skilful artisan. But see, Don Roderigo, the moon wanes, yonder star hastens to its setting, and if we urge not our steeds to a quicker pace, dawn will overtake us loitering."

They rode on for another hour in silence, and then as they gained a slight eminence, a grim castle loomed upon them, forbidding in its seem-

ing mighty strength. The massive gateway, the towers, the walls of solid masonry, the deep moat, indicated its impenetrability. It was the stronghold of one of the most powerful barons in the land, and from this gray fortress many armed bands were accustomed to go forth to pillage the defenceless people. In the present contest, the baron had espoused the cause of Spain, and his castle, commanding as it did the pass of the Boehmer-Wald, and serving as a retreat, not only for the predatory followers of the baron, but for a goodly number of the soldiers of the duke, presented the chief obstacle to the entrance of the Spanish army into the heart of Bohemia. Pausing on the brow of the hill, the cavaliers reined in their steeds and gazed for a moment at the gloomy fortress. It loomed dark and vast in the distance, indistinctly seen by the pale light of the moon.

"Here then, good Rudolpho, I must part from thee," said Don Roderigo, breaking the silence. Rudolpho slowly removed his casque, and turned to his companion :

"Thou knowest," he said, "that I have undertaken this task at the bidding of our prince, and that I have sworn to accomplish it, if mortal skill and daring can avail. But if I should fail, if the prophecy of the gipsy maiden should be fulfilled, and I should fall by the hand of yonder vile robber, do thou bear to my mother and sister my last remembrances. Tell them that for my country I died gladly, but that I never forgot them; and when they sit in the shade of the orange groves, I know they will sometimes think of me."

Don Roderigo made a feint of stroking his horse's mane to conceal his emotion, but his voice was a little less steady than usual, as he said : "On my honor as a Castilian, I promise to bear thy words back to thy friends, if the fortune of war spares me—but put away the thought of the gipsy's prophecy. It was an idle tale. If thou hadst crossed her other hand also with gold, she would have made thy fortune twice as black, I doubt not."

"Nay, Don Roderigo," said the other, with some hesitation, "hast thou ever heard a strange tale afloat concerning me—a tale told to my mother in my childhood by one of the Zingari? It has troubled my gentle mother much."

"Never," replied his companion.

"It was this—that on a certain day of a certain year, an evil chance should befall me, and that in twelve days thereafter a yet greater danger should menace me—but that if I thwarted the fates at these times they should afterward have no power over my destiny."

"An idle superstition, Rudolpho, trust me," said Roderigo, incredulously.

"I know not. The warning of the gipsy has recalled it to me. But, Roderigo, thou wilt bear me witness at the court of our king, that I did not shrink from my duty. And now let us arrange for our meeting. Thou wilt remain here in the shade of this wood, and to-morrow night if all goes well with me, I will rejoin thee. If not, do not wait for me longer than till sunset of the next day. If I do not return then, thou wilt ride at thy best speed to the camp and say to our captain that I fell in his service."

Don Roderigo promised compliance, and the two parted. He watched Rudolpho till his form became indistinct in the dimness, and then withdrew into the shade of the wood.

"He is a bold cavalier and a true," he muttered, as he spread his cloak upon the ground, "and if any one can find a way to enter that black den, he is the man for it, but I sorely doubt. But for thee, Roderigo, the best thing for thee to do is to sleep, for in the east yonder, the morning fires are already kindled. Thy slumber will not be long at the best." And throwing himself upon the ground, and folding his cloak about him, the tired soldier soon slept.

The castle of Schenau was yet many miles away, and Rudolpho proposed to ride but a short distance further, since in pursuance of his purpose, it would not be safe for him to approach the castle till after nightfall. So long had the lawless baron domineered over the neighboring country, that his extermination was almost a hopeless thing; but the castle stood in the direct path of the invading army—the leader of the Spanish forces had said that it must fall, and Rudolpho Echeranza, the son of a noble Spaniard, had volunteered for the perilous service upon which he had now entered—to visit the environs of the castle, examine the fortifications, and assure himself of the weakest point of attack.

Rudolpho had been trained in those chivalric times, when beneath iron armor a tender heart beat high and warm—and of all the Spanish knights, there were none braver or truer than he, yet the superstitious influences of the times had not failed to impress a mind naturally romantic, and as he rode on his solitary journey, the gipsy girl and her ominous declaration were the frequent theme of his thoughts. He rode forward until he judged the castle to be distant about three leagues, and then he withdrew into the densest part of the forest to seek concealment. Worn with the night's toils, he threw himself upon a couch of dry leaves and slept.

While the sun rose and shone bright and warm

over the broad plains, the green woods and dark mountains of Bohemia, while the wind blew soft through the forest and rustled the leaves over the head of the sleeping Rudolpho, while the birds sang and insects hummed and waters rippled, the gipsy encampment was in motion. Fires were kindled under the iron vessels which contained their unsavory broth; the men lounged about on the green sward, and the children chased each other about the wood. The gipsy queen had not come out of her tent that morning, and putting aside the ragged canvass, and making our way through the rubbish that blocks up the entrance, we shall find her sitting in one corner, her head bowed upon her hands, and her whole attitude one of dejection.

"Shame and death!" she murmured. "So fair a face, so noble a cavalier—does the crimson tide flow—do they mock him, taunt him with bitter words? See, they crowd around—they are too many for him—mother of the Zingari, he falls faint and wounded. Now a black dungeon—chains—death! St. Hilda, do I sit here? Shall I let the black fate shroud him?"

She rose and bound up the long black hair which fell over her shoulders like a veil, and then drawing a crimson shawl around, and winding a scarf of the same color and material about her head, she went out of the tent. The gipseys made way for her with a respect which showed how complete was her sway over these rude minds, and she passed on till she came to an old crone, who sat weaving together long, narrow strips of osier, and muttering to herself all the time. The queen went close to her, but the old woman took no notice of her coming.

"Mother," she said, raising her voice and shaking her slightly, "I want some of the black wine with which you can work such strange spells."

"The black wine! Ay, death is black. The sun goes out—the wood is black—you cannot see. Blackness all around—but see, Zingari, the corpse is white, snow-white!" muttered the old woman.

"No matter for that. Give me the potion."

The old woman rose with difficulty and hobbled away to a tent near by—her grizzled hair, her bronzed, wrinkled face and her stooping gait, forming a strangely unpleasant contrast to the maiden's rich beauty and free, light movements.

"Here, daughter," said the old woman, returning. And she handed her a small flask containing a quantity of black liquid. The maiden turned away and walked towards the tents, and the aged gipsy stood watching her retreating figure and shaking her trembling hands, as if it were some malediction that she was muttering.

"You need not strike the tents. We do not go hence to day," said the queen, as the troop gathered around her.

"Eh!" "How?" "What says she?" exclaimed some. Others scowled and walked away defiantly clenching their hands, but the majority acquiesced in the decision of their mistress.

"Stay here till my return," she added, "be it soon or late."

She wrapped the crimson mantle closer around her, and turning her back upon the camp, took her way across the plains. This wild band possess incredible powers of endurance, performing the longest marches with ease. The maiden had been accustomed to these toilsome journeys from childhood, and she kept on her way until sunset without slackening her pace. When the sun was throwing his last red glory over the earth, she stood upon the brow of a hill overlooking a wide extent of country. Vast fields of waving grain swept away on either side, the mountains lifted their dark, bald forms far up into the sky, patches of forest chequered the plains, and away in the distance the silver Woldaw uncoiled its wavy length. Over against the horizon, opposite the hill against which she stood, a gray castle frowned grimly upon the valleys. Standing there in the light of the setting sun, the maiden unwound the crimson scarf from about her head and let the west wind play amid her shining hair.

"At last I am near him," she murmured, as the cool air fanned her heated brow. "Why is it that of all the cavaliers I have met, this one alone seems noble and knightly to me? And I can address him in his own sweet tongue, and he was surprised to hear. Why is it that I alone of all my tribe can speak this language of marvellous sweetness? Strange—strange! Sometimes a vision haunts me of those fragrant orange groves. I seem to see a little child playing there, and a dark-eyed, beautiful woman caresses her tenderly. What is it? Is it a dream? When I told it to Zingarella, she chid me and bade me be silent. What is it—and why is Teresa the gipsy queen the saddest of all her tribe?" She sank upon the ground and wept; but she did not long indulge her grief. Wrapping herself again in her crimson garments, she ate of the black bread with which she had provided herself, and resumed her journey. The rising moon saw her close under the walls of the castle.

It was nearly dark when Rudolpho awoke, and he sprang up and quickly made preparations for departure. The sagacious Arabian which he rode uttered a low neigh of satisfaction when he found himself again under the saddle. To meas-

ure the distance which yet intervened, was but the work of a brief space, but Rudolpho departed so far from the highway, and guided his steed slowly through so many forest paths, that three or four hours sped away, before he reached the fortress. When within half a mile he dismounted, led the horse into a close thicket of underbrush, and leaving him tethered there, went forward on foot.

The lights were yet more bright in the great banquetting hall, and the noisy mirth of the baron and his wassail crew floated forth on the evening air. He was forced to lie concealed another two hours before he dared to commence his investigations. Then, when the last torch had been extinguished, and the call of the sentry pacing the walk became the only sound, Rudolpho emerged from his hiding-place and sought some point where the moat might be passable—but it was broad and deep, and the sentry's walk commanded its whole length, so that to endeavor to cross it would be worse than useless. Looking about for some other means of approach, the possibility of descending to the ravine which flanked it on the north side, and scaling the precipice, so as to reach the surface of the ground in the rear, and close upon the fortress, presented itself—almost hopelessly at first—but Rudolpho was fertile in expedients as well as brave in action, and the longer he considered, the more feasible the project appeared. On this side, the castle abutted upon a deep ravine, whose side nearest it was almost perpendicular, and trusting to its natural defences in that direction, no other precautions had been taken. It was beyond the sight of the sentries, and out of the range of the windows.

After an hour of prodigious toil, clinging to the bare rocks which lay piled in the bottom of the gulf, Rudolpho, to his great joy, at last succeeded in reaching a jutting shelf which shot out from the bank. Another spring and he stood upon the solid ground. Here was a space some ten feet in length and nearly as broad in the centre, but narrowing at each extremity as the massive wall approached the edge of the gulf, where it was no more than wide enough for a man to stand. Rudolpho went to the right, but a solid wall opposed his progress; to the left, and here he found a depression in the surface, and looking carefully in its close vicinity, he found that the foundations were porous, and that the stone might be easily displaced from its bed. He conceived the plan of reducing the castle by means of a band of bold men who should approach it by the same way in which he had come, and undermining the wall, confront the foe within



the yard, before he could suspect their proximity. Absorbed in his researches, Rudolpho incautiously placed his foot upon a loose stone, it slipped and rolled away into the ravine, clanking against the rocky sides as it went, and falling noisily on the bottom.

"Who goes there?" called the sentry, almost before the echo of the sound died away.

Rudolpho turned, and as quickly as possible retraced his steps, but he had not reached the corner around which he might be concealed from sight, when the call was repeated in louder, alarmed tones, and the sentry hastened across the bastion to a turret overlooking the whole yard. The glare of his torch fell full upon Rudolpho, who seeing his last hope of escape fail him, hastily made preparations for defence. The alarm call of the sentry, and the shrill tones of his trumpet rang out in the evening silence, and in a moment more the yard was thronged with armed men. Rudolpho posted himself at the corner of the wall thus commanding the narrow pass at the rear of the castle. In the presence of danger the courage of the bold cavalier rose to an enthusiastic daring, and shouting the war-cry of Spain and King Philip, he received the attack of his foremost foe. There was a clashing of steel, a fierce hand-to-hand conflict, and the Spaniard was victorious. The followers of the baron were forced to encounter their enemy singly, and the cavalier maintained his position at a disastrous sacrifice of life on the part of the foe. The baron raved in his impotent anger.

"A good sword to him who shall conquer the dog of a Spaniard!" he shouted madly.

An old Bohemian soldier sprang forward, a scarred veteran, the hero of a hundred battles, stimulated into a fiercer enthusiasm by the prospect of reward. Rudolpho wavered under his well-directed blows—it was all he could do to parry his skilful thrusts, and the resonant clang was incessant and loud. The Bohemian in his fury pressed forward too far; Rudolpho's sword served him in good stead; the troop of soldiers sent forth a long, piercing shriek as their bold comrade gave way—fell—and the steel armor clashed against the rocky walls of the chasm which yawned beneath.

But Rudolpho had himself received many wounds, and sick and faint from loss of blood, he staggered, lost the power to defend himself, and with a yell of cruel satisfaction, the Bohemians sprang upon their disabled prey.

"Bring the vile Spaniard to the hall," said the baron. "Let him tell what he is here for, and then he shall die the death of a felon. Bring him before me."

But Rudolpho, weak and trembling, was not yet shorn of his heroic strength of purpose, and remained doggedly silent. Menaces, promises, bribes, were too weak to wring from him any hint of his design. Pale, but resolute and brave, he confronted his merciless foe.

"I am a Castilian," was his sole, proud answer to all questions. Vain were the lures held out by the baron, vainer still his threats.

"Take him hence," he shouted at last, wild with exasperation at his defeat, "away with him to the Black Dungeon. Let us see if our will shall be thwarted by this Spanish stripling."

Rudolpho was forced away to a dark, loathsome dungeon, moist with the slime of a hundred years, and unwholesome with the accumulation of pestilential airs. Above his head a few rays of light came in through a small aperture in the massive walls, but the beams flickered faintly in, as if loth to enter so fearful a place. Overcome with fatigue and the exhaustion consequent from his wounds, Rudolpho sank upon the stone floor and slept. It may have been hours or minutes that he lay there; but when he awoke it was only the same dark solitude around. A single gleam of sunshine came in at the small window and shot across the vault, glistening upon the opposite wall. By this level ray Rudolpho guessed it was nightfall, and that the sun was just going down. O, how he longed to bathe in its blessed light once more! To feel the free winds blow about and the gentle dew of heaven fall upon his forehead! Solitude in this dreary prison-house was enough to sap his strength. It had a horror that death could not have. In the midst of the gloomy thoughts that now pressed heavily upon him, he heard a dull, hollow sound, then a metallic clink, and the iron door swung back.

Four stout men appeared at the entrance and proceeded to fasten yet more chains upon him. They were going to lead him forth to death, he thought, and his flagging spirits rose. Guarded upon all sides, he clambered painfully up the steep staircases till he reached the ground floor. But it was not to death they had led him. He was again confronted with the baron, again plied with questions, again assailed with menaces.

"I am a Castilian," he repeated, scornfully, crossing his arms proudly on his breast.

"Back with him to the dungeon," said the baron, his voice husky with passion. "When to-morrow's sun gilds the top of the Shuckenstein, let him die, base dog of a Spaniard that he is!"

Back down the stone stairs, out of the life-giving air, blowing fresh and cool from the mountains, Rudolpho went, knowing that when the

slow hours had dragged by, and the red dawn lighted the east once again, he should be free, eternally free. He shrank not now from the noisome dungeon, the darkness had no terror for him, black though it was. Again the iron door shut him in, alone with himself and his fate.

And now that his doom was certain, he experienced a singular exaltation of spirits. Already, as if he were loosed from fleshly bonds, his mind expanded and gathered new powers, the latent forces of his nature unfolded, and Rudolpho was never so fit to live as now that death waited close at hand. He could not remain inactive, and he paced the dungeon, his steps light and elastic, and the pain of his wounds forgotten. All the old memories of his childhood came thronging back. The orange groves, where a child he had played, the courts, the gardens of his father's chateau, the broad sandy beach that fronted it, the swell of the waves of the blue sea, his sweet mother's voice, and her look and caress of love, the dark, soft beauty of the cousin who had been his childish playmate, all came before him now with a vividness which almost transcended the reality. The night wore on. He could not count the hours, but he knew that they were slipping away from him with resistless certainty. Through the small crevice in the wall, a single star shone down with steady splendor. Long he watched it, and at last it paled before the advancing dawn.

And still the hours wore on. How slow was their flight! He paced the dungeon restlessly, as if he could approach his fate. He faced the small window. It was dark and ill-defined against the dun sky.

He stopped, and while he stood motionless, something rattled against the wall, and fell at his feet. Thrilled with sudden surprise, and a more strange feeling still, he stooped and felt about the damp floor. A few bits of gravel lay scattered there.

Again the rattling sound, and some tiny fragments of stone showered his head. He sprang erect, all his blood bounding within him. Where now was the repose with which he had awaited death? A wild hope of escape trembled up from those deep places in his soul, where the love of life still lay hidden. What was it? Suddenly the prophecy of the Zingari maiden flashed through his mind. Instinctively he felt for the ring she had given him. It was still upon his finger.

"Nothing but death shall separate me from thee."

The words echoed through his brain, like the utterance of some voice. He seemed to divine

her purpose. He was sure that it was she who waited to lend him aid. Could he but assure her of his presence within the walls! He looked about for some means of approach to the window. The walls were rough-hewn, and to the agile Spaniard, inspired with a new hope of life, were not inaccessible.

He climbed to the window, clinging to the jutting fragments of rock for support. He reached the aperture, it was scarcely a hand's breadth in size, but through it he placed his hand, held the ring in his fingers for one moment, and let it fall. He listened, but all was silent. The window was too far above the ground for him to hear the sound as it touched the rock. He watched to see if any more signals would be made, but no sound broke the stillness. He began to think that his unknown friend had departed, and his newly-kindled hope died out. Brighter and brighter grew the sky, and now every moment he expected to hear the clanking of the iron, and to see the soldiers enter who should bring him forth to his doom. Why did they not come? Was he not to die at sunrise?

Two hours before sunrise that morning, the attention of the sentry had been attracted by a tall, stately figure which approached the castle with a confidence that indicated the expectation of a welcome. In the dim twilight the soldier could not make out the shape.

"Who goes there?" he shouted.

A moment more and a wild song broke upon the air.

"Holy mother! it is one of the Zingari," exclaimed the soldier, crossing himself. The song ended as the gipsy approached.

"Down with the drawbridge, give me entrance!" she said, in her clear, trumpet-like tones.

The soldier hastened to obey. His orders were to admit all known friends, and this band had been of much service to the baron. Besides, no Bohemian cared to offend a gipsy. Their singularity of character and the supernatural power attributed to them, gave them an ascendancy over the minds of the common people. Carrying her stately figure as proudly as when she stood amid her tribe their queen, Teresa, the gipsy, entered the earth. She demanded to be shown to the baron.

"I bring news which it concerns him to hear," she said.

She was shown into his presence—a tall, swarthy man, with a savage expression of face, made still more hateful by the sinister smile which now crossed his features.

"Zingari, why comest thou?"

Teresa threw off her crimson shawl and unwound her turban.

"Thou'rt weary, beautiful maiden. Bring hither yon flask of wine and pour out for me and thyself," he said, his dark face glowing with admiration as she stood in her radiant beauty.

"First, my lord, let me do mine errand."

"Well, suit thyself, but for me, I speak none the worse for a good draught of Rhenish. What hast thou to say, maiden?"

"The whole Spanish army is distant but half a day's journey. They march to attack thee."

"Ha, what sayest thou?" The baron sprang to his feet.

"A portion of them march in advance. They might easily be cut off were a troop of thy brave soldiers sent to meet them."

"Thou speakest well. A Zingari for wisdom. I myself will head this band." And the baron sprang to his armor closet.

"The Spaniards approach gaily," said the gipsy, taking the flask of wine in her hand and drawing two glasses towards her. "They come with pennons streaming, and glistening in cloth of silver and of gold," she continued, filling the glasses. "Their armor gleams more brightly than thine. Thy rapier is rusty, it is a bad omen."

He stooped quickly to examine, and with marvellous quickness she drew a vial from her bosom and poured a quantity of black fluid from into one glass. She was just placing it to her lips when the baron looked.

"Now, girl, thou dost lie. The steel is as bright as thine own eyes."

"Ah, well, to some eyes blood shows like rust. A Zingari's eyes are true and cannot lie."

"Stop, cease your prating," said the baron, turning pale. "Give me the wine—stay, I'll change with thee," he added, suspiciously.

She drained her own, and watched him while he drank his off.

"In two hours the Spaniards will be at the pass yonder."

"That, then, is my time," said the baron, exultingly. "In an hour more the troop shall be on the march. But I need not rouse them yet. But yesterday they brought in rich spoil from the plains. Meantime, beautiful Teresa, thou shalt sing to me."

He threw himself upon a couch of skins, and the gipsy began to sing. As she did so, she watched him. His eyes drooped, his face relaxed.]

"Thy voice is as soft as a brooklet's murmur. It soothes one like an Eastern tale. 'Tis sweeter than the music of fountains," he said, languidly, the last words dying away into a murmur.

The subtle poison had taken quick effect. In

a few moments more the baron slept heavily, a sleep which grew deeper and sounder, till the gipsy knew that no noise would awaken him. Then she rose, passed into an oaken chamber close by, and took from an iron chest a bunch of rude keys. She came out, and passing through the baron's apartment, went out at a door and down a stone staircase, through a passage, and down another descent. Yielding to her strength, the bolts flew back, the heavy bars were withdrawn, and the door of Rudolpho's dungeon swung open.

"At last it is time," thought Rudolpho, and he stepped forward to meet the soldiers. What vision was that dimly seen in the faint light?

"Come hither, follow me!" she said, softly.

"Is't thou?" he exclaimed.

"Hush! come forth."

Rudolpho came out of that fearful tomb, and ascended the stairs. He seemed to himself like one risen from the grave as he came once more into the open air. To his astonishment she led him straight into the baron's presence.

"Fear not," she said, answering his look.

"He cannot harm you. Here," and she threw back a latticed casement. It looked down upon the ravine up whose precipitous sides he had clambered. Rudolpho looked forth. "It is a small chance for life," she said, "will you take it? With this you can lower yourself to the ground." And she gave him her long, crimson scarf.

"And you—I cannot leave you here."

"I will go out as I came in. I will meet you at the foot of the ravine. See the sun lifts himself from the shade of the mountains. Hasten!"

Rudolpho hastily made the scarf fast to the lattice, and easily swung himself to the ground.

"Now, go, fly!" said Teresa.

Rudolpho looked up at the casement. "Give me the scarf." She hesitated a moment.

"Give it me."

"Thou dost not need it now," she said, softly; but she untied it, and let it fall down.

Rudolpho caught it, folded it gently, and with it in his hand commenced the descent. Teresa watched him, trembling between fear and hope. A few moments passed, there was no alarm, and she knew he must be safe. With a murmured prayer to the saints, she went out, fastening the door behind her, and passed unmolested from the castle.

"Ho, there! Guards, enter, force the door! The accursed Zingari has betrayed me!" fiercely shouted the baron, an hour later. Just then there was a loud sound of clashing sabres, and the mad cries of war.

"The Spaniards are upon us!" rang along the corridor and echoed from tower to tower.

That night the setting sun shone upon the banner of Spain floating in its pride above the conquered castle, and Rudolpho lay wounded in the very apartment which had been the baron's chamber of state. Near him was the Zingari maiden, ministering to every want, and cheering him with her beautiful presence. Those hours in the convalescent's room—how else could they be employed, but in making love? If we had listened there a month after, we should have heard Rudolpho say:

"Thou wilt not refuse, my sweet Teresa, to go with me to Spain, and then in the presence of the lords of the court, I will make thee my wife."

"I am but a gipsy maiden," murmured the girl, sadly.

"Thou art Teresa," said Rudolpho. "Not a lady of all the court can rival thee."

And, indeed, he spoke the truth. Her wild gipsy ways seemed forgotten; her manner had a mingled grace and stateliness which would not have misbecome the proudest Castilian maiden. Rudolpho wondered at the change, and if he had loved her first for her simple charms, how much more did he love her now! When the winter winds sifted the snow over the Bohemian plains, Rudolpho stood in a stately hall in his uncle's presence. Don Fernando Echeranga was a man of imposing figure and lordly bearing, and just then a redder hue suffused his swarthy cheek than was wont to be there.

"I tell thee, Rudolpho, thou shalt marry thy cousin, Inez. Thou, the heir of the Echerangas, wed with a base-born gipsy! The accursed thieves! I hate the impious race! Listen, Rudolpho. Twenty years ago a fair child lay sleeping on yonder couch. By the river there a band of these wretches were encamped. I gave them leave. How did they reward me? One of them entered here, and bore away the child—my child—to sell her for a slave to the Mussulman. Do I not rightly hate them? Rudolpho, say."

"But, Teresa," said Rudolpho, hesitating.

"Teresa!" repeated Don Fernando, starting.

The tapestry rustled. "Thine own Teresa," cried a sweet, flute-like voice. "It is thy daughter. Look up, my father. My heart told me I was thy daughter." And Teresa bounded forward and threw herself in her father's arms.

It was even so. The gipseys had kept the stolen child, and as she grew up, she had acquired such power over them that they had made her queen. And so it was his cousin Teresa who became Rudolpho's bride.

[ORIGINAL.]

### SONG.

BY LILIAN MORSE.

I dream of thee when the morning shakes  
Her saffron plumes o'er the sky,  
And velling in gold the azure lakes,  
Where the snow-white lilies lie.  
Then, love, am I dreaming of thee—  
Dreaming, love, dreaming of thee!

I dream of thee in the noontide hour,  
When the wild birds dip in the pool,  
And golden nets light up the bower,  
And the aisles are all whispering cool.  
Then, love, am I dreaming of thee—  
Dreaming, love, dreaming of thee!

But O, most of all, in the twilight still,  
My love, am I dreaming of thee;  
When the spirits slide over the glassy rill,  
And dance by the oaken tree.  
Yes, love, then I'm dreaming of thee—  
Dreaming, love, dreaming of thee!

I dream of thee in the crimsoning eve,  
When the showers of amber fall;  
And the lonely birds o'er the waters grieve,  
Murmuring, musical.  
Then, love, am I dreaming of thee—  
Dreaming, love, dreaming of thee!

When the round moon swims in the azure dome,  
And stars set their crowns on the sea;  
And wild birds swing in their leafy home,  
O love, then I'm dreaming of thee.  
Fondly I'm dreaming of thee—  
Dreaming, love, dreaming of thee!

[ORIGINAL.]

### HEART-STRUGGLES.

BY HARRY HAREWOOD LEECH.

"PROMISE!"

"I do solemnly."

"Forever!" continued the broken, earnest voice.

"Forever!" echoed the weeping maiden by the bedside.

The wasted hands were raised over the heads of the kneeling ones, the pale lips of the dying woman parted, the tongue tried to utter a blessing, which was only ended by a painful gasp; the large, sunken eyes grew brighter, rounder, then all light, all brightness faded from them and they were closed in death.

Now the sobs from the younger girl became groans, and her grief and excitement caused her to swoon. But the arm of her companion supported her; it was her soft hands which laved her temples, her tender, low voice, which whispered consolation, and so gently soothed—yes, even while her own heart was bleeding.

Brave Constance Owen ! It was well that the dying mother trusted in thy strong love, clear judgment, ready wit, and womanly heart, to serve her child in this her hour of such bitter need. Thou who must now unite the tenderest sensibility of a woman with the prompt action and calm reason of a man. But let us explain this strange scene.

Constance Owen was early left an orphan ; at nine years of age her mother died and she was adopted by Mrs. Ormond, in whose heart she soon won a place scarcely second to that estimable lady's own daughter, the charming Edith Ormond, at that time scarcely three years of age, and day by day Constance developed such noble traits of character, open, self-reliant, self-sacrificing—that she soon won the love of all ; but as the children advanced in years, the difference in their characters, dispositions and appearance became more and more apparent. Edith was as beautiful as a poet's dream, her slight form was full of willowy grace, and was set off to advantage by her lovely face—her large, blue eyes beamed forth from a wealth of golden hair which fell in curls over cheeks and neck as pure and fair as Parian marble. Arch smiles were constantly hovering around her mouth, and seemed to play at hide and seek in the dimples in her cheeks, giving an expression so piquant and bewitching to her face, that the beholder would love the little fairy ere she spoke in her own charming, childish way, or laughed her own musical, innocent laugh.

Of course, the child-beauty grew up as fair as the most favored of earth's daughters ; she had all a woman's charms, and all a woman's weaknesses ; vain, capricious, often inconstant, save in her love for her adopted sister Constance, whom she doted upon with all the warmth of her nature, whom she leaned upon as upon a strong staff, in whose sympathy she found consolation for her fancied girlish woes, of whose advice and protection she was always sure. And it really seemed as though the doctrine, that directly opposite temperaments afford more continued congeniality, here in the deep love of these two differently organized beings found a wonderful proof, for that Constance Owen in soul and body was fashioned in a different mould from Edith none ever denied.

Though becomingly neat and tidy in her dress while a girl, Constance never delighted in the gay ribbons and fanciful aprons and bright colored gowns which used to charm Edith so much. She seemed to consider life, too, a more earnest, serious business, with graver, deeper purposes laid, than ever arrested the attention or wor-

ried the vain little head of Edith. But then Constance was—shall I have the courage to write the word which must condemn my heroine in the eyes of novel-reading, romantic misses ? Yes, she was—ugly. At least the world (who assumes itself an excellent judge) called her so ; for her eyes, though good sound optics, large and well-formed, and were capable too of expressing much emotion, were gray, and never did poets sing in rapture of those “melting orbs,” or declare in questionable doggerel verses their bewitching power, nor did any ever beautifully express that

“ Her eyes, in heaven,  
Would through the airy region stream so bright  
That birds would sing, and think it were not night.”

She had besides a fashion of binding up the masses of her rich brown hair into a simple knot behind, and but seldom was she so coquettish as to allow the curls to

“ Play on her neck, and wanton in the wind.”

But surely, if her skin was not so fair or her features as faultless as her beautiful sister's, she was more than compensated for these deficiencies by being possessed of a form which sculptors would delight to model. As a child, she was always remarkable for her matchless figure, but when that form was rounded in womanhood, it was perfection. Her attitudes were always full of unaffected grace, she was tall, yet not too tall, comely and well-developed, yet not fat ; her head resting upon her shoulders with an easy pliant firmness, her waist occupying its natural place visibly and delightfully undeformed, and when she moved the symmetrical limbs must betray their beauty by the modest grace of action. But coquetry, envy, vanity, or any childish passions, never had the power to separate the strong-feeling, reasoning Constance from the vain and giddy Edith, nor alienate one from the other ; so when Edith was seventeen and Constance twenty-three, the former looked up to the latter with all the tenderness of a sister, with all confidence in her advice, all reliance on her good sense and deep love.

It was about this time that the kind-hearted Mrs. Ormond died of that terrible disease consumption, and her last charge as we have seen at the commencement, was to the strong, faithful Constance, to protect, cherish and love the dependent Edith, and the dying woman's tones still sounded in the ears of Constance Owen, as she kissed the damp temples of Edith.

“ ‘Forever !’ Yes, ‘forever,’ dear Edith, will I be your good loving sister, forever ! for the love that dying woman—our mother, Edith—bore to the orphan—I do solemnly promise forever !”

And the darkness settled upon the earth, the house wherein reposed the dead was silent, as dark as was the night without; but deep into the watches of that night sat the two figures in the chamber of death, and the silence was broken by the sobs of the younger as her head lay upon the bosom of the elder, who twined the heavy curls of Edith around her fingers tightly, pressed the head closer to her bosom, but looking out into the blackness with her pale tearless face, could only murmur:

"Forever, yes, forever!"

Did you keep your promise, Constance Owen? We shall see.

Two years had passed since the death of Mrs. Ormond. Two years—a short cycle indeed, but with how many changes is it fraught to all? How many hopes have been consummated, how many joys have been dissipated, how many souls have been lost? How much of misery and happiness, what fears and trials and bitter sacrifices have been experienced by each mortal who reads these lines? Two years! A short space indeed, yet how much suffering or how much light out of the darkness!

Edith the beautiful, and Constance the brave (it is a fancy of mine, dear reader, to call them so), have experienced in their lives in that age—two years—many of the feelings which we have mentioned above. The small property of the deceased had been settled up by an honorable trustee, and the two sisters were living with Edith Ormond's guardian at "Bonnybrook," his country-seat, a few miles from the bustling city. The whole-souled woman Constance had as ever been the tender, constant, best of friends to the orphaned Edith, and it seemed now as though their trust and friendship were so complete and perfect, that it would be impossible to stir the calm surface of their joys and mutual respect and love. But before the two years a trial came to the one woman (the greatest of all to a woman), where at once the heart, soul, imagination, reason and all the feelings of selfishness, pride or passion are enlisted and attacked, requiring almost ultramundane assistance to resist the assault, and follow in the line of duty which reason seems to point out. Such a trial overtook Constance, and thus it was.

It is not to be wondered at that with the extreme beauty of Edith Ormond, and the knowledge of her comfortable little income, there should come many suitors to Bonnybrook. But the gay girl paid little heed to their insipid flatteries or tedious compliments; accepted their convenient attentions, and did not suffer her little heart to beat any faster at the approach of

any of them. But at last there came upon the scene one who was, by birth, intellect and riches, far the superior of all these men.

"Doctor Paulding, Miss Ormond."

The beauty of Bonnybrook, and the young, accomplished, travelled Paulding had met. But his *prestige* had preceded him, and as the introduction was witnessed by Constance from her shielding, curtained alcove, she smiled to see the roses come and go so fast in the cheeks of her pet, as the doctor's dark eyes bent upon her, and his brilliant conversation made her forget some of her envious late companions who even now would condescend to join the plain Miss Owen. O, I am out of patience with these shallow fools of society, who constantly pass I may say roughshod over the mine filled with gold and all precious gems, simply because the surface may be rugged, and no soft mosses or gayly-colored flowers strewn around the edges. Charles Paulding had a noble heart and a mind richly stored with all useful knowledge; his was a large soul, and his nature was overflowing with generosity. Already was he invested with public honors outside of his profession which would make many an older man giddy. But his mind was too lofty, too engrossed with the great and noble things of this life, to stoop to the petty passions or vanities of small-minded men. And now he would seek for a partner to travel through life with him—one who could sympathize with his lofty spirit, his philanthropic aims, kindle afresh his flagging energies, and make him forget, in the pure, satisfying joys of home, his disappointments in the beating heart of the great world.

He was fascinated by Edith's beauty, and his high poetical nature seemed to receive an added refinement as he gazed upon her fresh, lovely form, heard her merry laughter, or listened to her *naïve* conversation; and his imagination at once invested her with all those rare qualifications of mind which we but seldom find enshrined in a beautiful body. He became a constant visitor at Bonnybrook, and one evening, a few months after his introduction to Edith, the fair girl sought her dear sister and faithful friend, and in a trembling, happy voice, said:

"Dear Constance, I am so happy now."

The round fair arms of Constance were folded tenderly around the beautiful fragile girl; she did not need to ask Edith "why?" the beating little heart was folded tightly to that most faithful of bosoms, and in the trembling twilight with its soothing, sacred stillness, Edith whispered, while tears of joy were dimming the brightness of her glorious eyes:

"He loves me! O, Constance, he loves me!" And her voice was as low and sweet and full of thrilling tenderness, as the sound of trembling music comes to us mellowed over the still waters.

And thus was her confession made, of *his* confession. But for all this mutual love and happiness still must interfere the ogre change; for alas! there is no constancy in earthly things, no life scarcely without the heavy load of misfortune, no soul but must bear the burden of suffering and its allotment of pain!

"But while the glitter charms our gazing eyes,  
Its wings are folded, and the meteor dies."

Soon after the engagement of Dr. Paulding to Edith Ormond, the latter was suddenly called away to the city to visit an aged relative of her guardian, and as the old lady was quite ill she was detained for several weeks. Dr. Paulding was an almost daily visitor even then at Bonny-nook, being upon the most intimate terms with Edith's guardian, and it was at this time that an easy acquaintanceship began between himself and Constance Owen.

The doctor engrossed with his *fiancé*, had but small opportunity previously to cultivate the retiring Constance, who seemed to prefer, if I may so express it, the shady side of society, scarcely ever coming out into the strong light and glitter and vain display; and it was only during this absence of Edith, that the two had met upon a familiar, easy footing, and I will add a dangerous footing—for no woman of fine powers, capable of appreciating talent, eloquence, real goodness of heart, and the lofty spirit of a man seeking to rise far above his fellows by force of intellect and genius, can view uninterested his noble aims and the unusual indigenous goodness of his nature, any more than such a man can behold a woman possessed of large intellect, a heart susceptible to all the finer emotions, a mind full of rare poetical thoughts, rich even though undeveloped, with an earnest, clear view of life and its sacred requirements, and united with all these, a strong, brave will, which added to well balanced reasoning powers, would suffice to make her pursue and defend the right, even though it ended in her own wretchedness. No, such a man as we have described could not associate with such a woman without there arising and growing a subtle sympathy, perhaps not expressed in words, but thrilling in their souls. And Dr. Paulding was such a man, and Constance Owen was such a woman, and the man became aware of it. The woman's experience was not so ripe. God help them both.

And the strong brave woman did not ques-

tion her heart as she might have done. She experienced a strange pleasure in these visits of the doctor, a fluttering excitement which was delicious; the emotions were new to her, she never thought of the cause; she had never, strangely enough, any girlish flirtations by which she could presage the birth of love now, hers had been a secluded, quiet life; she only felt in Charles Paulding's presence a new life, higher impulses, and strange peace, and looked for his arrival each time with an increased pleasure. How happy she would be with him as Edith's husband! Did a pang smite her heart, or a shadow flit over her face when she thought that? Perhaps! Then was the time she should have shook off the pleasant dream—and commenced to undeceive herself—perhaps she was confident of her own strength. Poor mortal! she soon learned how weak she was (and indeed we all are) when love attacks.

It was a quiet evening in July, Dr. Paulding had taken tea at Bonny-nook, and Constance had strolled down the little walk with him towards the gate—he was about leaving now at sunset to drive up the country to see a patient. His horse was already biting the rough old "hitching post" in front, and throwing up the clouds of dust with his fore feet, in his impatience to be moving. But his owner did not seem to walk any faster for these restive signs, but strolled as quietly by the side of Constance as though no longing patient or restive horse awaited him. The doctor was idly plucking some heliotropes on his passage down the walk, and mingling with them some variously colored flowers, asters, box and verbenas; when he arrived at the end of the walk he took the little bouquet and placed it in her hands.

"Read the emblems," he said softly. "You who are a priestess in Flora's beautiful temple."

She quickly looked over the flowers, and when she saw amongst them "Beauty in Retirement," "Constancy" and "I am not a Summer Friend," she colored, and then laughing lightly answered:

"You flatter with your flowers, Sir Gallant."

"Indeed I do not," he replied, tenderly glancing into her great gray eyes, which certainly now were brown or black or some other color, but they were very soft.

"My best friends will tell you, doctor, that Constance Owen is ugly. You see I have the courage to confess it. Come, do not let a woman beat you in that manly trait, but pray keep all your little nothings for Edith's ear."

And there was much earnest reproof mixed with her light *badinage*.

"I say you *are* beautiful, Constance Owen, I

feel it. A soul of such purity and grace as yours, would make a hideous face handsome," he said, impetuously, and his utterance was rapid, his eyes flashed, and the rich color mounted to his forehead as he spoke what it seemed he could not repress.

But Constance—her face was a study—the color rising then receding, leaving it pale as marble, then quickly dyeing her cheeks again with a deep crimson, she, usually so strong and self-possessed, trembled, the hand which held the flowers dropped to her side, and the fingers opened slowly and each flower fluttered to the ground.

"I mean it, Constance Owen," continued Paulding, as though he would dare all now to speak. "I mean it—you are more beautiful to me than Edith—"

That name broke the spell—that one word restored Constance to her reason. Now her eyes flashed scorn as she turned upon him.

"You insult me now, Dr. Paulding." And she strode from him haughtily, leaving him trembling and pale at the gate-post. Her walk was calm and even to the house, but when she reached its grateful cover she flew to her room, and as she threw herself upon the lounge in an agony of tears, she heard the rattle of the wheels, the quick dash of the horse. He was gone.

Now for the bitter—sweet knowledge which his words conveyed—now for the awakening from the pleasant trance—now for a rapid, fearful questioning of her own heart—now for the dawning of the truth. She loved him—O, how madly, passionately, tenderly—how deeply, truly, only. As but such a woman as Constance Owen could love, prompted by her heart and guided by her reason, she loved him, and she was giving herself up to this delicious, dangerous sweetness, almost before she felt that she must crush it out. She thought of him, noble, passionate, loving, (and loving her), she thought of his late considerate tenderness that she had never properly construed before, the light of genius in his eyes, the gush of music in his voice, and how she was so sure that he could never now be happy (if he really did love her), with such negative qualities as Edith possessed. There was no vanity in this thought, only a perfect, clear realization of the new positions. And while in the midst of such thoughts which she dragged from their sanctuary in this bitter search, she all at once comprehended how hopeless was this passion on both sides. She recollected her promise to the dying woman, and should she now basely appropriate the heart which Edith believed to be all her own? No, she would die first!

And the gray eyes, though humid, were now radiant with the holiest light that shines from love and bravery; and her heart, laden with her late precious though bitter thoughts and tender sympathies, beat with resolution in every throb, to be faithful and true to that dying mother even by the sacrifice of her own happiness. Faugh! her happiness—was she not strong and brave enough to conquer this love?

She went to the window in the calm twilight, and stood almost hidden by the creeping vines which shaded the framework, looking down upon the walk where the flowers she had dropped laid, and she looked (with her dark face lighting up with her emotions) as though she belonged to some passionate poem which we remember to have read long ago. And the man who had gone had called up wild dreams to the woman which an hour ago she believed were not born. And she raised herself from lightly leaning on the window as thought chased thought, and stood erect, motionless, gazing out upon the calm landscape, while a sort of cold splendor seemed to settle over her face, and the pain which swept over her features as she could see the flowers like her hopes scattering in the wind and disappearing in the darkness was sad to behold. Her hands were clasped tightly, she would walk gently up and down the room, and then stop looking out upon the young moon which was rising, its tender, tranquil light streaming through the trees into her chamber.

She laid her face in that moonlight upon the window-sill and covered it with her hands. The soft winds rustled the trees as if they soothingly whispered to her. She heard them in her heart. Then came the passionate, profuse weeping—the spring freshet of a woman's soul. And she arose up painfully calm. The struggle was over. Duty, honor and reason had triumphed.

Who can ever know the quick, dreadful agony of that battle? Doctor Paulding came to Bonny-nook as frequently as usual, but Constance scarcely ever saw him now, for with a woman's ready tact she framed ingenious excuses for her absence, and she wrote to Edith to come home as soon as possible; each day she found that her resolutions involved many, many unpleasant duties and conflicts. It was nearly three weeks since the scene in the garden, and she felt that were she not soon relieved by the arrival of Edith, she might in very weakness disclose to Paulding how dear he was to her. But she was destined to have another worse trial before the return of Dr. Paulding's betrothed.

It was at the close of a warm day in August, and she had stolen to a charming little summer-



house amongst the trees with a book, expecting to enjoy the ushering in of evening while she read and thought; her fancies taking their soft coloring from the tranquil, soothing scene. The birds twittered merrily around, a faint breeze fanned her cheeks, and as it grew nearer dusk and the last sunset beams were gilding the shrubbery, she gave herself up entirely to the charming solitude, and sat listlessly enjoying the harmony of the beautiful hour and scene. And she really made a very pretty picture there, her delicate lawn falling back from her exquisite throat, her arms in all their roundness and whiteness disclosed, as the wide sleeves fell back from the shoulders. Her very negligence was grace as she toyed idly with the silken strings of her straw hat which lay upon her lap, and unconsciously put up her taper fingers to her shell-like ears delicate and *petite*, to push back a few stray curling rings which would escape from their bondage of straight-brushed hair.

While she sat thus in the growing darkness, she felt with instinctive knowledge (which we all at times experience), that she was not alone, that another being shared her solitude, yet so dim was this impression that she did not look around or even stir, but a soft voice spoke close to her, "Constance!"

She felt her heart flutter, and beat loudly in its prison, the blood rushed to her brain as though she would suffocate. She knew it was Paulding when he mentioned her name even before he appeared. She arose hastily, her face very pale.

"Constance!"

He had never called her so before, and the name seemed very sweet when he spoke it.

"Dr. Paulding."

"Constance, I have come to you here, that I may say what I must, for the first and last time"

"Say nothing Dr. Paulding," she interrupted, quickly, "that you will be ashamed of when you marry Edith."

And she was almost surprised at the calmness of her own voice, while her heart was so wildly beating and her temples were so painfully throbbing.

"Is it right that I should marry Edith," he replied, "when I love another woman better? When I realize that she has the capacity to minister to my soul's great wants? I was blind, Constance, I was fascinated by her beauty. But O, I never knew what it was to love, and appreciate its high refinements until I knew you—"

"Stop, Dr. Paulding, I cannot hear this."

But even as she spoke she felt how weak she was, with those eyes flashing upon her, that voice addressing her.

"No, no! you must hear me, dear Constance," and he seized her hand in his and passionately continued. "Consider what is at stake—do not discard me from any false sense of duty. It is far better that Edith should learn the truth now, than that two lives should be forever wasted. No, dearest Constance, I can read in your softening eyes some hope—"

It was the last struggle—should the brave heart be false to her honor and reason, or yield to love? She almost gasped out the words between her sobs, as she tore her hand from his grasp:

"Charles Paulding—I—do—not—love you."

And she fled from the spot to the house, leaving Paulding bewildered and miserable amongst the shadows. She had conquered her own weakness. She was stronger than the man, because selfishness was no element in her nature.

Dr. Paulding and Edith Ormond were married at Bonnybrook in the winter, and Constance Owen was her bridesmaid. Can it be imagined what she suffered? Then, notwithstanding the bride's entreaties that she should still share their home, she left the newly married pair, and made her home in a distant country with the wife of the rector of the village church, who had been one of her mother's friends.

In her new sphere, she commenced a new life, and her feelings had been so chastened by her late trials, her heart so purified by its own afflictions, that she soon learned to find comfort in "The Word of Life." The influences around her were calculated to develop all her religious feelings, her doubts were resolved, her inclinations for good much strengthened. But she could not forget even in her active charities, her untiring exertions to strengthen the weak or assist the poor, the love which was only born to die, the sweet experience turned to bitterness, before half its honey was extracted. But no more repinings, no more turning back, no more weakness.

She had not lived at the rector's over six months, when an offer of marriage was made her by a substantial farmer, a kind, good young man, who would be calculated to make any woman happy, who looked for nothing higher in a marriage than a comfortable home, who could forgive a lack of brains for a plethoric purse. But Constance Owen refused him firmly and kindly, and the poor fellow felt when he left her how superior she was to him, and wondered at his own effrontery in asking her. She told him she should never marry. And her smile was so kind and even and firm, that he knew it was no use to try and alter those words, so he consoled

himself a year afterwards by taking to his home and heart a good-natured, large-patterned young woman, whose butter was the pride of the country, and whose cheeses took "the premium."

Constance had invariably refused to go to Bonnybrook to see her sister since her marriage, feeling that she could not live the continual lie which would be embraced in being in his presence, and hearing his voice continually with outward indifference. But at last a letter reached her which conquered all her scruples. It was from Edith, who spoke of her recent illness, of a disease which had been developed, which the doctor thought might be consumption, the fatal disease of which her mother died. It beseeched her as she loved her to come to Bonnybrook; it spoke of her husband's absence on important business, and concluded by begging her to come.

In another day after that letter was received, Constance was at Bonnybrook and her beloved Edith in her arms. Dr. Paulding was absent from home, but his wife had written to him that she expected the "best nurse, her dearest sister Constance." When they were first alone there followed all those confidences which are so dear to friends, but it was not long before Constance saw that there was a want of congeniality discovered in her husband by Edith; that he was most considerate, tender and devoted, she did not deny, but still there was a method and an evident desire to do more and more, lest he was not kind and good enough. All this the wife communicated by her words, although not suspecting herself that she was betraying the secret. And Edith was evidently failing, though still surpassingly beautiful, but her face was thinner, more angular, her complexion like wax, while the two burning spots were upon her cheeks—the hectic flush which gives indication of the fatal blooming of that fell disease consumption.

In disposition she had become more petulant and complaining, and Constance could only imagine how the spirit of Paulding must chafe, after surrounding her with every care to find her still dissatisfied and more exacting, but since the advent of Constance, she had been happier and better in every way. At last Edith informed her that "the doctor" would be home on the morrow. There was no flush of expectation in her face, no beaming smile at the thought of their meeting; only Constance trembled if the wife was calm.

The morning passed without the arrival of Edith's husband, the afternoon was growing late. The wife was fretful and peevish, not for fear of any accident to her husband, but that "Charles knew it excited her so much to be disappointed."

Constance was standing in a deep bay window at the side of the house, and looking vacantly down the N—— road, she saw in the distance a horse dashing furiously towards the house; it looked like a runaway, the clouds of dust flew from the horse's heels as he plunged forward on his mad career, sometimes the thick masses almost concealing the body of the vehicle from view. It came nearer. Heavens! it was the doctor's carriage—his two-wheeled buggy, in which he always made long journeys. And now his pale face was seen leaning over the dasher, as he tried to grasp a rein which had fallen, the horse still making ahead desperately; he made a short turn for the road which led by the cottage into the stables, the shafts were run against a heavy post which stood at the end of the road, and were snapped in two, violently throwing the body of the buggy upon the horse's heels, and its inmate out violently upon the ground, upon a heap of broken glass and stones, while the furious, frightened animal was demolishing the vehicle in his mad efforts to escape from it.

But Constance Owen had witnessed the whole accident, and saw the frightful peril of Paulding; for in another instant, perhaps, the wheel would come off the buggy, and the animal would dash towards the stables, over the stunned body of his master, who lay bleeding profusely from the head, and insensible, directly in his path. She threw open the casement, and regardless of all peril flew to the doctor, raised up his body from under the very hoofs of the excited horse, and carried, rather than dragged him into the house. She never felt how much she loved him till then, when he lay there bleeding and pale in her arms, his form as heavy as if in death. She paid no attention to the fainting wife, other than to order the servants to apply water to her temples and wrists, but gave her orders quickly to the men to ride for a doctor, and bring her assistance for Paulding. And when that assistance was brought, and the doctor at last opened his eyes, they rested upon Constance, and with a feeble sigh he closed them again, but a smile lingered around his mouth, despite his pain.

The shock of that evening, Edith Paulding never recovered from, and from that hour she faded rapidly; the insidious disease made fast progress, and before her husband's wounds were quite healed, she died, with her last breath blessing her husband, almost her last words addressed to her dear nurse Constance. Was not your promise to the dead fulfilled, Constance Owen? Were not your vows and their fulfilment recorded in the angel's book? Yes, she was the friend above all others, during the life of

Edith; and when the grave closed over her remains, she quickly left the scene of so many heart-trials, and once more sought the revered solitude where she had first found spiritual comfort; and was received once more by the rector and his wife with joy, for they loved her, these good people, as if she was their own child.

She heard now once in awhile from Bonny-nook, of Dr. Paulding's grief for his wife, of his leaving for foreign parts, some said, never to return; then with a sigh which she scarcely understood herself, she would go about her regular duties more thoughtfully, more sadly.

But her face was placid and serene. She was looked upon, and talked about as an "old maid," though she was but twenty-eight. The young men about the country would take delight in talking to her, and being in her company, but they never committed the folly of making love to her; there was something very genial and kind in her bright smile, but still very, very cold. And then she was such a comfort and a friend to those who needed either; and the air of subdued happiness which was the habitual expression upon her face, was scarcely ever changed now. Reader, have you ever met with a Constance Owen? A woman whose face is not handsome, but with such a reigning expression of peace, whom you suppose is very happy, but who bewilders you sometimes in trying to read the meaning of a strange smile; whom you guess might have had some great heart-grief and struggle sometime, but of course, very long ago, but whom you feel is brave enough to conquer such a trouble! Who certainly seems very happy, yes, in her quiet way, happy; but yet, and yet—you get out of your depth now, amongst the deep waters, and will seek the shore. Yes, you have met perhaps with a Constance Owen, but you never knew the truth. She is a mystery almost to herself, for she feels so much and has lived so very long, even if she is but an "old maid" of twenty-eight. But while thus digressing, you want the sequel to this strange, but by no means unusual heart-struggle.

About two years after the death of Edith Ormond, Constance Owen received a letter addressed to her in a handwriting, with which she was not familiar, her hand shook a little too as she scanned it, and tried to guess who it was from; and although she opened all her other letters which had just arrived from the post-office before the good rector and his wife, she thought she would retire to her room before she read this one; and she left the apartment, the good old man's eyes curiously following her. She tremblingly broke the seal, and read the first letter

she had ever received from Dr. Paulding. It was a frank, outspoken letter, and repeated to her in manly terms what he had avowed to her before his marriage. That he had travelled over half the earth since he last saw her, and came back to make this avowal to her with as much truth, as much earnestness as ever; that he could not believe that she could be insensible to this devotion, and he felt that the woman who had imperilled her life to save his, could not view him as coldly as a mere friend; and that he should soon come to N——, to learn if she would repeat the same cruel words which she addressed to him at Bonny-nook; and that if she did, he should forsake the busy walks of life, that his pursuits in science, his successes in public life would no longer be dear to him, and he would try to forget the sweetest dream of his manhood. But he implored her once more to become his wife, and with her noble sympathies to keep alive all that was good in his nature.

The clouds had lifted, and in another month, Dr. Paulding led Constance Owen to the altar. And though the bride was not so young as many giddy misses, who have accomplished in their wedding their sole aim in life, she loved her husband with the enthusiasm of a girl, with a love which was strengthened by time and purified by suffering. And loudly, merrily rang the bells of the old vine-covered parsonage of N—— when they were wedded. And let our readers be certain that the marriage was happier for the woman, that she had not followed the promptings of her own selfish inclinations, against the strong voice of reason and duty, for when she took upon herself the sacred name of "wife" at last, she felt certain that the blessing of the dying mother rested upon her, for the fulfilment of her vows to her beloved child.

And not all fiction is this "fayre love storye," for at this moment the popular governor of a certain southern State points to his noble wife, and calls her tenderly "Constance."

#### TIME TO COUNT A BILLION.

This is a million times a million, which no one is able to count, however easy it may be to write it. You can count 160 or 170 a minute; let us even suppose that you go so far as 200 in a minute, then an hour will produce 12,000; a day 288,000, and a year, or 365 days (for every four years you may rest a day from counting, during leap year), 105,120,000. Supposing that Adam at the beginning of his existence had begun to count, and continued to do so, and was counting still, he would not even now, according to the usually supposed age of our globe, have counted nearly enough. For, to count a billion, he would require 9512 years, 34 days 5 hours, and 20 minutes, according to the above rule.—*Family Tutor.*

## The Florist.

From brightening fields of ether fair disclosed,  
 Oh! of the sun, refulgent Summer comes,  
 In pride of youth, and felt through Nature's depth.  
 He comes attended by the sultry hours,  
 And ever-fanning breezes, on his way;  
 While, from his ardent look, the turning Spring  
 Averts her blushing face, and earth and skies,  
 All smiling, to his hot dominion leaves.—THOMSON.

### Geraniums.

There are few plants more easily grown, or that better repay the care of the cultivator, than geraniums. All the half-shrubby kinds require a light rich soil, composed of well decayed manure, leaf-mould, sand, and a little loam, kept moderately moist. A cool greenhouse, where the sashes can be frequently thrown off, and a balcony or window, not too much exposed to the sun, are the best adapted for them; and in such situations they may be kept the whole year, only requiring, when in full flower, to be slightly shaded from the sun, to prolong the blossoming season. Immediately after the plants have done blooming, they should be cut down nearly to the soil, or they will present a blanched, unhealthy appearance, and flower with less vigor and beauty the next season. By thus cutting, abundance of fine young shoots will be produced, which should be thinned out, and those taken out used as cuttings. In this manner good bushy plants are insured.

### Best Soil for Flower-Plants.

Azaleas, epacris, heaths, correas, eutaxias, diosmas, chorismas, and all other plants of similar character, with very fine ligneous roots, and hard, firm, but slight stems, require a soil of peat altogether while small, but with an addition of a fifth or sixth part of loam and a little sand when they get to be good-sized plants, and a very good drainage at the bottom of the pots, of broken potsherds, from one to two inches in depth, according to the size of the pot. It is seldom judicious to break the old ball of roots, if they are healthy, but just rub off the top edge of the ball, so that it may unite readily with the new compost. Leaf-mould and perfectly decayed rotten wood are the best substitutes for peat.

### Wire Frames.

Wire frames for training plants upon are very desirable, being less cumbersome and more durable than wooden ones. These most people paint green, as the color most resembling nature; others again paint them white. To both of these colors we object—to green, because it never is of precisely the same shade as the leaves of the plant trained; and to white, because it is glaring. The most artificial color or colors is stone or wood.

### Satyrium.

Terrestrial, orchidaceous plants from the Cape of Good Hope. The leaves are very curious from the flat manner in which they spread themselves on the surface of the pot; and the flowers, which are generally yellow, are very handsome. They should be grown in very sandy loam or peat, and they are generally kept in a greenhouse. They are very apt to damp off if over-watered.

### Schisandra.

A climbing or trailing half-hardy shrub, with scarlet flowers, very pretty and showy when in full bloom; they require rich light soil.

### Rose-Cuttings for Propagation.

The proper time to take rose-cuttings from the mother plant is when the sap is in full motion, in order that, in returning by the bark, it may form a callus, from whence the roots proceed. As this callus, or ring of spongy matter, is generally best formed in ripened wood, the cutting should be selected from such wood only as has ripened, and which always has the greatest tendency to make roots. This is the true principle for the choice of cuttings. They should be from two to four inches in length, having at least three eyes at the lower end, which should be cut smooth at the bottom, directly under an eye. Insert the cutting in a good bank sand or loam, finely sifted, from one to two inches deep, pressing the sand or loam gently around the same with the hand. Place in a shady situation, and give gentle sprinklings of water, protecting them from heavy winds. In three or four weeks they will have rooted, when they may be removed to pots, again shaded and watered gently till they have taken fresh root, when they may be re-potted or planted out.

### Adaptation of Soil to Flowers and Trees.

The best indication by which to judge of the kind of soil or compost suitable for any particular tree or plant, in the absence of all knowledge of that in which it is found to grow in its original location, is that afforded by an inspection of the root of the plant, and the nature of its stem and leaves. And even when the soil of its native habitat is known, these afford valuable data by which to assist the judgment; for it does not always follow that the various kinds of plants flourish best in the soil in which they are originally found. Evergreen plants, with very fine hairlike roots of a hard, close texture, and which have very thin bark or external coat (such, for instance, as heaths), are the species which do best in decayed vegetable matter. Evergreens that have fleshy leaves, and whose roots are moderately thick and comparatively soft in texture, flourish in a rich sandy loam, with but little manure of a stimulating nature. Of this class are camelias, laurastimus and most broad-leaved evergreens.

### Ornamental Shrubs.

Shrubs, deciduous and evergreen, are perhaps the most useful and attractive objects that can be employed to add to the beauty of the garden. Such is the variety also now to be had, that by a judicious selection a succession of choice flowering shrubs may be secured at a very trifling expense; and when these yield to the inclemency of the season, many graceful and attractive evergreens may compensate for their temporary decline. What is there, for instance, richer or more refreshing than the lilac, syringa or hawthorn? A new claimant for attention has made its appearance within the last few years. It is generally known as the golden-bell. It forms a very attractive and showy object, its strong shoots being clothed with its golden yellow flowers before the foliage begins to expand fully; it will doubtless become in time as common as the lilac. The spina prunifolia, or double plum leaved spirea, is very beautiful, and desirable for its profusion of brilliant white blossoms.

### Topiary.

The art of cutting yews and other trees into curious shapes, by putting wire frame-works over them, and then clipping the trees in the desired form. This art was practiced to such an extent in ancient Rome, that the word topiariet was used as synonymous with that for gardener.

## Curious Matters.

### A Locomotive Freak.

A locomotive recently ran away on the West Cornwall line, in England. The throttle-valve having been inadvertently left open, and a fire kindled in the furnace, the attendant went away for a few moments; on his return it had left town, and only ran out of breath at a station some sixteen miles distant, having rushed down some steep inclines, and over sharp curves, at the rate of sixty miles an hour. It tore up and smashed through a large number of gates, but with this exception did no damage whatever, and was quietly led back to its stall, without having been made permanently vicious by its tricks, in which particular it manifested another decided improvement of steam over horse.

### "There were Giants in those Days."

The theory that humanity of the antediluvian period existed in forms which would now be considered colossal, has found many adherents among scientific men. A fossil skeleton of enormous size, recently discovered near Abbeville, France, was regarded as a proof of this theory. A Dr. Fullrat, of Berlin, has more recently found other remains of some antediluvian giant in the village of Guilen, near the junction of the Rhine and Duissel. The discovery has created quite a flutter among the wise men of Germany, and a commission has been formed for digging in divers places of the same geological formation as that wherein the giant skeleton was found.

### A "Higley Copper."

One of the "Higley coppers" of 1787, struck by Higley, of Granby (a blacksmith), out of copper from the old Simsby mine (Newgate prison), one hundred and twenty-three years ago, has been sold in Hartford for \$50. These coppers were the first coins ever struck in North America, and are now rare—only three of them, it is said, being in existence. The coin is of pure copper, and the die is very good and clear. On the obverse face appears the inscription, "Connecticut, 1787," in a circle around the representation of three blacksmith's hammers, or sledge-hammers; the reverse bears the words, "The value of three pence."

### Ancient Epitaph.

'Upon a tombstone in Cranston, Rhode Island, is the following epitaph:

"Here lies the body of Joseph Williams, son of Roger Williams (who was the first white man that came to Providence). Aet. 81.

"In King Philip's war he courageously went through, And the native Indians he bravely did subdue; And now he's gone down into the grave, and he will be no more,  
Until it please Almighty God his body to restore Into some proper shape, as he thinks fit, to be Perhaps like a grain of wheat, as Paul set forth, you see."

### Utilising Sawdust.

The ingenuity of Parisian cabinet-makers has found a use for common sawdust, which raises the value of that commodity far above the worth of solid timber. By a new process, combining the hydraulic press with intense heat, the wooden particles are made to form themselves into a solid mass, capable of being moulded into any shape, and presenting a brilliant surface, with a durability and beauty of appearance not to be found in ebony, rose-wood or mahogany.

### A curious Fish.

The Utica (N. Y.) Herald has been shown a most curious specimen of the finny tribe, caught in the Mohawk River, recently, by some boys who were fishing with "hook and line." Its tail resembles that of an eel, its head that of the bull-head, while on the under side it bears a similarity to the lizard. It is furnished with four legs, upon which it walks about like a young crocodile. Around its neck is a kind of purple fringe, through which it apparently breathes.

### Singular Premonition.

Mrs. Fenwick and four children left Melbourne for England in the Royal Charter, and all were lost. Mr. Fenwick, the husband and father, remained in Melbourne, and about five days before the wreck wrote to a friend in Hobart Town, saying he had seen his wife and children, in a dream, battling with the waves and calling to him for help. The dream so preyed on his mind, that he committed suicide by cutting his throat, and that on the very night of the wreck.

### Singular Case.

A person in Halifax, N. S., was so cautious about fire in his workshop, that he went over his premises the other night, according to his usual custom, for the purpose of inspecting and seeing that all was safe, when he stumbled over a wheelbarrow, and the fluid lamp which he held in his hand was broken, and the fluid spilled over some shavings, which speedily ignited from coming in contact with the blaze. In a few minutes more the whole building was in flames, and rapidly destroyed.

### An Arithmetical Puzzle.

How are the numbers forty-five to be divided into four such parts, that if, to the first part you add two, from the second part you subtract two, the third part you multiply by two, and the fourth part you divide by two, so that the sum of the addition, the remainder of the subtraction, the product of the multiplication, and the quotient of the division, shall be equal?

### The Word Book.

Long, long before these wondrous days of ours, when a bundle of rags, introduced at one end of a machine, issues from the other in the shape of snow-white paper, our Teutonic fathers were content to write their letters, calendars and accounts upon wood. Being close-grained, and besides plentiful in the north, the birch, or beech, was the tree generally employed for this purpose, and hence came our word book.

### A precious Relic.

At an auction in Lyons, a book-collector lately bought a prayer-book containing a letter written by Queen Marie Antoinette at the time of her imprisonment in the Temple. In it she begs the Convention, for the second time, to let her have a mattress for the bedstead she slept on. How forcibly this enables us to realise her fall from luxury and splendor!

### A convenient Steamboat.

We see it stated that some of the propellers used in carrying coal to London are so built that the stern part (with boilers, engines and propeller,) disconnects and flies to another vessel; so that they arrive with a full cargo, change to an empty hull, and leave port again in an hour.

## The Housewife.

### To wash Lace or Blonde.

Valuable lace, or French blonde, may be washed with care, to look as well as new. Thread lace should be carefully taken off from any article to which it has been sewed; but blonde may be left attached to the quilting net. The lace must be wound round a smooth roller, or a common wine-bottle filled with water, and covered with clean linen. This bottle should be placed upright, in a strong, cold lather of white soap and water, where it must remain on a warm hearth for a day or two, till all the dirt is drawn out of the lace, renewing the lather every day. When quite clean, it must be partly dried in the sun upon the bottle, then taken off, and planed out carefully upon a pillow, using a separate pin for every point or scallop. Let it remain till perfectly dry, when it may be unplanned and put away. It must not be starched or ironed.

### To stew a Knuckle of Veal.

Break the bone in two or three places; put to it five pints of water, eight shalots, a bunch of sweet herbs, some whole black pepper, a little salt and mace; boil it together till half the water is consumed, then take out the meat, herbs and spice, thicken with two spoonfuls of flour, and boil it till the flour is sufficiently done; then put back the best of the meat, add two glasses of Madeira wine, lemon-juice and Cayenne. Two calf's feet improve it much. It should be stewed over a slow fire.

### A Fricandeau of Beef.

Take a nice piece of lean beef; lard it with bacon seasoned with pepper, salt, cloves, mace and allspice; put it into a stewpan with a pint of broth, a glass of white wine, a bundle of parsley, all sorts of sweet herbs, a clove of garlic, a shalot or two, four cloves, pepper and salt; when the meat has become tender, cover it close; skim the sauce well, and strain it; set it on the fire, and let it boil till it is reduced to a glaze; glaze the larded side with this, and serve the meat on sorrel sauce.

### To stew an Ox-Tongue.

Salt a tongue with saltpetre and common salt for a week, turning it every day; boil it tender enough to peel; when done, stew it in a moderately strong gravy; season with soy, mushroom catsup, Cayenne, pounded cloves, and salt, if necessary. Serve with truffles, morels, or mushrooms. In this receipt, the roots must be taken off the tongues before salting, but some fat left.

### For chapped Hands and Face.

Put three to six drops of glycerine into the water before washing the hands and face; or if only washing the hands, drop one drop into the palm of the hand after washing off the soap and dirt, rub all over the hands and wrists, and then dry thoroughly. It protects the skin from the strongest frost.

### Scotch Colllops (Brown.)

Take a leg of veal, and cut some thin colllops; fry them, and season with salt and nutmeg; boil some gravy, and when they are done pour it into the pan, with catsup, walnut-pickle and port wine, to the taste.

### A good Paste for Tarts.

One pound and a half of flour, half a pound of butter, half a pound of lard, one teaspoonful of soda, and sufficient water to form a stiff dough.

### Hair Wash.

Take a small quantity of rosemary, strip the leaves from the stalks, and put them into a jar, with nearly half a pint of cold water. Place the jar near the fire, and let the contents simmer gently for an hour or two, without setting or burning. When the water is somewhat reduced, the infusion will be sufficiently strong. Then add half a pint of rum, and simmer the whole for a while longer. When cold, strain the liquid from the leaves, and keep it in a bottle to be ready for use. Apply it to the roots of the hair with a small sponge or piece of flannel.

### To clean Carpets.

Take them up, and let them be well beaten with long, smooth sticks; then lay them down, and brush on both sides with a hand-brush; turn the right side upwards, and scour with ox-gall and soap and water, rub with linen cloths to soak up as much of the wet as possible; then lay them on the grass, or hang them across a line, till thoroughly dry. Lay them down in their proper place, and brush the way of the nap, or pile, if there be any, with a stiff hair brush.

### Ginger Sponge-Cake.

One cup of molasses, one cup of butter, two cups of sugar, four eggs, three cups of flour, one cup of milk, soda and ginger.

*Another, and very nice.*—Two coffee-cups of molasses, one cup of butter, half a cup of milk, four cups of flour, four eggs, soda and ginger.

### Texas Jumbles.

One pound and a half of flour, one pound of sugar, three-quarters of a pound of butter, three eggs; dissolve one teaspoonful of soda in one-half cup of milk; add this, also one nutmeg, and roll out the dough, and cut into small cakes of any shape, and bake them in a quick oven.

### Molasses Pie.

Four eggs—beat the whites separate—one teaspoonful of brown sugar, half a nutmeg, two tablespoonsful of butter; beat them well together; stir in one teaspoonful and a half of molasses, and then add the white of eggs. Bake on pastry.

### Crab Soup.

Fry three onions brown in butter, slice a dozen large tomatoes, and cook together; season with red pepper, salt and nutmeg to your taste; pick out a dozen crabs, add two quarts of water and simmer until thick.

### Corn Bread.

Six large spoonfuls of corn flour, three spoonfuls of wheat flour (the flour to be wet several hours before using with milk), two spoonfuls of molasses; add, when ready to bake, one egg, salt and a teaspoonful of soda.

### Clove Cake.

One pound of sugar, one pound of flour, half a pound of butter, four eggs, a teaspoonful of saleratus, a cup of milk, a teaspoonful of powdered mace, same of cinnamon, same of cloves; fruit, if you choose.

### Portugal Cake.

One pound of flour, half a pound of butter, eight eggs, two spoonfuls of lemon-juice, one pound of stoned raisins, citron or almonds, as you choose, one nutmeg. It is good plain.

### Corn Muffins.

One gill of milk, half a pint of soft boiled hominy or mush, a spoonful of butter, two eggs, three large spoonfuls of corn flour, and salt. Bake in rings.

# Editor's Table.

MATURIN M. BALLOU, EDITOR AND PROPRIETOR.

## THE GROWTH OF LONDON.

We are apt to imagine here in the United States that the growth of our towns and cities greatly surpasses in rapidity and extent those of any part of the Old World. Some facts about London seem to contradict this notion. It is stated, for instance, in a recent report to the government, that "in little more than 12 years, 1200 new streets have been added to London, which is at the rate of 100 streets a year." These 1200 new streets "contain 48,000 houses, most of them built on a large and commodious scale, and in a style of superior comfort." With all this wonderful increase, it is said "that the demand for houses, instead of diminishing, continues to increase, the number of occupied houses is augmenting; scarcely is a new street in London finished, before almost every house in it is occupied." One great reason assigned for the rapid growth of London, is the extraordinary facility, economy and despatch with which people are now transported over railroads terminating there. Owing to this cause it is estimated that the daily influx of individuals is five times greater than it was fifteen years ago. London is now about forty miles in circumference, and numbers more than two millions and a half of inhabitants!

**SOUND DECISION.**—The Supreme Court of Pennsylvania has decided that a telegraph company must send the message given to them, and allow no conjectural amendments on the part of any of their officers. In the language of Judge Woodward, they must obey the printer's golden rule, and "follow copy."

**ADULTERATING LIQUOR.**—The Legislature of Tennessee has passed a very stringent law against the adulteration of liquors. Using poisonous ingredients is declared a felony.

**NEW ENTERPRISE.**—The first number of a weekly English paper, the first ever published in Havana, made its appearance on the 10th ult.

**A TRAVELLING PRINCE.**—Prince Napoleon, at the last accounts, was taking a tour through Italy, accompanied by Emile Girardin.

## CRINOLINE.

The farthingale of the time of Elizabeth answers to the hooped petticoat of the days of Queen Anne and the crinoline of Queen Victoria. Against the farthingales the great master, Philip Stubbes, inveighed with thundering eloquence. "When they have all their goodly robes upon them," says he, "women seem to be the smallest part of themselves, not natural women, but artificial women; not women of flesh and blood, but rather puppets, mawmets, consisting of rags and clouts compact together!" The queen herself condemned the fashion, and passed laws to put down such extravagance. The wits assailed it—and what was the result? The farthingale expanded, and under James I. became as remarkable for ugliness as for discomfort. Hooped petticoats came into fashion again in the time of Queen Anne; and Addison's keen satire was directed against them. In the *Spectator*, No. 272, appears an advertisement, dated from the parish vestry, Jan. 9th, 1711-'12: "All ladies who come to church in the new-fashioned hoops are desired to be there before divine service begins, lest they divert the attention of the congregation." Gay took up the subject, and handled it very roughly. More polite wits averred that these women only kept the men at a proper distance; the caricaturists represented a fashionably-attired lady as a donkey carrying two panniers; and Hogarth pictured the inconvenience of a full-dressed belle entering a sedan chair.

**RATHER ODD.**—A newspaper published at New Rochelle, Westchester county, N. Y., contains the advertisement of "Reverend John Taylor," who solicits "white-washing and wall-coloring jobs." Mr. Taylor is a man of color; hence his readiness to apply color.

**HUMBUC.**—A correspondent of the *Ohio Cultivator* asserts that the only way to make sure of a crop of peaches, every year, is by grafting upon the wild plum stock.

**WANTED—A WIFE.**—The editor of the *Nantucket Inquirer* wants a wife; but whether for himself or somebody else he does not state.

## COLLECTING DEBTS.

The Wisconsin Legislature have formally considered a proposition to abolish all laws for the collection of debts. The mover of the bill, Mr. Elmore, is a great wag, as is evidenced by the following extract from his speech upon that subject:

The speaker proceeded to review the present system of collecting debts. It was all a humbug and a cheat, a matter of technicalities and legal shuffling. Lawyers gave advice in order to obtain a fee and encourage litigation. Judges make blunders and mistakes. He had had little experience in the law, and that was rich. (Laughter.) He would give a history of it. The speaker then related how he had purchased a yoke of oxen about fifteen years ago—paid fifty dollars for them—a few days after, the son of the man of whom he bought the oxen came to him and said the oxen were his. He insisted on having pay over again, and commenced a suit before a justice. The jury didn't agree. Finally, through the blunders of the Bushwood justice of the peace, the case went against him. He appealed it to the Circuit Court in Milwaukee. There he lost again, and he said to his lawyer: "I will give you ten dollars to quote Pennsylvania law to Judge Miller and have a new trial ordered." (Great laughter.) He took the ten dollars and performed the duty. A new trial was then granted, and venue changed to Walworth county. Judge Irwin was then the judge. Any man who wanted to gain a cause in his court had either to go hunting with him and let the judge claim all the game that was shot, or else pat his dog. Well, said the speaker, I patted the dog. (Laughter.) I fed that dog with crackers. (Renewed laughter.) The case was decided in my favor. When I heard the decision, I thought to myself the dog had followed me about long enough; I turned round and gave him a kick. (Laughter.) The yelp of the dog had hardly subsided ere I heard the judge say, "Mr. Clerk, this judgment is set aside, and a new trial granted." (Great laughter.) Mr. Speaker, that kick cost me two hundred dollars! (Convulsive laughter.) You have no doubt seen a suit in a justice's court in the country. There is time spent by jurors and hangers-on, besides other costs, at least fifty dollars, besides the ill feelings and dissensions caused by it. It is all a cheat. The litigants had better set down and play a game of old sledge to decide the case.

**MECHANICAL POWER.**—Two men, working a windlass at right angles to each other, can raise 70 pounds easier than one man can 30 pounds.

## DETERMINED REVENGE.

An eccentric old gentleman, a millionaire, recently deceased, in Paris, has left a last evidence of oddity in his will. Five or six years ago, the old man had occasion to visit a country town, built upon the banks of the Saone. Early one morning he sallied forth from the inn at which he had taken lodgings, for a walk. He attempted to cross a bridge, separating the two quarters of the town, but was stopped, midway, by a tollkeeper, who demanded one sou, for the privilege of crossing. The millionaire searched his pockets, but having inadvertently left his purse in his room, found himself literally without a sou. He explained to the tollman, who chanced to be a stubborn, intractable fellow, and would take no excuse. The rich man barely escaped arrest for an attempt to defraud the proprietor of the bridge, and would probably have been subjected to some annoyance, had not a passer-by lent him the necessary sum. He went away, vowing that the tollkeeper should lose his place. Unable to accomplish his purpose in any other manner, the vindictive old fellow orders, in his will, that the bridge shall be bought and thrown open to the public, free of charge. By this means the obnoxious functionary loses his office; but as he was, after all, only performing his duty, he will not find it difficult to obtain other employment.

**COOL, RATHER.**—A gentleman in Cincinnati, a day or two since, was sitting in a barber's shop, undergoing some tonsorial operation, when his partner in business stepped in and quietly remarked, "Brown, our place is on fire." "Well, let it burn, it's insured." "Yes, I know, but it will make a pretty warm fire, and I thought I'd just drop in and tell you about it; I didn't know but you'd want to see the old place burn." "Well, wait a minute or two, till my other whisker's trimmed, and I'll go with you."

**CHOICE OF WIVES.**—The man of mediocre education and position is, generally, the most particular about the education and accomplishments of his wife. A man of literary habits often seeks little more than sense and affection.

**A GOOD REASON.**—A telegraphic despatch was received in Lynn, recently, but was refused by the person to whom it was sent, on the ground that *he didn't recognize the handwriting* as belonging to the one who was said to have sent it.

**PRICES OF PICTURES.**—At a recent sale of pictures abroad, a work of Faed's brought \$6500; one by MacIise was sold for \$4500, and one of Edwin Landseer's for \$4000.



## A WORD ABOUT PROVERBS.

Every language has its proverbs, grave or gay, broad or refined, according to the characteristics of the people; even dialects that have never been hammered out into dictionaries or pruned into grammars preserve in set phrases the results of reflection and experience, and condense their observations into proverbs. The first book that was ever written, as far as we know, contain examples of them, and the last novel lying uncared on our library tables is almost sure to be garnished with them. A portion of Scripture lore is devoted to them altogether. And they have, on the other hand, been instruments of evil, presenting, in a specious and convincing form, arguments most opposed to truth and morality. Still, to give them their due, we believe that by far the larger portion of them contain lessons of wisdom and good sense, and that the few which have been coined in the cause of folly and falsehood are decidedly exceptional. It is curious to observe how greatly the proverbs of a nation are modified and toned by its prevailing characteristics. Thus, great numbers of the Spanish proverbs breathe a kind of luxurious laziness—such, for instance, as "*Después de comer ni un sobrescrito leer*" (After eating, don't read even a superscription), a saying which seeks to dissuade our curiosity from roading even the address of a letter, should it be presented after dinner; and there are more Spanish saws on this one subject than on any other; carefully guarding the rights and privileges of indolence, they fence in the sacredness of the *siesta* with an array of time-honored phrases. A recent writer on Spain and its inhabitants calculates that for one of these familiar sayings which urges to exertion and activity, twenty-two may be found pleading the cause of laziness and rest. To us the proverbs of France are much more familiar, and surely from these alone a good idea of the language and its speakers might be gleaned; flashes of wit, gleams of humor and gaiety, easiness of principle and readiness of speech, characterise a large proportion of these. Even in the divisions of Great Britain it is not difficult to trace a connection between the familiar sayings of the people and their ordinary standard of morality and prevailing tone of thought; a certain hard, shrewd worldliness marks Yorkshire and north country sayings, and the more objectionable and unprincipled proverbs are most in vogue in great towns and cities.

TRUE.—The grace which makes every other grace amiable, is humility, with which true bravery is ever coupled.

## VERY TRUE.

A French writer says: "In a woman's life, everything leads to a new dress; everything ends with a new dress; every circumstance is marked by a new dress; and the dress is always the most important point. A girl is going to be married—a dress. For a moment her heart is filled with love, thoughts of an entirely new existence, and of a long separation from her parents. Everything disappears before the all-absorbing question of the wedding dress. A relation dies. The grief of the ladies is violent; but it is soon checked, for the mourning has to be thought of. What are people wearing? What is the most fashionable mode of testifying one's sorrow? It is necessary to go to the linen-draper's, to the dress-maker's, to the milliner's, and in a little while they are so thoroughly occupied, that there is quite an end to lamentation, unless, however, the dress do not happen to fit, or the bonnet be too much or too little off the head. But if the dress is made of some new material, if the bonnet is becoming, then they experience an involuntary glow; they are triumphant, they are very happy."

A FAMILY RESTORATIVE.—Wistar's Balsam of Wild Cherry is the most thoroughly tested, and long tried domestic remedy for coughs, colds, bronchitis, asthma, and all lung complaints, that is known to the American public. Originated by a celebrated physician in regular standing, and after years of large experience, it is all that is claimed for it. The house of Seth W. Fowle & Co., of this city, by whom the Balsam is manufactured, is too well known in this community to require endorsement, but suffice it to say that every bottle of the preparation is put up under the immediate supervision of the firm itself. An immense array of certificates from our best citizens has been accumulated by the proprietors, particularizing its wonderful cures, and it is indeed a "household word" throughout the country.

A HINT.—If you have anything to give your minister, give it to him in money, and it will be worth to him at least double its value in anything else, in three cases out of four.

SAN FRANCISCO.—A directory canvass of the inhabitants of San Francisco, now nearly finished, indicates that the population of the city is fully 100,000.

SYMPATHY WITH ITALY.—Lady Byron sent \$200 to the Sicilian committee, a few days before her death, as her donation to the Garibaldi fund.

### MINIATURE MACHINERY.

Much skill and perseverance have been displayed by the ingenious in all ages in the construction of miniature objects—the purposes to be gained being minuteness of proportion with delicacy of finish. Veritable watches have been set in finger-rings; a dinner-set, with all its appurtenances, placed in a hazel-nut; and a coach and four enclosed in a cherry-stone. Beyond the mere training of the hand and eye to the accomplishment of delicate work, there can be nothing gained by such exhibitions of ingenuity; and were it not for this acquirement, we might safely pronounce all these tiny inventions as the offspring of ingenious trifling.

Cicero, according to Pliny's report, saw the whole *Iliad* of Homer written in, so fine a character that it could be contained in a nut-shell; and *Ælian* speaks of one *Myrmecides*, a Milesian, and of *Callicrates*, a Lacedæmonian, the first of whom made an ivory chariot, so small and so delicately framed that a fly with its wing could at the same time cover it and a little ivory ship of the same dimensions; the second formed ants and other little animals out of ivory, which were so extremely small that their component parts were scarcely to be distinguished with the naked eye. He states also, in the same place, that one of those artists wrote a distich, in golden letters, which he enclosed in the rind of a grain of corn.

Arnold, the London watchmaker, constructed a watch for George III., which was set in a finger-ring; but this was nothing uncommon, for the Emperor Charles V. as well as James I. of England, had similar ornaments in the jewels of their rings; and this species of mechanism is sometimes witnessed, on a larger scale, in the bracelets of ladies. In Kirby's Museum, notice is taken of an exhibition at the house of one Boverick, a watchmaker in the Strand, (1745,) at which were shown, among other things, the following curiosities: 1st, The furniture of a dining-room, with two persons seated at dinner, and a footman in waiting—the whole, capable of being enclosed in a cherry-stone; 2d, a landau in ivory, with four persons inside, two postillions, a driver, and six horses—the whole fully mounted and drawn by a flea; 3d, a four-wheel open chaise, equally perfect, and weighing only one grain. Another London exhibitor, about the same time, constructed of ivory a tea-table, fully equipped, with urn, tea-pot, cups, saucers, etc.—the whole being contained in a Barcelona filbert shell.

In 1828, a mechanic of Plymouth completed a miniature cannon and carriage, the whole of which only weighed the twenty-ninth part of a

grain. The cannon had bore and touch-hole complete; the gun was of steel, the carriage of gold, and the wheels of silver. The workmanship was said to be beautiful, but could only be seen to advantage through a powerful magnifying-glass.

### CHINESE WOOD-ENGRAVING.

Wood-engraving is said to have had its origin in China, the birthplace of many other valuable inventions, and to have been due to the peculiar structure of the Chinese language, in the writing of which a separate symbol is used for each idea, and words are not made up, as with us, by a combination of letters. The number of these symbols or characters is therefore so vast, that it would be almost impossible to print their books with movable types. Their method of printing is therefore as follows: The work to be printed is carefully transcribed upon transparent paper, only one side of which is written on. The sheets are then glued down upon wooden tablets, and all the wood is cut away except that covered by the lines of the writing. From these raised wooden lines impressions are taken. This practice is of ancient date in China, and some of those who have bestowed research on the matter are inclined to fix it about A. D. 930.

REASONABLE.—A gentleman not overburdened with scientific knowledge conducted two ladies to the Cambridge Observatory to see an eclipse of the moon. They were too late; the eclipse was over, and the ladies were disappointed. "O," exclaimed our hero, "don't fret! I know the astronomer very well; he is a very polite man, and I am sure will begin again."

SAVE YOUR NUMBERS FOR BINDING.—We charge but *thirty-eight cents* a volume for binding *Balloe's Dollar Monthly*, in strong and durable style. It makes two handsome and valuable volumes each year, of twelve hundred pages. All other magazines are bound at this office.

EXAMINE IT.—We are now publishing in *The Welcome Guest* the best series of original stories ever issued in a weekly journal. Each number is complete in itself. *Four Cents* per copy, everywhere.

INGRATITUDE.—The worst form of ingratitude is, to refuse to accept a favor from the hands of a person to whom you have had the pleasure of rendering one.

RAPID GROWTH.—It is claimed that Chicago has nearly 150,000 inhabitants.

## THE BATTLE-FIELD.

In one of the great battles on the continent during the Napoleonic era, a young ensign paused to contemplate the body of a drummer who had just been killed by a cannon-ball which smashed his skull and scattered his brains. The colonel of the regiment accosted him sternly, and said, "I hope you are not afraid, sir?" "Afraid!" replied the ensign, coolly, "O, no, colonel; but I was thinking what a wonder it was that any man with brains like this poor fellow, could be found here." The reply was a bitter satire on the folly of war. But we lose sight of the absurdity of fighting in its horrors. Even Napoleon could not ride over a field of battle, after the excitement had passed away, without shedding tears of distress. What a picture was that given by the London Morning Herald of the field of Inkerman immediately after the combat! "Many faces still seemed to smile; others had a threatening look; some bodies had a funeral pose, as though laid out by friendly hands; others still knelt upon the ground, convulsively grasping their weapon, and biting their cartridges. Many had their arms raised as if endeavoring to ward off a blow, or as if desiring to offer a last prayer. All their faces were pale, and the fierce blowing wind seemed to animate their dead bodies; one would have said that these long lines of the dead were about to rise to recommence the struggle." M. Boudin writes the same thing of the appearance of many of the Russians after the battle of the Alma: "Some seemed still writhing in the agonies of despair and death, but the most wore a look of calm and pious resignation. Some appeared to have words floating on their lips, and a smile as in a sort of high beatitude. One was particularly observed, his knees bent, his hands raised and joined, his head thrown back, murmuring his supreme prayer." At Magenta, again, many dead bodies, as we are informed by surgeon Major Armand, of the army of Italy, maintained the attitude they had when struck, passing instantaneously from life to death, without agony or convulsion. A Zouave, struck point blank in the chest, still held his bayonet in the position of the charge, with the menacing aspect of a dead lion. His majesty the emperor is said to have remarked a similar case at Palestro. Near to the Zouave was an Austrian, dead from hemorrhage. His face and eyes were turned to heaven, his hands joined, and fingers interlaced, evidently in the attitude of prayer.

**POISON.**—Cases of murder by poisoning are becoming fearfully numerous all about us.

## HEIGHT AND WEIGHT OF MAN.

The average height of Europeans at birth is nineteen inches, female children being of less size in the proportion of 480 to 460. In each of the twelve years after birth, one twelfth is added to the stature each year. Between the ages of twelve and twenty, the growth of the body proceeds much more slowly—and between the ages of twenty and twenty-five, when the height of the body usually attains its maximum, it is still further diminished. This point being reached, it is found that the increase is about three and one-quarter times greater than at the period of birth. In old age, the height of the body decreases on the average about three inches. In general, the height varies less in women of different countries than men. There is a difference in the weight of the sexes, both at birth and infancy. The average weight of a male child is about seven pounds, and of a female child only about six and a half pounds. The weight of a new-born infant decreases for the first three or four days after birth, and it does not sensibly commence to gain weight until it is a week old. At the end of the first year the child is nearly three times as heavy as when it was born. At the age of seven years, it is twice as heavy as at the end of the first year, and at forty-four years old its weight is quadrupled. The average weight of each sex is nearly the same at the age of twelve, but after that period, taking individuals of the same age, the females will be found to weigh less than males.

When the weight of the body has reached its average maximum, it is about sixteen times heavier than at the time of birth. The average weight of men is about 139 pounds, and of women, about 112 pounds; of adults, without distinction of sex, about 130 pounds. In cases of individuals of both sexes, who are under the height of four feet four inches, females are somewhat heavier than men; but if above this height, men weigh more than women. Men attain their maximum weight about the age of forty, and women at, or near the age of fifty. At the age of sixty, both the one and the other usually commence losing their weight, and the average weight of old persons of either sex, is nearly the same as at nineteen years of age.

**A QUESTION.**—Did the man who ploughed the sea, and afterwards planted his foot on his native soil, ever harvest the crops?

**TERRIBLE.**—An exchange has a paragraph headed "Duel under the Rocky Mountains." That must have been a crusher.

**PERSEVERANCE AND SUCCESS.**

Those who regard success as a duty must be satisfied that perseverance is the only means of attaining it. It is that quality which essentially characterizes the Anglo-Saxon race, which raised a little European island to the rank of a first-rate power and the arbiter, in more than one historical crisis, of the world's destiny, and which, transplanted to these shores, took a remarkable development, and accomplished results which are the world's wonder. All Americans possess more or less of this quality, but in some it is marvellously developed, and what it can accomplish we propose to illustrate in an individual case, which ought to have figured in Smiles's "Self-Help."

The case we refer to is that of Mr. Simeon L. Wilson, of Methuen, Mass. At the age of thirteen he lost the use of a limb by attack of white swelling in the knee. After suffering for years from lameness, and just as he was beginning to dispense with the use of a cane, a paralytic stroke made him a cripple for life. This occurred in 1831, and in 1849 he had not been able to walk one step. In this condition he began the business of closing shoes, and by hard work and economy, succeeded in getting together enough money to purchase an acre and sixty rods of land near Methuen village, on which he had a house built in 1836. His land was very unpromising, "A gravelly hill, yellow loam, black loam, or clay soil, rather moist, and a swamp, very wet, with muck eighteen inches deep on an average, with a dry and sandy bottom—the swamp was covered with a thick growth of alders. The upland appeared to be almost filled, or paved, with small stones. The whole lot," Mr. Wilson says, in his statement to the Essex County Agricultural Society, "was a very bad-looking piece of land."

He resolutely went to work, however, to reclaim this ill-conditioned tract, and by slow degrees it was brought under cultivation. He subscribed to an agricultural paper, took a lively interest in fruit-growing, and began to set out trees. In 1843 he transplanted into rows some apple-trees that had sprung up spontaneously, and in 1845 grafted them; in 1849 he gathered fruit from them. In 1846 he commenced a small nursery of fruit trees.

"Although I can do but little in the nursery myself," he says, "I usually go into it every day (upon the wheelbarrow), and see what is in the most need of being done. Sometimes I work there myself, by getting upon my hands and knees between two rows of trees, and trim or weed them as I creep along. Sometimes I bud

a few trees myself, but it being rather inconvenient for me to do this work, I consider it better to work in the shop and hire the budding done. It requires nearly all the work of one man now to attend to the nursery. The number of trees on the place at the present time (1849) is as follows: apple, 6787; plum, 388; cherry, 814; pear, 2947; peaches, apricots and nectarines, 640; quince, 377; whole number, including all varieties and sizes, 11,954. Together with a great variety of grape vines, strawberry plants, gooseberry and currant bushes. The whole quantity of land cultivated is about one acre, there being about one third of an acre used for yard, buildings, etc. I raise between the rows of trees, the various kinds of vegetables needful for family use."

"Although," Mr. Wilson says, in conclusion, "I have been many years in doing what capital could have done in much less time, yet I have the satisfaction of building up my little place by my own industry; laboring under very unfavorable circumstances, without capital, and without the use of my legs. But now I am in a forest of fruit trees planted by my own direction; and the soil drawn upon the roots by my own hands, as I sat upon the barrow or box. I can now view the works of the Almighty in the growth of these trees, and the production of their fruit."

We should spoil this little narrative by comment; its charm is in its simplicity; and if we are not mistaken it inculcates a lesson which will not be lost on men who possess the use of head, hands and legs, and yet suffer inertia and discouragement to creep over them. What toil was here voluntarily encountered—what golden fruits are the recompense! When we read of such heroic enterprise and then think of great hulking fellows shabbily loafing from one year's end to another, when there is abundance of rough land to be reclaimed and to be had almost for the asking, we feel our cheeks tingle with indignation. Such successful efforts as that recorded above prove the truth of the axiom spoken by the French mechanic who swam off at Marseilles to the ship which contained Kosuth, to greet the Hungarian patriot, "Nothing is impossible to him who wills." With faith and perseverance we may indeed work miracles; without them, the best gifts are thrown away.

**A LOUD BELL.**—The new bell which has recently been placed in the belfry of the Unitarian church at Quincy, Mass., can be distinctly heard a distance of seven miles. It weighs 3012 pounds.

## Foreign Miscellany.

Louis Napoleon is in his fifty-third year, but looks much younger than that.

Albert Smith, the celebrated English comic writer and lecturer, died lately in London.

The highest church spire in the world is that of Strasburg minster, which rises 474 feet.

Queen Victoria has knighted Francis H. Salts, of New York, for artillery improvements.

It is said that the pleuro-pneumonia on the Cape of Good Hope, where it has extensively prevailed, is successfully treated by inoculation with the virus of the disease.

Two sphinxes in white marble, brought from Sebastopol, have just been placed on the pilasters of the entrance to the reserved gardens of the Tuilleries, on the side next the river.

In the London Court of Bankruptcy, a bankrupt named Goose came up to attend the meeting for choice assignees, and an hour afterwards a Mr. Gosling appeared upon a similar meeting.

The London Court Journal has been assured by a gentleman recently returned from Paris, that at the last ball at the Tuilleries, which took place on Sunday evening, an English bishop appeared in full canonicals.

The great *modiste* of the day in Paris is not a French woman, nor even a Frenchman, but an Englishman; and he is more run after by the fashionable ladies than any of the celebrated French milliners ever were.

Mr. Dampier, a farmer residing near Taunton, England, is said to have a horse in his possession aged fifty-six years, which he rides daily about his farm, and occasionally goes out hunting with. The animal is still fresh on his legs, and free from blemish.

In the course of a recent thunderstorm, the wires of the electric telegraph at Candebœles-Elbeuf (Seine-Inferieure), France, were cut by lightning, and the electric fluid then ran along to the office at Elbeuf, where it caused a very intense light and melted some wires in the apparatus.

A new gunpowder is announced in England, which is said to be less dangerous than ordinary powder, produces very little smoke, and that of a less pungent kind than usual, not only enabling the miner to work in close places without the great delay consequent on smoke, but greatly diminishing the unhealthy effects of it in the mines.

M. Auguste Mariette, an eminent French archaeologist, writes from Egypt, that he has discovered the remains of a large palace in granite, in the immediate vicinity of the Sphinx. He takes this palace to be that of Chephren, who built the great pyramid. No less than seven statues of this prince have been found in the palace.

In the Palais des Beaux-Arts, at Paris, the model of the ruins of a temple is being exhibited, which were excavated about a year ago, near Eleusis, in laying the foundation of a school. It is thought that these classical remains are the ruins of the Temple of Triptolemus, which is mentioned and praised for its many works of plastic art, by the writers of antiquity.

A fashionable Paris milliner lately retired with a fortune of 20,000 francs a year.

We have seen it asserted that in Great Britain every fiftieth person is a drunkard.

The Emperor Napoleon III. drives a pair of very fast American trotters in Paris.

The Sailor's Home, of London, during the thirty-three years of its existence, has given sanctor and shelter to 39,148 seamen. Last year 8225 boarders were received.

A company is being formed in London to construct air tubes for the conveyance of despatches and parcels to and from various parts of the metropolis. An influential direction has been formed, with the Marquis of Chandos as chairman.

Every drop of milk brought into Paris is tested at the barriers by the lactometer, to see if the "Iron-tailed cow" has been guilty of diluting it—if so the whole of it is remorselessly thrown into the gutter—the Paris milk is very pure in consequence.

In the English House of Lords, recently, Earl Granville in an elaborate speech on the repeal of the tax on paper, declared that American processes for paper-making were infinitely superior to the English, and that England was also behind France and Japan in the manufacture of this important article.

Holland consumes about forty million pounds of tobacco annually. As the population numbers about three millions, every man, woman and child, can have on this allowance a little more than thirteen pounds a year. About sixteen million pounds annually go from this country to her shores.

The marriage of Prince Polignac with M<sup>lle</sup> Mires, daughter of the Hebrew speculator, excited considerable conversation in what is called society in Paris, as the Polignacs are of the purest blood, and but a dozen years past M. Mires was a vender of old clothes about the streets of Bordeaux.

On Victor Emmanuel's visit to Modena, the bishop of Modena stood before the king, mitre in hand, at the church door. He said that, by the pope's bidding, as a priest, he ought not to be there, but, as he was a man before he was a priest, he deemed his citizen's duty to his sovereign was paramount over his allegiance to the vicar of Christ.

The Revue Municipale publishes an official list of all the entrances into Paris through the fortifications. They are of three kinds—*portes*, or gates, meaning open air entrances, situated on a high road, *passages*, those entrances which are situated on a railway line, or canal; and *poternes*, or posterns, those which are arched over. From this list it appears there are in all sixty-five openings, viz.: 51 gates, 10 passages, and 4 posterns.

There are in France 2624 locomotives; 2521 were made in France. There are in Germany 2850 locomotives; 2277 were made in Germany; 311 in England; 190 in Belgium; 60 in the United States; and 22 in France. The Austrian government has a locomotive manufactory near Vienna. The Borsig locomotive manufactory at Berlin has made 1200 locomotives since it was established.

## Record of the Times.

Pike's Peak gold-mining is represented to be prosperous beyond the expectations of the miners.

Miss Eliza Logan, the actress, has married Mr. Wood, the theatrical manager.

Madame Keller, of the Keller Troupe, a beautiful woman, died lately in Cienfuegos.

A New York writer thinks the present the age of supreme rascality.

Hawthorne says one picture in ten thousand, perhaps, ought to live in the applause of mankind.

A woman in New Orleans has just married her eighth husband since 1852.

M. de Trobriand says N. P. Willis is making the fortune of the locality he resides in.

An Indian named Albert S. Smith lately ran ten miles in fifty-eight minutes at New Haven.

A man in Farmington, Iowa, while horribly blaspheming God, was struck with palsy, and almost immediately died.

There are in commission in the State of Virginia 68 troops of cavalry, 81 companies of light infantry, 82 companies of riflemen, and 21 companies of artillery.

Some six months since, Leonard Edwards, of Troy, lost a valuable gold watch, which he had laid upon a stand on retiring. A few days ago, he found it snugly stowed away in a rat-hole.

Mannel Pinto died at San Benito, California, on the 1st of April. He was probably the oldest man in the United States, having just passed his one hundred and twentieth birthday.

The number of lost children found and restored to their parents by means of the police telegraph will average one hundred per month in both New York and Brooklyn.

There are eighty-two Nantucketers living who are over eighty years of age, including twenty-four members of the Society of Friends, whose united ages are 2037 years and 10 months.

We thought people might wear old clothes out West; but at Chicago, last week, a most shabbily dressed man was arrested as a vagrant, and locked up, although he had about \$1500 in his pocket in cash or cash funds. The officer is to be proceeded against for false arrest.

The Pittsburg (Pa.) Gazette states that a man named Brant, a resident of Shankevillo, Somerset county, lately ate twenty-one boiled eggs at one meal, but his digestive organs were unable to do the work assigned them, and the man died a victim to his gluttony.

Recently a German, named Frederick Selby, residing in Rochester, killed himself by blowing his brains out with a pistol. A woman whom he loved, from whom he differed in religion, had pertinaciously refused to marry him. Hence the slaughter.

A writer has great faith in the efficacy of a peck of onions for ridding cows or oxen of lice. He claims to have found them an infallible remedy in his practice. They also give a tone to the stomach, and are especially valuable in hot weather, when working cattle will lie in shade at noon-time, and refuse to eat.

The draymen of Maryville, California, have resolved to do no more work on Sunday.

It is sixteen years since Professor Morse put up the first telegraph in America.

A California paper asserts that they have fire-fies there large enough to cook by.

It is estimated that over 10,000 barrels of oil are now ready for market in the oil regions of Northwestern Pennsylvania.

The three street railway lines in Cincinnati, during the last seven months, the first of their existence, have carried about 1,900,000 passengers, and yielded the city a revenue of \$19,000.

The devices of rogues have no end. In Philadelphia thieves have assumed the garb of census takers, and improve the opportunity to rob the houses they visit.

A person in Mobile, Alabama, has brought a suit for damages against a shoemaker for failing to comply with a promise to have a pair of boots made at a specific time.

Twenty-seven candidates for admission to the bar at the general term of the Supreme Court of New York, in session at Auburn, were rejected in a lump, recently, because they could not pass an examination.

Some of the Canada papers complain that a large emigration is going on from Canada to our Western States. They say that more protection and encouragement are extended to the settlers in the republic, and that taxes are lighter.

A letter from a reliable source in Liberia states that a vein of mineral coal, ten miles in length, has been discovered in Bassa county. Miners are to be immediately set to work. If the coal proves plentiful and good, the discovery will be one of much importance to Liberia.

The Hamilton (C. W.) city council have at length let the contracts for the erection of a crystal palace, wherein is to be holden the Provincial Agricultural Association's exhibition for the current year. The contracts already awarded amount to \$18,056 50.

Two old residents of Upton, one of them blind, who have been neighbors and acquaintances for more than half a century, have been recently engaged in a lawsuit at Milford, about the sum of \$20, which was in dispute on a mutual account current of fifteen years. A sad example for old age to set, truly.

The old legal rule that a tenant was bound to continue to pay rent to the end of his lease, notwithstanding the premises might be destroyed by fire, has been reversed by an act of the New York Legislature, and in case of the destruction of the building, or its injury so as to be untenable, "by the elements or any other cause," without fault of the tenant, he may surrender possession.

In Dale county, S. C., a boy put his hand into what he supposed was a rabbit hole, when it was bitten by a rattlesnake. He bound his suspender tightly above the wound and started for home, but fell before reaching it. His cries brought the family, who administered whiskey, but in vain. His arm below the bandage swelled, turned black and burst, and he died two days after.

## Merry-Making.

To escape trouble from noisy children—send them to your neighbor's "visiting."

The man who moved an amendment, injured his spine by the operation.

'Art Exposition—A Hinglish cockney telling 'is love to the lady 'e hadores.

To get up the "Conflict of Ages," ask two rival beauties how old they are.

A person of the masculine gender putting on female apparel, for the fun of the thing, of course only plays fair."

What is the difference between one who walks, and one who looks up a flight of stairs?—One steps up stairs, and the other stares up steps.

An old negress in Alabama, says she "don't know how old I is, but I cooked for the hands that dug up the Chatahoochee riber."

"A retainer at the bar," as the boy said when caught by a dog, just as he was about to climb on the orchard fence.

"A bad wife," says an old author, "is confusion, weakness, discomfiture and despair"—bad enough, is it not, good woman?

"Warm day, Jones, warm day," said Smith, as they met lately. "Yes, it is," said Jones: "it is some warm, if not summer."

Good dinners have a harmonizing influence. Few disputes are so large that they cannot be covered with a table-cloth.

This life's contradictions are many.—Salt water gives us fresh fish, and hot words produce a coolness.

"Mr. Conductor," asked a railroad passenger, "are you running on time to-day?" "No, sir; we are running for cash."

What is the difference between a running stream of water and a dog torn in two? The one is a *current*, and the other a *rent cur*.

Why is a bigoted ecclesiastic like a puppy? D'y'e give it up? Because he cleaves pertinaciously to his dog-ma.

A judge in Cincinnati is said to have so much real estate on his hands, that nothing short of soap and water can relieve him.

A western editor cautions his readers against kissing short women, as the habit has made him round shouldered.

A reliable swell declares that he lately danced one evening with three young ladies, the united circumference of whose dresses amounted to a hundred yards.

Three policemen and two surgeons ran a race on the first of April, to see the body of a man who was reported to have blown out his brains with a "trombone."

A cotemporary speaks of the "graceful figures of childhood." Blifkins says, that the figures at the bottom of childhood's shoe and clothing bills are not so graceful.

At no moment of difficulty does a husband, knowing his own utter helplessness, draw so closely to his wife's side for comfort and assistance, as when he wants a button sewed on his shirt-collar.

The minister who lost the thread of a discourse, has obtained a fresh skein.

The quickest way to make eyewater is to run your nose against a lamp post.

"The drift of a man's speech" may be easily ascertained when he falls into the river.

An Irish paper advertises, "Wanted an able-bodied man as a washer-woman."

"Do you understand figures, boy?" "O, yes, I am always cutting a fine one."

It is rumored that a celebrated phrenologist has been invited to examine the "head of navigation."

Why is the best article of malt liquor like the last song in a concert programme? Because it is the *fine ale*.

"Pa, aint I growing tall?" "Why, what's your height, sonny?" "Seven feet, lacking a yard." Pa fainted.

The woman who was "buried in grief" is now alive and doing well. It was a case of premature interment.

We suppose that there is quite as large an amount of *craft* upon the land as there is upon the water.

Adhesiveness is a large element of success. Genius has glue on his feet, and will take hold on a marble slab.

Why is an invalid cured by sea-bathing like a confirmed criminal? Because he is sea-cured (secured).

Take away my first letter, take away my second letter, take away all my letters, and I am still the same—the postman.

A Yankee says that the poet, when he alluded to the "Monumental Bust," evidently meant to imply the "Crack of Dome!"

Why is the captain of a steamboat coming into port like a tobacconist? Because he has to back her (tobacco).

A popular author exclaims, "What a pity some quadrupeds can't talk!" We are rather disposed to say, "What a pity some bipeds can!"

It is said that "Steam annihilates both Time and Space." It is a thousand pities, for our comfort in railway travelling, that its annihilating powers will sometimes extend, also, to—human beings.

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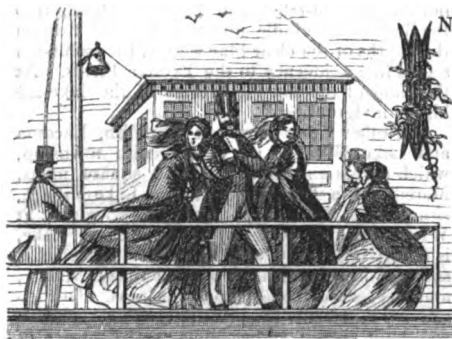
# BALLOU'S DOLLAR MONTHLY MAGAZINE.

VOL. XII.—No. 3.

BOSTON, SEPTEMBER, 1860.

WHOLE No. 69.

## SUMMER RESORTS.



In the present article, we propose to speak of some of the most charming features of New England scenery, confining ourselves to those places which are easily accessible by car or steamboat, the favorite resorts of summer tourists. We have called in the aid of artist and engraving to sketch what words fail accurately to delineate. Our first group of pictures relate to Lake Winnipiseogee, New Hampshire. In the whole range of New England there is no sheet of water comparable in beauty and picturesque scenery to Lake Winnipiseogee, the largest lake in New Hampshire. Other lakes of New England have exquisitely beautiful features; some of them wear the grace of historic association or romantic legend; but this lake is of itself a romance of nature, varied, enchant-

ing, perfect. The line of shore is wonderfully varied, with the most capricious curving, doubling, receding and protruding; and forming, as it is drawn on paper, the most curious arabesque. This produces a constant succession of surprises to the voyager who skirts its wooded margin. And it is noticeable that in its whole circumference there is no spot inconsistent with the beauty of the design—no range of low, dreary marsh, no reedy sandbanks breaking the surface of the mirror, but everywhere a

gentle or bold acclivity from the edge of the water. And, to protect this magnificent sheet of water from the suspicion even of monotony, Nature has gemmed it with a vast number of islands and islets, some of considerable extent, others so small that, seen from a distance, and viewed in connection with the vast expanse of water, they seem like baskets of leaf and rock-work. The leading characteristic of the lake is beauty, and its surroundings are entirely consonant with this feature and expression; for it will be remembered that it lies in the hill country and not in the mountain region. The lake-region is the

vestibule to the mountain palaces beyond; the fairy-land that precedes the cloud-land; the gentle prelude to a grand oratorio. The frame-work in which it sets is just bold enough to enhance its beauty—no more. The Gunstock and Ossipee ranges are lofty and commanding, but they stop short of grandeur. Sometimes, of a clear, bright morning, as you glide along the north-eastern shore of the lake towards Centre Harbor, you behold the summit of Mount Washington gleaming in faint, pearly light on the horizon, and then you feel that you are among the hills, and that the mountains are yet far, far away. The traveller, when he first catches a glimpse of the lake, cannot fail to recognize the felicity of the Indian name it preserves—the “Smile of the Great Spirit.” It is the poetical title of a charming poem. It is indeed a smile of Omnipotence gladdening the earth. To appreciate it fully, one must view it from the summit of Mount Belknap or from Red Hill, at various hours of the day, as well as traverse it from end to end, and linger among its beautiful islands and along its winding shores. Not to have seen Lake Winnipiseogee, is to be ignorant of one of the most enchanting places. It is not a solitary landscape here that woos the eye, but an endless variety of landscapes changing with every change of the point of view, as a turn of the hand produces the magical transformations of the kaleidoscope. There are two routes by which the lake may be reached; one by the Boston, Concord and Montreal Railroad, which has a station at Wiers’, on the

south-western shore of the lake, 33 miles from Concord, N. H., where the fine steamer "Lady of the Lake" awaits passengers; and the other by the Boston and Maine Railroad, as far as Dover, N. H., 68 miles; thence, by the Dover and Cochecho Railroad, to Alton Bay at the southeast extremity of Lake Winnepiseogee, 28 miles, where the steamer "Dover" takes passengers across the lake to Wolfboro' and Centre Harbor. Both these routes are pleasant, and we should counsel those making the excursion to go by the one and return by the other. The cars and boats on both lines offer the best accommodations. The Boston and Maine, Dover and Cochecho line is preferable in going, for the first view of the lake at Alton Bay is most striking, and the opening of the sea as you emerge from the deep bay, seven miles long, is charming. By either line, if you take the first morning train, you reach Centre Harbor or Wolfboro' in time for an early dinner.

Our artist has supplied us with a pretty sketch of the "Lady of the Lake" leaving Wiers'. She is a fine boat, commanded by Captain William Walker, a fine specimen of New England manhood, with a geniality that makes every one at home in his company. Captain Walker is as well known as any man in New Hampshire, having been connected with the travelling public for many years—in the good old stagecoach days on the Concord and Nashua line, and of late as commander of the "Lady." He is a very enterprising man, and is engaged in an extensive business in Concord. The first stopping-place of the boat on the lake is Centre Harbor, a very pretty town, a point of departure for the White Mountains, 32 miles from Conway. Here there are excellent accommodations at the Senter House, kept by Messrs. Gilman and Huntress, represented in one of our engravings. It has all the comforts and elegances of a city hotel, spacious and airy rooms, good beds, a good table, excellent saddle and harness horses, carriages, boats, fishing apparatus; in short, all the appliances to make a sojourn agreeable. It is 116 miles from Boston. Mr. Charlton, in "New Hampshire as it is," says: "Measley Pond and Squam Lake are partly in this town. In the latter, we found considerable quantities of fine trout. This is a beautiful sheet of water, six miles in length, and studded with islands, some of which are mere dots upon the waves, while others contain an acre or more, and in summer they are bright with verdure, or later in the season are smiling with the gifts of Ceres. From Red Hill the view of the lake is enchanting, and awakens in the mind of the beholder thoughts of some fairy land which mortals may sometimes catch a glimpse of, but never approach. The soil in this town is mostly a rich loam. The town is pleasantly situated, and its location probably gave rise to its present name. The first settlement was made in 1765 by Ebenezer Chamberlain. Centre Harbor is widely known as one of the most pleasant summer resorts in the country. Far from the noise of the crowded city and the petty annoyances of village gossip, the man of leisure or the man of business may find an asylum adapted to his wants."

After touching at Centre Harbor, we continue our voyage across the lake, a fine view of which

is presented in one of our engravings, with a background of mist-wreathed hills. The boat finally reaches Wolfboro', a very pretty town, which Mr. Waud has delineated as seen from the lake. The large building seen over the stern of the "Dover" is the Pavilion, is an excellent hotel, kept by Mr. A. H. Danton, formerly of the Flume House. The Pavilion commands a fine view of the lake and of the Gunstock Mountains, and is within a stone's throw of the water. Mr. Charlton says of Wolfboro': "Situated on Lake Winnepiseogee, which touches its south-western border, while the lofty mountains of Ossipee and the rugged hills of Tuftonboro' rise up in the rear like the impregnable walls of a gigantic fortress, its whole scene presents a view at once picturesque and sublime. The trip across the lake, from Centre Harbor to Wolfboro' bridge, especially in a pleasant summer evening, is truly delightful. At sunset, when the evening shadows begin to fall upon the distant mountain tops, presenting their rugged outlines in bold relief, and the stars, gliding into the firmament, kindle up their brilliant fires in the depths of the clear blue waters, the excursion seems like a journey to the Elysian Fields. At this hour of the day the breezes of the lake are highly invigorating."

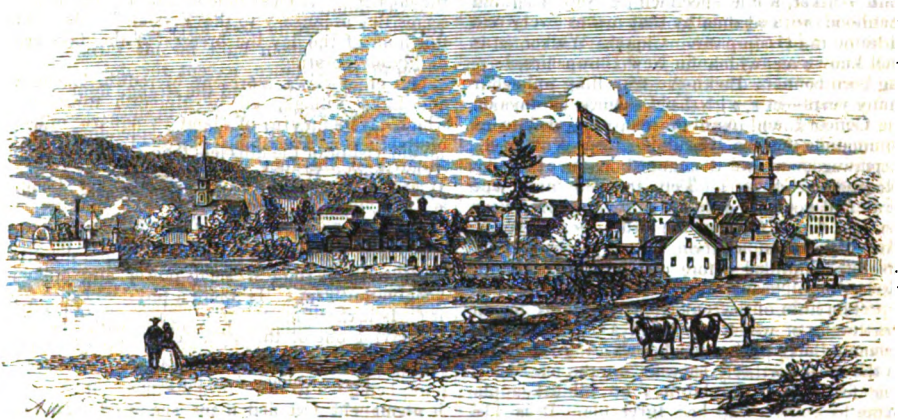
Our other views represent Meredith, Laconia and Lake Village, all in Meredith township, which covers an area of about 13 square miles. Meredith is a flourishing place. Lake Village, situated at the foot of Long Bay, which at Wiers' forms the outlet of Winnepiseogee Lake, is a thriving manufacturing place. Laconia is south of it, a flourishing manufacturing village, and the seat of considerable business. Our engraving represents the principal street. It is a well built village, and exhibits every evidence of thrift and prosperity. The neatness and beauty of these lake villages harmonize with the delightful scenery in which they are placed. The waters of Lake Winnepiseogee are remarkably pure, being fed from its own springs. Its height is about 472 feet above the sea level. It has been said to contain about 365 islands, but we believe the number really falls short of 300. Some of these islands comprise farms of five hundred acres. Besides being a "thing of beauty" and a "joy forever," Winnepiseogee is an immense source of material wealth, being a great reservoir of power for the immense manufacturing establishments of Manchester, Lowell and other places, which are situated on the Merrimac River.

The Rev. T. Starr King, in his beautiful illustrated work, "The White Hills; their Legends, Landscape and Poetry," published by Crosby, Nichols & Co.—a work which every lover of New England scenery should possess—devotes a considerable space to this magnificent sheet of water. We cannot do better than to quote some eloquent passages from this work. Speaking of the name of the lake, he asks—"Does this word mean 'the Smile of the Great Spirit,' or 'Pleasant Water in a High Place?' There has been a dispute, we believe, among the learned in Indian lore, as to the true rendering. Whatever the word means, the lake itself signifies both. Topographically, under the surveyor's eye, and mill-owner's estimates, it is pleasant water in a

high place; about thirty miles long, and varying from one to seven miles in breadth; with railroad stations on its shores at Alton Bay and Weirs'; and a little more than a hundred miles distant from Boston." \* \* \* "It is easy to give a grand description of the character of the shores of Winnipiseogee, to count its islands, and to enumerate the mountain ranges and peaks, with their names and height, that surround it. But it is not so easy to convey any impression, by words, of the peculiar loveliness which invests it, and which lifts it above the rank of a prosaic reservoir in Belknap and Carroll counties in New Hampshire, about five hundred feet above the sea, into an expression of the Divine art renewed every summer by the Creator. There is very little cultivation around the borders of Lake Winnipiseogee. The surroundings are scarcely less wild than they were when, in 1652, Captains Edward Johnson and Simon Willard carved their initials, which are still visible, on the 'Endicott Rock,' near its outlet. The straggling parties of Indians who pass by it now, on their

not of wild, but of cheerful and symmetrical beauty.

"Artists generally, we believe, find better studies on Lake George. It may be there is more of manageable picturesqueness in the combination of its coves and cliffs; but we think that for larger proportioned landscape—to be enjoyed by the eye, if it cannot be easily handled by the pencil or brush—Winnipiseogee is immeasurably superior. We cannot imagine a person tramping through a whole summer, of its artistic and infinite variety, while it could hardly be that the eye, in the daily and familiar acquaintances of a whole season with Lake George, would not feel the need of wide reaches in the mountain views, richer combinations of the forest wilderness with retreating slopes and lines bathed in 'the tenderest purple of the distance,' and with glimpses, now and then, such as the New Hampshire lake furnishes, of sovereign summits that heave upon the horizon their vague, firm films. Mr. Everett said a few years since, in a speech, that Switzerland has no lovelier view for the tourist than the



MEREDITH, NEW HAMPSHIRE.

way to trade with visitors at the Flume House in Franconia, see it but little more civilized in expression than their forefathers did, whose wigmans, before Massachusetts felt the white man's foot, spotted the meadows of the Merrimac below.

"When the old smoked in silence their pipes, and the young  
To the pike and the white perch their baited lines  
flung;  
Where the boy shaped his arrows, and where the shy  
maid  
Wove her many-hued baskets and bright wampum  
braid."

"And yet it is not a sense of seclusion amid the forests, of being shut in by untamed hills amid the heart of the wilderness, that Winnipiseogee inspires. Indeed, the lake is not shut in by any abrupt mountain walls. Its islands and shores fringe the water with winding lines and long, narrow capes of green. But the mountains retreat gradually back from them, with large spaces of cheerful light, or vistas of more gently sloping land between. The whole impression is

lake we are speaking of affords. And Rev. Mr. Bartol, of Boston, in his charming volume, 'Pictures of Europe,' tells us: 'There may be lakes in Tyrol and Switzerland which, in particular respects, exceed the charms of any in the Western world. But in that wedding of the land with the water, in which one is perpetually approaching and retreating from the other, and each transforms itself into a thousand figures for an endless dance of grace and beauty, till a countless multitude of shapes are arranged into perfect ease and freedom, of almost musical motion, nothing can be beheld to surpass, if not to match, our Winnipiseogee!' It is, of course, in moving over the lake, on a steamer or in a boat, that this 'musical motion' of the shores is caught. We will abide the judgment of any tourist as to the extravagance of this quotation, if he has an eye competent to look through the land to landscape, and becomes acquainted with the lake from the deck of a steamer on an auspicious summer day. The sky is clear; there are just clouds enough to relieve the soft blue, and fleck the sentinel hills with shadows, and

over the wide panorama of distant mountains, a warm, dreamy haze settles, tinging them, as Emerson says the south wind, in May-days,

"Tints the human countenance  
With a color of romance."

"Perhaps there is at first a faint breeze, just enough to fret the water, and roughen and mesotint the reflections of the shore. But as we shoot out into the breadth of the lake, and take in the wide scene, there is no ripple on its bosom. The little islands float over liquid silver, and glide by each other silently, as in the movements of a dance, while our boat changes her heading. And all around the mountains, swelling softly, or cutting the sky with jagged lines of steady blue, vie with the molten mirrors at our feet for the privilege of holding the eye. The "sun-sparks" blaze thick as stars upon the glassy wrinkles of the water. Leaning over the side of the steamer gazing on the exquisite curves of the water just outside the foamy splash of the wheels, watching the countless threads of silver that stream out from the shadow of the wheel-house, seeing the steady iris float with us to adorn our flying spray, and then looking up to the broken sides of the Ossiipee mountains that are rooted in the lake, over which huge shadows loiter; or back to the twin Belknap hills, that appeal to softer sensibilities, with their verdured symmetry; or, further down, upon the charming succession of mounds that hem the shores near Wolfboro'; northward, where distant Chocorua lifts his bleached head, so tenderly touched now with gray and gold, to defy the hottest sunlight, as he has defied for ages the lightning and storm; does it not seem as though the passage of the Psalms is fulfilled before our eyes, 'Out of the perfection of beauty God hath shined?'

"The lines of the Sandwich mountains, on the northwest, of which the lonely Chocorua, who seems to have pushed his fellows away from him, is the most northerly summit, are the most striking features of the borders of the lake. An American artist who had lived many years in Italy, on a recent visit to this country, went to Winnipiscogee with the writer of these pages. He was greatly impressed and charmed with the outlines of this range, which is seen at once from the boat as she leaves Weir's landing. He had not supposed that any water view in New England was bordered with such a mountain frame. And before the steamer had shot out from the bay on the bosom of the lake, he had transferred to his sketch-book its long continuation of domes and heavy scrolls and solid walls, all leading to a pyramid that supports a peak desolate and sheer.

"The most striking picture, perhaps, to be seen on the lake, is a view which is given of the Sandwich range in going from Weir's to Centre Harbor, as the steamer shoots across a little bay, after passing Bear Island, about four miles from the latter village. The whole chain is seen several miles away, as you look up the bay, between Red Hill on the left, and the Ossiipee mountains on the right. If there is no wind, and if there are shadows enough from clouds to spot the range, the beauty will seem weird and unsubstantial, as though it might fade away the next minute. The weight seems to be taken out of the mountains. We might almost say

'They are but sailing foam-bells  
Along Thought's caressing stream,  
And take their shape and sun-color  
From him that sends the dream.'

Only they do not sail, they repose. The quiet of the water and the sleep of the hills seem to have the quality of still ecstasy. It is only inland water that can suggest and inspire such rest. The sea itself, though it can be clear, is the sense that a mountain lake can be calm. The sea only seems to pause; the mountain lake to sleep and to dream.

"But there is one view which, though far less lovely, is more exciting to one who has been a frequent visitor of the mountains. It is where Mt. Washington is visible from a portion of the steamer's track, for some fifteen or twenty minutes. Passing by the westerly declivity of the Ossiipee ridge, looking across a low slope of the Sandwich range, and far back of them, a dazzling white spot perhaps—if it is very early in the summer—gleams on the northern horizon. Gradually it mounts and mounts, and then runs down again as suddenly, making us wonder, possibly, what it can be. A minute or two more, and the unmistakable majesty of Washington is revealed. There he rises, forty miles away, towering from a plateau built for his throne, dim green in the distance, except the dome that is crowned with winter, and the strange figures that are scrawled around his waist in snow.

"Why should all the nearer splendors affect an old visitor of the hills less than that spectacle? Why should Whiteface, which seems, at a careless glance, much higher by its nearness, or the haughty Chocorua, make less joyous emotion than that tinted etching on the northern sky? Why will not a cloud thrice as lofty and distinct in its outline, suggest such power and awaken such enthusiasm? Is there a physical cause for it? Is it that the volcanic power expended in upheaving one of the supreme summits,

'When with inward fire and pain  
It rose a bubble from the plain,'

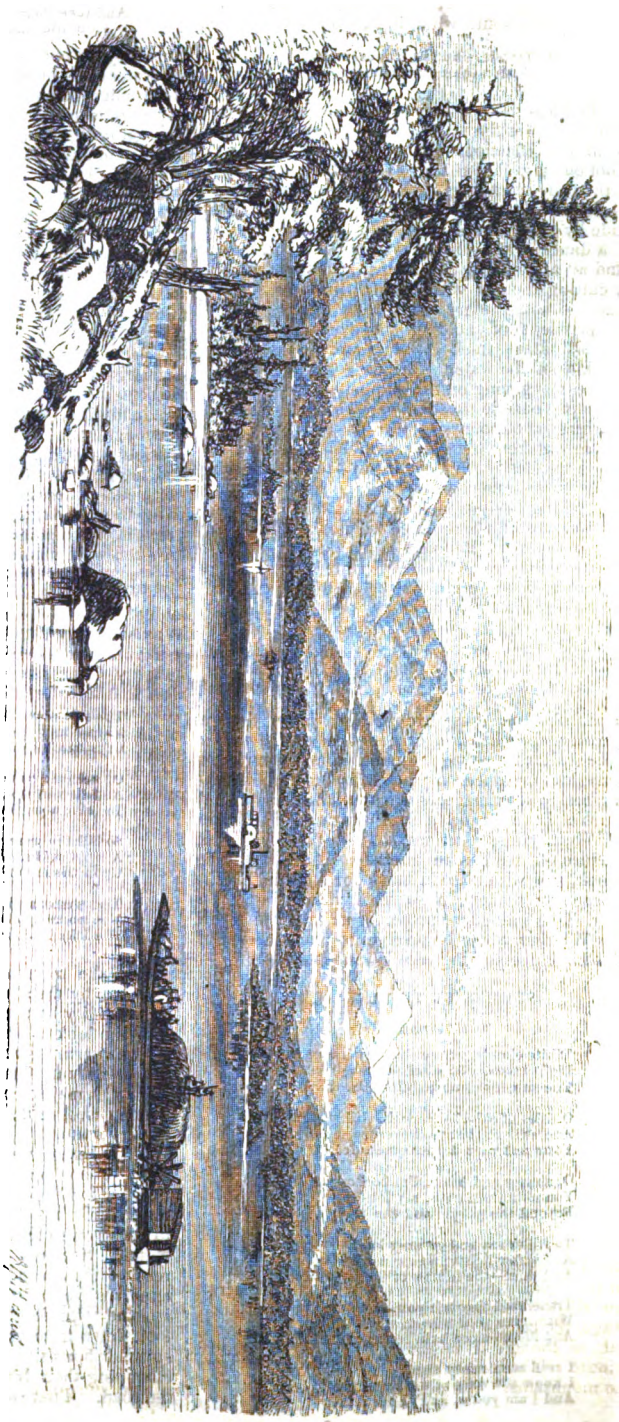
is permanently funded there, and is suggested to the mind whenever we see even the outlines in the distant air, thus making it represent more vitality and force than any pile of thunderous vapor can? Or is it explained by the law of association—because we know, in looking at these faint forms, that their crests have no rivals in our northern latitude this side of the Rocky Mountains—that the pencilled shadows of their foreground are the deepest gorges which land-slides have channelled and torrents have worn in New England, and that from their crown a wider area is measured by the eye than can be seen on this side of the Mississippi?

"How admirably and tenderly Mr. Ruskin has touched this point in a passage which our readers will thank us that we quote for them from the third volume of the 'Modern Painters': 'Examine the nature of your own emotion (if you feel it) at the sight of an Alp, and you find all the brightness of that emotion hanging, like dew on goosamer, on a curious web of subtle fancy and imperfect knowledge. First, you have a vague idea of its size, coupled with wonder at the work of the Great Builder of its walls and foundations; then an apprehension of its eternity, a pathetic sense of its perpetuallness, and your own



transientness, as of the grass upon its sides; then, and in this very sadness, a sense of strange companionship with past generations in seeing what they saw. They did not see the clouds that are floating over your head; nor the cottage wall on the other side of the field; nor the road by which you are travelling. But they saw *that*. The wall of granite in the heavens was the same to them as to you. They have ceased to look upon it; you will soon cease to look also, and the granite wall will be for others. Then, mingled with these more solemn imaginations, come the understanding of the gifts and glories of the Alps, the fancying forth of all the fountains that well from its rocky walls, and strong rivers that are born out of its ice, and of all the pleasant valleys that wind between its cliffs, and all the chalets that gleam among its clouds, and happy farmsteads couched upon its pastures; while together with the thoughts of these rise strange sympathies with the unknown of human life and happiness, and death, signified by that narrow white flame of the everlasting snow, seen so far in the morning sky. These images, and far more than these, lie at the root of the emotion which you feel at the sight of the Alp. You may not trace them in your heart, for there is a great deal more in your heart of evil and good, than you ever can trace; but they stir you and quicken you for all that. Assuredly, so far as you feel more at beholding the snowy mountain than any other object of the same sweet silvery gray, these are the kind of images which cause you to do so;

LAKE WINNIPISCOGUE.





LACONIA, NEW HAMPSHIRE.

and, observe, these are nothing more than a greater apprehension of the *facts* of the thing. We call the power 'Imagination,' because it imagines or conceives; but it is only noble imagination if it imagines or conceives the truth."

We have made a long extract from the "White Hills," but we shall be satisfied if it induce our readers to purchase that fascinating book, and with that in hand, for a guide, to explore the scenery it so vividly describes. To Mr. King's eloquent prose, let us add the poem by Whittier which he prefixes to that division of his book devoted to Lake Winnepiseogee.

## SUMMER BY THE LAKE-SIDE.

## NOON.

White clouds, whose shadows haunt the deep:  
Light mists, whose soft embraces keep  
The sunshine on the hills asleep!

O, isles of calm!—O, dark, still wood!  
And stiller skies, that overbrood  
Your rest with deeper quietude!

O, shapes and hues, dim beckoning through  
Yon mountain gape, my longing view  
Beyond the purple and the blue,

To stiller sea and greener land,  
And softer lights and air more bland,  
And skies—the hollow of God's hand!

Transfused through you, O mountain friends!  
With mine your solemn spirit blends,  
And life no more hath separate ends.

I read each misty sign,  
I know the voice of wave and pine,  
And I am yours, and ye are mine.

Life's burdens fall—its discords cease;  
I lapse into the glad release  
Of nature's own exceeding peace.

O, welcome calm of heart and mind!  
As falls yon fir-tree's loosened rind,  
To leave a tenderer growth behind,

So fall the weary years away;  
A child again, my head I lay  
Upon the lap of this sweet day.

This western wind hath Lethæan powers;  
Yon noonday cloud Nepenthe showers;  
The lake is white with lotus-flowers!

But the traveller, enchanted, must not linger too long by the shores of this magic lake, lulled to inactivity by the syren song of its tiny waves. Let him look upon this lovely lake and hill region as the charming vestibule to the grand theatre of sublime beauty that lies beyond. When satiated with that majestic scenery he may return to Lake Winnepiseogee for calmer emotion in his reactionary state.

After having passed as many days as you like at Wolfboro', or Centre Harbor, embark on the steamer for Weir's Landing, and take the cars for Plymouth. There stages will be in readiness to take you to the Flume House in the Franconia Notch. Secure a seat on the driver's box on the roof of the coach. The mere ride, after a long experience of railroad cars, is in itself exhilarating and refreshing. It brings back old times, to look down from your airy eminence on the four spirited horses, that are pawing, snorting, and champing their bits, eager to dash forward on the road. That road runs parallel to the Pemi-

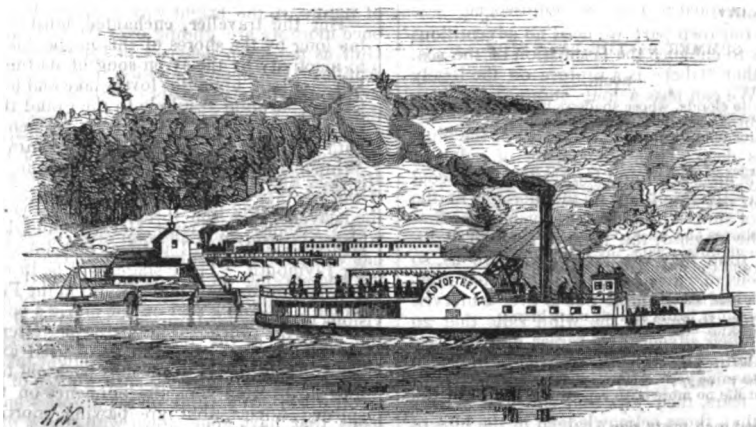


gewasset, which, clear as crystal, pours along over its rocky bed, now flowing smooth and swift, now brawling and foaming where its channel has a deep inclination. As you advance, the bold mountain background rises higher and higher, always crowning the distance with a splendid amphitheatre of hills. You pass through pleasant settlements, through cultivated farms, past luxuriant groves of sugar maples and charming patches of forest, the scenery gradually changing from the pastoral to the romantic and stern. Halt for the rest of the day and night at the Flume House, an admirable hotel. In its vicinity are the Pool, a sheet of water filling a huge rocky bowl, with a cataract descending into a most romantic glen, and the Flume, where the water roars down through a rocky gorge, and under a huge boulder which has been wedged into the rocky gateway above the descending torrent, and high above the foot-path which leads under. The next day continue on to the Profile House. The famous Old Man of the Mountain, and the Profile Lake, and the stern Eagle Cliff, are most romantic objects. The stage ride from the Profile House, through the Franconia Notch, making a wide curve round to the Crawford House, presents a most exciting variety of mountain views. From the Crawford House you will of course ride down the Crawford Notch and see the Willey house, which escaped destruction in the landslide that overwhelmed the unfortunate Willey family, as they fled to what they deemed a surer place of refuge, and the charming Silver Cascade. The next day you will start fresh on the ascent to the summit of Mount Washington, either on horseback or on foot. Either way it is toilsome; but were it twice as fatiguing, the glorious views obtained from every point of the ascent amply compensate the adventurer, and wean his thoughts from bodily care. And if the day be propitious, how grand, how glorious the spectacle from the bald, storm-beaten, lightning-seared crest of the monarch of New England mountains! The eye sweeps a circle of six hundred miles, and a semi-diameter of eighty. Mountains, lakes, forests, villages, whichever way you turn

your gaze. Perhaps a thunder-cloud sails by far below your feet, its voice sounding like the rumble of distant artillery, its lightnings blazing harmlessly to you, its showers drenching valleys twenty miles distant. If the day be perfectly clear, you may see, what few indeed ever behold from that awful height, the Atlantic Ocean gleaming in the far, far distance. The whole scene, once beheld, is never forgotten.

But we must not linger by mountain and lake. If we love the mountain, we have no less affection for the sea, and we advise our friends to divide their leisure days of relaxation between the two. For those who are tied by business or economy to the city during the "heated term," it is fortunate that the means of access to various points of beauty along the coast are easy and cheap. In July and August there is a universal craving for the sea side; we must, at least for the space of a few hours, lave our wearied limbs in the tide, or sit gazing forth upon the illimitable expanse, with its undying motion, its fitful changes, and its solemn mystery. One never wearies of the ocean; perhaps because one can never claim to possess it. On other works of nature man can make his impress. He can carve his initials on the face of the precipice; he can plant his flag upon the rocky pinnacle his foot has scaled. But the ocean knows no master; admits no human seal or badge of servitude. Navies plough it with their victorious keels, but the furrows are filled up even before the gleam of their white sails and the gloom of their dark batteries have faded into distance. We win, here and there, a little strip of land or rock from the ocean, but elsewhere it storms our lines and sweeps away our battlements, and chants its unceasing song of victory as its surges boil over its conquest. And for one life rescued from the deep, a thousand skeletons are bleaching in those hollow caverns that plummet-line never sounded.

Perhaps Jones, Brown and Robinson never think of these things as they "go down to the sea," not "in ships," but in yachts. They go to have a good time—to sail, to fish, to dance, to flirt, to enjoy music and chowder and cigars, and to chant a "wet sheet and a flowing sea," and J.,



THE "LADY OF THE LAKE" LEAVING WHARF.





SENER HOUSE, AT CENTRE HARBOR, N. H.

B. and R. are in the right. Old Neptune can be a jolly good fellow when he likes, and in certain moods sympathizes with human merriment. Even Fashion sometimes comes not amiss when its rainbow hues are tinted with water-colors. The diving-bells of Newport do not appear out of keeping. Civilization may perch by the sea side and not seem out of place. Glittering equipages may roll along the Newport and Nahant beaches, and jar not on the sense of fitness. We have paced the piazza of the Nahant Hotel on a moonlight night, when the fresh land breeze wandered out to sea and broke its surface into a million brilliant dimples, when the light of the gay saloon streamed forth to meet the lights of the sky, and the music of the orchestra and the laughter of light hearts blended with the waves on the rocks and sands, and all the features and all the sounds of the scene mingled in harmony and sympathy.

But for our own part we need no adventitious appliances to enhance the fascination of the sea. We feel that "there is a rapture on the lonely shore." We can pass a long summer day in a nook of the rocks, without either book or fishing-rod, or other companionship save that of the blue, mysterious deep. The phenomena of a day at the sea side are varied and interesting. The cold gray dawn—the kindling of the horizon at the approach of sunrise, the glorious flush of the first beam of the daystar, the blazing birth of light, are, each time they are renewed before us, so many visions of enchantment. Then that mysterious ebb and flow of the tide is ever a marvel. We love, too, to gaze on the white sails that go forth upon their adventurous career, and to please our fancy with picturing the crews and the passengers they carry, and speculating on their hopes and fears, their joys and sorrows. Other treasures than those acknowledged in the bills of lading go forth in these brave barks—the treasures of peerless manhood and of woman's price-

less love. And then the white-winged merchantmen standing in homeward bound—what strange lands have they not visited! Securely, through storm and calm, they have borne to our shores the spices of Araby, the breath of Persian roses, the silks of India, the gold and ivory of Africa, the furs of the frozen north, the glowing fruits of the tropics. Haply there sweeps across our horizon a man-of-war, with her trim masts and snowy canvass and stern armament, bearing the constellated flag, the proudest ensign that ever floated over the mists of ocean and the smoke of battle. A thousand memories of glorious deeds rise as the stately frigate moves on her liquid pathway.

As the day strides on, and the noontide heat increases, our imagination wanders far away to the tropics. We are strolling beneath arches of fluttering palms, or plunging, with the children of nature, in the bright waves of the Pacific, or once more we are gliding over the waters of the Gulf as the stern defences of the "Pearl of the Antilles" rise upon our vision.

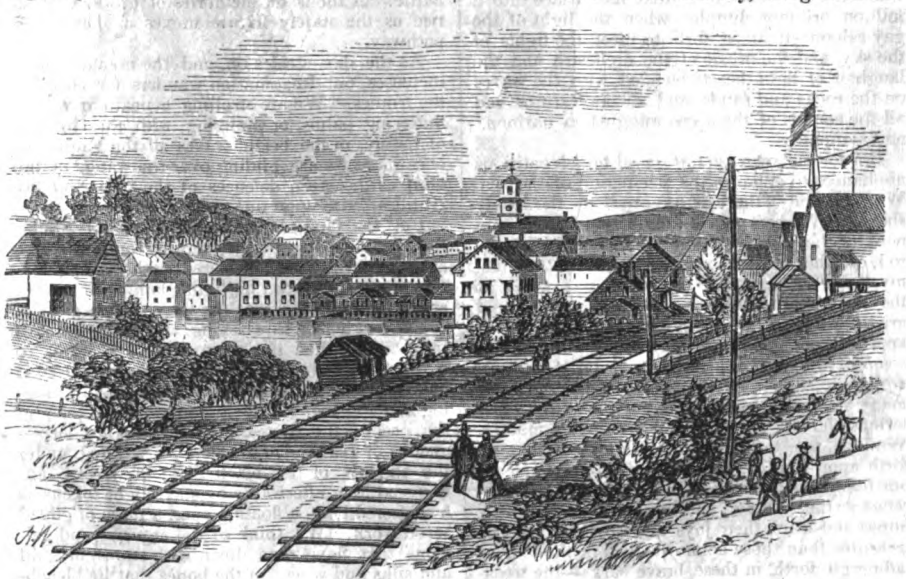
But the daylight wanes; the sun has sunk; the sea is a dark purple, verging on black, like an imperial pall, embroidered with phosphorescent stars, awhile on high, the lamps of heaven are lit to guide the mariner upon his way. Or, if the weather be threatening, and clouds obscure the heavens, then the threatening sea seems to whisper hoarsely a confession of the dark deed it has witnessed or performed. Then come thronging and surging on the memory dismal tales of the ocean—the tragedies of the mighty deep—visions of redhanded murders perpetrated under the shadow of the black flag; of wrecks, announced long afterwards by such slight tokens as a shattered boat, a floating spar, a piece of gilded scroll-work. We think of the argosies and galleons that have gone down with stores of gold and silks and wine; of the bones that lie bleaching on that pavement of the sea no human eye

has ever looked upon; of the misshapen monsters science has never described that haunt the lower deeps, waging fierce battles with each other, and making that submarine world hideous and appalling to the imagination.

It is high time to leave the pageant; the play is played out; the curtain is fallen, and the night air grows chill. But we cannot call the day misspent. We have gained health and strength during our long commune with nature; we have experienced vivid sensations; we have quaffed in draughts of poetry and romance, the effect of which will endure through many a long monotonous day of common life. Born beside the sea, we love it as the mountaineer loves his rugged home, and whether it breaks in music ripples at our feet, or dashes on the rocks before us, like a wild berseker, we ever greet it as a friend.

Our artist has helped along our gossip about the seaside by three spirited sketches of Hull—the magnetic telegraph station, Telegraph Hill, the Oregon House, and the Mansion House. The town of Hull is quite celebrated—small as it is, it has made its record; and “as Hull goes so goes the State,” is often an amusing quotation in political circles. It is a great resort in summer for our citizens, who flock thither to enjoy the fine scenery, the delicious ocean breezes, the boating, fishing and other amusements incidental to a watering place. It is only eleven miles from Boston, and has steamboat communication with the city. The Mansion House is finely situated a few rods east of the landing, and near the water's edge, which makes it very convenient for bathers. The shore is covered with boats and promenaders, and really the frail craft that are hauled up on the shore look quite inviting. They revive in our minds memories of many a pleasant pull in the bay, and many a grand haul of codfish, afterwards converted into an appetizing chowder. Nothing is more invigorating than a good pull at the oar, and if our fashionable vis-

itors at watering places would make up their minds to do a little work instead of abandoning themselves to dissipation, they would return to the city in a far better condition than when they left it, which is not always the case. The Oregon House has a fine, pleasant situation, with extensive grounds. From Telegraph Hill, the visitor will obtain an extensive panoramic view of Boston, Charlestown, the harbor, etc. Boston looks finely from this point, which is just far enough distant to lend enchantment to the view. Boston harbor opens to the sea between two points nearly four miles distant from each other—Point Alderton on Nantasket, and Point Shirley in Chelsea. It is sheltered from the ocean by the peninsulas of which these two points are the extremities, and a large number of islands, between which there are three entrances. The main passage, which is about three miles southeast of the navy-yard, and so narrow as scarcely to permit two vessels to pass abreast, lies between Castle and Governor's Islands, and is defended by Fort Independence and Fort Warren. A passage north of Governor's Island is also protected by Fort Warren. A new fortress of great size and strength on George's Island, will guard the entrance to the outer or lower harbor. The entire surface included within Point Alderton and Point Shirley, is estimated at seventy-five square miles, about half of which affords anchorage ground for vessels of the largest class. It is easy of access, free from sand-bars, and seldom obstructed by ice. The town of Hull was a mart of commerce, and the residence of eminent men, six years before Boston bore its present name, and five years before Salem became a town. Standing on the Telegraph Hill, Boston will present a far different appearance from that it presented in 1633, when Wood wrote his description of it, though some of the natural features remain unchanged. It is curious as we gaze over the blue waters on the crowded city, rising from the



LAKE VILLAGE, NEW HAMPSHIRE.



VIEW OF THE TOWN OF BOSTON



sea, belted with its forest of masts, to recall what was then written of it. "Boston," says Wood, "is two miles northeast of Roxbury. Its situation is very pleasant, being a peninsula, hemmed in on the south side by the bay of Roxbury, and on the north side with Charles River, the marshes on the back being not half of a quarter of a mile over; so that a little fencing will secure their cattle from the wolves. It being a neck, and bare of wood, they are not troubled with these great annoyances—wolves, rattlesnakes and mosquitoes. Those that live here upon their cattle must be constrained to take farms in the country, or else they cannot subsist, the place being too small to contain many, and fittest for such as can trade with England for such commodities as the country wants, being the chief place for shipping and merchandize. This neck of land is not above four miles in compass, in form almost square, having on the south side at one corner, a great broad hill, whereon is located a fort, which can command any ship as she sails into the harbor within the still bay. On the north side is another hill, equal in bigness, whereon stands a windmill. To the northwest is a high mountain, with three little rising hills on the top of it, wherefore it is called the *Trimount*. From the top of this mountain a man may overlook all the islands which lie within the bay, and discover such ships as are on the sea-coast. This town, though it be neither the greatest nor the richest, yet is the most noted and frequented, being the centre of the plantation, where the monthly courts are kept. Here, likewise, dwells the governor. This place has very good land, affording rich corn-fields and fruitful gardens, having likewise sweet and pleasant springs. The inhabitants of this place, for their enlargement, have taken to themselves farm-houses in a place called Muddy River (Brookline), two miles from the town, where there is good grass, large timber, store of marsh land and meadow. In this place they keep their swine and other cattle in the summer, whilst the corn is in the granary at Boston, and bring them to town in winter." Yes—times have indeed changed, and we have changed with them. Land enough for a small farm within the city of Boston costs rather too much to render the raising of Indian corn profitable now. But still, as then, the environs of the city are charming. Still the broad bay offers a thousand picturesque features, and a thousand pure delights; for we must never lose sight of the fact, that Boston is a watering-place. Though thousands of her citizens are ignorant of the charms of the bay, and refuse to partake of them, yet there are other thousands who fully appreciate and enjoy them, the yacht-men, boating-men, fishermen and artists.

#### THE HAIR AND ITS COLOR.

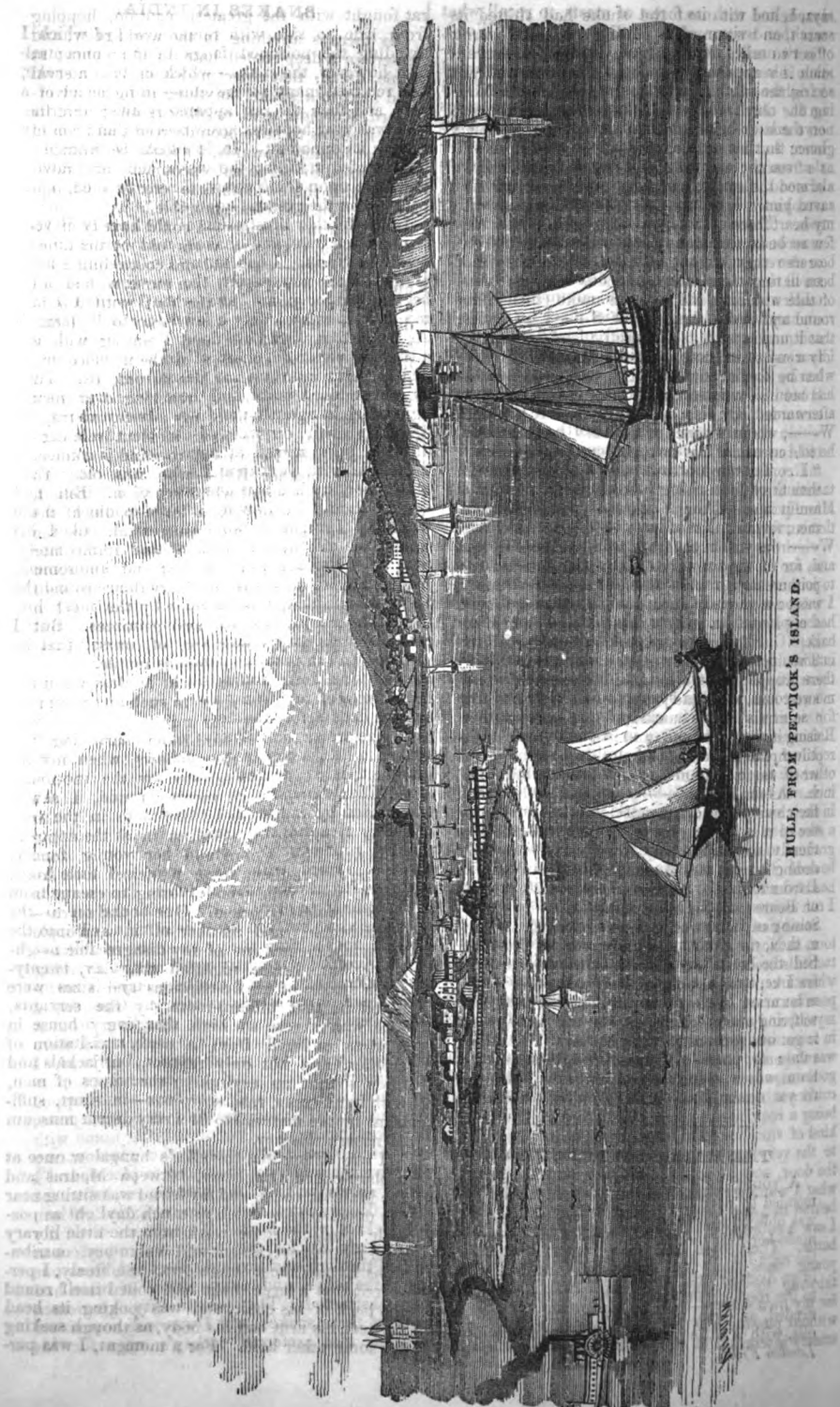
A young lady friend of mine was recommended by a coiffeur to use sage water. She was obliged to discontinue its daily use, as it made her hair too thick. Pour boiling water on the sage leaves, and let them remain some time in an oven or near a stove, then strain and apply to the roots of the hair daily. If any pomade is needed, an equal mixture of cocoa-nut and olive oils, with a little perfume, is very efficacious.—*London Field*.

#### SNAKES IN INDIA.

If there is anything in the world of which I entertain a deep-rooted hatred and an uncontrollable dread, that object undoubtedly is a snake, and next to a snake, anything in the shape of a lizard, scorpion, toad, or other reptile; nevertheless, it seems to have been decreed that from my earliest infancy upwards, I should be doomed to be exposed to perpetual encounters and adventures with these loathsome creepers upon the earth. The first clear, tangible object that fixed itself upon my memory—I could have been very little more than two years old at the time of the occurrence—was a hideous cobra coiling itself under the pillow of my Indian nurse, who slept on a mat on the floor; and the first word I could distinctly articulate was "*Pambo*" (tamul-snake), with which cry, and pointing with my finger, I drew attention to the unwelcome intruder, and forthwith got him despatched. Then a long blank intervenes, reaching over nearly three years; after which, my adventures may be termed legion. The next incident relating to reptiles which I can recall to mind is connected with my brother Bill—who was older than myself—and a small white scorpion. Bill had been trying to unlock a large padlock on the fowl-house; and being unsuccessful, poked his little finger into the keyhole, and immediately, to my immense astonishment and amusement, performed a most extraordinary dance round the yard, accompanying the same by the most hideous howls, contortions, and grimaces. But I had no idea at the moment, of course, that he had been stung by a venomous reptile.

One very heavy monsoon at Madras, when the rain had swollen the river to such an extent that it flooded the country for miles around, I was standing in the billiard-room surveying the dreary aspect out of the windows, when my attention was suddenly arrested by the moribund groans of a frog, and turning round, I saw a huge snake under the billiard-table in the very act of engorging it. Sliding in at the opposite door was Mrs. Cobra and her young family, driving before them some wretched little frogs, which were vainly endeavoring to escape from their relentless pursuers. One bound on to the billiard-table, and another off it, and into the verandah, cleared me of my disagreeable neighbors; but, before nightfall that day, twenty-seven snakes of all descriptions and sizes were killed in that billiard-room by the servants. The waters rose so high that every house in Madras suffered from a perfect visitation of reptiles, and not only reptiles, but jackals and birds sought an asylum in the homes of men, with bandicoots, rats, scorpions—in short, sufficient reptile material to fit a very decent museum of natural history.

I was sitting in a traveller's bungalow once at a place called Otagerri, between Madras and the Malabar coast, and my friend was sitting near the door, so as to catch as much daylight as possible, reading some work from the little library with which government and voluntary contributions furnish those bungalows. Suddenly, I perceived that a large snake had coiled itself round the back of his chair, and was poking its head between his arm and his body, as though seeking for some other hold. For a moment, I was par-



HULL, FROM PETTICK'S ISLAND.

alyzed, and the next the snake had shifted its search, and was rapidly coiling round the young officer's neck. At the same instant, a servant made his appearance opposite the door, and got so frightened, that he fell to the ground in a fainting fit. My friend was luckily a man of immense nerve and great presence of mind; he saw at a glance that his only chance was to remain as still as a statue; the slightest move would have alarmed the snake, and then nothing could have saved him. I, on my part, sat motionless, with my heart frozen through and through. In a very few seconds, fortunately, the servant and palkee-bearers returned from the *tope*, where they had been having their curry and rice, and the noise of their approach alarmed the snake (then coiled round and round the body of S—) so much, that it unwrapped itself rapidly, and slid as rapidly away to its hole. S— fainted instantly when he found himself safe; and my anxiety had been so intense, that I felt ill for many days afterwards. On relating this adventure to Major W—, whom we met at the very next station, he told us one of his own serpent experiences.

"I commanded," said the major, "the detachment of foot-artillery stationed in the fort at Masulipatam—a horrid place as you know, gentlemen, for any Christian to be quartered. Mrs. W— was just recovering from a severe illness, and, for the first time for many a day, was able to join me at the tiffin-table. Most fortunately, I was on a garrison court-martial that day, and had my sword hanging by its belt to the chair back. Our bungalow was a tiled one, with no intervening platform or other roof; and suddenly there dropped upon the table between us an immense cobra, who had been most likely hunting for squirrels' nests amongst the conical tiles. Raising its hooded head, and hissing horribly, the reptile threatened alternately to dart at one or the other of us, its venomous fangs protruding a full inch. As for Mrs. W—, she had fallen back in her chair perfectly unconscious; and never for a second removing my eye from the snake's, I gradually unsheathed my sword, and suddenly bounding aside at the same instant, severed its head from its body. It was a hairbreadth escape, I can assure you, for both of us."

Some time afterwards, I was residing at Chittoor, in North Arcot, and there was a little detached storehouse or *godown*, as they are called, where I kept my supply of beer and other European luxuries. I always kept the key of this place myself, and one morning, as was my wont, went in to get out some articles for the day. The door was the only place of ingress or egress, and the *godown*, which was thatched with palm-leaves, could not boast of a single window, darkness being a requisite in those hot countries for that kind of storehouse. What I required took me to the very further extremity of the room from the door, and I was just stooping down to select what I wanted, when I heard a tremendous flop behind me, and then a scuffle. Turning round, I saw a cobra and a rat having a regular pitched battle. The cobra had been after the rat's young ones, and the infuriated mother was thirsting for revenge. Though much alarmed for my own safety—for I had no means of escape without passing the cobra—I soon became intensely interested in the combat. At first, the

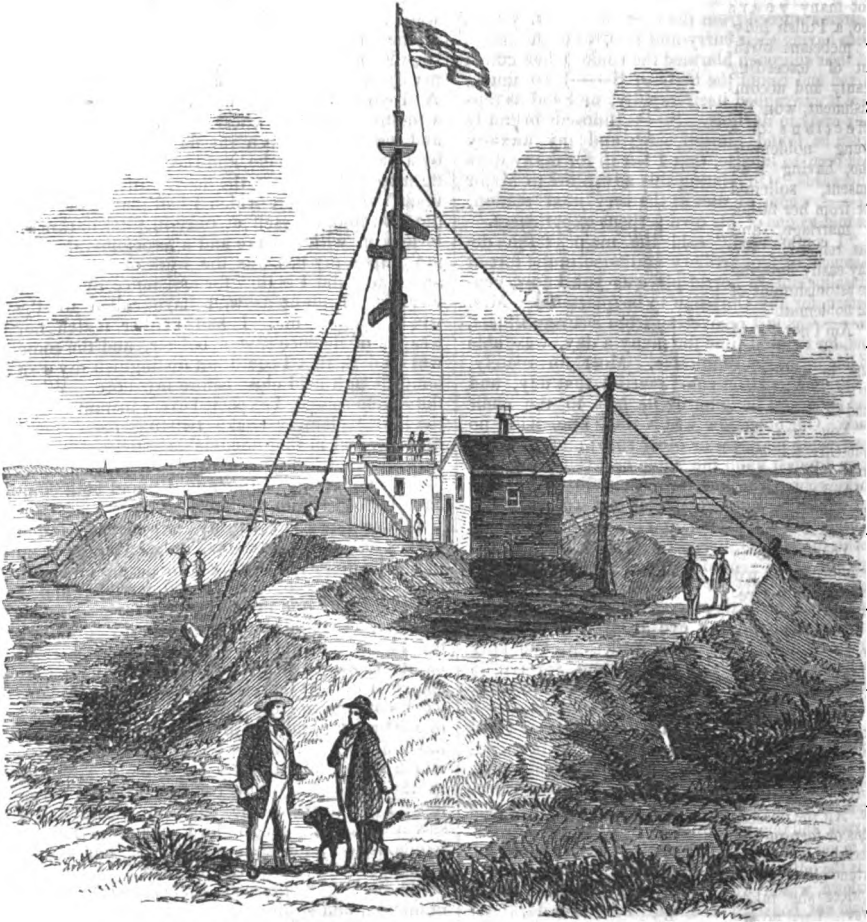
rat fought with the greatest caution, hopping from side to side with remarkable agility, and avoiding the poisoned fangs of the cobra; at last, however, the snake—which in the interval had received many severe bites—stung his adversary, and then the rat, apparently aware that its case was now hopeless, grew reckless, and closed in with its opponent. In less than two minutes, it succeeded in killing the snake, and then crawling aside upon some straw, the victor died, apparently in the greatest agonies.

I had another illustration of the enmity existing between rats and snakes, many years afterwards, in Syria. I had sat up late reading a file of the Times newspaper; the servants had all been in bed for hours, and when I withdrew to my own, it wanted only a few hours to daylight. As I closed my bedroom door, I was startled by a tussling under the chest of drawers close by, and the next instant a rat darted out, followed by a huge black snake, and these two set to work fighting right against the door. In my alarm, I upset the chair on which I had placed the candle, and found myself at once in utter darkness, locked in with a snake and a ferocious rat. To jump upon my bed was the work of an instant, and loudly did I bellow for assistance out of the window. I might as well have called to the winds to aid me. I had neither match nor weapon of defence save a bolster, and the room was so dark that I could not distinguish my own hand though held close before my nose. When the scuffle ceased, I expected every instant to feel the horrid clammy snake twisting itself round my legs, and in that unenviable anticipation I remained three long hours, till broad daylight relieved me of my fears, and I found both combatants dead before the door.

I have never, in all my experience, found snakes to be the aggressors, unless you get them into a *cul de sac*, or during their period of breeding. Then the cobra is indeed terrible, and I was chased by one at Tellicherry for nearly half an hour, escaping the brute only by doubling quickly round until I stumbled over a stout bamboo, armed with which weapon I soon despatched it. At the best of times, it is nervous work coming to close quarters with the cobra—one false aim, and you are a dead man. People have a notion that the green snake of India—which is certainly a pretty specimen, if anything in the shape of a snake can be pretty—is harmless; I can prove to the contrary. One day I saw a beautiful mango bird dangling from a bamboo-bush; the glare was intense, and I wore blue spectacles, for which reason, perhaps, I could not well distinguish the cause of the phenomenon, and supposing it to have been trapped by some wile, I seized the bird as a great prize, for I was making a collection to bring home with me. In a second afterwards, the glass of my right-eye spectacle was shattered to pieces, and I hardly recovered from my amazement, when the snake, disappointed of his aim, wriggled off into the thickest of the bush. The glasses saved my eye and my life, for the poor mango-bird was riddled through and through the head, from one eye to the other, and every atom of brain had been abstracted. They are dainty gentlemen some of these snakes, and I was well acquainted with one that preferred turkey's eggs for his

breakfast to any other. I used to watch my turkeys as they strayed about the grounds, and mark their nests, leaving them undisturbed until they began to sit. One hen had fixed upon a myrtle-bush, round which she used to flutter and scream every day, poking her stupid-looking head out in so strange a fashion, that I was once induced to watch her. No sooner had she deposited her egg, than a cobra made his appearance, and with the greatest dexterity sucked the egg. With greater wisdom than the fabled destroyer

looks as if it was afflicted with leprosy, and which has the astonishing faculty of throwing itself ten yards across from one upright wall to another. If he carry his inclination for study still further, he can investigate the mysteries of a Siamese stew, and find alligator the chief ingredient. He will find ample opportunity of collecting out of his soup-plate, tea-cup, wine-glass, or the hair of his head, or from off the back of his hand, specimens of the mosquito-fly, ant, greenbug, grasshopper bug, vulgus, earwig, flea,



MAGNETIC TELEGRAPH STATION, TELEGRAPH HILL, HULL.

of the goose and the golden eggs, the cobra spared the turkey to supply his dainty breakfast.

But if the reader wishes to study the natural history of reptiles to perfection, I recommend him to live a month or two at Bang-kok, in Siam. He will have the satisfaction, when he wakes of a morning, to see a snake peeping out of a hole in each corner of the room, and two or three little ones amusing themselves at hide-and-seek on the floor. If he looks up at the ceiling, he will perceive a specimen of the lizard tribe, called the *Toquay*—from its peculiar cry—a lizard that

in all the diversified branches of each genus. Nor when the fatigues of day are over, and he dons his slippers for ease and comfort, need he be surprised to find a scorpion in one, and a centipede in the other, while a colony of white ants are investigating the merits of literature in his bookcase.—*Journal of a British Officer in India.*

Stone walls do not a prison make,  
Nor iron bars a cage;  
Minds innocent and quiet take  
That for an hermitage.—*LOCKE.*



**A TRADE, A FORTUNE.**

If parents would consider the welfare and happiness of their children, they would choose the virtuous mechanic, farmer or honest trader, as companions and helpmates instead of the rich, who, aside from their income, have no means of subsistence. How often does this question arise, and from religious parents, too, in choosing companions and suitors for their daughters: "Is he rich?" If the daughter answers, "Yes, he is rich, he is a gentleman, neat in his dress, and can live without work," the parents are pleased.

Not many years ago, a Polish lady, of plebeian birth, but of exceeding beauty and accomplishment, won the affections of a young nobleman, who, having her consent, solicited her from her father in marriage, and was refused. We may easily imagine the astonishment of the nobleman.

"Am I not," said he, "of sufficient rank to aspire to your daughter's hand?"

"You are undoubtedly the best blood of Poland."

"And my fortune and reputation, are they not—"

"Your estate is magnificent, and your conduct irreproachable."

"Then, having your daughter's consent, should I expect a refusal?"

"This, sir," the father replied, "is my only child, and her happiness is the chief concern of my life. All the possessions of fortune are precarious; what fortune gives, at her caprices she takes away. I see no security of independence and comfortable living of a wife but one; in a word, I am resolved that no one shall be the husband of my daughter who is not at the same time master of a trade."

The nobleman bowed and retired silently. A year

or two afterward, the father was sitting at the door, and saw, approaching the house, wagons laden with baskets, and at the head of the cavalcade a person in the dress of a basket-maker. And who do you suppose it was? The former suitor of his daughter; the nobleman had turned basket-maker. He was now master of a trade, and brought the wares made by his hands for inspection, and a certificate from his employer in testimony of his skill. The condition being fulfilled, no further obstacle was opposed to the marriage. But the story is not yet done. The

THE OREGON HOUSE, HULL.





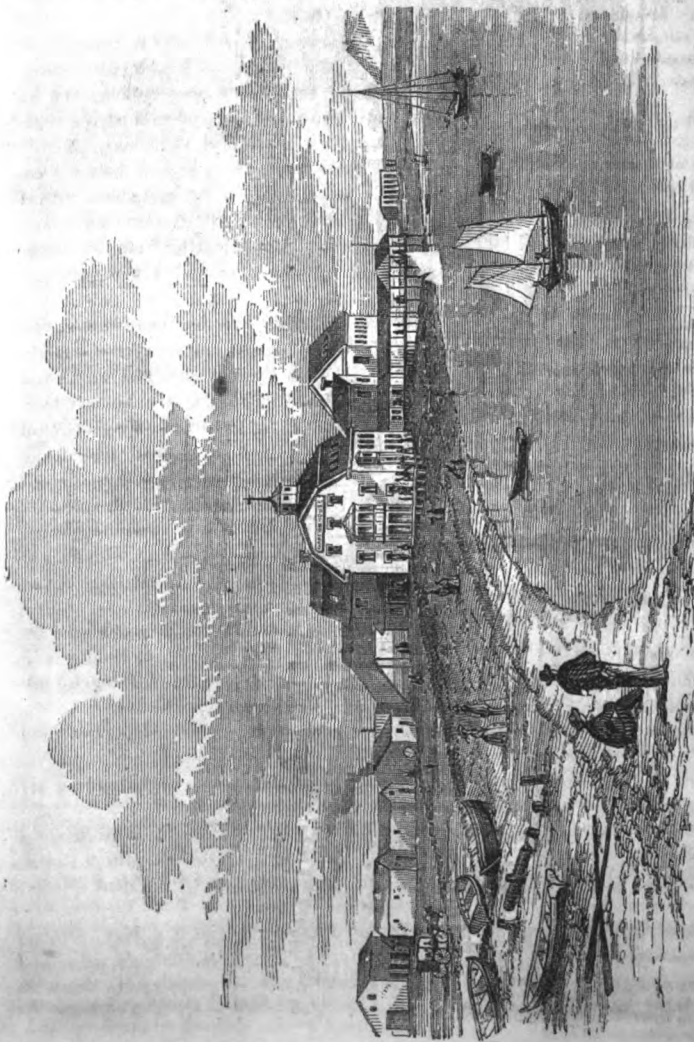
revolution came; fortunes were plundered, and lords were scattered as chaff before the four winds of heaven. Kings became beggars, some of them teachers; and the noble Pole supported his wife and her father in the infirmities of age, by his basket-making industry.—*Journal of Education.*

#### TYROLESE GLEE SINGERS.

We heard beautiful singing as we approached the inn. I had understood that the Tyrolean minstrels, who lately delighted so many English audiences, only gave a specimen of the singing daily heard amid these mountains. I found this true. The men we had left in the garden were taking their different parts in the harmony. We sat down and listened. And now they filled their empty jugs, and standing up, knocked them together, and chanted such a stave of wild, sweet

notes as I think I never heard before; the tenor giving out the last word of their drinking song with such a shout, so melodious, so careless, so free, he made the very hills ring again, and my heart is echoing it still. In return we sang "Home, Sweet Home." They seemed greatly interested in the simple English song, and at its close raised their hats and bowed with the grace of well-bred gentlemen. They gave us some of their peculiar mountain cries, commencing with a loud scream, and quickly dropping down at musical intervals. Most strange and mysterious, the first note sounded like the unearthly screech of some sprite away in those mighty forests, which having first startled us poor mortals, then broke into a mocking laugh, that grew fainter as it sped away to some more distant summit. Before leaving these fine mountaineers, we sang "God Save the Queen." As we concluded they rose, and to our delight, sang it in exquisite har-

mony, to German words. The compliment was lost upon us, and the glorious notes of our national anthem were wondrously sweet amid the Tyrolean valleys, a thousand miles from home. Our coachman was impatient, and we reluctantly drove away from Siegsdorf. Our minstrel friends gave us three hearty cheers at parting. After we had gone a little distance, the landlord rushed out from the door, and, waving his hat over head, gave us a farewell mountain cry that filled the whole valley with music. It was a most inspiring outburst that left an impression on our minds which was not for a long time obliterated, nor even now is it forgotten.—*Through the Tyrol to Venice.*



THE MANSION HOUSE, HULL.

(ORIGINAL.)

## FANNIE'S HAIR.

BY WILLIE WARE.

I'm gazing on a token now,  
A treasure pure and fit,  
Which memory loves and values much—  
This curl of Fannie's hair.

I gaze, and sad tears slowly steal:  
Nothing my grief can share,  
Save this fair golden treasure bright—  
This curl of Fannie's hair.

When fortune frowns upon my path,  
And I'm bowed down with care,  
Solace I find by gazing on  
This little lock of hair.

Ah, loved memento!—alike tree!  
Precious beyond compare!  
Blest be the day she gave to me  
A ringlet of her hair!

I gaze, and recollections come,  
And gently lead me where  
Lies the sweet head which once upbore  
This fairy tress of hair.

Earth may take from me all I have,  
But nought shall ever tear  
From my bereaved and lonely heart  
This curl of Fannie's hair.

I'll hide it in my bosom now,  
And ever shield it there  
From cold, unsympathizing eyes,  
This curl of Fannie's hair.

(ORIGINAL.)

## THE WAIF:

—OR,—

## HARRY'S YOUNG PROTEGE.

BY H. N. O'BRIEN.

It was about sunset of a summer's day. The weather had been hot and sultry, and to people whose business or employment was out of doors, it had been extremely unpleasant. In the glowing west there seemed banners of crimson fluted with gold flung athwart the sky; and piles of blue clouds, whose edges were tipped with silver, floated on either side. The sky seemed radiant with the amber rays struggling through, with pencil-like fringes reaching up as if to the gray beyond.

Harry Winthrop looked with a true artist's eye on the glowing scene. The color deepened in his pale student's face, and lighted up his dark thoughtful eye. He loved the beautiful—

almost worshipped at its shrine. He loved to see the white "Star of Bethlehem" peering meekly up among its long, green leaves, with the single white thread running through. He loved the March violet, the spring daisies; he loved, too, all that is majestic and grand in nature. He had stood and thrilled at the mighty voice that ever goes up from Niagara, and fascinated, tried to pierce the misty veil that hides its depths from mortal gaze. He was an orphan and alone in the world. Impulsive, impetuous, warm-hearted, he possessed true principles and a strong sense of the right. He was a college student, enjoying a summer vacation in his own peculiar manner. He was making a tour of the State of Connecticut, accompanied only by his good horse Selim, on whose back he now sat watching the clouds.

Looking earnestly he fell into a reverie, and heeded not the pawing of his impatient steed. But suddenly the reverie was broken, and he looked up hastily and glanced around, on hearing a succession of childish screams. A little house of wood-color, which he had been too absorbed to notice, stood on the right-hand side of the road. The screams, which came louder and faster, impelled him to spring from his horse, hastily slip the reins around a gate-post, and enter.

The front portion, as in most farm-houses, was closed tightly with green paper curtains, closely drawn. He took the foot-path, and with a few quick steps, found himself at the kitchen-door. The sight that met his eyes made the indignant blood boil in his veins. A woman (could she be a woman?) with a coarse, red face, flushed with angry passions, held in her uplifted hand a large hickory stick, and close grasped in her other hand was a mass of tangled curls, belonging to a trembling, cowering child of perhaps eleven years.

On seeing the stranger, the woman's hand relaxed, and with a quick bound the child sprang to his side and clasped his knee, looking up imploringly in the face bent towards her.

"Go out and finish picking chips now, you miserable child! I'll finish settling with you to-night," exclaimed the woman, angrily giving her frowny hair a backward push.

Evidently rejoiced to defer the punishment a few hours, the child went sobbing into the yard.

"Is she your daughter?" inquired Harry, somewhat embarrassed.

"I should hope not—such a lazy, shiftless thing! Here I set her to picking up chips, and the first thing I knew, she came up the lane with her arms full of medder weeds. No, thank for—

tune, she's none o' mine." And the woman gave an impatient twitch to her sleeve, which was rolled above her brawny elbow.

"Who then is she?" asked Harry, sternly.

"Well, I don't see as it concerns you to know. I'd like to git rid of the lazy thing any way." The woman commenced a vigorous sweeping.

"Why do you keep her, if you don't want her? Would it not be better to give her away, or send her to the alms-house?"

"Law, sir, I wouldn't dare to. The neighbors would make a fuss. She was, my husband's child, by his first wife—a terrible shiftless critter by all accounts; but John sot the world by her. The young un takes after the mother. When John died he gin me the farm, and I was to provide for the girl. I've two young uns of my own to take care on, and if folks wouldn't talk so, I'd put her in the poor-house."

Harry gave way to a generous impulse.

"Give her to me, if she will go," he exclaimed.

"I will send her to school and educate her as my own sister. Are you willing?"

The woman looked suspiciously at him, then hesitated.

"She shall be well taken care of," remarked Harry, noticing her hesitation.

"And brung up right?" asked the woman, leaning on her broom.

"I pledge you my honor." Harry's face flushed.

"And I wout have to spend nothin' on her?"

"No, you shall be relieved of all expenses. I am rich, and can do as I please."

"Well, if she is willing you can have her, but her services will be a loss to me. Here," she exclaimed, as the child entered with a full basket, "do you want to go away with this gentleman, Molly?"

The child's eyes absolutely flashed with delight.

"May I go, sir? Will you take me?" she exclaimed, almost incredulously.

"Yes—if you will go with me, and be my little sister," he answered, kindly.

The child caught up her sun-bonnet and hastened to the door.

"Can't you kiss me good-by, Moll? I would not let the girl go, if it wasn't goin' to be such a good thing for her. But it will be deprivin' me of her services, and I'm none too well off."

Harry laid a gold eagle on the table, which the woman saw with ill-concealed delight. She accompanied them to the gate, and assisted the child, who was very small of her age, to her seat in front of her young protector.

"Good-by, Molly, and if good luck comes to you, don't forget your friends."

In any person, however bad, we are told, there is at least one germ of good. In Mrs. Crown, Molly's stepmother, it was her love for her own children. It was her passion—no work, no hardship was too hard for her to endure for them.

As they rode along slowly, the child's head rested trustingly on Harry's breast. He began to have a delightful feeling, thinking how pleasant it was to have some one to protect and watch over. Looking down on the bare neck and arms, which were covered with stripes and wales, a sense of pity and indignation mingled in his breast.

"What is your name, my child?"

"Faith Crown. My mother calls me Molly," said the child, looking up.

"How old are you?"

"Most eleven, sir."

"Have you been to school much, Faith?"

"Not much, sir. But I'm a good scholar. I can spell lots, and read in the Third Reader. I know 'rithmetic, too."

Harry was amused.

"How much do you know of arithmetic?"

"I can add and multiply, and lots more. I never studied nothin' besides."

Harry mused a few moments, while the child was silent with a full heart, because of his kind words. Poor little one! she was unused to such, and the tears filled her eyes.

"There, you can most see the village, mister," said little Molly, anxious to entertain him.

"Look up, Faith, while I talk to you. Your name, henceforth, shall be called Faith Winthrop. Do you understand?"

"Yes, sir. What is your name?" she asked, timidly.

"Harry Winthrop. You may call me brother—no," he said, his fastidious nature revolting from too close intimacy and too great familiarity with such a sun-burned little thing—"no, call me uncle—Uncle Harry."

A stop of three days at the village hotel recruited all Harry's energies, and at the same time put Faith's wardrobe in good condition, for Harry engaged a competent dressmaker to clothe the child neatly and tastefully. When dressed, she was quite presentable. Her slender little figure in white muslin, tied with a pink sash-ribbon, looked very different from the ill-clad, wretched-looking farmer's daughter. Her hair was combed and hung in soft, silky curls; her little sun-burned face had had the tears and dust washed away, and revealed a patient, subdued expression, with a fearful glance in the eye, and a quivering lip. Yet the face wore an innocent,

artless look, full of childish purity, and that pleased her young protector.

Since taking her, Harry Winthrop had once or twice called himself "a foolish boy," and wondered what his city friends would think of his adopted niece. But he had no one to love, no one to whom he was all the world. He felt that Providence had given him this little waif, and he resolved to train her for a useful life. What her future would be he did not pause to think. Her quaint manners, her odd, intelligent little speeches, decided him to educate her. Still he realized that his was an awkward situation—he, a college youth of twenty-one, sole and only guardian to a little child, ten years his junior.

He took her to the city in which his college was located, and placed her at a fashionable seminary, under the charge of an accomplished preceptress. His little protegee filled many a thought, and many were the plans he formed for her benefit. Although absorbed in study, and determined to be the first man in his class, and make his fellow-collegians recognize in him talent, and perhaps genius, he still found time to call on his little "Daisy," as he loved to call her, twice every week. Faith regarded him as a superior being, and loved him with a wild intensity, whose depths could not be sounded. Every kind word, all his little gifts, his brotherly counsel and caresses were treasured by the child, and served to brighten and strengthen the chain which united them. And her helplessness, her reverence for him, her innocence and purity, made him love her as if she had been his sister, and he sometimes felt inferior to her in the love of angels. By the end of the year, her *brusquerie* and country awkwardness were partially dissipated. She had lost somewhat of her too great timidity, and began to show a thirst for knowledge.

Harry Winthrop's studies were finished. He had delivered the valedictory amidst marked applause. He had won high honors, and he had now the world before him. The dream of his life had been to travel, and now he was determined to see his dream fulfilled. No longer should it be a dim, misty vision, but a sweet reality. And so, bidding adieu to Faith and his other friends, he went to Germany to study.

Five years had passed over the hills and valleys of life, and Harry Winthrop, a bronzed and bearded man, with foreign air, strode again his native shore. Since he had left his *alma mater*, the suns of many different lands and climes had kissed his once pale cheek, and he had looked on ruins and stately edifices, and had learned to think. In rambling over the old world he had

first learned man's power and might, and his weakness and insignificance. He went a light-hearted student; he returned a grave, thoughtful, dignified man; a man who felt the importance of life, who realized his own native powers, and who was a man among men.

It was a June afternoon when he strolled up the seminary walk, and entered the chapel where hundreds were congregated. It was the last day of examination, and the young graduates were to read their essays before a criticizing audience. On the platform, but far back, were rows of seats, and eagerly did Harry scan each face to find his country blossom. Curly heads and dark eyes, sunny tresses and azure orbs—from all these how could he choose his Daisy? He knew it was her graduation day, and he resolved to watch the young girls, feeling convinced he would know Faith in a moment. A tall, stately girl, with raven hair and splendid oriental eyes, read her essay first. That could not be Faith. Next came a proud, haughty being, with a cold, reserved air. Then half a dozen passable-looking girls, by no means brilliant, but doubtless possessed of those qualities which make home happy. Mr. Winthrop immediately decided that Faith was not among them. Then, with a blundering air, came a short, plump girl, evidently the light of some farm-house—with auburn hair, blue eyes, a good-natured expression, but plain-featured, with a universal awkwardness. She shrank from reading her composition, looking around fearfully, the paper trembling in her hand, and a blush suffusing the healthy cheek.

That was Faith—so Harry decided. He did not doubt he was right, and he began to congratulate himself on the kind impulse which had led to her education, though no talent and but little close application to study could be perceived in her effusion. He was scarcely satisfied with her progress, but he determined she should study at home—for Harry owned an elegantly furnished mansion in his native city, which was now ready for the reception of himself and protegee.

The young lady whose turn came next, advanced with graceful self-possession, which Harry scarcely noticed, so busily was he thinking of the brown, plump country girl. But his attention was drawn to her well-turned sentences, the close thought, the nice distinctions, the evident love for the beautiful, the true talent displayed, and so well pleased was he, that he turned his attention to its author. She was of medium height, slender and graceful. Her hair was of a rich, sunny brown, and her eyes dark gray. He could only see the color for a moment, then the long lashes swept her cheek. He was struck by the

innocence and purity of the pale, earnest face. He looked at her, watched her movements, forgetting all else, and then he began to wish that Faith's school-days were not yet ended; he wished to leave her at the seminary. She needed further instruction, for her composition showed ignorance and a lack of reflection. He began to think he should hate to see her about his beautiful home, after seeing this girl, who, though she was not strictly beautiful, possessed a glorious soul. The country girl was so material beside this earnest young enthusiast.

Somewhat out of humor, he left the hall and found his way to the seminary parlor. Ringing the bell, he desired to see Miss Faith Winthrop as soon as the services were concluded, and then he gave himself up to thought. He heard the rush of departing footsteps, and he carelessly twirled the leaves of a crimson and gold album, as he heard light, approaching footsteps. He did not look up until he felt a pair of arms thrown around his neck, and a soft cheek pressed to his, and a sweet voice say, "Dear Uncle Harry!"

Somewhat offended at this display from a bread-and-butter school-girl, he gently unwound the clinging arms and looked—not into the face he expected, but the pale, earnest one he had seen with a little heart-fluttering.

"Is it possible that this is my Daisy?" he asked, almost incredulous, seating her by himself on a sofa.

"Quite possible, dear Uncle Harry," she answered, blushing. "I had almost given up your coming. You know you wrote me you would be here a week ago."

Harry did not think it worth while to inform her that the week had been spent in his city home, he, the while, chafing that his peculiar habits must be infringed upon by a romping girl. Neither did he consider it worth his while to tell her how he had dreaded coming for her, and blamed once or twice his "boyish folly" in removing her from her native sphere. He was angry at himself now.

Faith told him about her school-life, and said that her kind preceptress had offered her a situation as teacher, if she desired it, and she thought she would like to accept it. Mr. Winthrop quickly vetoed such an arrangement, by virtue of his authority, and Faith was not sorry. The next morning they were settled in their city home.

Mr. Winthrop had an excellent housekeeper, but conceiving it to be improper, in the eyes of the world, for his adopted niece to have no lady-companion, he said to her, a week after their arrival at their home:

"Now, Daisy, haven't you some school-girl friend you would like to invite to spend a year with you? You will be lonely oftentimes with only an old bachelor uncle, who must give half his time to his literary labors. You might invite two friends, Daisy, and then you shall enjoy yourselves in society."

Faith was not fond of gay society, but finding her guardian really in earnest, she wrote to two of her school-friends, and her invitations were speedily accepted. Mr. Winthrop had expected to endure a perpetual martyrdom after the arrival of the young ladies, and had resolved to bear it as best he might. But, greatly to his surprise, his study was never molested, the library was kept in order, and his literary labors were undisturbed by sounds of laughter and revelry, though the halls, the parlors, the drawing-room, and the young ladies' apartments echoed musical laughter and gay young voices.

The two guests of Faith Winthrop were very unlike. Bessie Randolph was a bright little Southern beauty, possessed of a fortune. She was an orphan, and had been a parlor-boarder at the seminary. She was a wilful, capricious, restless, little beauty, and she loved Faith devotedly, as much as she could and not disregard the claims of a college youth, with whom she became acquainted while at school.

Adele Vane was a tall, slender girl, with pale yellow hair—you could scarce call it golden—light blue eyes and fair complexion. She was the second daughter of a family of seven children. Her mother was dead, and her sister Charlotte took a mother's place with the wild, unruly boys, and the two girls, Adele and Ermance. Her supervision was especially distasteful to the proud Adele. Their father's income was small, and when the invitation to Adele arrived, the girl's heart gave a glad throb, and she inwardly resolved though she went away from home in a style displeasing to her tastes, she would return the betrothed bride of a rich man. Faith had heard Adele say that she was unhappy at home, and her kind heart, rather than any affection, prompted the invitation. Adele was unscrupulous as to what means she employed to gain the end for which she sighed, and she had not been in the house two days, ere she was determined to become mistress of it, and the wife of the grave, dignified man who owned it. He was wealthy, and a fit target for her arrows.

With winning grace she tried to induce him to join their social circle, and enjoy their music and gay chats. He complied so far as to introduce a number of friends to them, and to give them a grand party. Then he became more than ever

studious and taciturn. Sighing, Faith thought of that first week at home—its quiet *tete-a-tetes* and morning walks; the music, in which his deep, rich voice joined hers, and the pleasant readings aloud of new books.

She was half buried among the cushions of a huge easy-chair, in her own sitting-room, and her friends were with her. Carrie was embroidering a pin-cushion, and Adele was busy with canvass and worsteds.

"Faith, dear," exclaimed Carrie, "your cushion progresses beautifully. I wonder for whom Adele is making those slippers? Do tell us, Adele," she said, turning to Miss Vane.

"You shall know sometime, but I shall only tell you now that I shall give them to my lover."

"Your lover! Not here a fortnight, and yet you have a lover?" cried Bessie, in astonishment.

A peculiar smile wreathed Adele Vane's lips, but she answered not.

Though very different, the three girls were each possessed of a share of youthful beauty. If one were to compare them to stones, you would say that Adele was a diamond; brilliant, though neither beautiful nor witty enough to merit the simile, but she was showy. You would call Bessie Randolph a ruby, bright and sparkling. Faith Winthrop would remind you of a pearl—a pure human pearl was she. In society they all attracted admiration, and so were soon absorbed in the whirl of fashionable life. Many ladies offered to play chaperons to the three belles, and thus Mr. Winthrop was rescued from attending them, save at his own pleasure.

One morning he accompanied them to a large party given by one of his lady-friends. He had meant to enter the room with Faith, but in a way unaccountable to himself, he found Miss Vane leaning on his arm, and Faith was with a very fine-looking gentleman, who seemed absorbed in her remarks. Bessie was with a fop, whose forked moustache had evidently received more cultivation than his brains. He was disappointed; and still more, that he found no opportunity to speak to her. She was all the time surrounded, and he longed to hear the animated tones; but Miss Vane, too, was the centre of a delightful coterie, and she still was leaning on his arm. After that evening Mr. Winthrop's studious habits were confirmed, and the girls soon found that all entreaties for him to indulge in society were met by a smile, or perhaps a sarcastic speech. Bessie did not mind this, but the others did. Adele, because it tended to discourage her plans, and Faith because she saw so little of him, except at table. They were all sitting in the parlor one evening, when visitors were announced.

"Mr. Hastings," whispered Adele to Faith, in a tone intended for Mr. Winthrop's ear. "Why, Faith, you haven't seen him since last evening at the opera. He finds in you his beau ideal, I heard him say. There he comes." And she turned to greet the gentleman with a smile.

A blush mantled Faith's face, as Mr. Winthrop gazed searchingly at her, and he too turned to his visitors with a pale face and white lips. He watched their manners to each other, and became convinced that Mr. Hastings loved his ward. The blush he considered proof positive that that love was returned.

Adele was carrying on a gay conversation with the fop who had played the gallant to Bessie, and during the conversation, she made many allusions to "the family mansion," the avenue leading to the house, "the plate" and the jewelry she had inherited. Mr. Trenton, believing her rich, began to pay her exclusive attention. Adele had heard he was rich, and so encouraged him, believing it better to have "two strings to her bow." How would the aristocratic Mr. Trenton have rated himself had he known "the family mansion" was a two-story cottage, "the avenue," a stone footpath, "the plate," a dozen silver spoons and forks, the "inherited jewelry," a watch and chain left her by her mother? His prolific fancy conjured up a magnificent structure of huge dimensions, with a lawn, a park, a carriage-drive; a table laden with all the delicacies of the season, and Adele herself the fair queen of all; the idol of her father, with a necklace of diamonds around her throat, a tiara on her head, bracelets on her arms, and a general profusion and display of miscellaneous gems. The pictures surely were very unlike. Adele did not mention her brothers and sisters, but left him to conclude she was the sole heiress. But if he had known that Mr. Vane was an honest, intelligent shoemaker, in tolerably good business for the small place, he would have returned to Bessie, whose lack of pretension and boasting had made him think her poor.

Bessie, Faith and Mr. Hastings enjoyed themselves in conversation, and did not heed the flirtation going on in the bay window. When the guests had departed, the girls sat in the drawing-room, and criticised the gentlemen, while Faith performed the part of listener. Adele Vane had been saying that Mr. Hastings was conceited, and thought himself superior to most men. To this Faith answered, for she always spoke in behalf of the absent, if there was occasion for defence.

"Adele, I am sure Mr. Hastings is superior to most men; and is it not natural that he who

knows the power of his own mind, should feel it too? He is superior, but not conceited, Adele. If you knew him better, you would not say that. Of all the gentlemen who are attentive to us, he is the most of a gentleman, in my opinion."

"Mine, also," chimed in Bessie.

"I am glad to see that you entertain such a high opinion of him, for he considers you an angel," remarked Adele, carelessly.

Faith blushed.

"I am glad you appreciate him, Faith," said the kind voice of her guardian, at her side.

"Uncle Harry, when did you enter the room?" exclaimed the young girl, in astonishment.

"I have been here since you began talking of Mr. Hastings; I did not suppose the conversation private, or I should have spoken before."

He seated himself on a sofa near Adele. Faith turned her attention to Bessie, and in a moment, arm-in-arm, the two retired to their own apartments, leaving Mr. Winthrop and Adele together.

Nearly six months had passed away, and Adele Vane's object was not accomplished. Mr. Winthrop had not proposed for her hand, and she determined to adopt some decisive measure. The foppish Mr. Trenton still hovered in her footsteps, still considered her "divinely charming, 'pon honaw." He would long ago have proposed for her hand, but her conduct was variable—sometimes encouraging, sometimes repellant, just as her hopes or fears concerning Mr. Winthrop predominated. Then Mr. Trenton put on "property airs," and vowed revenge when the fortune and its fair, imagined possessor should be all his own.

Bright, sunbeam Bessie Randolph made music throughout the whole house, and her presence consoled Faith for the unpleasant addition to their society in Adele Vane. Faith's pure mind each day found something to regret in Adele, but she never spoke of it.

It was the week before Christmas, and the servants were busy preparing dainties. Faith had no more to do with the kitchen than her guests, but she loved to concoct some favorite dish for her guardian, and her presence was always hailed with delight by the housekeeper and her assistants. Adele Vane was very shrewd, and had discovered that it was Faith who prevented her becoming mistress of Winthrop house. She saw that as man seldom loves, Mr. Winthrop loved Faith, and that he thought himself disliked by her. This latter idea she wished to strengthen, and on every occasion she contrived to join Mr. Hastings's name to Faith's. Faith

had told the girls the circumstances of her real life, and that she had no claim on her kind guardian.

One afternoon, the week before Christmas, Faith sat in the library alone. She had been reading the poem "Child Harold," and unconsciously she repeated:

"The day drags through, tho' storms keep out the sun,  
And thus the heart will break, yes brokenly live on."

She looked out of the window, trying to recall the picture she had read. It was a cold, sleety day; the wind blew, and out of doors the gray hue made it seem peculiarly unpleasant to one who sat as did Faith, surrounded by books, pictures, and elegant statues. It was a cheerless day, and sometimes a soft, slow, drizzling rain pattered against the windows, and obscured the next houses, and even the leaden-hued sky. Her thoughts took their tone from the weather. She remembered her sad childhood, and in thankfulness she lifted her eyes, as if trying to pierce through the misty rain, up to where the rain never falls, and all is sunlight, radiant, beautiful. She looked back through the aisles where her feet had wandered; she saw the shadows and sunshine that God had given her, and she saw the flowers as well as the storms. She looked to the future. The shadows were thick in the large, dim library, as she asked herself, "What shall be my future? Bailey says:—

'The heart is its own Fate. Passion is destiny.'

What shall mine be? I am not fulfilling the end for which I was created, idling on silken cushions, and with no thought for the higher things of life. I want intensity, depth, individuality to this life of mine. To live, not to exist; to strive, to battle, to conquer. I am not satisfied with my life," she exclaimed, her face glowing, the color coming and going.

"Miss Faith," said the housekeeper, entering after a preliminary rap at the door, "there is a poor boy in the kitchen, begging for cold victuals and old clothes. Have you any old dresses, or anything for his mother, ma'am?"

"I will go and see him, Mrs. Williams," said the young girl, rising and accompanying her.

A little boy with ragged clothes and tattered hat, and shoes with plenty of holes for ventilation, unkempt hair and honest, clean little face, stood near the door, with basket in hand. A few questions from Faith drew out a story, touching, and artlessly told. The mother was sick, the father was drunk, the baby worried with teething, and the children were too small to work. Bidding the boy sit down, Faith filled the basket with bread and cakes, adding some dainties and

wine for the sick woman. The boy's eyes sparkled with delight, as he lifted his tattered cap, and exclaimed: "God bless ye, ma'am!"

In answer to a few questions more, he told her he was Johnny O'Flynn, and lived about half a mile away.

"Wait till I come back, Johnny," said Faith.

She entered the drawing-room and told the touching story to her guests. With characteristic generosity, Bessie half-emptied her purse in Faith's lap, but Adele said she did not like to encourage beggars.

Faith's pretty blue silk dress was soon exchanged for a quiet gray merino, and with hood and cloak she soon returned to the parlor. Bessie and Adele both declined accompanying her, and with one hand on the basket-handle, helping Johnny, and a small bundle in the other hand, Faith came up from the basement, passing the drawing-room window, unheeding the laughter of the two girls.

Half an hour passed dully enough to the two young ladies. Bessie reclined on the sofa, and Adele sat in the window. Mr. Winthrop entered with his favorite Review.

"Mr. Winthrop, you should have been here a few minutes ago," smiled Adele.

"Why so? Where is Faith?" he asked, now noting her absence.

"She's been hidden somewhere all day, until a while ago she entered to beg for a poor little fellow, who had all the troubles of Job," said Bessie.

"And a few minutes after, we saw her facing the wind, helping an Irish boy carry potatoes, or some such thing," continued Adele, adding: "I cannot see how a person with any delicacy could do so—making herself a sport to the gentlemen who see her." Mr. Winthrop looked grave.

"Faith out in this storm—she is a noble girl!"

Meanwhile Faith was rocking a baby in her arms and soothing it to sleep. The mother, too, was sleeping, and at a table near were half-a-dozen children eating heartily. The mother slept for hours, and woke refreshed, to find the stranger lady still holding the baby and reading aloud from the Book of books to the children, and to a dirty-looking man with a pipe in his mouth, whom the children called "father."

The rain grew heavier, and it was almost dark, so Faith left them, promising in answer to Mr. O'Flynn's uncouth, though well-meant invitation, and his wife's more urgent one, to come again soon. Johnny walked home with her. He was only ten years old, and his warm, Irish imagination was enkindled by the sight of her pale, innocent face, and with boyish ardor he began to love the gentle girl.

Arrived at home, Faith went to her own room, and was soon clad in dry clothing. Mr. Winthrop, unaware of her return, admiring her self-denial, was pacing the library with firm, quick tread, pale face and uneasy air. Sometimes he paused to listen if he might hear her footstep. He had questioned the housekeeper, but she did not know in what direction the boy lived. The servant had lighted the pendant lamps in the library; the evening meal had been eaten without their kind host, who still walked, head bent forward, hands clasped behind him, to and fro across the library, crushing the gorgeous velvet flowers under his heavy tread. His noble face was shrouded in gloom, his lips were compressed.

Suddenly his heart fluttered; he heard a light footstep that he knew. Not caring to betray his emotion, he stepped into a niche, in the shadow of a full length statue of Minerva. Faith entered, smiling sadly; he noticed it with a pang at the heart. Robed in a soft gray silk, which well suited her dovelike beauty, Faith stole to the window and pressed her cheek to the glass. There had been a coldness in Mr. Winthrop's manner to her for weeks, and she could not tell why. Thinking thus, the tears blinded her eyes. She determined to go back to the seminary and become a teacher—with a low, gasping sob, as she resolved on that step, Mr. Winthrop came forward.

"Faith, you should not have been so carried away by such a benevolent impulse, as to go out in such a rain," he said, reproachfully.

"But, Uncle Harry, I think I did some good," answered Faith, meekly.

"I don't doubt it, Faith, but you must have regard for your own health. I wish to talk to you. I received to-day from Ralph Hastings an offer for your hand. I believe he had your heart long ago. I need not tell you, Faith, that he is wealthy, talented, good and noble, for your heart will tell you the last, and I know you too well to suppose wealth would influence your decision. I promised to talk with you, and I told Mr. Hastings to call this evening for his answer. You will see him in an hour, Faith." Mr. Winthrop's tone was cold, hard and reserved.

Adele Vane had been insinuating that Faith loved Mr. Hastings, and that her health was injured by letting "concealment, like a worm in the bud," etc. Mr. Winthrop had remembered that Faith's form had grown slighter, her face whiter and purer, her eyes shining with a light which had nothing earthly in it, but a radiance which perchance was a foreshadowing of the glory of the beyond. He had noticed, too, the wistful quiver of the little mouth and its thin lips, and had sighed as he saw the transparent hands



and the pure forehead, through which the blue veins showed so plainly. He had thought from Adele's words, that this was owing to her love for Mr. Hastings, and the uncertainty as to that gentleman's feelings for her.

"Faith," he continued, "Mr. Hastings will be here soon, and I will leave you to think the matter over seriously, though of course there can be but one answer." He turned to leave the apartment.

"Stay, dear Uncle Harry," exclaimed Faith, with an effort; "will you not give him my answer. A spasm convulsed her guardian's face, as he answered, in a strange tone:

"You know not what you ask." Then he rapidly paced the apartment several times—then stood before her. "I will tell him, Faith, that you accept him. Will you see him this evening?"

"No, sir; and I hope you will not tell him that I accept him either. Please decline his offer in my name, sir."

"Faith, are you insane? Will you do violence to your own heart? Will you voluntarily darken your own life?" asked her guardian, with a strange mixture of wonder and misery in his tone.

"I do not love him, Uncle Harry," said Faith, gently.

"Not love him! Is it possible?"

"Quite possible, Uncle Harry."

"Don't call me 'Uncle Harry' again, Faith. I—but I hear Hastings's step in the hall. Come down to the library in an hour, Faith. I wish to talk with you."

Faith flew silently and unobserved to her own apartment. An hour had passed when her gentle face appeared at the library door, but it blanched to a death pallor, when looking in, she saw her guardian sitting on a cosy sofa, and at his side sat Adele Vane. Mr. Winthrop's feet were enconced within the canvass slippers Adele had embroidered. He was listening intently to her words.

"Ah!" thought Faith, "he wished to tell me how he loved Adele Vane." And she stole back again to her own room.

The rain pattered against the windows, the wind shook the blinds and shutters, and Faith looked out until the city clocks struck twelve. Restless, she knew not why, she lighted a small hand-lamp and stole down to the library, in search of an odd, antiquated book, which she had seen on a certain shelf, in the further corner. It was a book of magic and sorcery, such a one as to frighten such a timid dove as Faith was, but she wanted something exciting, something to subdue her restlessness. She stood with the lamp in her hand, when the door again opened,

and Mr. Winthrop entered. Faith started, as did he, in surprise that it was no burglar, as he supposed.

"I was restless, and came here for a book," said Faith, in reply to his questioning glance.

"Why didn't you keep your appointment with me to-night, Faith?"

"You were too busily occupied to see me, Mr. Winthrop. I came, but did not wish to interrupt you."

"Interrupt me! O, I understand, it was when Adele was in here. Tell me now, Faith, why you rejected Mr. Hastings." His tone was eager.

"Because I did not love him enough to be his wife," answered Faith, coldly, turning to go.

"Wait a moment, Daisy. I have been trying to think if this be a coquettish whim." His keen eyes searched her face.

"No, sir, it is no whim. Perhaps, Mr. Winthrop, as I have few chances to speak to you alone, I had better now say that I wish to return to the seminary as teacher. I think I had better go next week. Good night, sir."

In perfect astonishment her guardian looked at her.

"Will you not stay, Faith?"

"I cannot, sir—I ought not," she cried, gently.

"You must, Faith—you must not go. Will you leave me who love you so?" he cried.

Faith leaned against the books.

"Daisy, I love you better than my own soul; will you be mine?" His tone was eager and passionate.

"Do you not love Adele Vane?" asked Faith, in a low tone, lifting her head from his shoulder.

"Love Adele Vane! No, indeed, darling, I love you, and you alone, with a fervor and devotion of which I have been afraid. Mine—mine, my birdie," he said, exultingly, as she disappeared up the winding stairs.

Adele Vane was too well-bred, too heartless besides, to show any mortification, especially as she vainly believed that her host's keen eyes had not penetrated her schemes. She encouraged Mr. Trenton, who delightedly proposed, and begged the engagement might be a short one. And then, for her plans were but half-accomplished, she by tears, hints, and successful manoeuvres, tried to prevail on Faith to allow the wedding at Winthrop house. This, the fair blushing Daisy did not feel authorized to grant, but Mr. Winthrop, who saw it all, quietly told Miss Vane that it would give him pleasure to have her marriage solemnized in his house.

One bright January eve, in the presence of many guests, Adele Vane became Adele Trenton, with solemn vows and promises. Her two young

friends were her bridesmaids. Bessie Randolph looked like a glorious picture of morning, so bright, so beautiful was she—and Faith like a holy twilight, uttering a holy quiet over all human thoughts and emotions that were sinful; calming one, and making one feel purer, better, and more thoughtful. Faith was one of those who live near to Jesus, who each day grow better and more like the angels.

They visited Adele's home; but there vanished all the proud air-castles of Mr. Trenton's brain. He reproached his bride, who told him that as he was rich, it could not matter. To her surprise, she was informed that most of his wealth consisted in unpaid debts, and he was getting ashamed to meet his tailor. The journey that began so happily, ended in their return to the city with mutual distrust and coldness.

Adele Trenton was present at a small gathering at Winthrop house in early March. The bright little humming-bird Bessie Randolph again enacted the part of bridesmaid, and a tall student's eyes followed her every motion with fond delight and pride. And the bearded, noble-looking man, with the slight form at his side, looking up with pale, earnest face, and pure, truthful eyes, they were Harry Winthrop and Faith his bride. And Adele Trenton sighed, and a faint wish, as faint as the shadow of a cloud on a quiet lake, stole in her mind, that she had lived a true life, been true to her better nature, and true to her God. But she banished the thought, and was as gay and brilliant as if no pain was gnawing at her heart-strings, and as if her life were not a living mockery. Mr. Hastings was gone to Maine on business, and he could not be present. From his joy Harry pitied Ralph Hastings. After the usual bridal tour to the Falls, to Washington, and the principal Atlantic cities, the bridal party returned to Winthrop house, and quiet peaceful happiness. It was pleasant for Bessie Randolph that her lover began to practise law in the city, and pleasanter still for him.

Living nobly up to their high standard, and walking with loving hearts through this earthly pilgrimage, are Harry and Faith Winthrop.

**HEALTH OF AMERICANS.**—De Bow's mortality statistics, compiled from the last census, show that the people of the United States are the healthiest on the globe. The deaths are three hundred and twenty thousand per year, or one and a half per cent. of the population. In England the ratio is near two per cent., and in France nearly three per cent. Virginia and North Carolina are the healthiest States, and have six hundred and thirty-eight inhabitants over one hundred years of age.

[ORIGINAL.]

**THE STRANGER'S GRAVE.**

BY OSCAR N. KENNELS.

They laid him down in the cold, dark grave,  
Around whose sides the rushes wave;  
They marked his grave with nameless stone,  
And they left him there to sleep alone.

No teardrop fell on the clammy ground,  
No rosebush marks the lonely mound,  
No token reared by a sister's hand,  
For he died far off, in a foreign land.

The thistled plant with its bonnet blue,  
Drank o'er his grave the falling dew;  
And the wildbird sang its sweetest note,  
On the balmy breeze of spring to float.

But he lies all silent there beneath,  
And the wild vine twines his only wreath;  
He has died afar from friends and home,  
And he sleeps unhonored and unknown.

But there were friends that wept on a foreign shore,  
And long they looked, but he came no more:  
And they sighed and started in their home,  
In hope that the loved and lost would come.

But they never knew how he calmly slept,  
And the trailing vine o'er his tombstone crept;  
They met—not on earth, but the golden shore  
Of the heavenly clime, where he went before.

[ORIGINAL.]

**WHO WON HER?**

BY ESTHER SERLE KENNETH.

"LESLIE."

But Leslie Leonard, lying stretched out at full length on the green turf at my side, with his hands clasped beneath his head and his blue eyes half-shut, made no reply. The sunshine, streaming brokenly through the dancing leaves of the tree above us, played over his broad, white forehead and glorified his beautiful Raphael face.

"Leslie."

"Don't disturb me when I am engaged. Ladies grand chain!"

"In mercy's name, Leslie, what are you doing?" I asked, bewildered.

"Calling the changes," he replied, quietly.

"Who for?" I cried, beginning to have a dim idea of his meaning, as I followed his gaze to a bar of sunshine in which some insects were sporting.

"Those flies. They dance the 'Lancers' as well as ever I saw it danced in my life. The only trouble is, that they will persist in chang-

ing partners on the floor. Forward and address! There—did you ever see a figure gone through with better in your life?"

I could not forbear smiling, but the next instant I was serious again.

"I wish you would let the flies alone and talk with me," I said, after a pause.

"Well, when this figure is through. Balance at the corners!"

As he lay in that position of luxuriant indolence with a half-smile parting the ripe redness of his lips, I gazed as I had never gazed before on the perfect beauty of his face. I contrasted it with my own as I had seen it that morning in my mirror, and then pressed my teeth into my under lip until the blood came. How I envied him his pink and white complexion, his yellow curls and dark-lashed, blue eyes! But it was not for my own gratification that I coveted his beauty. No, indeed. I liked my own dark, irregularly-featured face best, but I knew the eye of the woman I loved would be charmed with his roses and lilies. She loved beauty, as all women do, in any shape, and could I hope that she would turn from his winning eyes to my plain face, knowing nothing of the great, worshipping heart that beat for her in my bosom?

"It is not right," I muttered. "He is none the more worthy of her because his face is perfect. O, if she only knew!"

"What are you talking about, John? and what do you want of me? Tell me while my dancers are choosing partners."

He turned, bright-eyed and smiling, towards me as he spoke. I looked at him steadily a moment, and then, bending forward, I laid my hand upon his arm.

"Leslie, do you love Ellen Vernon?"

Was it my strong will that held his gaze? for the blue eyes did not flinch, though a soft color, delicate and rich as the blush of a girl, tinged his cheeks, and the smile died on his lips.

"Why, John, what is the matter?" he cried, raising himself up after a moment and laying his hand on my shoulder. I was tempted to shake off the friendly touch but did not, only repeated my question.

"Tell me why you ask me this?" he said, wonderingly.

"Answer me first. Do you love Ellen Vernon?"

"I do."

He made answer in a firm tone with his face flushing and his eyes darkening. I dropped my gaze and turned away.

Kneeling beside me on the grass he wound his arm about my neck.

"John, dear boy—for Heaven's sake, tell me what you mean!"

In my bitter, jealous mood, the gentle, anxious tone chafed me, the caress seemed an insult.

"Save your blandishments and soft words for your wooing, though you will hardly need them with that face of yours," I said, shortly, withdrawing from his encircling arms.

He rose to his feet and stood looking at me as if he feared I was insane. I would not raise my eyes, but looking through my lashes in a sullen way, I saw a light flash over his features as if he comprehended me at last, and then I met his gaze. He drew a quick breath, and with a nervous movement tossed the fair hair away from his face. Then coming to where I stood leaning against the trunk of a tree, for I had arisen, he laid his hand on my arm.

"John, this must not be," he said. "We have been true friends too long to be divided now. That we love the same woman is a sign of good taste in both, I think. We must be fair, and whoever wins must wear."

He smiled in his winning way, and tried to steal his hand into mine as he spoke. It was an old trick of his. I had seen that look and manner a hundred times in his boyhood when seeking reconciliation after a quarrel. Through sheer force of habit, I was about to take his hand, but recollecting myself I drew back. How dare he speak in that way to me when we stood side by side where our faces and forms were reflected in the water? It was an insult, a mockery. I told him so.

"It can never be," I said. "One must give up to the other, or we must choose between her and our friendship. I cannot kiss you or take your hand, knowing that if you were able you would rob me of my dearest hold on life. I cannot be your friend and Ellen Vernon's lover while you support the same claim. You must choose between us."

Standing silent, his gaze wandered across the river shining like glass, across the meadow blue with wild pea blossoms, on the other side, across the wide, brown road beyond, with cattle grazing on either side, and rested at last on a low, red farmhouse, with two large maples before it. And in a great swing which was fastened to the boughs of one of them, Ellen Vernon swayed back and forth. My heart stood still at the sight—Leslie's cheek flushed.

He turned suddenly to me again, at last, and I could see pain in the clear depths of his eyes as he spoke.

"Think a moment, John. Are we to part forever in this way?"

"If you will not—" I commenced.

"I never will," he interrupted quickly. "You will not be fair or generous. You are like a school boy who would fetter his competitor's feet when prepared for a race, and then run for the prize alone. Of course, I will not consent to your terms!"

"Very well, then. That is all."

With my arms folded across my chest, I turned away from him and walked slowly along the bank of the river. I thought that he would follow me, and ask for a good-by grasp of the hand, but he did not. At a bend of the stream I glanced back and saw him standing alone under the tree where I had left him, his gaze wandering over the river and meadow and road, and resting again on the snowy-robed figure that flitted back and forth beneath the old maples which stood before the door of the little, red, farmhouse. I held my hand over my face to smother a sob, which I thought in my selfishness he was unworthy of, as the love I had cherished for him died in my heart, and was carried away by dark thoughts as a corpse is borne forth by stern-visaged bearers. Then lonely, unloved, despairing, I pursued my way.

Well, the summer passed by. During its months I had offered myself to Ellen Vernon and been refused. It was no disappointment. I had never expected that she would marry me, for I had never been fool-hardy enough to construe her friendliness into a warmer sentiment. But I asked her to marry me in sheer desperation—because I was wearing my life away, and because the certainty that she would not be my wife was no harder to bear after I had asked her than before. I met Leslie very seldom during that time, and we never spoke to each other when we did meet. The last time I saw him we passed each other in the street and Ellen Vernon was leaning on his arm.

The next day I went to New York. In the hurry and strife of business old memories were lost. The years rolled by. I became a wealthy, influential man. On my thirtieth birthday, I married my partner's daughter, slipping the bridal ring on her white finger with a last sigh for Ellen Vernon. My wife was beautiful, refined, intelligent and sweet-tempered. I grew a scoffer at the theory of first love. Little children which I called my own, came and nestled in my arms and climbed upon my knees. My hearthstone was a bright and happy one. All this time I had never seen Leslie Leonard.

When I was forty I retired from active business, and purchasing a gem of a cottage in the suburbs of the town, took my family thither. My

wife was more charming than ever in her new sphere, and my little ones thrived as only country babies will. The days were full of calm pleasure. There was no studied, artistic look about the place, but all was shady, and sweet, and beautiful, and people in passing often stopped to admire it.

I was reading in my porch just at sundown one day, and with my youngest child clinging to my knee, when a chaise stopped before the door and a gentleman sprang out. He came up the gravelled walk towards me, and in a pleasant, mellow voice that made me look sharply at him, asked for a glass of water, for a lady. He was a slightly-built, light-complexioned man, about five years younger than myself, and wore a heavy beard of a tawny gold color. Pleased with the request, for simple as it was, it seemed to infer that my place bore a hospitable air, I entered the house for a glass, intending to take the stranger directly to the well, where the clear, spring water was drawn up from its pebbly resting-place in an old, wooden bucket. When I came out I found that he had coaxed my little one into his arms, and carrying her, he followed me to the other side of the house, talking to her as he went.

"What is your name, bright eyes?" he asked, as we walked along.

But my pet put her dimpled forefinger in her rosy mouth and would not answer.

"Tell the gentleman that your name is Ellen," I said, reprovingly.

"Ellen?" said the stranger. "Ah! that is my wife's name."

I stopped, gave him a searching glance, and grasped his hand.

"Leslie!—Leslie Leonard, don't you know me?"

He looked bewilderingly at my face so changed by time, and with the dark hair that shaded it streaked with gray, and then with the old sudden lighting up of his eyes, which I remembered well, flung his arm about my neck, and our bearded lips met as in the old time.

"John Thornton—by my life! Why, you dear, old fellow, I was never so glad to see any one before since I was born," he said, wringing my hand.

"Come into the house and stay awhile. I have got so much to say to you!"

"I would like to best of anything in the world, but cannot! My wife is waiting for me, and we must be in town at eight this evening. But come and see me, and—you are married?"

"Yes."

"Good—and bring your family. Here—" and he hastily scribbled his address on a card,

and handed it to me. "Come immediately—tomorrow!"

"I will come, certainly. Give me the child, while you carry the water."

"Is it yours?"

"Yes."

He grasped the glass and hurried away with my little one clinging to his neck. Standing half-concealed by the shrubbery, I saw him reach the glass of water to a lady who sat in the carriage, and the skirt of whose dress I could see. He said something in an earnest voice, and held the child up to her. I looked eagerly but I could not behold her face as she bent forward to kiss it.

"I wonder how she looks now!"—I said to myself—"if her face has grown pale and careworn like mine? She must be near thirty now. Leslie is still the same frank, warm-hearted fellow. What a fool I have been!"

I went to meet him and receive the glass, the child, and his good-by grasp of the hand.

"Be sure, and come soon. I shall expect you every day till you do come," he said, and then kissed the baby and hurried away. I watched him spring into the chaise and drive off, and then turned and walked slowly up the path to the house.

That evening as we sat alone, I told my wife of the incident of the day, and the story connected with it. She smiled and kissed me, and wanted to see Leslie and his wife, so we agreed to visit them next week. And we went.

Leslie met us at the door, welcoming us with all the enthusiasm of his youth. He said, laughingly, that he had stayed at home waiting for us ever since the day he had met me so unexpectedly. His wife was out, but would be in very soon. Meanwhile we made ourselves comfortable in his cosy little parlor. His house was a small one in the very heart of the city, but perfect in every arrangement. He said that he had lived there ever since he had been married, which was just five years.

In about half an hour afterwards his wife came in. She had not been informed of our arrival, and entered the room in her outdoor wrappings, a little child clinging to her, half-laughing, half-crying. But Ellen Vernon never owned the sweet, radiant face that she turned towards me, as she gave me her hand. The blood that had rushed to my face at her entrance, ebbed away again before Leonard looked at me, and I went down to dinner by her side, entirely at my ease. But that evening, after tea, as Leslie and I sat alone with our cigars, and our wives chatted confidentially in the nursery overhead, I said:

"By the way, what ever became of Ellen Vernon, Leslie?"

"She married a Western lawyer, and went to Illinois," he replied, knocking the ashes off his cigar with his little finger.

"Why didn't you marry her?" I queried.

"Simply because she wouldn't have me," he replied.

And we looked in each other's faces and laughed.

#### A WITTY RETORT.

Engineer Stone, or, as he was more generally called among his acquaintances, "Old Rock," who runs on the east end of the Peoria and Oquawka railroad, is a natural wag, quick at a repartee, and dry as a chip. One day Rock met with a lot of St. Louis, Alton and Chicago railroad boys, at Peoria Junction, and they stepped into Sam Emery's for a social glass of ale. Conductor Hedges, of the St. Louis road, as a sort of sentiment, gave "Old Rock, otherwise Stone, a perfect brick!" That's very good," exclaimed Stone; "here's to old Brush, otherwise Hedges, a perfect stick!" The next that was seen of Rock, he was pursuing a "two forty" gait toward his engine, Hedges, with a stick, close on his rear. This is not quite as good as the repartee of Dick Denton, while a division engineer on the Illinois Central, at a festival several years ago in De Witt county. A fellow named Jack R—, gave as a sentiment, "The two Nicks, Old Nick and Nick Denton." The tables came down with a clatter. Nick rose, as grave as a judge. When the noise had subsided, he said he fully appreciated the honor conferred upon him in being named in connection with Jack's most intimate friend! He hardly knew how to requite the kindness, but as one good turn always deserves another, he would give: "The two Jacks, Jack R— and Jackass." Jack R— collapsed, and the company went into hysterics.—*Illinois Herald.*

#### "GOING TO DO IT."

"Going to do it," never made a fortune, built a house, or won a name. "Going to do it" has been the bane of more people than would fill the census of a dozen New Yorks. The man who is always "going to do it," rarely if ever does it. The only thing he does do is to go out of the world without doing it. If he has a task which must be done, he at once announces, with a great deal of boasting and a great waste of words, time and breath, that he is "going to do it." And while he is thus "going to do it," somebody who is not suspected of "going to do it," does it and reaps the reward.—*Portland Transcript.*

#### NIGHT.

How beautiful is night!  
A dewy freshness fills the silent air;  
No mist obscure, nor cloud, nor speck, nor stain,  
Breaks the serene of heaven.  
In full-orbed glory, yonder moon divine  
Rolls through the dark-blue depths;  
Beneath her steady ray  
The desert-circles spread,  
Like the round ocean, girdled with the sky.  
How beautiful is night!

SOUTHEAST.

ORIGINAL.]

## A LEAP YEAR STORY.

BY ALICE H. HARRIS.

A CHEERFUL fire blazed up in the kitchen fireplace, and threw its ruddy gleams over the polished floor and homely furniture of the great, wide room. Grandmother occupied an old-fashioned, penitential arm-chair, which was so placed as to command a view of the fire and one half of the room; the rest was in utter darkness. Aunt Ellen—dear, plump, bewitching Aunt Ellen, was seated upon a cricket opposite grandmother, and was holding her face upon her hand and gazing thoughtfully into the blaze.

We girls—Mat, Bess, Nell and myself, who rejoiced in the name of Sarah, corrupted to Saity, had wandered about from one window to another, peering out into the dark, rainy night, and half wishing we had gone to bed at seven o'clock, and escaped such an uncomfortable evening. We were terribly afraid too, that Nell, our little Western cousin, would become disgusted with our dear old Massachusetts, and set off directly for home. To add to our discomfort, Bess began to see ghosts in the corners, and Mat whispered that she believed a black spider had bitten her.

"Girls, come here," said Aunt Ellen, just at this critical moment. "I see you want me to tell you a story," continued she, as we came trooping around her. "Now sit down and tell me what it shall be about."

"A Leap Year story," suggested Bess, upon whom the fact that it was leap year made a great impression.

"Well, a Leap Year story it shall be then," said Aunt Ellen, smiling a peculiar sort of a smile, which we could not at all understand.

"A great many years ago I had a beau—"

"O fie!" said little Nell, assuming a very savage look. But Aunt Ellen only laughed and went on.

"I'll call him Richard for the present, though that wasn't his name. He was a very clever young man, very steady and industrious, and as happy as the day was long. I declare, I never liked any one better in my life."

"Why did you not marry him then?" asked Bess.

"O, I'll tell you by-and-by," said Aunt Ellen, placidly. "Well, we were all walking home from church one Sunday afternoon, when we saw just ahead of us Richard's brother Nathan and my sister Mary."

"I didn't know we had an Aunt Mary," interposed Mat.

"They were walking along very quietly,

neither speaking, apparently contented to just be in each other's sight. Richard looked at them thoughtfully for a few moments, and then said: 'Ellen, what do you think of that match?'

"I just told him that I had done thinking about it at all; for you see Nathan had waited upon our Mary seven years, and was likely to wait upon her twenty years longer. I didn't suppose they would ever be married, for Nathan thought Mary was a deal too good for him, and Mary thought just the same of Nathan."

"'Can't we help them to an understanding?' asked Richard. 'Come, Ellen, you were always a great schemer—just put your wits to work, and by Thanksgiving we'll have a real wedding in the family.'

"'It's Leap Year,' said I, demurely.

"'What of that?' asked Richard.

"'Why, nothing, only that Mary has a perfect right to propose to Nathan, seeing he will never screw up courage to propose himself.'

"'I've got it now,' shouted Richard. 'Nathan is going to spend a couple of weeks in New Hampshire soon, and while he is gone, I will write a formal proposal to Mary, appearing to come from him. Upon the same day you can write one from Mary to Nathan, claiming as her privilege the right to propose to him. Then, presto, the matter is finished, and we shall have the proud satisfaction of knowing that we have benefited the human race.'

"I readily assented to all this, for I was always ready for any scheme that promised amusement, and in this case, I quieted my conscience by saying to myself that we were going to practise a little deception that a great deal of good might come of it. In due time Nathan went on his journey, and on the day agreed upon I sat down to write my letter.

"I never shall forget that day—a pleasant May morning, and the pink and white blossoms of the fruit trees looking so beautifully, and the birds singing at the top of their voices. I was in the room above this, for I dared not write in this room because Mary was here. I had the paper before me, and the pen already dipped in the ink, when suddenly I paused, and thought for the first time seriously of what I was doing. But I remembered that it would never do to leave the scheme half-completed, for by that time probably, Richard had accomplished his part, and so I set myself to work again. I wrote a very firm but modest letter, and ended it by signing Mary's name in full. I was not very particular about imitating her hand-writing, for to my certain knowledge they had never before written to each other. Just as I had finished the super-

scription, Mary entered the room, and expressed some surprise at my occupation.

"Who is that letter for?" asked she, approaching the table and observing it with great curiosity.

"I took it up carelessly. 'Guess,' said I."

"She shook her head. 'I really can't tell, unless you have got a new lover and have been writing to him.'"

"'Wrong,' said I, laughing. Pretty soon she went away, and then I hurried to deliver it into Richard's hands, who mailed it for me.

"'There,' said I, to myself, as I walked homeward, 'I'm glad that's done. Now there are some hopes that we shall have Mary married and happy at last. Dear me, I wonder what the folks would say if they only knew?'"

"That evening, Richard called to escort me to singing-school. As I was tying on my bonnet, I ventured to ask Mary to go with us, and to my great surprise, she consented. As we three went along, Richard and I talking and laughing, and Mary only speaking a word now and then, we came up behind another party.

"'I never in my life,' said Eleanor Mason, 'saw two such fools as Nathan Richardson and Mary Bright. If she had only managed rightly, she might have entrapped him years ago; and if he had only had the courage of a mouse, he would act like a man and not like an idiot.'"

"We fell behind and walked slower. I never was so angry in my life, and as for Mary, she seemed to grow quite faint and feeble all of a sudden. I knew Richard was angry too, but he said nothing, and presently we came to the schoolhouse. As we forced through the entry, Eleanor Mason met us face to face.

"'Good evening, Ellen,' said she, 'and Mary here, too—why, how do you do?'"

"Mary answered her in a cool, quiet way, but as for me, I flounced past her, without even looking at her. How Mary got through that evening I don't know, but she did somehow. When we got home, I went directly up stairs, but she said she would come in here and warm her, for the night was rather chilly. So I went up alone, but presently came back in my stocking feet and listened at that door, and then pushed it open a little and looked in. There she was, kneeling by the fire with her head in a chair, crying very quietly. It was evident that Eleanor Mason's words had wounded her deeply, more deeply than I had supposed. Ah me! if Eleanor Mason had only known what a worthless husband she was going to have herself, I think she would not have been so harsh in judging others.

"Well, a day or two went by, and one morning Neighbor Judkins stopped in his ox team,

and after a great deal of preparation, fished out from his coat-pocket a letter, and handed it to mother. Mother put on those very spectacles of hers, and looked, and looked, and looked, and at last, she concluded that it must be for our Mary. Mary had gone to the barn after eggs, and so I took the letter and ran out to find her. There she was perched on a mow, hunting for the speckled hen's nest, and I tossed the letter up to her, and ran off. I saw no more of her until dinner-time, and mother was dreadfully angry to think she wasn't there to wash the vegetables and arrange the table, for I had to do something else that day. Well, while we were at dinner, she came in with the step of a queen, and a face as bright as a June day.

"'Bless the girl!' said mother, laying down her knife and fork and looking at her. Father stared, but said nothing, and I attended pretty closely to my dinner. After dinner Mary washed the dishes as usual, and not a word was said to any of us about the letter. I understood pretty well why this was, for in writing it, Richard had said, in Nathan's name of course, that it would be better to keep the matter quiet until he should get home.

"The days went by. Everybody remarked that Mary looked younger and appeared more animated than we had remembered her as looking or appearing for some time. Mother thought it was owing to her stirring about doing the housework, and not sewing as much as she used to. Father ascribed the change to his nice cider, which was, in his opinion, the cure for all the ills that flesh is heir to. I, who was in the secret, knew that Mary was drinking large quantities of an elixir which you know nothing about, children. One evening, father came in with his newspaper, and took a seat just here by the fire to read the news, as was his custom.

A sudden exclamation from father made us all look up; he had his eyes fixed upon the paper, but after a while he lifted them, and shot a queer, quick glance at Mary, and then raised his hand to his mouth, as if to keep back a groan.

"'What is the matter?' said mother. Mary didn't speak, but she kept her eyes fixed on father, awaiting his answer. He took another look at Mary, stammered out something which we couldn't understand, and then folding up the paper and putting it in his pocket, he began to walk up and down the room. Mother didn't ask another question, she understood father too well for that, but she, as well as the rest of us, watched him as closely as we dared. Pretty soon he took down his hat and went towards the outer door, but when he got as far as the entry, he stopped

and called to mother, and they held a long whispered conference there, not a word of which we heard. By-and-by father opened the door and went out, and mother came back to the fire.

"'Mary,' said she, 'you look tired—you had better go to bed; and Ellen too—I don't want you any longer.'

"We were both young women grown, but we acted upon her hint without a word. Children were better trained in those days than they are now. As we passed through the entry, Mary stooped and picked up something, which she hid in her dress until we were up stairs and safe in our own room. Then she drew out before my eyes the identical paper father had been reading, and which he had somehow dropped in the entry.

"'O, Mary,' said I, as if the idea had just struck me, 'let me look at that paper a minute; there is an advertisement that I want to see.'

"The fact was, I was anxious that she should not look at the paper that night, for I felt certain there was bad news for her in it. So I said the first thing that came into my head in hopes to get possession of it.

"'You may have it in a minute, Ellen,' said she, firmly, 'but I must look at it first.'

"Then she seated herself and ran her eye eagerly over the first page. I was in despair, as you may imagine, but not long, for just as Mary was turning the sheet and preparing to scan the next page, I leaned forward and blew out the light.

"How she deplored her carelessness, as she supposed it, which had put out the light. Then she asked me eagerly, if there were any matches in the box, and I groped my way to it, and having ascertained, I answered with truth that there was not one there.

"Just then we heard mother coming up stairs, and we saw the gleam of the light she carried, as she passed by our room door. She went directly on to the south chamber, which we kept for a spare room then, and we heard her moving about in it apparently arranging things, for full half an hour. Then, our attention was suddenly attracted by a noise below, the opening of doors, voices hushed to whispers, and finally what seemed to be a procession coming up the stairway, the sound of feet treading cautiously and planted firmly on every stair, as if the burden that the hands bore was exceedingly valuable.

"I never was so frightened in my life, children. Those mysterious noises in the night-time, too, filled me with more awe than anything ever did before or has since. I whispered to Mary, but she made me no answer, and when I had found my way to her side, I discovered that she had fainted, and was lying on the floor as if dead.

"What should I do? I debated a moment, and then cautiously unlatched the chamber door and passed into the entry. Some one had left a candle upon the floor, probably setting it down hastily and then forgetting it. Though the light was a feeble one, I immediately decided that it was sufficient for my purpose, which was to read that portion of the news in the paper which had so affected my father. So I brought the paper out, unfolded it and hastily looked it over; I was more fortunate or unfortunate perhaps than Mary, for it was not long before my eyes fell upon this paragraph:

"'We are deeply pained to include among the victims of the late frightful railroad accident, one of our own townsmen, Mr. Nathan Richardson, a young man of whose talents and character it is needless to speak.'

"There was more, but I couldn't read the rest of it, I was so thunderstruck. I understood now the mystery of that evening; Nathan was dead and had been brought to our house, for having no mother or sisters, Nathan and Richard had no settled home. A step startled me and a hand laid on my shoulder made me shiver with fright.

"'Ellen, what are you doing here?'

"It was Richard, who spoke, but his voice was hoarse, and his face paler and sterner than I had ever before seen it. I held up the paper.

"'I know all, Richard—he is dead!'

"'No, Ellen, thank Heaven, it is not as bad as that; he lies in a very critical situation, it is true, but as long as there is life I shall hope.' He brushed his hand across his face as he spoke; they two being alone in the world had more affection for each other than brothers usually have.

"'Where is Mary?' said he, suddenly. 'Try and keep this from her till the morning.'

"I started; I had entirely forgotten Mary, and had left her lying upon the floor. I took a hasty leave of Richard, brought a light into our room, and after a while I succeeded in bringing Mary to life, though I almost thought then, that it would be as well for her to die, as to come back into such a cruel world. Fortunately for herself and for me, she sank into a sleep, which lasted through the night.

"Scarcely anybody ate breakfast that morning, though nearly all pretended to do so; but it wouldn't do, anxiety made us almost hate the sight of food. Mary had been told, and had borne it beautifully as mother said. We saw nothing of her, for she had gone at once to Nathan's room and was busy in the duties of her new office. And a quieter, more gentle or better nurse there never was in the world.

"Well, time went on, and one day Nathan



was better and the next he was worse, but after a long time the doctor said he would recover.

"I used to watch Nathan and Mary sometimes, and wonder if the affair of the letters was ever mentioned, and each day I half-dreaded to be called to an account for my share in the business. Richard and I often congratulated ourselves upon the success of our scheme, for the pair of lovers for whom we had plotted, appeared almost as happy as we could wish. I say almost, for occasionally I noticed a slight shade on Mary's face which did not betoken perfect happiness. One day, long after Nathan had left our house, I went into that great closet to look for some pieces of a dress, leaving the door a few inches ajar. Mary sat sewing and humming some good old tune; but in a moment the humming ceased, I heard a step in the entry, and in came Nathan, looking, as I noticed through the crack of the door, as if he were perfectly satisfied with the world and everything in it.

"I was still looking, at him, when by a quick movement he dislodged a letter from some pocket, and it fell at Mary's feet. She stooped forward, rather hastily, I thought, and picked it up, just glancing at the superscription, as she returned it to the owner.

"That must be a very valuable letter," said she; "I hardly ever saw it out of your hands whilst you were sick."

"It is invaluable," was Nathan's laughing answer. "I wouldn't part with it in exchange for a mine of gold."

"Perhaps it is from a lady," said Mary, looking as if she would like to see the inside of it.

"Exactly," was the reply, "you've hit the mark; it is from a lady."

"I shouldn't be at all surprised if it were a love-letter," was Mary's next remark, uttered with a laugh, which didn't sound at all natural.

"You are right again, Mary—it is a love-letter. How wonderful that you should guess so correctly," and here he laughed as if the matter was some good joke and intensely amusing. Mary moved away towards the window and kept quite silent, whilst I, like the geese that I was, remained in the closet, half-smothered, hardly daring to breathe, and still less daring to go out and proclaim the truth, that the letter had been written by myself. There was a long silence; it seemed full an hour to me in my uncomfortable hiding-place, then I heard Nathan say:

"Well, Mary, you see I'm waiting patiently to be catechized?"

"She looked at him sharply. 'I don't understand you,' she said.

"Shall I tell you more about that letter;

the subject seemed to be interesting to you just now?" I actually trembled for fear of what would come next.

"I care nothing about your letters," said Mary, in a tone of voice which did not quite agree with her words. "You are able, I suppose, to take care of your own correspondence; or perhaps you would like to have me assist you?"

"To be sure I should," was the mild reply to this last bitter retort; "but at present I've no idea of corresponding with any one, for I have something pleasanter to think of. So you would acknowledge you know who wrote this letter?"

"I of course not. What have I to do with your love-letters?"

"A great deal, I should judge, as long as you wrote the only one I ever received."

"What in the world do you mean? I do believe you are crazy," and Mary looked angry enough, whilst I felt as if I could sink through the floor into China, if by that means I could escape this pair of angry lovers.

"Nathan advanced and held out his letter to Mary. She cast her eyes over it and then returned it, not haughtily but quietly.

"Did you think I could write that letter, Nathan, and then look you in the face afterwards? Some one has done this for a joke, it is not my handwriting."

"It was now Nathan's turn to look indignant.

"I wish I had those jokers here," said he. Mary glanced once more at the letter.

"The date is the same as that of the one which you wrote me," was her remark.

"I wrote you! I solemnly declare, I never wrote you a letter in my life, Mary."

"I couldn't help it, but just at that terrible moment the shelf above me, which I had laid hold of in my agony, gave way, and down came a heap of dishes upon my devoted head. The astounding crash frightened me into a fainting fit, and when I came to myself, I found that I was safe up stairs out of the reach of the infuriated Nathan.

"You bad girl, how could you?" said Mary, leaning over me and laughing. "We've found you out, and Richard, too; but it's all right now; Nathan and I have had our last quarrel."

"And sure enough the next Thanksgiving, there were two couples married at our house, and mother and father lost all their daughters. There, children, there's my Leap Year exploit for you, not to imitate, but to take warning by."

"Aunt," said Mat, "where are Nathan and Mary now?"

"With your father and mother, I suppose," was the laughing reply.

[ORIGINAL.]

## MEDITATION.

BY J. HOWARD WERT.

'Tis not in a gilded palace,  
That glows with sapphire's beam;  
But a dense and lonely forest  
Beside a crystal stream,

Where the gentle wavelets ripple  
In a soft, melodious flow,  
And the withered leaves of autumn  
Reflect a golden glow,

That I fondly love to dwell,  
With my heart and harp alone,  
And sing in my plaintive strain  
My world of grief and groan.

'Tis here I've often wandered  
With her I loved so well;  
While the sky above me seemed  
Of happiness to tell.

But she's gone to a better land,  
Which rises to my view;  
Where the angels plume their golden wings  
Through the endless realms of blue;

While I am sitting all alone  
On the sad and mystic shore  
Of the beautiful, babbling, shaded brook,  
That she treads upon no more.

But I'll not tarry long below:  
But a few more dreary hours,  
And I shall come to the pearly gates  
And vine-encircled bowers.

[ORIGINAL.]

## THE SECRET CRIME.

## A SINGULAR NARRATIVE.

BY JAMES FRANKLIN FITTS.

Not among the least curious and entertaining experiences in crime, and the fallibility of human penetration to detect its authors, afforded by the records of the English Pleas of the Crown, from a remote period to the present day, is the following strange incident, the very peculiarity of which seems a sufficient warranty of its truth, since efforts of fiction rarely place men in positions so novel, and yet so entirely possible. A dim recollection of having seen a somewhat similar narrative in print a number of years since, has not deterred the writer from offering it to the public, as it must necessarily be new to many.

The locality of the story was the little village of N—, lying half a league inland from one of the coasts, and containing a mixed population, chiefly composed of rough and hardy seafaring

men. By this designation, the reader will understand as well those who were openly and notoriously engaged in the contraband trade, plying a hazardous and illicit, but extremely profitable commerce, between their own country and the neighboring shores of France, as well as those who engaged in the more honest operation of coasting and fishing.

As a natural consequence of this state of facts, the inhabitants of N— were in a remarkable degree rude and uncultivated. The women, for the most part, were ill-favored and slatternly in their appearance, and the men uncouth, rough and boorish. Nor were these the only unfavorable characteristics of the place. Some of the younger and more daring spirits were criminals, who had fled from other sections of the country, and who had, we may reasonably suppose, been attracted thither by the congenial freedom and recklessness of the smuggler's life. This latter class, while for the most part, young, handsome and remarkably courageous in their peculiar calling, were at the same time, malignant, vindictive and ferocious; the best evidence of which qualities, were the brawls which periodically disturbed the village. The inhabitants of the neighboring towns held the contrabandists of N— in the worst possible repute, and it was more than hinted that they were guilty of other and more heinous crimes than that of smuggling. But as regards the uncivilized character of the inhabitants of N—, there must be made one exception. For seventeen years there had been growing up to womanhood and beauty, in this unlovely community, a being whose virtues and loveliness might have redeemed it from all its reproaches. Kate Clifford—this was her name—had been rescued when a mere infant by some of the coasters, from a wrecked merchantman, which foundered in a heavy gale near the shore; she, it was believed, being the only person saved from the wreck. Thrown thus, in her earliest childhood, waif-like, among this peculiar people (a people especially zealous in *bad* works), she ripened from girlish beauty into womanly perfection the more speedily because of the wild and careless freedom of her life. Tall and perfectly symmetrical in person, with her dark, eloquent eye and musical voice, she might have well ornamented any higher grade of social existence, in which fate might have chanced to place her.

And yet, there was that in her daily intercourse with the rudest of those who surrounded her, which elsewhere would be sought in vain. They treated her with a deference and respect which fully showed that she was acknowledged among them as a superior being—in fact, she seemed to

hold the same relation with them that a queen might to her loyal subjects.

The leaders of the young and desperate spirits to whom allusion has been made, and themselves the most desperate and unscrupulous of any, were Edgar Carroll and Mark Maynard. Each was the leader of an admiring class, and they had hitherto been rivals in all matters connected with their occupation. Now, however, they met in a rivalry more fierce, more anxious than any which had yet engaged their minds. Both seemed simultaneously to have suddenly become aware of the peculiar beauty of Kate Clifford—and with the headlong impulsiveness which characterized all of their passions, they abandoned for the while all other pursuits, and devoted themselves exclusively to her service. But it was at best a hopeless love from the first. Both seemed to feel instinctively, that a prize so bright as this which they were seeking, was far beyond their grasp—that Kate Clifford, matchless as she was, in her loveliness of person and refinement of spirit, could never mate with them, and that their vanity in this direction was destined to work no profit to either. Yet, with a gloomy, dogged obstinacy, they continually met each other in her society, happy to receive the occasional smiles which the womanly vanity and coquetry of their idol prompted her to bestow upon them, while at the same time, their half-rude, half-bashful advances were received with a quiet dignity which effectually abashed them.

A few words will be amply sufficient to describe the sentiments of the village beauty towards these hopeless aspirants for her love. Secretly despising them both, she yet encouraged their passions sufficiently to keep it alive, from the gratification afforded her by the knowledge that her power had been strong enough to humble two such ungovernable natures to her feet; and in the lack of hearts more congenial to conquer, with a coquettish exercise of her charms of person and mind, which half-invited, half-repelled, and at the same time almost crazed her admirers, she readily coerced them into a perfect state of submissive devotion, that filled their every thought and act.

Not far from the village, separated from it by a strip of the forest, filled with underwood (which we shall have occasion to refer to hereafter), stood the lofty turrets of Grenville Castle. And it was while matters were in the position just described, at the village, that Lord Robert, the present representative of the noble family whose name he bore, took up his abode there, with the avowed intention of continuing it indefinitely.

The history of this nobleman, young, hand-

some and wealthy as he was, was as brief as instructive. Naturally of a generous and impulsive temperament, upon succeeding to his ancestral title, five years previous to the date of this, his first appearance at Grenville Castle, tempted by the example of gay companions, and betrayed by his own too ardent spirits, he had plunged into the whirlpool of metropolitan life, and enjoyed to satiety the intoxication which its splendid sins offered him. Tired and disgusted at length with the heartless emptiness of his life, his better nature once more gaining the predominance, he emerged from the gay haunts of London, forswore its dissipations forever, and resolved to abandon at the same time all his vicious associates and habits. In pursuance of this resolution, he came to the castle, bringing with him a number of domestics, and entered at once upon the new course of life which he had prescribed for himself.

It was the second morning after his arrival, while walking upon the headland which bordered the sea, that he accidentally encountered Kate Clifford. She stood near the edge of the cliff, having removed the gipsy hat which she wore in her occasional rambles, and with her black hair unbound and streaming back in wild luxuriance over her shoulders, her eyes lighted with natural enthusiasm at the scene she beheld, and the red tinge of exercise burning faintly through the rich brunette of her complexion, she was looking off upon the sea, as it heaved its white-crested billows with perpetual restlessness, and flashed back the bright rays of the summer sun. Lord Robert paused involuntarily, and gazed with the fascination of admiration and surprise upon the beautiful girl. Never, he secretly confessed, had he seen anything in the shape of woman one half so lovely—no, not even the proudest belles of the metropolis. How long he might have gazed, unconscious of anything save her presence, must have been problematical; but a slight noise made by him drew her attention towards him, and her color deepened as she encountered his earnest eyes. Raising his hat with a respectful bow, Lord Robert passed on, querying in his own mind who and what the lady—for so he mentally styled her—could be.

His curiosity upon this point was soon satisfied by inquiries, and the story of Kate Clifford's romantic introduction and life among the people of N—, increased his interest in her. Frequent meetings, always accompanied by a bow upon his part, and a smile of recognition from her, speedily ripened into an acquaintance. And that Lord Grenville's admiration gradually warmed into affection, is demonstrated by the fact that he

now sought her company daily, and that their rambles were never as before, taken in solitude.

The event of this intimacy was certain from the first. Its causes may be briefly recited. Further companionship with Kate Clifford had fully persuaded Lord Robert that he had at last discovered the great predominant necessity of his life—a woman, beautiful in mind as in person, of a congenial heart, and who loved him truly and devotedly. And upon his part the passion was most ardently reciprocated; for the first time in his wayward life, he had gained the experience of a pure and earnest passion. What the world might say he cared not. He had discarded forever the heartless conventionalities of his former life, and was now living, and so meant to live, in virtuous and happy seclusion. And after what has just been said, the reader will find no great difficulty in believing that Kate had consented to share this existence with him.

It was hardly eight months subsequent to Grenville's arrival, that the castle blazed with light one evening in honor of the marriage of its lord with the beauty of the village. Every window held a dozen lighted tapers, and soon music lent its witchery to the joy of the evening. A merry company of Lord Grenville's friends, male and female, were gathered within to rejoice in his happiness; and more than one of the gentlemen present, as he looked towards Kate, now Lady Grenville, as, robed in a dress of the purest white, her hair twined with orange blossoms, and her beautiful face beaming with pride and joy, she leaned lovingly on the arm of her husband—more than one of these secretly envied the latter his choice.

And while the music swelled the loudest, while the feet of the dancers tripped the merriest, and the mirth and joy of those within was at its height, a strange and significant spectacle might have been witnessed without. Attracted by the glare of light from the castle, a man had just crossed the meadows which lay between it and the sea, and pausing before the great entrance, gazed curiously at the windows. He was clothed in the dress usually worn by the inhabitants of N—; in addition to which he wore a wide-brimmed hat, slouched low down over his eyes. One of the servants just then issued from the castle, and to him the man directed the inquiry:

"What's all this—what's going on inside?"

"It is my lord's wedding night," was the reply.

"A wedding—who is the bride?"

The servant shook his head.

"He called her Kate, once when I was by. The other name I don't remember, but I should know it if I should hear it spoken."

"Kate?" the other exclaimed, with startling emphasis. "Not Kate Clifford?"

"Yes, that was it. I remember—"

A curse—an oath—an imprecation, so bitter, so fearful, that the servitor recoiled with astonishment, dropped from the lips of the stranger. The latter instantly raised his glaring, bloodshot eyes towards the window of the drawing-room, just above him, where a moment before the shadowy silhouettes of the figures of Lord and Lady Grenville had appeared, sharply defined upon the light drapery which intervened between them and the strange spectator. With the most hateful fury depicted upon his malignant face, the latter shook his clenched hand repeatedly towards the window, uttered another and most frightful imprecation, and disappeared.

Indulgent reader, we have told thus far what might reasonably pass for a love story; your pardon—we had no intention of doing so at the outset. We must censure this insane pen of ours, ever too ready as it is, to scribble its way into the heartsome experiences of life, and to ignore the severe actualities. And if the reader has perchance become interested in this chance love story (for, upon our honor, it wrote itself, almost; that is, the love part of it), we are sure he will pardon us for marring it so sadly as we must, in order to introduce the actual facts upon which it is based.

Two days had elapsed since the wedding at the castle, and the hilarity connected with the event had suffered no perceptible diminution. Upon the morning of the third, an equestrian expedition was projected, and as the plan met the hearty concurrence of all, preparations were immediately made. All were speedily in the saddle, save Lord Robert and his bride, and in a moment they also appeared. The former lifted the lady lightly to her saddle, and then looked for an instant from her graceful form, clad in a closely-fitting riding-habit of green, to the plume which shadowed her face.

"Bend thee hither a moment, my Lady Kate, I have something to whisper," he said, with mock gravity. And as she inclined towards him, yielding to the pressure of his arm, he snatched a kiss from her lips. Her riding-whip descended lightly upon his shoulders, and with a merry laugh she transferred the blow to her horse, which bounded fleetly away. Waving her cap in laughing defiance, she increased the speed of her flight, pursued now by the whole company, headed by Sir Robert. It was the sunniest of April days, the air was soft and balmy, and the hoofs of the horses severed the violets as they

passed, while many a laborer suspended his toil as the gallant cavalcade swept past him, enlivened with gleeful shouts and peals of merriment, as Lady Kate still led the mad gallop over league after league of grassy plains.

Laugh on right merrily, goodly companions! Gaze proudly, Lord Robert, at your peerless bride—kiss your hand again to her, in answer to her repeated defiance! But never again shall she feel the pressure of your lips—that playful kiss was the last! When her lips again meet yours, *two* shall be white and cold, chilled with a lasting coldness!

Running through the centre of the wood which lay between the castle and the village, once before referred to, was a sinuous path, barely of sufficient width to allow two horsemen to pass abreast. The sun had passed perhaps half way from the zenith to the horizon, when our cavalcade entered the forest from the village side, and proceeded leisurely towards the castle. Lord Robert and Kate led the way, riding together, and the others followed, each lady riding by her cavalier. A third of the way had been passed, and the leaders had just turned an abrupt curve in the path. Lord Robert turned his face towards his bride, smiling approval at a light jest she had uttered—the first words of a retort were upon his lips, when the report of a pistol, which still sounded too heavy for that of a pistol, rang through the forest. Lord Grenville reeled in the saddle, clutched wildly at his loosened rein, fell forward upon the neck of his horse and instantly expired!

In men of well-balanced minds, the presence of alarming danger has the effect of exciting instant action. Before the echoes of the fatal shot had died away, four of the gentlemen had thrown themselves from their saddles; two rushed to secure the rearing and terrified horse, which still bore the weight of his dead master; the others threw themselves upon a man whom their quick eyes had detected standing within the wood, still holding in his hand a loaded pistol. The promptness of their action allowed no chance for escape; and though the prisoner at first struggled violently with his captors, he was unceremoniously hurled senseless to the earth by the indignant hands of one of them.

Lord Robert was at once lifted carefully from his saddle and stretched upon the grass, his head resting upon the knee of one of his friends. A round, smooth hole in the very centre of his white forehead, marked too surely the passage of the murderous bullet. Anxiously the companions gathered around the spot, the ladies sobbing with terror, and leaning upon their attendants, them-

selves hardly less moved. Lady Kate was kneeling by the side of her slain husband, clasping his cold hand tightly in hers, and repressing for the moment the crushing agony which blanched her face to a deathly whiteness. One of the gentlemen placed his fingers upon Lord Robert's pulse, but it failed to respond to the pressure. As a last test, his hunting-frock and waistcoat were torn open, and the hand pressed upon his heart. It was still—the breast itself was hardly warm!

"He is dead!" The words fell like the voice of doom upon the ear of Lady Grenville. Turning her eyes in a frenzy of horror towards the man, who was just recovering from the stunning effects of the blow he had received, and who had arisen to a sitting posture—a hand being laid heavily upon either shoulder—and then seeking once more the paling features of the dead, she sank senseless into the arms of one of the ladies, with the feebly-uttered words:

"My husband—*Mark Maynard*—O, you have murdered him!"

Slowly, sadly, and with heavy hearts, the cavalcade returned to the castle, bearing with it the dead, the still insensible lady, and the prisoner. Three days after, Sir Robert Grenville was placed in his ancestral tomb, mourned by his friends, but most of all by his bereaved and heart-broken bride. As for Mark Maynard, he exhibited from the first moment of his arrest, a brutal indifference which added to the universal indignation felt in the neighborhood against him. So prevalent indeed did the absolute conviction of his guilt appear, that it became plainly evident that an impartial trial in the county where the offence was committed, would be simply impossible; and a successful application was made soon after indictment, for a change of venue. London was designated as the proper place of trial, and the cause was accordingly placed upon the calendar of the then next ensuing Old Bailey.

Aside from the deep interest usually attending the examination of a capital crime, the trial of Mark Maynard elicited a degree of excitement and curiosity rarely equalled, even in London. The popularity of Lord Grenville, the singular circumstances of the crime, and general sympathy for Lady Kate, drew together such a throng upon the morning of the trial as the courtroom had never before held.

The evidence of the prosecution was brief, direct, and of itself conclusive. The place and particulars of Lord Robert's death were proved by Lady Grenville, and a number of those who had accompanied them, as well as the arrest of Maynard within ten feet of the murdered man's

horses, holding the discharged pistol. So plain and convicting, in fact, was the testimony, that there seemed no loophole for escape. Upon the part of the defence, however, a most singular and startling fact was proven—and that by the witnesses for the prosecution. Both Lady Grenville and the two who immediately followed herself and husband as they rode through the forest, testified unequivocally, and with positive certainty, that at the instant of the report of the pistol, Lord Robert had turned in his saddle, looking towards Lady Grenville, so that his face was turned directly from the spot where Mark Maynard was discovered! It was further proved that the wound was in the forehead, that the bullet penetrated barely half way through the head, and that not the slightest trace of a wound was visible anywhere else upon his head or body! Here was a contradiction as strange as it was unexpected; and as the facts were shown with the absolute certainty of eye-witnesses, they seemed at first glance to preclude the possibility of the prisoner's guilt. And yet, if Mark Maynard was innocent, who could be guilty? There was but one report—there had been no other human being seen by the party since its entrance into the forest; and the circumstances of his arrest, deeply significant as they were, and which were not attempted to be explained, told heavily against him. Resort was had to other witnesses—every person who had been present was placed upon the stand, and each, so far as his or her position at the moment of the shot allowed a positive declaration, promptly corroborated the facts of the case, as they already stood.

The evidence closed here; and in an argument of great ingenuity and power, the prisoner's counsel insisted that the testimony, as it stood, demanded the acquittal of Maynard. Every conceivable hypothesis was made use of to account for his presence at the place of the murder, under circumstances so suspicious; and it was particularly urged, that no inquiry must be made as to the possibility of the deed having been committed by some other than Maynard; that upon failure to fix the crime absolutely upon him as its perpetrator, he must necessarily be acquitted. The public prosecutor followed, reviewing the evidence at length, and drawing from it the inference of Maynard's guilt; and the judge, in a charge which seemed to incline rather towards the prisoner, dwelt with much emphasis upon the legal principle, that if there appeared to the jury a reasonable and well-grounded doubt of the prisoner's guilt, he must receive the benefit of it and his discharge. For more than forty-eight hours after the case was finally submitted to

them, the jury remained out in doubtful consultation. And when Maynard's friends had grown confident of an unchangeable disagreement, if not an absolute acquittal, they returned with a verdict of guilty!

Upon the following day the prisoner was arraigned for sentence. Upon being asked what he had to say why sentence of death should not be pronounced upon him, with the sullen indifference that had characterized his appearance through the trial, he replied:

"Nothing; what should I say, except to say I'm glad *he's* dead? And if there's any doubt as to who killed him, I may as well say now, that I hid myself where they found me, and waited there, because I wished to kill him—and that I *did* kill him! How the wound came in his forehead, I neither know nor care; it's enough to satisfy me, that I put it there!"

None, after this brutal declaration, could entertain a shadow of doubt as to the justice of the verdict, and it was followed by groans and hisses of indignation. The miserable man, unmoved and defiant to the last, was immediately sentenced to death, and a month after suffered the awful penalty of the law, with an unflinching fortitude which was worthy of a better end.

Twenty-five years had passed since the occurrence of the events above detailed, and this lapse of time had almost obliterated the strange tale of the death of Lord Grenville from the public mind. Twenty-five years of chastened sorrow had passed over the head of Lady Kate, and left it prematurely gray. Grief, blunted and enduring, had left her the mere wreck of her former loveliness: yet, true to the memory of her noble husband of a day, as it were, she fondly cherished his remembrance, patiently waiting for the hour which should re-unite them. So rare and beautiful a fidelity as this, gained for her the hearty sympathy and esteem, alike of the peer and the peasant; and thus, secluded from observation, at the castle, she calmly lived out the last years of her sorrowfully romantic life. Occasionally, however, she left her retreat to minister at the couch of sickness, or in the hovel of poverty—and frequently her presence in the cottages of the rude smugglers of the village, caused her name to be coupled with prayers and blessings, from lips which were far more accustomed to boisterous profanity.

Upon a wild, wintry night of January, when the snow fell fast and thick, and the shrieking blast swept in with icy chilliness from the sea, a smuggler lay dying in one of the huts of N—. He was a powerful, stalwart man of the middle

age, and his face, roughly bearded and hardened, bore the marks of fierce and life-long passions. A ghastly sword-wound, laying open bone and brain, received the day before in a desperate struggle with the crew of a revenue-vessel, upon the beach, showed the cause of his prostration. For more than twenty-four hours he had lain there without sense or motion, but sinking rapidly, as could be perceived from his hard, irregular breathing, more faintly drawn at every inspiration. Suddenly opening his eyes, his consciousness returning in the hour of death, he exclaimed, in a thrilling whisper:

"Call Lady Grenville—bring Kate Clifford to my bedside! For God's sake, don't delay—I'm dying—but I *will* live till she comes! Hasten!"

His wife immediately despatched a messenger to the castle, and before an hour had elapsed, Lady Grenville entered the cottage. As she seated herself by the bedside, the dying smuggler fastened his eyes eagerly upon her face, and asked: "Do you know me, Lady Kate?"

She looked earnestly at him, and then shook her head negatively. How could she recognize him? Time itself is a wonderful transformer of the human countenance; but add to this twenty-five years of crime, and the loose rein of all evil passions, and the change must be great indeed!

"Then let me tell you," the man huskily whispered. "Listen, my lady, for I've a strange story for your ear! I am *Edgar Carroll*—and my hand sped the bullet that slew your husband!"

"You—you the murderer!" his auditor exclaimed, recoiling in horror and surprise. "How can this be?—Mark Maynard was convicted and hung for the crime!"

"Ay—and 'twas a fit punishment for the intermeddling fool!" was the vindictive rejoinder, accompanied by a hateful gleam of the eye. "Fool—who made him an avenger?" he continued, vehemently. "I was well satisfied to let him hang. But no matter, let me tell my tale while I have speech to tell it."

"You can forgive me, Lady Kate, for loving you as I did, if not for killing the man whom you loved. I was an idiot to think of you—but you compelled me to do it. You, Lady Kate—you were the cause of Sir Robert's death!"

"In Heaven's name, wretched man, explain yourself! What can you mean?" the terrified woman asked.

"It is true as God's word!" was the wildly-spoken rejoinder. "Why did you craze me with your beauty? Why did you smile upon me, till the lurking devil in my heart made me swear to kill Lord Grenville, because you had chosen him to smile upon, and not me? It was a bitter oath,

I promise you. I swore it before the castle, upon your bridal night—and I kept it most religiously! But hearken only for a moment," he continued, as his listener averted her pale and tearful face, "and you shall know all. I hid myself in the forest, some distance from the path, the next day, with a loaded pistol, and waited for your party to pass. At last the moment came; you rode upon the side nearest me, and Lord Grenville just beyond. I fired just as he turned his face toward you, and the ball lodged in his forehead, as I meant it should. And at the very instant, *at the second* when I fired, I saw the flash of a pistol, directly opposite me; and the bullet from that pistol entered the very tree behind which I stood! You can find it there to-day, without question.

"You will forgive me, Lady Kate? Lord Robert died—Maynard died—I'm dying—and you, too, must one day die! Don't curse me for killing him. Smile once, just as you used to, to show that you forgive it. There—God bless you,—God forgive me!"

A faint smile of forgiveness illumined for an instant the pallid features of the lady. Before the eyes of the penitent outlaw, it shone like the harbinger of eternal peace. Seizing her hand, he pressed it convulsively to his bearded lips, and then fell back upon his pallet, dead.

It is perhaps unnecessary to add the explanation, that Mark Maynard had suffered death at the hands of the hangman, in profound ignorance that he was innocent of the murder of Lord Grenville, in fact. Innocent in fact, but not in heart; and it can hardly be said that the unparalleled train of accidents which consigned him to the gallows, visited him with an unmerited doom.

#### A SCOTCH LEAP YEAR STORY.

A bachelor in the village of Carnoustie, having been left alone in the house with the servant, one evening lately, had been sitting meditatively, when the room door was thrown open, and the fair "help" appeared, and told him that she could live no longer without him, and consequently that he must marry her, and the sooner the better. The astonishment of the gentleman was so great, that some time elapsed before he could reply in the negative, and the damsel was coolly preparing to act as mistress, when he ordered her to quit his presence, which she did after some hesitation. Next morning, acting upon the advice of a friend, the persecuted bachelor dismissed the abigail, who found herself expelled from a house, of which she fondly imagined she would soon become the mistress.

#### HONEST LOVE.

Scorn no man's love, though of a mean degree;  
Love is a present for a mighty king;  
Much less make any one thine enemy.—*HANSON.*

[ORIGINAL.]

## HOMESICK.

BY MRS. E. B. EDSON.

I've stood upon the rocky strand,  
And listened to the breakers' roar;  
I've heard the sephyræ die away,  
Low rippling on Lake Erie's shore;  
I've watched the crimson sunset dyes  
Transforming, with their magic wand,  
To more than Eden loveliness  
The flowery realms of prairie land.

I've climbed the Rocky Mountains' height,  
Whose spires far-reaching cleave the sky;  
Who grimly keep their sentry-watch,  
While cycles roll and nations die.  
And I have knelt with reverent awe  
Amid those scenes so wildly grand,  
And wondered if could be more fair  
The haven of rest—the better land.

Yet ever breathes one haunting spell,  
One thought in every whisper borne,  
Of where I twined the orange flower,  
And where the cypress-wreath are worn.  
That home of all o'er this fair earth  
Is closest to my being wed;  
For there first woke my natal morn,  
And there repose my sainted dead.

[ORIGINAL.]

## Trials of Margaret Hepsibah.

BY LYDIA C. GRAVES.

WELL, the mischief was done now to be sure! Immersed in Tennyson, which I had seldom an opportunity of reading, I had relaxed my usual vigilance, and allowed that sacred portal, the garden gate, to be opened by profane hands. Tramp, tramp, tramp! up, the garden walk came a pair of feet, encased in a pair of remarkably stout shoes. Thus much of the daring intruder I saw through the branches of the honeysuckle, which was trained over my window.

With unusual heroism and presence of mind, I ran to the door, which opened into the garden and took a long look out. O, horror of horrors! what did I behold! A swarthy foreigner, seated under a currant bush, gathering the blushing fruit into a large basket.

Now I had had warnings enough if that were all; warnings from every member of the household, from "*mater-familias*" down to the pet Effie. The universal cry had been:

"Now, Maggie, be sure and keep an eye on the currants; there's no knowing how many of 'them' strollers there may be about."

Hadn't I also been told that by to-morrow

morning the fruit would be just in a fit state to be gathered; and hadn't it been arranged that we were to go out in a body to perform that duty; and hadn't Aunt Jane been promised a bushel with which to make currant wine; and, O, dear! there was that horrid, hateful wretch, filling his dirty basket.

Harriet Anne, my sister, has a great horror of strollers and pedlars, and invariably slams the door in their faces. I, on the contrary, always view them as very picturesque objects, and treat them accordingly; nothing can be more courteous than the gracious wave of the hand with which I dismiss them from the premises.

Here, however, was a different case; an uncommonly forbidding-looking person, seated in the shadow of our currant bushes, busily engaged in filling the capacious maw of a filthy basket, was anything but a picturesque sight in my indignant eyes. I literally rushed from the house, and planting myself directly by the intruder, I favored him with the following burst of eloquence:

"Take yourself out of this garden at once, sir! What do you mean by coming in here and stealing our fruit?"

No answer! but the villanous face was slowly turned towards me, and a combination of a leer and a smile played for an instant about the ugly mouth. At that sight my wrath bubbled up anew.

"Begone, you wretch! There's the gate! Take yourself out of it quickly!" and as I spoke, I pointed in a theatrical manner at the sacred portal.

No answer! but following the direction of my finger with his eyes, this audacious thief nodded with the air of a man, who, having been requested to look at some rural object in which he had not the slightest interest, was disposed to do all that was courteous and polite in the matter.

A thought struck me; perhaps the man did not understand English! I would try him in Italian. My knowledge of this language is not very great, but I was rather proud than otherwise of the speech which I addressed to the intruder, in the soft accents of his native land.

No answer! far from being paralyzed and cowed by my unwonted effort in Italian, the wretch only went on steadily filling his dirty basket.

I would try him in French, though I was rather dubious about his being a Frenchman. Now, I have studied French all my life, and speak it almost as well as a native. As the people of this nation are unusually polite, I thought it best to word my request in as polite a manner as possible. So I put my strong Saxon phrase into softened French, and lest the feelings of my



companion should be very much injured, I ended my sentence with a courteous, "*s'il vous plait, monsieur.*"

No answer! but I was frightened to observe that the huge basket was more than a quarter full, and that the horrid creature was grinning to himself. Perhaps he was a German, and had wandered from Fatherland to our hospitable shore; I wished, for goodness' sake, that he were back in his own beer-drinking land. I am not an enthusiastic admirer of the German language, and know very well that I shall lose caste among my friends for making such a confession. However, that's neither here nor there.

Many a time have I been drilled upon those gutturals, and don't I hate them? The only practical use I ever put my knowledge to, was upon the occasion to which I am referring. Putting on my loftiest air, I growled out a few words to the thief in the shadow of our currant bushes. The sound seemed to come from some subterranean cavern, and produced more impression upon myself than upon my companion. There was no answer from him, but the filthy basket was almost half-full.

O, dear me! what should I do! I had exhausted my store of languages, and all this without success. It was no sort of use to try Greek and Latin, and as for Spanish, I didn't know a word of it; besides, I was almost sure he was not a Spaniard.

A bright idea came into my head, the thief must be deaf and dumb. Now I had once spent some months in a blind asylum, and as there were some there who were also deaf and dumb, I had learned their alphabet perfectly. I took a new station in front of this voiceless tormentor, and having attracted his attention, I commenced. Before I had got through the first word, down dropped his eyes, the fingers of both hands went faster to work than ever, and, O, horror! the basket was two-thirds full.

What do you suppose I did next? Having threatened in every language, I descended to entreaties in each, commencing as before in English.

"O, dear, good man," I said, "please go away; you'll get caught if you don't. If you'll go right away now, you may have all the currants you've got. Do go, please. If you will, I'll never tell any one about it."

No answer! though I tried the same appeal, irresistible I considered it, in every language, I was mistress of, it was no sort of use. The hardened wretch replied only by a grin.

Time was passing; the sun was slowly but surely travelling towards the west, and that

frightful basket was almost full. All my hopes now clustered about that same basket; just as soon as that was full I expected to see this bold thief march off with his ill-gotten plunder. So it was with a sort of desperate calmness that I watched and waited. Now, it was full up to the brim, but that wasn't sufficient for this boldest of robbers. With almost a feeling of admiration I watched the skill with which he piled one bunch above another, until the basket could bear not one currant more. Then a sense of relief came over me; it was more than brimming full, and now he would surely go off.

He rose, shook himself, cast a look at his stout shoes, moved his basket carefully out of the path, and then walked towards the house.

"Stop!" I cried, "you're going the wrong way; the other path leads to the gate."

This valuable information drew no answer in return. The monster walked straight on to the house, and came through the back door, into the kitchen. I followed in a state of mind bordering on madness. He seemed to divine, with a sort of instinct, which was the door of the closet; swinging it open he looked in, there was nothing there but dishes.

Nothing daunted, he walked straight on, till he came to the cellar door, opened that, and disappeared down the stairs. At that moment I fervently wished he would fall and break his neck; but I was not destined to be gratified. For some moments I heard the creature rummaging around below, and during this time I remained quietly in the kitchen, for I was at my wits' end, and knew not what to do. I had one forlorn hope left; and that was, that in his wanderings, he would fall into a hoghead of water that was placed in the cellar. Vain, indeed, was this hope; for it wasn't long before he re-appeared at the cellar door, and O, horrors! he was laden with food. First, there were the remains of the chicken-pie that we had had for dinner, then a plate of bread, one of cheese, an apple-pie, and lastly a plate of pickles.

These were all arranged, very neatly I must confess, upon the kitchen table, and then my self-invited guest sat down to enjoy himself. At every epithet that I applied to him, for I began with "thief," and ran through the whole scale, my companion only ate the faster and with greater gusto; finding that such a course was only a whet to his appetite, I presently desisted from it.

The chicken-pie disappeared with marvellous rapidity, as did all the other viands, with the exception of one pickle. Indeed the trencher performance was finished without a sign of choking,

and consequently there was no hope of defeating my enemy in that manner.

Having finished his meal, my visitor arose, shook himself again, took another admiring look at his great, horrid shoes, and wound up by looking me straight in the face for the first time, making two or three motions with his hands and drawing our great bread-knife playfully across his throat. I understood him perfectly, he meant simply, "if you tell, I'll kill you."

The moment the door had closed upon him, I both locked and bolted it, and then sat down to have a comfortable cry. Having accomplished this much, I arose, opened the door again, and seizing the remaining pickle with a pair of tongs, I threw it as far as possible into the garden.

"Mag, what in the world are you about?" said Harriet Anne, who entered at that moment, followed by the rest of the family.

"Hum!" said Amanda Jane, who, between you and me, is a very sharp girl—"Mag, what have you had here? Hum—pickles! hum—chicken! hum—cheese!"

"Margaret Hepsibah," said "mater-familias," drawing on her spectacles and casting a severe look upon me, "who has been here, child?"

"O, the garden gate is open," said Effie, who had been making explorations.

"Euphemia Angelina, be quiet," said "mater-familias;" "now, Margaret Hepsibah, has any one been here—tell me, quickly, child?"

"Yes, marm."

"Some stroller, I'll be bound," said Harriet Anne, whose objection to this class of people I have before mentioned.

It isn't worth while to relate the particulars of that conversation between the indignant members of my family and myself. Suffice it to say, that the remembrance of that playful pantomime, in which our bread-knife took a conspicuous part, effectually sealed my lips on the subject of my visitor.

It might have been a week after this occurrence, that "mater-familias" saw fit to make an afternoon visit in company with Harriet Anne, and Effie; consequently Amanda Jane and myself were left at home to employ ourselves according to our own "sweet will." Amanda Jane's "sweet will" soon took her off in company with an escaped convic—no, I mean collegian, in the person of Cousin Charley, who was a dreadful rattle-pate and a great friend of Amanda Jane's. It was with some misgivings that I saw the laughing pair march off arm-in-arm, and realized my lonesome situation; not a soul in the house but myself—and that horrid stroller might come again.

"*Au revoir*," said Charles, kissing his fingers to me and grinning maliciously, ere he disappeared with his frivolous and unromantic companion over the brow of the hill.

I shall always think that some fatality is sure to attend the reading of Tennyson. Now "mater-familias" had not exactly forbidden me to read that volume, but she invariably looks daggers at it, when it appeared in my hands; so I used to read it by stealth. Following my "sweet will" I had opened the book and was just in the midst of one of the most bewitching poems, when there was a knock at the door.

I jumped up in dismay. What if my stroller had come back again! if he had, I should die on the spot. Goodness! what a relief! As I opened the door, my eyes fell upon a very dapper personage, whose carpet-bag and small trunk revealed the fact that he was a pedler.

"Will you buy anything to-day, marm?" fell upon my ears in the sweetest of voices, agreeably mingled with a slight foreign accent.

I glanced sharply at the person before me. His long, dark hair hung down upon his shoulders, and accorded well with the bronzed complexion, and the dark, glossy beard which adorned the lower part of his face. He was neatly dressed, and wore very respectable shoes; I mention this because I am fastidious in the matter of shoes, and had been disgusted by a sight of those worn by the stroller, whose acquaintance I had made the week before.

"Will you buy anything to-day, marm?"

There he stood, meek and pleasing, his eyes modestly cast downward, his whole appearance just what it should be. Now, I had been warned time and time again, against purchasing of pedlers, for, as "mater-familias" said, "them foreigners were great cheats." But here was a slightly different case; in fact, my heart was melted by the youthful appearance, the modest mein, and the pleasing air of the person before me.

I looked at his wares; there was the usual assortment of needles, pins, tapes, etc., none of which I wanted. I shook my head to signify as much, and he slowly and with a sorrowful air, began replacing the articles. Suddenly his face brightened; he drew a paper from his pocket, and unrolling it, displayed to my admiring eyes, a rich gold locket, most beautifully chased.

"I picked this up one day in travelling, and I cannot find an owner for it. Will you buy it?" His voice seemed to grow more melodious, and his manner more pleasing.

Now, I am passionately fond of poetry and jewelry, and as I twirled this beautiful locket

between my fingers, I thought how delighted I should be to own it. I had for some time been jealous of Amanda Jane who possessed, as a birthday present from "mater-familias," a gold locket similar to this one, but not nearly so beautiful. Here was a rare chance of happiness offered to me, and should I let it slip through my fingers? I timidly inquired the price of the treasure.

"Three dollars, and very cheap, marm," he replied.

Yes, it was cheap; why, "mater-familias" had paid an almost fabulous price for Amanda Jane's, and this one was just as good gold and very beautiful in its finish. I resolved to take it, and running up stairs, procured my purse in which was the sum of three dollars and two cents. Descending, I handed the three dollars to the pedler, who thanked me in that peculiarly sweet voice of his, and then gathering up his treasures, he departed through the front gate.

An hour afterwards, Amanda Jane came slowly sauntering in, and her eye soon caught sight of my treasure, which I had taken pains to put in a conspicuous situation.

"What's this, Mag?"

"A gold locket, dear," in my softest and sweetest tones.

"Where did you get it?" said Amanda Jane, sharply.

"I bought it, love," said I, blandly.

"Of whom?" and she looked at me sternly.

"A pedler, dear; it was so cheap."

"How much did you give?"

"Three dollars, love; isn't it beautiful?" and my voice expressed an unchristian-like exultation, which Amanda Jane must have noticed.

"Margaret Hepsibah, you're a fool!" said Amanda Jane, with a sternness I never knew her to exhibit before.

I looked at her inquiringly; her face was flushed, and she trembled all over.

"Don't you see?" continued she, "that this is my locket, and that it must have been stolen?"

No, I didn't see any such thing, Amanda Jane needn't try to wheedle me out of everything.

"Look here, Mag!" I looked, and saw three letters, A. J. O. which stood for Amanda Jane Onthank, cunningly inscribed upon a portion of the locket.

It is impossible to describe the scene that followed. "Mater-familias" came home in the midst of it, and, O, such persecutions as I endured. Amanda Jane was the most gentle towards me, but the other three were bitter enough. Euphemia Angelina, upon whom I have expended a small fortune in molasses candy, proved a

most implacable enemy. Such is the gratitude of pets!

I sat that evening, moodily devouring the village paper. Such a quantity of trash as they contrive to crowd into that sheet, it is impossible for any one to comprehend unless they have been bored with it once a week, for half a dozen years, as we have. Something new met my eager eye in the shape of a matrimonial notice. "A gentleman, etc., etc., good habits and connection, etc., a young lady of cheerful disposition, etc.," in fact, the usual rigmarole employed in such cases.

I have no great opinion now of the people who insert such advertisements in the papers, but I was only "sweet seventeen," then, and moreover, I was enduring great persecutions from my nearest of kindred. It was under such desperate circumstances that I penned a note to Carolus Flagstaff, the gentleman whose name appeared under the advertisement I have mentioned. I penned it in secret, for I dared not brave the wrath of "mater-familias" a third time. Hadn't I, time and again, heard her say that "people who wrote them" advertisements ought to be "taken" up and put in jail—when "mater-familias" is angry, she is very apt to bid defiance to all rules of grammar—and now if she found me out wouldn't she scold?

To prevent such a discovery, I mailed my letter from the next town, and then waited with some anxiety to hear from Mr. Flagstaff. He was evidently one of those men, who consider "punctuality as the soul of business," for the very next mail brought me a comical-looking document, which informed me that the writer would consider it a great favor if I would still continue to correspond with him, and as business would shortly bring him to our village, he should hope for a speedy meeting. So far, so good; indeed, the only thing that now troubled me, was the style of Mr. Flagstaff's handwriting, which was decidedly poor, very school-boyish, in fact.

In my new and delightful occupation, household troubles were in a measure forgotten. It took just about half my time to write notes, and the other half to take them to the post-office, so that every spare moment was agreeably occupied. In the course of time, Mr. Flagstaff announced to me that he had arrived in our village, and our long-proposed meeting was arranged to take place in a quiet spot near our house.

I put on my prettiest dress that afternoon, for I wished very much to make a favorable impression. Amanda Jane was troublesomely curious to know where I was going, but I would not

gratify her. I don't think I ever looked better than I did that day, when having completed my toilet, I set out for my walk.

I walked on in the best of spirits until I came to the brow of the hill; then I began to wish myself back again, and to wonder what "mater-familias" would say, if she should hear of the affair. "Courage," I said to myself, and then walked steadily on again, until I came to the very spot.

At first I saw nothing, but soon recovering my vision, I discovered to my infinite horror, that same greasy foreigner, who had stolen our currants and eaten our victuals on a former memorable occasion.

"Take yourself off, you wretch!" said I, forgetting that it was useless to talk to him.

The wretch looked at me for a few moments, then slowly opened a capacious mouth, and uttered the loudest ha! ha! ha! I ever heard in my life. The sound was echoed from the top of the hill, and looking around, I saw Amanda Jane coming towards us, almost convulsed with merriment.

"Amanda Jane!" said I, with great dignity. My speech was greeted with another explosion of laughter, so loud and so long, that furious as I was, I caught myself joining in it.

What should I do? Every moment, I expected to see the tall, elegant figure of Mr. Flagstaff coming over the hill—you see, I had made up my mind that he was both tall and elegant.

"Go away at once, sir, else I shall expose you as a thief!" I ventured to say to the hateful-looking man.

He opened his mouth and spoke in a shockingly mocking manner:

"O, dear, good man, please go away; you'll get caught if you don't."

Amanda Jane greeted this feeble attempt at pleasantry with another burst of laughter. Where had I heard those words?

"I picked up this locket in my travels; will you buy it?" and this time, the wretch spoke in the sweetest of voices.

"O, please, Charley, do tell her! if you don't I shall die laughing," and Amanda Jane caught hold of the arm of that dirty foreigner.

Charley! hum! was it possible!

"O, dear, dear!" said Charley, who is the best mimic in the world, "Margaret Hepsibah, recognize in me the thief, the pedler, and—Mr. Flagstaff. I've had the greatest fun, goosey, that ever was, and so has Amanda Jane. We've done nothing but laugh at you the last six weeks; it's almost too bad, I confess, but forgive us, Margaret Hepsibah!"

I managed, in my fury, to speak but one word: "Monster!"

"Come, come, Mag," said Charley, "I am about tired of 'wretch' and 'monster,' and all those sorts of words. Invent something new, and then abuse me as much as you please. You can't think how nicely our currant wine tastes, and all because I selected the richest and ripest berries."

I wasn't to be wheedled into forgiving him, not I. When Charley married our Amanda Jane, it was Harriet Anne who officiated as bridesmaid, not Margaret Hepsibah.

#### LEARN THE VALUE OF MONEY.

A silver dollar represents a day's work of the laborer. If it is given to a boy, he has no idea of what it cost, or of what it is worth. He would be as likely to give a dollar as a dime for a top, or any other toy. But if the boy has learned to earn his dimes and dollars by the sweat of his face, he knows the difference. Hard work is to him a measure of values that can never be rubbed out of his mind. Let him learn by experience that a hundred dollars represents a hundred weary days' labor, and it seems a great sum of money. A thousand dollars is a fortune, and ten thousand is almost inconceivable, for it is far more than he ever expects to possess. When he has earned a dollar, he thinks twice before he spends it. He wants to invest it so as to get the full value of a day's work for it. It is a great wrong to society and to a boy, to bring him up to a man's estate without this knowledge. A fortune at twenty-one, without it, is almost inevitably thrown away. With it and a little capital to start on, he will make his own fortune better than any one can make it for him.

**PLANT TREES.**—There is no way in which a man can keep his memory "greener" than by planting trees. Napoleon the Third seems desirous of emulating the fame of Henry IV. in his skill in planting. Chestnut trees are making their appearance in all portions of Paris. The Conservatoire des Arts et Metiers, the square in the Marche des Innocents, the Place du Louvre, the Boulevards, from the Madeleine to the Bastille, attest the emperor's energy; and now the south side of the Champs Elysees is to follow the example set it by the north in the variety of its trees and gardens.

#### SOCIETY

Society is now one polished horse.  
Formed of two mighty tribes, the bores and bored.  
BYRON.

## PORTRAIT PAINTERS.

Constable, in his youth, is said to have attempted the portrait of a gentleman six several times, and in neither could he satisfy his employer—a gentleman of the class who expect the painter to remedy the defects of Nature and supply beauty where there is not even a hint to suggest it. He finally procured a head of Saint Paul—the study of some tyro, in the usual style—and having modernized the drapery, he requested the gentleman to sit again, painting at the same time on a landscape, while his sitter supposed him occupied with his countenance. In due time the painting was sent home, giving entire satisfaction, and receiving the praise of a wonderful production—the gentleman at the same time saying it was a most perfect portrait, and condemning the taste of his friends who protested “there was no likeness at all.”

Hogarth having painted a portrait which a difficult sitter refused to take, metamorphosed it, with a few strokes of his pencil, into the likeness of a gentlemanly ape—still retaining enough of the expression of the sitter to make it known at first sight. It is needless to state that it was soon taken off his hands at a fair valuation. The Art Union relates a story of a lady—an emulative parvenue—who wished to rival another in the expensiveness of her portrait, as well as in that of her equipage. She inquired of the artist the most expensive colors. “Ultra-Marine,” was the reply. “Then paint me all Ultra-Marine.”—*Anecdotes of Painters.*

## WILLIAM THE CONQUEROR.

The following extract from the life of the wife of the Conqueror is exceedingly curious, as being highly characteristic of the manners of a semi-civilized age and nation: “After some years delay, William appears to have become desperate, and, if we may trust to the evidence of the Chronicle of Ingerbe, in the year 1047, waylaid Matilda in the streets of Bruges as she was returning from mass, seized her, rolled her in the dirt, spoiled her rich array, and, not content with these outrages, struck her repeatedly, and rode off at full speed. This Teutonic method of courtship, according to our author, brought the affair to a crisis; for Matilda, either convinced of the strength of William’s passion by the violence of his behaviour, or afraid of encountering a second beating, consented to become his wife. How he ever presumed to enter her presence again, after such a series of enormities, the chronicler saith not, and we are at a loss to imagine.”—*Miss Strickland.*

## A SHREWD QUESTIONER.

“Friend,” said a shrewd Quaker to a man with a drove of hogs, “hast any hogs in thy drove with large bones?”

“Yes,” replied the drover, “they all have.”

“Hast any with long heads and sharp noses?”

“Yes, they all have.”

“Hast any with long ears, like those of the elephant, hanging down over their eyes?”

“Yes, all my drove are of that description, and will suit you exactly.”

“I rather think they wouldn’t suit me, friend, if they are such as thou describes them. Thou may’st drive along.”—*Providence Journal.*

## A RESURRECTION.

In 1800, the 31st regiment was serving in Holland, and at Egmont-op-Zee crossed bayonets with the French bearing the same number; a ball fired during the retreat of the latter regiment, passed through the jaws of a soldier of the 31st, named Robert Hullock; in the course of the afternoon he was buried in the sand hill where he had fallen, by a soldier of his regiment named Carnes. During the night Hullock recovered, and having been lightly covered with sand, crept out and crawled to a picket of his regiment posted near. He was sent to the hospital, recovered, and was serving with his regiment in Malta in 1806. His face having been much discolored, and his voice scarcely intelligible (a part of his tongue and palate having been carried away), he had for some years served as pioneer to his company; a soldier of it died, and Hullock, as a part of his duty, dug the grave, in which he was found on the arrival of the body for interment, still at work, though then nearly ten feet deep. On being drawn out and asked his reason for making it so unusually deep, he replied: “Why, sir, it is for poor John Carnes, who buried me; and I think, sir, if I get him that deep, it will puzzle him to creep out as I did.” On the burial service being read, he proceeded to fill up the grave, and actually buried the man who ten years previous had buried him. Hullock was discharged and pensioned in 1814.—*United Service Journal.*

## EFFECTS OF IMAGINATION.

When the waters of Glastenbury were at the height of their reputation, in 1751, the following story was told by a gentleman of character:—An old woman of the workhouse at Yovril, who had long been a cripple and made use of crutches, was strongly inclined to drink of the Glastenbury water, which she was assured would cure her lameness. The master of the workhouse procured her several bottles of water, which had such an effect that she soon laid aside one crutch, and not long after, the other. This was extolled as a most miraculous cure, but the man protested to his friends that he had imposed upon her and fetched water from an ordinary spring. I need not tell your readers that the force of imagination had spent itself, and she relapsed into her former infirmity.—*Blackwood.*

## KAFFIR PUNISHMENTS.

Death is frequently inflicted among this nation, and in various ways, most of them diabolically cruel. This is one specimen of the most ingenious and refined cruelty, and one of the most frightful tortures that can be inflicted. The culprit is rubbed all over with grease; he is then taken to an ant-hill, against which he is placed and secured to the ground. The ant-hill is then broken, and the ants left to crawl over him, and eat his flesh from his bones, which they do in time most effectually. The Inquisition never invented a torture so horrible and lingering as this must be. Let us remind the reader that ants are three times the size of those he is accustomed to see in England and their bite most irritating and painful.—*The Cape and the Kaffirs.*

[ORIGINAL.]

## THE REALM OF THOUGHT.

BY JAMES HOWARD.

Know ye the fair land where the ivy is twining  
 With circlets of laurel and bay;  
 Where there's no weeping, nor sorrow, nor pining,  
 But light and gold-sphyr'd day;

Where the fragrance of flowers is forevermore welling  
 Through the nebulous depths of air,  
 And myriad voices in chorus are swelling,  
 Like the voices of angels fair;

Where the gold-pinked songster mounts the blue sky,  
 And warbles forevermore;  
 Where the azure-tinted billows sweep lovingly by,  
 And kiss the jewel-clad shore;

Where the sephyr's float over the moss-covered glens,  
 And sing in the palm-covered plain;  
 Where Scotia's mountains, and turrets, and fens,  
 Are mingled with India's main?

'Tis the fair, fleeting land of vision and thought,  
 Surcharged with golden dreams;  
 With love and beauty as bounteously fraught,  
 As Elysium's pearly streams.

[ORIGINAL.]

## GOING INTO THE COUNTRY.

BY MARY W. JANVRIK.

"AND so, brother mine, instead of accompanying our party to Newport, you will persist in burying yourself in the woods?" pouted the rich, fashionable and aristocratic Mrs. Fanny Webster, as her handsome brother trifled with the tassel of his dressing-gown at the breakfast table. "Now it does seem so strange to me, Ellis, that you should want to rusticate when everybody is going to the seaside! I should think you'd had enough of seclusion in that horrid law school, to want to quit your musty books and enjoy society for a season. I declare, it vexes me that you will disappoint me so, when I had half promised Josephine Sumner and her friends that you would make one of our party. And Edward is as much vexed as myself. If he can get away for a week from business, why need you refuse? Come, Ellis, say you will go with us!" urged Mrs. Webster.

"Couldn't, for my word's sake, Fanny. Sorry to disappoint you, but you see the promise of this visit is a year old, made when I was up to Uncle John's for a day or two last summer; and now the old gentleman has written to remind me of it. See here!" And the young man drew forth a square folded letter, minus envelope, and

superscribed in an old-fashioned, cramped hand, "Ellis Leighton, Esquire, No. 20 C— Street, Boston, Massachusetts." "And so you see, sister, 'twouldn't be just right to disappoint him."

"Well, if you care more for old Uncle John's invitation than mine—"

"Or Miss Josephine Sumner's," interrupted Ellis, drily.

"You may go and bury yourself up in that out-of-the-way Suncook!" pouted pretty Mrs. Fanny Webster, the petted bride of six months. "For you're the oddest mortal I ever did see, Ellis! As for Miss Sumner, you never have met the lady; and what put the absurd idea into your head that she cares for you as an addition to our party, I can't conceive! But it's just like you. Men are so conceited, now-a-days! Vanity is the besetting sin of every one of you. Even Edward, he thinks—"

"Just what his little wife Fanny thinks, that he's the best husband, and the handsomest, and wears the most splendid moustache of any man in all Boston! And how little Fanny Leighton did manœuvre to get him, to be sure!" exclaimed Mr. Webster, coming back into the breakfast room from the hall where he had overheard this conversation. "But never mind me, Fan, scold that lazy brother of yours well, he deserves it all; and give me a kiss, quick, for I must hurry to catch the down town 'bus!" And the young husband hurried away.

"Seriously, brother, I wish you'd put away some of these whims, and let me introduce you to Miss Sumner. She is far from what you imagine her—a gay belle!" persisted Mrs. Webster.

"O, haven't I heard her quoted—her doings and sayings, the style of her wardrobe, her singing, dancing, etc.? In short, have I heard anything else among your young lady friends since I came to board with you, but this Miss Sumner? No, Fanny, thus far have I escaped the Sumner mania, so allow me to go hence free from the contagion." And Ellis was about rising from the table.

"Stay, Miss Sumner is not to blame for being handsome or wealthy," retorted Mrs. Webster. "And how could she help becoming the *mode*, with her attractions? Neither you nor I are insensible to such, if we tell our honest opinions. I won't be deceitful, Ellis, I like handsome people, and gay, fashionable people, but I like goodness, too; and Miss Sumner is refined, intelligent, and noble-hearted, as she is beautiful. If you knew her, you would learn this."

"Ah, most gracious requisites for the belle of a city season. I do not doubt the lady's attrac-

tions," said Ellis, half sneeringly, "but I do doubt her power to number among her admirers your very humble brother, Ellis Leighton. But I must go down town. Do you know that I go in as partner with Esquire Brief—Brief & Co.—in September? Fact, sister, your brother will make a 'rising lawyer' one of these years, provided he sticks to his profession and leaves matrimony out of the question. Can't become both famous and a Benedict in one breath, Fanny; so I'll cut Cupid, and court Coke and Blackstone. As for Miss Sumner, I am glad to hear of her transformation into a noble-hearted woman, for really, sister, I must say before I leave, that I had always judged her to be, what I thoroughly despise, a heartless flirt! But wonders will never cease, and woman is an anomaly. Good morning, Fanny!" And with a strange, sarcastic smile on his well-cut lips, Ellis Leighton ascended to his own room.

"How peculiar Ellis is! Such notions as he persists in about Josephine Sumner! I shall never bring about their meeting now, and they are made for each other! O, dear, Ellis will certainly be a bachelor!" sighed pretty Fanny Webster, over the breakfast table.

"A noble-hearted woman!" repeated the young man bitterly as he entered his room, and, unlocking a private escritoire, took thence an elegant velvet lined miniature on which he gazed with curling lips. "No, you are not to blame for being handsome and wealthy, Josephine Sumner, but you are to blame for being what I know you are, a heartless coquette! And now, to endeavor to ensnare me in your toils again! No wonder you have not dared tell Fanny how we met, and how we parted!" Then he hastily replaced the miniature, turned the key in the escritoire, and a few minutes later descended the staircase to the street door, lightly humming an opera air, apparently the careless-hearted fellow whom everybody took Ellis Leighton to be.

And as he walked down Beacon Street, sedulously avoiding even a glance at the elegant mansion not many rods distant from his sister's door, where Miss Sumner was spending a few months with her maternal uncle and guardian, the rich merchant, Mr. Benton, in whose firm Edward Webster was junior partner—as he walked along, a pair of hazel eyes peered from behind the closed blinds of the drawing-room, and a white hand nervously crushed the silken tassel swaying from the window hangings.

An hour after, blooming Nelly Benton, her youthful, sixteen-year old cousin, came into the drawing-room with a decided pout on her lips,

and sinking on a lounge, and fanning herself violently with her hat brim, exclaimed:

"It's too bad, Josey! I've just come from Fanny Webster's, and she says Ellis is going off, post haste, into the country, and has quite refused joining her at Newport, and here I'd been planning for you two to meet, I knew you'd like him so! It's real mean! I used to like Ellis Leighton, ever so much, but I think he's a great hateful now—that I do!—and I'll tell him so the very first time I have an opportunity. Only to think! he hasn't set foot in our house for these four months, and he used to be so social. It must be that he's afraid of you, Josey, so many gentlemen come here, you know."

"Yes," said Josephine Sumner, bitterly, when left alone, blinding tears springing into her eyes, "yes, Ellis Leighton is afraid to come here, for he thinks me vain and heartless. O, if he but knew—but knew! Can it be that we are never to meet? That I can never explain that fatal mistake?" And the tears dropped thickly on her jewelled fingers.

That day week Fanny Webster's brocatelle upholstered furniture was in brown Holland covers; and, joined by her husband, with Miss Sumner, Nelly Benton and her elegant brother Edgar, and others of their set, comprising a gay and fashionable party, they turned their faces Newportward. And on the twilight of the same day that bore the pleasure seekers from their city homes, Ellis Leighton alighted from the old-fashioned stagecoach at the door of a cool, airy farmhouse in New Hampshire; and Aunt Mary and golden-haired Cousin Bessie came out to greet him, and Uncle John heartily echoed their warm welcome.

Days and weeks went by at Newport. It was the old story over again—the routine of all fashionable watering-places—late breakfasts, where belles, pale and languid from last night's dissipation, slowly sipped their coffee, the forenoon dip in the surf, the ordeal of dressing for a fashionable dinner, the afternoon lounge or nap, the evening ride down the sand, or the hop in the great saloon—and among the many beautiful belles at this pleasure haunt by the sounding sea, none won more admiration than the fascinating Josephine Sumner.

But did this life satisfy her? Can it satisfy any woman who realizes that she was made for something better than a mere puppet of fashion?

"I am so weary, weary of it all!" she sighed, one afternoon, languidly surveying an elegant grenadine ball dress lying over the arm of the lounge in her room, for there was to be a bril-

liant hop that evening. "A hollow round of gaiety. It can never bring me rest; and where will it all end?" And she seemed lost in a deep and painful reverie.

"Why, Cousin Josey, I declare you look blue enough to make one shiver! Are you sick?" And Nelly Benton bounded into the room with all the exuberance of a girl just "out" in society. "Such a splendid time as I mean to have this evening! Brother Edgar says he is going to introduce me to those new arrivals, the Delameres. And I shall dance every polka with him. I could polk all night, Josey! O, don't you think Henri Benoir waltzes divinely? And did you see that splendid seal ring on his little finger? They say his father's the richest planter in Louisiana. And, O, Josey, don't the Dodworths play the Wedding March splendidly? I couldn't stand still last night. Do you wonder that papa laughed, and called me his 'crazy girl?' But, O, I forgot, Josey, here's a letter for you—can't make out the post-mark—Edgar was bringing it up to you!" And she tossed a letter into her cousin's lap.

The belle languidly raised the letter, but when she read the superscription, her listlessness vanished.

"It is from Cousin Lucy," she said, breaking the seal. "And little Cecil is very ill. Dear child, I must go to him!"

"DEAR JOSEPHINE (so the letter ran):—I have barely time to write you a few words by the morning's mail. Our boy, our darling—your pet Cecy—lies very ill of brain fever. The physicians have given him over. It is pitiful to see the dear child's sufferings, and know we can do nothing. We are in great distress. George is unmanned, and I scarce know how to pray for aid. O, must our only darling die? Why cannot we save him? If you were only here, Josephine! You are so cool, so thoughtful, and perhaps—who knows?—you might aid us! 'He dear lamb calls for you continually, moaning for 'Cousin Josey!' 'Cousin Josey!' You remember how he loved you. If it is not asking too much, will you not come to us immediately?"

"Yours in deep affliction,

"**LUCY DOANE.**"

"Suncook, August 1."

Josephine looked again at the superscription. The letter had been mailed five days before, directed to Boston, then re-mailed to Newport.

"Five days ago—he may be dead and buried before now—but I must go to poor Lucy. Nelly, dear, will you ring for Jane to pack my trunk, and please lay out my travelling dress. I shall leave Newport by the evening boat."

"Josey! Josey! Wont Cousin Josey come?" murmured a little golden-haired sufferer, tossing

to and fro on the pillows. "Wont Cousin Josey ever get here, and pull me the strawberries and pretty flowers down by the brook, like she used to last summer? Mama, I want Josey!" And two thin, pale hands were stretched forth imploringly.

"Yes, darling, Cousin Josey will soon be here!" said the mother, leaning over the pillow and bathing the child's forehead. Just then the rumble of carriage wheels came in the yard below. "Go down, George, she has come," she whispered. And the anxious father left the apartment where, for many weary days, he had watched beside his stricken darling.

"How is he, Lucy?" eagerly whispered the new comer, hastening up to the sick room on the threshold of which she met the pale mother.

"Better, thank God! the doctor says he will live—but, O, Josey, it has been so terrible!" And poor, worn-out Lucy Doane sank sobbing on the shoulder to which she was drawn.

"Poor girl!" And the stately Josephine Sumner, the whilom belle of Newport, tenderly kissed Lucy's careworn cheek, then took her station by the pillow. "Go and lie down on the lounge and try and get a little rest. Not a word, dear! I am strong, and not in the least fatigued, and will watch by this little darling here. Let me have my own way, now, please, Lucy!" And so the weary woman resigned the post she had held through weeks of that terrible fever, and sought rest.

"I did want to see you so bad, dear Josey," faintly whispered the little wan sufferer on the pillow. "Everybody was good to me; but papa looked pale, and mama cried, Cecy was so sick—and the doctor gave me bitter stuff—and I wanted you to sing to me and get me flowers. O, I forgot—" And the boy feebly lifted one emaciated hand to his head as if to recall his wandering memory. "He was real good, and got me pretty flowers one time. Mr. Leighton is real good and nice, isn't he, Cousin Josey?"

"Yes, dear," softly answered the stately girl, after a sudden start of surprise, a few tears dropping down on the little child's forehead over which she bent.

"Does it make you cry, 'cause Cecy's so sick?" queried the boy, looking up languidly into her face.

"Hush, Cecil, you mustn't talk, now," softly said Mr. Doane, stepping forward from the threshold whereon he had paused to listen to his boy's words, and no uninterested listener was he to this little episode. "You must try and sleep now, and let Cousin Josey rest. Josephine, let me take your place. And will you step down



into my library a moment before you seek your own room? Go, please, you can trust me, cousin?" he said, catching the expression of her pale, questioning face.

"Yes, I can trust you, Cousin George!" And with a nameless terror at her heart, but a firm resolve, she went below.

There, in the cool, twilight-shaded library, while the household was quiet, they two again met—Ellis Leighton and Josephine Sumner; and there, too, all was explained.

No matter though Ellis did grasp his riding-whip nervously, protesting he had just ridden over from his Uncle John's to inquire for his favorite, the sick boy, and had paused in the library at his friend Doane's request, not knowing that they expected Miss Sumner; no matter though Josephine's proud heart rose haughtily at first against all her previous vows to win an explanation if again she ever met Ellis Leighton—the time had at length come.

Ellis was nothing loath at last to drop his riding-whip altogether, and, grasping his companion's hand, implore her pardon for his impetuous disposition and his doubts of her truth to the vows she had plighted him there in that very room, that pleasant summer time two years ago, when Josephine had been quietly domesticated in her cousin's family, and the student had escaped his studies and the city's heat during a long vacation on Uncle John's farm; and, further, to beg anew her forgiveness for the hasty and cutting words he had uttered, when the next winter they met in a crowded saloon at the house of a professor at Cambridge, and the young law student had fancied that the brilliant, courted woman, whose society was sought by men of intellect and station, looked coldly on her humbler lover.

Meeting her alone one moment that evening, he had flung off her hand, saying proudly and rashly:

"I perceive the mistake you made when you said you loved me. You are free, Miss Sumner."

And now, after nearly two years of estrangement, they talked of those days—of the days when they first met, and when they parted—and here again the fabled sisters who weave the warp and woof of life, gathered up anew the threads and joined them to weave into a golden tissue.

After the storm comes ever the clear sky, and the calm to troubled waters; but not always, after weary months of estrangement, comes peace to two such hearts as those that beat joyfully side by side in the quiet library that still summer's afternoon.

Above, in his darkened chamber, lay the boy Cecil, in a long, refreshing slumber; and weary Lucy Doane slept soundly on her couch; while her husband watched beside his sleepers with a smile on his lip, as he thought of the prolonged interview in the library below from which the repeated neighs of his horse, tethered to a young tree in the yard, could not hasten Ellis Leighton.

And when Mrs. Fanny Webster, on her return from Newport, learned that what her "management" for a whole city season had failed to accomplish had been brought about very naturally "up there in the woods," she manifested a great deal of surprise and joy, and welcomed her brother's affiancée very warmly, protesting she never, never should regret that brother Ellis, instead of going with them to Newport, persisted in GOING INTO THE COUNTRY.

### LOVE TOKENS.

The gossips tell a funny story, in which two Russian noblemen and a favorite Parisian actress play the principal parts. Both of the Bayards were suitors for the fair lady's smiles, and both seemed to be equally esteemed by her. It would appear that, in Russia, as well as in many other countries, a lock of hair is considered a signal pledge of the tender passion; but, if the truth must be told, few of our theatrical divinities are endowed with profuse *chevelures*, and if they were, the incessant demand would soon exhaust the supply. Mademoiselle Alix glories in the possession of auburn ringlets, and wouldn't part with one of them for less than a duchy. Her Russian admirers, the Count de L—, and the Baron de M—, both happened to have hair of the same golden hue as that of their mutual Dulcinea. Each begged for a tress of her hair in exchange for a lock of his own, to which the charming creature readily assented, and without touching a single curl of her head, cunningly managed to effect an exchange of parcels, by which each gentleman received a tuft of his rival's capillaries. The count now wears the baron's "wool" next his heart, and the baron sleeps with the count's scalp-lock under his pillow. What terrible deceivers these "female women" are.—*Paris Paper.*

### HARSHNESS OF DEMEANOR.

There is something in the temper of man so adverse to boisterous and severe treatment, that he who endeavors to carry his point that way, instead of prevailing, generally leaves the mind of him whom he has thus attempted in a more confirmed and obstinate situation than he found it at first. Bitter words and hard usage freeze the heart into a kind of obduracy, which mild persuasion and gentle language only can dissolve and soften.

### THE NOBLE MAN.

Never yet  
Was noble man but made ignoble talk.  
He makes no friend who never made a foe.  
BAILEY.

[ORIGINAL.]  
BOATING.

BY EDWIN B. STEINOK.

The sun along the eastern sky  
His fiery arrows hurled,  
And morning o'er the far blue hills  
Her misty banners furled;  
The winding river glimmered through  
The tangled thorny hedge,  
The valleys decked with fern and rose  
Came sloping to its edge.

But fairer than the sweet wild-rose,  
Brighter than sunrise sky,  
Was the mantling blush, the pouting lip,  
And the glance of her laughing eye.  
Dear little witch! how the rosy light  
In the roguish dimples hide;  
Is it just the same, I would like to know,  
When *others* are by her side?

Our bonnie boat in the summer breeze  
Rocked lightly on the tide;  
While May, with a dainty hook and line,  
Sat angling by my side.  
You would know by her look of conscious power,  
By the flash of her hazel eye,  
That she knew she could catch, not only the fish,  
But somebody else, did she try!

Did she know, as she tossed the lily leaves  
Over my hands and face,  
That I saw but the snowy drifts that lay  
On her curls with such witching grace?  
Did she know as she flirted the dripping oars  
In her saucy, careless way,  
That every drop was a spark of fire  
In my heart for darling May?

Gay little sprite! how she blushes and laughs,  
Till the tears rain down her face,  
As she piles the oars with her little soft palms,  
With an awkward kind of grace.  
My beautiful pet, my darling, my pride,  
O, would that my life might be  
One long June morn in my bonnie boat,  
Sweet May, alone with thee!

[ORIGINAL.]  
CHRISTINE'S TRIUMPH.

BY AMANDA M. HALE.

In the spacious school-room, at Madame L'Estrange's Pensionnat for young ladies, the day before the annual examination, there was a great deal of chattering, laughing and running to and fro, an incessant trying on of costume and rehearsing of parts, and not a little disputing—the collocutors sometimes forgetting their acquired French and breaking into their own vernacular.

It was a motley group, quite picturesque in its variety, and artistically disposed. Here was Christine Roelke, a tall, superbly-shaped German girl, wearing the dress of the queen, which was her part for the next day—for the young ladies were to appear in a petite drama, composed for the occasion by Madame L'Estrange's versatile French teacher, Monsieur Lenoire.

The purple velvet mantle hung in rich folds about Christine's queenly figure, and she bore herself as if she really were a scion of royalty. Those were the days of the republic, and patriotic little French girls sometimes sneered at Christine's penchant for the aristocracy; but she did not mind—she paraded her predilections all the same, and took no pains to conceal her contempt for the *canaille*. At Christine's feet knelt our little English daisy, Lucia Morland—a blue-eyed, brown-haired maiden, modest in mien and graceful in every movement.

Flitting here and there, sometimes assisting Lucia in the arrangement of Christine's train, and sometimes stopping to admire the effect of her own grisette attire, was Annette d'Olivet, the French girl who was to play the part of lady-in-waiting to Queen Marie, known on common occasions as Christine Roelke.

"Voilà, Christine, c'est assez! Now look at me." And she spread out her hands, and set her little head on one side with the most comical air. *Voyez! ma petite blanc chapeau. N'est ce pas charmant?* Who would not be a grisette?"

"Not I," said Christine, scornfully.

"Pourquoi, madame?" said Annette, simply.

"Don't ask foolish questions, Annette," returned Christine, pettishly.

Annette twinkled her bright little eyes with a puzzled air, and whirled away in a waltz. Christine gazed after her contemptuously a moment, and then drawing her work-box towards her, sat down to mend a rent in her fictitious gold lace.

"These people have no more brains than so many wooden puppets," she said, in an undertone.

Lucia looked up quickly, as if she would have remonstrated with earnestness, but she only uttered the word—"Christine!"

"It's true," persisted Christine. "They've no ambition, no pride, no sense of propriety—real propriety, I mean. They're *au fait* in little things, the details of social life, I know; but in nothing else. There's Annette—she belongs to one of the best families in Brussels, and does not value her position in the least. She might as well be a bourgeoisie."

Christine glanced at me, as if she expected

some rejoinder. It was a standing subject of dispute between us. I felt bound to maintain republican principles in virtue of my transatlantic birth.

"And why should she?" I said, with spirit. "All men are born free and equal. '*Liberté. Fraternité, Egalité.*'"

Lucia laughed. Christine curled her lip.

"That's what you call a humbug. All men are not equal; if they were, I—" She paused.

"What would you do?" asked Lucia, brightening up a false pearl.

Christine laughed. "I'd emigrate to another planet. I'd sell my birthright cheaper than Esau did, and think I had got a bargain."

We all laughed, and Christine continued:

"When I was a little girl, I had a young American for a tutor in history and English reading, and he used sometimes to hold forth those absurd democratic ideas; but I knew they were nonsense then."

"Was that the way in which you picked up so many Americanisms?" said Lucia.

"I suppose so. Do you know, Julie, I like your nation? I admire their straightforwardness; and their coarse phrases—for they are coarse—which they have coined, are more characteristic of them than anything else you have. When you become a monarchy and have a hereditary nobility, you'll be worthy to rank with us Europeans."

Of course I made the usual answer that our nobility held its own, in virtue of merit—that in our country moral and intellectual superiority were the only passports to popular favor, etc.—yet haunted all the time by a consciousness of Mrs. Purseproud, whose palace on Fifth Avenue is the resort of the elite of the metropolis, although Mrs. Purseproud hasn't two ideas in her head, and has no more principle than a Carib. I had, too, a dim impression that Mrs. Brahmin, whose great-great-grandfather was a lineal descendant of Vishnu, and whose maternal ancestor was own son to Lord Lyndhurst's valet, might, by the bare fact of her existence, militate somewhat strongly against my theory; but those were the days of my girlish simplicity, when I innocently imagined that ideas represented things. So I swallowed down my ghosts of doubts as confidently as if my moral sense had possessed the toughness of cala.

"How very absurd!" said Christine, indignantly, when I had finished. "How absurd to assert that yonder swarthy little Bohemian, whose ancestors have been peasants ever since the middle ages, is equal to Lucia, in whose veins runs the best blood of England!"

"Or to Christine Rolke, whose mother wrote Von before her name," I added, ironically.

Christine's face flushed, and Lucia looked at me reproachfully. But Christine did not reply. She had that consummate prudence that stands so well in the place of genuine good temper. She always knew where to aim her shafts of satire and scorn, and hence, though she was famed for her power of saying sharp things, nobody feared but everybody liked Christine. Love her, they did not. Love is not for such as she. They must be content with ordinary, surface liking, which is a vastly more common and practical sentiment than love. When a few persons do love such people, as Lucia loved Christine, it does not argue their goodness, but rather that of the simple, trusting souls who cannot choose but love.

I repented of my rude speech in a moment, and asked forgiveness, which Christine loftily accorded.

"Now we are friends again," said Lucia, with her sweet smile.

"How good tempered you are!" said Christine, admiringly. "You, who have both rank and wealth, can afford to be; while we, who have only one or neither, must needs be vexing ourselves at every trifle."

It was my turn to be angry now; but Lucia did not notice Christine's thrust at me, and asked:

"Would you like so much to be rich, Christine?"

She drew herself up with her queenly air, and answered:

"Would I not? I would like to wrap myself in ermine, and flash in gems. I would like to repose on velvet couches, and breathe airs laden with fragrance. And I covet power, too. I would like to preside over a sumptuous household and entertain lordly men at my table. I would like to know that my smile or frown influenced the destinies of a nation, and that my caprice could exalt or depress them."

"You should be the stately wife of the English premier," said Lucia, smiling.

"Or of some intriguing French courtier," I added.

"Or some shrewd Yankee politician," sneered Christine.

Lucia interposed. "I wish I could give you a taste of English country life, Christine. You would like us too, I think. You should have pictures and statuary, and luxurious furniture, to your heart's content. You should have horses and carriages and maid servants," she said, playfully. "Wont you go home with me, Christine?"

I hoped she would refuse, for I was tired of our daily combats and longed for an armistice. I was a waif upon the world, and in the interim of finding a governess's situation, had been glad to accept Lucia's invitation to spend a month with her at her father's country seat. Perhaps I might find a place to suit me in some English family, and then I need not cross the ocean again. All my most cherished associations were on the European side of the Atlantic. My friends were there—it was home to me, and my feeling for fatherland was only a romantic, unpractical sentiment, not strong enough to control my actions.

But while these thoughts were running through my mind, Christine had decided to go to England. I have no doubt she had meant to do so from the time it was first proposed; but now she announced the determination as if it were impromptu.

"I think I *will* go with you, Lucia."

Lucia sprang up delighted.

"O, Christine! will you really? That's a darling girl!" And she danced about, as gaily as Annette might have done.

"Only you must promise that Julie shall not quarrel with me," said Christine, freeing herself from Lucia's embrace.

"O, Julie will be good! I'll get Theodore to take her in charge."

"Ah!" Christine looked into Lucia's face.

"He's only a cousin, my dear?"

"Only my cousin," said Lucia, blushing.

But I knew that he was a betrothed lover, and that our little English daisy loved him with all her heart. Many a moonlight eve, when the quaint old towers of Brussels shone whitely in the clear light, had Lucia told me tales of Theodore Burleigh, her playmate from childhood and her husband, if God willed. I had formed a very exaggerated notion of this piece of masculine perfection, as I afterwards found. Looking at him through the double medium of my own and Lucia's imagination, I had fancied that no king or statesman was his peer. But I am anticipating.

So Christine was going to England. Why should she not, when, as she truly said, she had not a friend in the world who would inquire for her the day after her departure? But why should she go? I had always thought she was qualifying herself to teach French in her own native city of Frankfort.

"Christine?" I said, inquiringly.

At that moment Mademoiselle St. Hilaire rang her bell, and when the chattering ceased, said in her sharp tones:

"It is time for the promenade, demoiselles. You will meet here at seven to-morrow for rehearsal. *Allons!*"

And I followed the rest out, wondering why Christine was going to England.

The next day, the whole large house was in a confused bustle of preparation. In the morning the grand exhibition took place, and every corner of the school-room was crowded. It was a great success, and madame's eyes sparkled with gratified pride and the prospect of future gain. A prize was to be awarded for the best French theme, and we were none of us disappointed when the name of Christine Roelke was announced as that of the successful competitor.

Christine was not beautiful or amiable, nor even a coquette, and yet she had her admirers among the Brusselian youth; and when, with an unwonted flush upon her cheek and with her majestic air, she walked down the passage and ascended the estrade, a loud burst of applause rang out from the great audience. She bent her head, and the director threw the ribbon over her neck and the glittering prize fell at her side. She lifted her eyes, threw one swift, sweeping glance over the hall, and then returned to her place. The long-fringed eyelids haughtily dropped, and except the unusual color, she was apparently wholly unmoved.

But it was a proud moment for Christine, and I knew that her heart beat high with exultant pride.

After the award of the prizes, there was little to hold the attention of the spectators, and the exercises were hurried through. Once free of the school-room, the young ladies hastened to join the troop who had worked all day at the scenic decorations. The folding-doors between the school-room and the adjoining recitation apartments were thrown open, and the place quickly assumed the appearance of a tolerable theatre. The stage was erected at the extremity of Monsieur Lenoire's room, and the French teacher himself was busy in overseeing the arrangements. Lucia and I had no role assigned to us, and we wandered at our pleasure about the house, gathering flowers, assisting in the green room, and walking up and down the cool alleys of the garden. Towards seven, Christine came running down the linden walk.

"Come in, Lucia," she exclaimed hurriedly. "You promised to assist me in my toilet." And she unceremoniously pushed me aside and appropriated Lucia to herself.

I followed them to Christine's apartment and sat down, quietly watching the long auburn curls as they shaped themselves into lustrous coils

under Lucia's skilful fingers. Christine placed herself before the mirror, and as she did so, I noticed that she smoothed out the wrinkles which her late excitement and haste had occasioned, and assumed a more placid expression. It was not favorable to her beauty, which, apart from her regal carriage and figure, and the rich, soft hair, lay rather in expression than in color and form. I have heard her called plain; but those who found her so could never have seen her when enthusiasm kindled her eyes and flushed her cheek. I did not think her beautiful that night when she left us, just before making her debut upon the stage; but when later, stimulated by applause and the consciousness of her own rich gifts, she threw the whole force of her nature into the representation of her part, I was led captive by her loveliness.

When we entered the improvised theatre, the best seats were already filled, and soon the spectators flocked in so numerously that the aisles overflowed, and even the window recesses were crowded. In front were the pupils, in every style of holiday costume, their light drapery waving in the wind, which came in cool and fresh at the windows, and the rounded arms of the English girls and the dark, piercing eyes of the Spanish maidens alike gleaming in the light. In the rear, and encircling them upon either side, were the friends and patrons of the establishment, and conspicuous among them was Madame L'Estrange, radiant in her pride and exultation at this new success. The room was flooded with light, the air sweet with perfumes, wreaths of gorgeous flowers encircled the pillars, and brilliant cloths festooned the walls. It was a gorgeous, festal scene, and when, presently, the curtain rose and revealed a magnificently furnished boudoir, in which stood Christine in her royal robes, and bearing herself so regally, the whole tableau was so enchanting, that the admiration of the audience broke forth spontaneously, and cries of "Charmant! C'est belle!" resounded throughout the apartment. Christine advanced a step, and faced the assembly; instantly every sound was hushed, and the silence, even more than the applause, confessed the effect which she had produced.

The play was a thrilling drama, founded upon one of those episodes in the life of royalty where the mainspring of interest is the working of those feelings common to all hearts, and which only derive an additional power from the prestige of rank.

With the suffering queen, maddened by wrong and repulsed where she should have been cherished, every woman in the house could sympa-

thize, from Annette d'Olivet who flirted with the English teacher, to the Princess Alkoff who had that morning parted from her lord for the twentieth time. When in the last act, the queen, driven to despair, revenges her wrong and holds up in the sight of the spectators the poniard dripping with the blood of her rival, the effect was terrible, and no words could do justice to the impression produced. Could one be so transformed? Was that Christine—that pallid face, those set lips, that almost demoniac rage? The audience went wild. In French fashion, they gave themselves up to the delirium of the moment. Again and again Christine was called before the curtain to receive their delighted homage. Never had such amateur acting been known—rarely had any such professional success been achieved.

Among the audience there was one not a Frenchman, I imagined, though he threw himself into the enjoyment of the moment with a very un-English-like abandon. A slight figure, dark, with a crimson flush on his face—though that might be the effect of excitement—soft, violet eyes, scintillating with light—his whole appearance was novel and *distingue*.

Who could it be? I was familiar with the *habitudes* of Brussels, and this was not one of them. He held in his hand an elegant bouquet, and when Christine appeared for the last time, the fragrant offering fell at her feet. She turned—I saw her glance fall upon him—their eyes met—and Christine bent her head. When I looked at her again, the whole look of the tragedy queen was gone, and a graceful, beautiful woman stood there, modestly blushing at her praises. Who could the stranger be? I turned to ask Lucia, but the play was over, the company leaving, and a dozen rude girls had separated me from her.

I made my way out into the open air, almost dazed with the excitement. I walked around the balcony toward the private entrance. Turning a corner, I suddenly came upon a trio who stood chatting in the moonlight.

"Julie!" It was Lucia's voice, and then Christine's rich tones broke in: "Come, Julie, you are not such a Goth as not to admire these flowers!"

She held in her hand the very bouquet which I had seen her receive with so much *empressment*—and here, close by her side, stood the slight, elegant youth whose movements I had observed. Lucia put her hand upon mine, and with a charming, girlish hesitancy, introduced her cousin Theodore.

I was an awkward school girl, at the best, and

my surprise only increased my discomposure; so as I responded shyly to his courteous remarks, I did not wonder that he ceased to address me and devoted himself to Lucia and Christine. Lucia, indeed, drew somewhat into the shade. It was one of her daisy ways, and I loved her the better for it; but in this pushing, grasping world, he who shoves himself foremost, gets the greatest share of the good things, and so in that epitome of the world which we call society, the daisies and violets fall into the background, however fair and sweet they may be, and the flaunting hollyhocks and dahlias usurp the front rank.

Christine enjoyed her triumph, and they chatted on about a thousand things which could not interest Lucia, but in which Christine's *esprit* displayed itself to the best advantage. Theodore Burleigh had come over, partly on a pleasure tour, partly to await Lucia's return. Arriving at Brussels just before the exhibition commenced and after we were seated, he could not gain access to Lucia, he said, and pleased himself with surprising her among the crowd in the hall.

By-and-by I left them—and Christine followed me, to my surprise. We went up stairs, and as her apartment adjoined mine, she came in and stood before my mirror, unloosing the bandeaux of gems from her hair.

"Julie," she said, suddenly, "do you know I've found my vocation?"

I looked up. Her eyes were glowing, and her color was a vivid crimson.

"I shall go upon the stage," she said, determinedly.

"Why, Christine! with your aristocratic prejudices?"

"I fling them away—no, I hoard them—I'll keep them, and one day I'll win a right to a place among the highest, and by my own genius, too. Julie, you don't like me—but you own that I have genius?"

"Yes," I said, indifferently.

"Yes, I knew it, and before to-night. I'll use my power." She began to pace the room. "I'll not delve for my livelihood like a common person. I'll not spend my life in teaching French to dullards. You blame my ambition. It is my right. My mother wrote Von before her name. Julie, your sneer was directed against the truth. Isn't poverty a curse? It threw us down from our rank, it sent my father into exile, and my mother to the grave. It has driven me to the stage. No matter. My fame shall atone. What is better than fame, fortune, rank, won by one's own exertions?"

"Love—goodness," I answered.

"Pshaw, little Puritan. Now don't bore me with romance. I'll betake myself to my own domain."

"*Tres bien, bon soir,*" I returned, laughingly. She went away, humming an air.

"By the way, Julie," she said, putting her head in at the door again, "is Daisy engaged to this English knight?"

I knew Lucia had not told Christine, but something tempted me to betray the secret, and I answered shortly, "Yes." Christine laughed and shut the door. It was a strange laugh. I sprang up and ran to her room.

"Christine," I burst forth, passionately, "if you meddle in this, may God reward you."

"I hope he will. One doesn't like to work for nothing. But don't fret, my pious little Round-head. He may do as a dernier resort, not otherwise," she said, coolly.

I clasped my hands together in anger. But of what use was it? It was like the surf beating the everlasting rock, only to dash itself to pieces. I lay awake long that night. Some hours later Lucia came up and took her place by me.

"Lucia, dear!"

"Yes, Julie."

It was dark, I could not see her face, but the tone was sweet and calm, and full of content. There were love and trust and joy in her heart, and I prayed God they might ever abide there.

It was a merry party that crossed the Channel and landed on the English shores the next week. Sir William Morland was a frank, hospitable gentleman, proud of his daughter, and valuing her more than anything else in the world. For her sake he gave a cordial welcome to Christine and myself.

It was curious to see how quickly Christine ingratiated herself into his favor, with what alacrity she resigned to him the most comfortable seat, with what changing affability she listened to his often-told story of his last success at the Derby matches, how patiently she bore his little caprices, and ministered to the gratification of his whims. She had the tact to conceal her art, and fairly surprised the simple-hearted gentleman into a genuine liking for her. Sometimes it puzzled me to account for the coolness with which she treated Theodore Burleigh. She left him to amuse himself when they were alone together, she was always busy if he wanted her to sing, and Theodore was forced to devote himself to Lucia. Since the exhibition night Christine had not shown the tragic side of her character. Her role now was that of the amiable, graceful woman, and in that part she could not

rival Lucia. It was her genius that had awakened his enthusiasm, and when she ceased to reveal it he was disenchanted. So for the present my fears were at rest, but I knew that Christine had the power to re-kindle his admiration, and if it suited her purpose she would do so. I heartily wished her a thousand miles off, anywhere that she could not interfere with Lucia's peace.

I knew she had some definite aim in view, and that her conduct was all in accordance with some plan; but I was unused to coquettish arts and could not understand her. Afterward I understood her too well; but at that time I had only an indefinite, vague apprehension of something wrong.

My sweet Daisy, how happy she was all the voyage, more gay and vivacious than was usual in her calm, gentle temperament. When we landed at Dover, I thought if ever Theodore's heart had wandered from her, it had returned to its allegiance, for his manner was now so uniformly the expression of unwavering affection that I could not doubt his devotedness.

It was in the full ripeness of summer that we reached Roselands. Everywhere, in the thick forests and on the open plain, in the green vales and upon the rounded hills, in orchard and garden, in the blue heavens and over the crystal waters of the wave the spirit of beauty brooded. It was something to dwell in the midst of so much loveliness, to wander in the silent forest shades and sit, in the soft, summer nights, in moonlit arbors, coming from the quaint, formal old city, with vivid remembrances of its prim alleys, and stiff, unnatural trees, the free, unrestrained luxuriance of nature had for us a double charm. Christine unfolded wonderfully. The luxury that environed her seemed her birthright. She was at home amid it all, and she drew inspiration from the beauty about her. Her rare, novel loveliness caught a richer glow, her voice modulated itself to greater sweetness, and her genius flashed out more vividly. How could I ever have thought her plain, I said to myself. The whole household noticed the change.

"Christine has grown prettier since coming here," said Sir William, one morning at the breakfast table.

We had all risen except the baronet, and Christine had gone to dress for a ride.

"Pretty! Do you call that prettiness, that brilliant face, radiant with soul? I don't think Christine is pretty," said Theodore, his face flushing, and his eye kindling with spirit as he spoke.

Lucia looked up. The baronet laughed.

"Perhaps I don't choose my words very well," he said, good-humoredly. "She is a splendid girl, you won't deny. I wish we could keep her here."

I glanced at Lucia. She looked quite as usual. If any sorrow lay waiting for her in the future she did not see it. No dark shadow fell athwart her sunny way. Christine still tarried, and Theodore walked the room impatiently. Lucia went to hasten her and they presently entered the room together. The contrast was striking. Lucia's delicate, girlish loveliness had its charm, but Christine's imperial beauty surprised and took you captive. Theodore put her in the saddle, and she thanked him with a gracious smile.

They rode off in advance of us; all the morning they were alone together, and Christine's color was deepened, and her eyes gleamed with exultation when we once more rode up to the steps. From that day it was clear to me how it would be. Natures, impressible as Theodore's, kindle into flame at a glance, and no development of her character, no unamiable thing he might see in her, could now alienate his affection from her.

I was half wild with sorrow and indignation. What could I do? Lucia was blind—God help her! Of what use would it be to arouse her from her trusting dream? Theodore was always kind, and her unsuspecting temperament was content. She did not see his color rise, his eye flash at Christine's coming. She did not notice the wavering voice, the dreamy quietude, or the enthusiasm which her presence could occasion. With her whole heart Lucia had loved him, and with her whole heart she believed in him. Could I speak to Theodore, tell him that this proud, ambitious woman would surely wreck his happiness? As well might I attempt with my weak hand to stay the sea in its tidal flow, as to turn his love away from her. Sir William? What would it avail? I would go to Christine herself, I said, passionately. She would scorn me, she would mock me. No matter, I would go.

I went to her room that night. Lucia was asleep, and Christine could not escape me. She was at her writing-desk when I tapped at the door, and she met me with a guilty face. Her features hardened, however, into an expression of indomitable resolution. She assumed her light, careless air.

"Now, New England, you've come to give me a lecture, I know. Let me introduce you to the audience." And she took my hand and led me into the floor.

I drew my hand away. "Christine, don't

jest, I do want to have some serious talk with you."

"*Tres bien*," she replied, indifferently, and giving me a chair, she seated herself upon a low stool in front of it, and folded her hands in mock humility. "Upon which one of my numerous misdemeanors will it please you to hold forth upon this occasion?" she asked.

"You must know, Christine, what I mean. You cannot think that you are treating Lucia honorably—" I paused.

A slight sneer curled her lips, and she said, coolly: "Proceed, I am all attention."

Her coolness was too much to bear. "Christine," I burst forth, "you will break Lucia's heart, you know you will."

She laughed. "A broken heart! I'd like to see one once. The British Museum would pay a price for it. It would be the eighth wonder of the world."

"O, Christine, it is cruel of you to talk so. You cannot mean it. Love is everything to Lucia—she cannot live without it—and she is so innocent and unsuspecting, too!"

"It does take the edge off one's triumph a little, I confess," responded Christine, quietly. "I wish it were you, now. There would be some satisfaction in being your rival. But Lucia, she might as well be a statue."

"Her trust in you is all the more reason why you should not wrong her," I said, impetuously.

"Perhaps it is. I have never considered the matter."

"Christine, how can you have the heart to do so?"

"I haven't any heart. That's a luxury I cannot afford to indulge in."

"You do not love Theodore, Christine?"

"You can't expect me to tell you that. Why, I haven't even told him yet," she returned, maliciously.

"But I know you do not love him."

"You doubt my capacity, I see. I'm inclined to think you are right."

"Christine, do you mean to marry him? Will a connection with him satisfy your ambition?"

"Now you are reasonable," she said, laughingly, "I don't mind taking you into my confidence a little bit. I don't know whether I shall marry him or not. Perhaps—why not? He is rich, and of good family, though a commoner. On the other hand, a colossal fortune would not come amiss with me, and a coronet is vastly becoming, don't you think so?"

"Then you mean to hold Mr. Burleigh in reserve, and if an earl with a greater fortune presents himself, you'll play Theodore false?"

"Precisely. In coming to that conclusion, you have exhibited an acuteness quite creditable to you. May I ask if you've any further suggestions to make?"

"None," I said, rising, "I only hope your earl will present himself forthwith."

"*Je vous remercie*," she replied, laughing, and I went away.

The next week the house was to be thronged with company, and I fervently hoped that there might be some one upon whom Christine could ply her arts successfully, provided it brought misery to no one else. In four days more a dozen trunks had been deposited in the hall, and half as many visitors ensconced in the guest chambers. On one of these days, at sunset, a coach drove up with servants in livery. Christine, Lucia and I were alone in the library. We went to the window at the sound of wheels.

"That is Lord Dacres's livery," exclaimed Lucia.

"Lord Dacres!" It was Christine's voice.

"Yes; he is a friend of papa's. He lives in Devonshire. O, Christine, you should see his house. It is a perfect gallery of art."

Christine's eyes sparkled. "His lordship is a connoisseur, then."

"He's a bachelor, too," added Lucia, smiling, "but then he's old and personally disagreeable to me."

"Is it the Lord Dacres who makes speeches in parliament?" I asked.

"I dare say, he has 'prodigious talent,' as papa says."

"O, I know," cried Christine, with animation, "he is the leader of the opposition, and the most eloquent speaker on that side."

"And he has a house in Belgravia, probably," I added.

"So much the better," laughed Christine.

At that instant the large bay window in the drawing-room adjoining came down with a crash, and Lucia, springing to the door which was ajar, exclaimed:

"Why, that was Theodore. Here is 'Maud,' which he has been reading, and there he is himself."

I followed her to the window. Theodore was pacing across the lawn, with a quick, excited step. He disappeared in the shrubbery, and Lucia said, musingly:

"What can be the matter with him?"

"Perhaps he is going to be jealous of Lord Dacres," said Christine, with a wicked smile playing about her lips.

We did not meet Theodore again till dinner was served. He came in then, looking pale and



wearied, and as I followed Lucia's anxious gaze into his face, the tears came to my eyes at the thought of so much unrequited devotion.

Christine was brilliant and charming. At a characteristic *bow mot*, Dacres lifted his cold, gray eyes to her face, he had not noticed her before, and something like a gleam of admiration lighted them up. When the gentlemen joined us in the drawing-room, Christine was called to the piano. Music was one of her gifts, and that night she sang divinely.

Lord Dacres was fascinated, and his homage seemed to inspire her, for she outshone herself. His lordship lingered near the piano, and when she rose he led her to a seat and placed himself at her side. Theodore gloomed in a corner, and Lucia tried with sweet gentleness to draw him out of his moody humor. It was in vain. She could not scare the cloud from his brow, and I saw her sweet face grow sad as she sat down quietly alone. By-and-by Christine withdrew her attention from Lord Dacres, and he, perceiving it, politely took himself and his accomplishments to another part of the saloon. I saw Christine glance at Theodore and I knew the magnetism of that look would bring him to the vacant seat. It did, and with subtle art she sought to soothe his wounded love, and the cloud cleared away, his face lighted up with smiles, and Christine basked in the sunshine of tender looks. Lucia watched them with an expression of pained perplexity. She could not make it out.

This was the inauguration of a succession of like scenes. Lord Dacres was enthralled, and it was evident that a coronet would be at her disposal. What would she do? Could I doubt, after the revelation I had had of her heartlessness? And how would Theodore bear it? Would he return again to his love for Lucia? My heart sorely misgave when I thought of his intense, passionate nature, and how he had concentrated all the forces of his soul in one burning love for Christine. One day—it was a soft, September day, when the heavens bent lovingly over the glorious earth, and the golden sunlight flooded the landscape, and in all the air a serene peace brooded like a holy presence—on this day a hunting party had been made up in the morning, and the gentlemen were not expected home till late in the afternoon.

When the shadows grew deep and dark under the oaks, Lucia proposed to me a ramble in the park. I demurred. Christine had been missing since the last hour, and I had a vague fear that her absence might be in some way connected with Theodore. But Lucia insisted, and I could not find an excuse for refusing to go. We went

along the forest paths, Lucia chatting gaily and breaking now and then into a song. But after a time she grew more quiet, and as we entered deeper into the seclusion of the forest, a soberness came over us, and we walked on in silence.

"Let us go to the Glen," said Lucia, at length. It was a wild, romantic spot, and with it were associated dark legends of love and hate and revenge. The servants at the house were superstitious in regard to it, and wondrous stories were afloat of strange shapes seen there in the gray of the morning light. Once before, Lucia and I had been there, and without difficulty we found our way through the mazes of the path. It was shut in on all sides by hills, and seldom visited on account of its inaccessibility. We entered the ravine by the usual way, and pushing aside the tangled boughs that overhung the path, pressed forward. Further on, just on the edge of a brook that rippled through the valley, the gray ruins of a rustic temple, built in the times of the first Morlands, offered a charming retreat. We were near the ruins, when Lucia, who was in advance, suddenly stopped.

"What's the matter?" I asked.

She did not reply. With another step I gained her side. She was pale and trembling.

"Lucia," I cried, alarmed, "what is it?"

"Hark!" she whispered.

I stood still and listened. There were voices, the tones came distinct and clear through the silence of the forest. Lucia clenched my hand. Her grasp was like that of icy fingers.

"Hark!" she whispered again, with ashy lips.

It was Theodore's voice that I heard in passionate, pleading tones.

"Christine, darling, speak! You have not played me false? Tell me that this shameful story is an infamous lie."

I put my arm around Lucia. I tried to draw her away—but she could not move—she was like one dead, only the dead are at peace and she suffered. For years the look of agony which was on her face that moment haunted me in my dreams.

"Christine," the voice went on, "Christine, my own beloved, God knows what I have sacrificed for you. Have I not yielded up honor, peace of conscience, everything for your love? When my perfidy becomes known I shall be branded as a despicable traitor—I am one—I know it, but it is for your sake. Only say you love me still, Christine, and I will tell Lord Dacres he lies to his face."

"Lord Dacres has spoken the truth, Theodore."

The words were said in Christine's own cold, cruel tones.

"Christine, Christine!" he shouted, and the appealing horror in his voice thrills me even now, "It is false, say it is false."

"It is true. I have promised Lord Dacres to be his wife."

There was a deep groan, so full of woe and despair that I shuddered at the sound, and then I heard him say:

"O, God, what is left for me now?"

Lucia unloosed my hand. "I must go," she murmured.

"Stay, Lucia, stay!" I put out my hands to restrain her, but in my terror I was scarcely conscious of what she did, and she glided out from the shade of the bushes, and on to the grassy bank where Theodore stood. She went near him.

"Theodore, you do not love me, but I love you, and I pity you. Do not let that cruel woman break your heart. O, Theodore, for the sake of what I was to you once, do not—"

She tottered forward a step. He extended his arms, but a shudder passed over her, and she would have fallen but for me.

"Well, you will not come to me," he said, hoarsely. "You are right; but, Lucia, I did not mean to do you this wrong, God is my witness."

She must have heard him, for a faint smile flitted over her face—she sank back—

"Theodore, Theodore!" I cried, in terror.

He sprang forward, he lifted her from the ground, and his tears fell like rain upon her face. She opened her eyes, and that love which is stronger than death, was in the look she gave him. She half lifted herself, a fearful, wonderful pallor overspread her face, her eyes closed—ay, forevermore. Theodore held her fast for one moment, he kissed her lips and cheeks tenderly, reverently, then he arose and turned to Christine. The low, calm voice in which he spoke was more awful than any outburst of passion.

"This, too, is your work, and mine. Will you not have joy in it? In your princely home will it never haunt you? Will your womanly spirit find satisfaction in it? When you stand before the altar—when you promise love and fealty to Lord Dacres—think of it; think of that poor, broken heart, think of my wronged love, my unutterable remorse—think of it—think of this, Christine!"

He put his hand to his bosom, a gleam of steel dazzled me, a sharp, quick flash blinded my eyes, then a crash, a horrible, stunning sound convulsed the air. A loud, agonized scream from Christine, and when the smoke cleared away, I saw her bending over him, and the crimson tide

of his life was staining her white garments. Christine, Christine, repentance comes too late! You cannot give him life again. She screamed and tore her hair in her agony.

"Forgive me, forgive! I loved you, Theodore! Too late, forever too late!"

And this was Christine's triumph. Years after, the gay world, which had marvelled alike at the rare beauty and impenetrable, cold reserve of Lady Dacres, read with surprise the following announcement in the *Morning Post*:

"We learn with deep regret that the beautiful and accomplished Lady Dacres has been pronounced by her physician, incurably insane. Lord Dacres has the sincerest sympathy of his friends."

#### A PRACTICAL SPIRITUALIST.

A dry old codger, connected with the railroad interests, a man who listens always and speaks little, and was never known to argue a hobby with anybody, has lately been all mouth and ear to a very communicative spiritualist of the ultra school. He listened to and swallowed all sorts of things from the other world with so much pliability of assent that the spiritualist at last believed him to be one of the faithful. A few days since the spiritualist said to his pupil, "The spirit of B— appeared to me last night, and ordered me to borrow five dollars of you," for a certain purpose, which was named. "Yes, I know it did," replied he, "and isn't it strange? The same spirit called on me half an hour afterward, and told me not to let you have the money, as it had made a mistake in giving you the order!" The spiritualist hasn't been to see the old codger since.—*New Haven Palladium*.

#### SEWING TO MUSIC.

The effects of music on the senses were oddly and wonderfully verified during the mourning for the Duke of Cumberland, uncle of George the Third. A tailor had an order for a great number of black suits, which were to be finished in a very short space of time. Among the workmen there was a fellow who was always singing "Rule Britannia," and the rest of the workmen joined in the chorus. The tailor made his observations, and found that the slow time of the tune retarded the work; in consequence, he engaged a blind fiddler, and placing him near the workshop, made him play constantly a lively tune. The design had the desired effect; the tailors' elbows moved obedient to the melody, and the clothes were sent home within the prescribed period.—*Artisan Anecdotes*.

#### KINDNESS IS POWER.

A conqueror is kindness: far beyond  
The armed victor, who doth thundering preach  
Civilization with the cannon's tongue,  
Woe-bought delights and bloody benefits.  
A gentle word begets a gentle thought—  
Drawing the sting from malice. Better thus  
Than bruise with hate the ignorant serpent's head,  
Who knoweth nothing till you teach it him.  
BARRY CORNWALL.

## LIGHTNING ON THE LAND.

In my memoranda of lightning on the land, and of its operations within the field of my research, in the year 1858, says Mr. E. Meriam, writing from Brooklyn Heights, the number of persons stated to have been killed by lightning is fifty-nine, of whom thirty-four were within buildings, seven under trees, sixteen in the open air, two on horseback. There are also two accounts which say the number killed was several. In 1859, the number mentioned as having been killed by lightning is seventy-seven, of whom twenty-seven were within buildings, eleven under trees, twenty-one in the open air, and eighteen not particularized, two accounts say several, and one account says a number were killed. The number of dwelling houses struck by lightning in 1858, is one hundred, of which eleven were burned, one set on fire, four torn to pieces, forty-five badly damaged, thirty-four slightly injured, five not stated to be injured. The number of dwellings stated to have been furnished with conductors which were struck, was eleven, of which four were much damaged, five slightly injured, and two not injured. In 1859, seventy-five dwelling-houses were struck, of which five were set on fire, three torn to pieces, thirteen badly damaged, thirty-four slightly injured, and fifteen not stated to have been injured. Five of these dwellings were furnished with conductors, all of which were damaged, some badly. No case of death by lightning in 1859 in a building furnished with conductors has been known within the field of my research; but in 1858, two deaths by lightning in buildings furnished with conductors are reported, one in Newcastle, Westchester county, N. Y., June 26th, of a lady standing in an open doorway during a thunder storm, and the other on the 27th of June, at Freeport, Armstrong county, Penn. In published accounts, rain-spouts are sometimes called "conductors." On July 8, 1855, a person was killed by lightning at North Prairie, Wis., and on July 18, 1857, another in Walden, Vt., in buildings furnished with lightning conductors. These are all the deaths by lightning in buildings having rods that have been recorded by me in a long series of years. I have met with no account of death by lightning in a building having a metallic roof, nor of a person reposing on an iron bedstead. No case of death by lightning of a telegraph operator while operating with the wires, has been reported since telegraphs have been in use, but during the present year a telegraph operator near Marietta, Ohio, was paralyzed by lightning, and during a snow storm, the telegraph operators at Springfield, Mass, and Hartford, Conn., were severely shocked while operating with the wires.

It is not surprising that lightning conductors should occasionally fail to conduct all the lightning, when it is considered that lightning rods have increased greatly in number and variety, and in many cases, care is not taken to preserve a continuity of the conducting surface, and sometimes conductors are allowed to get out of order, and thus rendered incapable of conducting safely an electric discharge from the clouds. I met with one case where a large quantity of hay was placed around a lightning conductor; had the lightning come down the rod while the hay was

there, it would certainly have set it on fire. My confidence in the great utility of lightning conductors, properly constructed, remains undiminished; but the changes that have been made in the heating, lighting, and introduction of water into dwellings, by the substitution of stoves for open fireplaces, gas pipes for candles, and metallic water pipes, invite the lightning to enter buildings, and when buildings are furnished with rods, sometimes such fixtures attract the lightning from the rod to their surface. The safest position in a house during a thunder storm is a seat upon a chair in the middle of the room, with the feet upon the rounds. I would advise the closing of doors and windows, and in all cases when a person is struck down by lightning, cold water should be freely thrown upon the body, and if animation is not immediately restored, continue the drenching.

## ABSENCE OF MIND.

This anecdote is old enough to be allowed repose, but yet it ought not to be buried. Talking of "absence of mind," said the Rev. Sidney Smith, "the oddest instance happened to me once in forgetting my own name. I knocked at a door in London, and asked if Mrs. B. was at home. 'Yes, sir. Pray, what name shall I say?' I looked in the man's face astonished; what is my name? I believe the man thought me mad; but it is literally true that during the space of two or three minutes I had no more idea of who I was than if I never existed. I did not know whether I was a dissenter or a layman; I felt as Sternhold or Hopkins. At last, to my great relief, it flashed across me that I was Sidney Smith. I heard also, of a clergyman who went jogging along the road until he came to a turnpike. 'What is to pay?' 'Pay, sir, for what?' asked the turnpike man. 'Why, my horse, to be sure.' 'Your horse, sir! what horse? Here is no horse, sir!' 'No horse! God bless me!' said he, suddenly looking down between his legs, 'I thought I was on horseback.'—*Home Journal*.

## A DEAF MUTE.

There lives in Piacenza a deaf mute of extraordinary talents, E. G. M. Moser, a native of Regensburg, who until 1850 pursued his trade as a shoemaker. Since then, he has abandoned the awl in order to devote himself to study, and in a few years has learned, unassisted fifteen languages, living and dead, besides many dialects; he can write them correctly, and make himself understood in each one. He is a very ready accountant, and solves the most difficult problems with wonderful rapidity, by means of logarithms, of which he is a perfect master. He writes a good hand, and can with great speed write backwards words, entire sentences, or even a discourse. In 1848, he fought among the insurgents at the barricades of Vienna, and his left cheek still bears a scar of a sabre wound.—*Piacenza Gazette*.

## EARTHLY JOYS.

Few rightly estimate the worth  
Of joys that live and fade on earth;  
They are not weeds we should despise;  
They are not flowers of Paradise;  
But wild flowers on the pilgrim's way,  
That cheer, yet not protract, his stay.—*ARON*.

[ORIGINAL.]

**MY HOME.**

BY WALTER S. DEVENS.

I struggle on mid hopes and fears  
O'er life's tempestuous wave,  
And misanthropic sobbings call  
My soul unto the grave.

I mingle with the busy crowd,  
Intent on joy and wealth;  
They for a bag of earth-born dust  
Destroy their mind and health.

I envy not the miser's hoard;  
Fame is my only shrine:  
To mingle with the mists to come  
Some memories of mine.

O, 'tis the basest sight that meets  
The eyes of erring man,  
To see on nought a lifetime spent—  
At most a broken span.

Our spirits are of noble birth,  
Encased in casque of clay;  
But mind and memory shall live  
Throughout an endless day.

But mid these musings on the base,  
Polluted use of mind,  
Come visions of my southern home  
With golden hopes entwined;

When I shall leave this hated crowd,  
And lead a life of love  
With thee, dear N—, whose angel form  
Belongs to realms above.

There life and beauty ever beam  
Beneath my trailing vine,  
And round my happy southern home  
Magnolian tendrils twine.

Thus may I breathe my life away,  
Dear N—, beneath thy glance;  
And soothe my mind with memory's sway,  
Wrapt in a beauteous trance!

[ORIGINAL.]

**A BLOODLESS DUEL:**

— OR, —

**THE WIFE'S STRATAGEM.**

BY MRS. M. T. CALDER.

It was during the session of the National Congress—never mind the year—at a crowded presidential levee, that a fair, slight woman, too girlishly fragile for a stranger to suspect the dignity of her position, as the wife of one of the most gifted and popular senators from the South, whispered to her companion in the promenade, a tall, broad-shouldered man of thirty-five or forty years:

"Cousin George, for my father's sake you must help me now. Have you not heard about those fiery speeches at the capitol between Mr. Dayton and my husband. I have been following every movement of theirs to-night, and I know there will be a duel. Tell me what I can do to avert the terrible crisis?"

The sharp anxiety betrayed in the voice thrilled painfully upon the listener's ear.

"Surely, Mary dear, your own gentle voice has power to still the storm of anger in your husband's breast, and even if not, with all life's blessings about him, will he dare to risk everything for so trivial a cause?"

The true wife flushed crimson with shame at the reproach her words cast upon the beloved one.

"Alas! so perfectly humane and upright, and tender in all things else, he is stubborn, and unapproachable upon that subject. I have pleaded, and reasoned, and adjured him, but he has never ceased to declare he should accept a challenge whenever one was sent to him. O, how I have prayed for some magic power to open his eyes to the wickedness of such an act!"

"Ah, Mary, a little home experience would soon convince him; once face to face with the sorrowful consequences, his false philosophy and flimsy code of honor would speedily perish before truth's imperial reality."

She did not reply. Suddenly as they threaded the crowd, he felt a light trembling of the fingers that rested on his arm. He concluded her agitation betokened the near approach of her husband, but was surprised to find it occasioned by meeting face to face a lady of stately, almost imperial beauty.

A very queen she seemed to have been pronounced by Nature itself, and the graceful, regal head was carried haughtily, as if well aware it merited a weightier crown than that shining coil of raven hair. Not so brightly or coldly flashed the diamond star amid those ebony tresses, as the chilling glance of that large, dark eye, when it fell on the slip fair-haired wife of Senator Phillips.

A haughty bow from the stately southern wife of Dayton, a startled, shivering glance from the gentle northerner, and the crowd passed between; but Mary Phillips turned her white face piteously to her cousin, and whispered faintly:

"Which will it be? One of us must lay aside these festive robes for the widow's sombre veil. Which of us? O God, have mercy! which will it be?"

Singularly enough, all the circumstances about them had contributed to place in an antagonistic

position these two, universally acknowledged to be the loveliest ladies in Washington. First, and most of all, because their husbands represented two opposing parties in politics, and were each possessed of so nearly the same degree of talent and worth, as to place them side by side in the great race for the prize of the world's renown and applause. Then they themselves had become rival stars, likewise, in the gay circles of fashion, neither permanently outshining the other, but each peerless in her own way, fairly representing the peculiar style of her northern or southern clime.

Scarcely had Mrs. Dayton's stately form disappeared amid the throng, ere the pallor on Mrs. Phillips's cheek gave place to a soft flush, irradiating her whole countenance.

"George, George," cried she, "what was that you said to me a little time ago? Do you really believe a little home experience would convince my husband of his error? O, such a wild, daring plan has occurred to me, and yet it seems like inspiration. I can rely on you. Go gather every particular—the hour and place of meeting, and be sure and come to me before we leave. For me, I must see Mrs. Dayton, and speak with her, although I force the interview. Do not try to keep me. Let me go now. I tell you I believe the way has been pointed out to me in answer to my prayers. You shall hear it all, presently."

Later in the evening the rival belles stood side by side, and Mary Phillips's gentle face was sweet and calm beneath the haughty glance of astonished pride flung down upon her.

"My errand is urgent enough to excuse this abrupt address," she said, half apologetically, "for I have come as one anxious woman surely may come to another who shares the same fearful doom that is hanging above herself. Little heed, then, can I pay to etiquette, or past alienation, and speak with you I must."

"To what can Mrs. Phillips refer?" was the distant, repelling reply.

"To the duel your husband and mine have planned, even amidst to-night's festivities," came sharply and distinctly amid the confusion of sounds around.

A shade of pallor on the beautiful face, a scarcely perceptible quiver of the haughty lip. That was all.

"Well."

Mary Phillips gazed at her in utter wonder. "Nay," retorted she, passionately, "it is not well. Is earth's glory and beauty to be suddenly blotted out for me—the happiness of my whole life swept ruthlessly away by your husband's

hand—and it be well? Or if my staff of strength is still left for me to lean upon, must I see the father of my boy, the husband I venerate for all that is noble and upright, disgraced and branded as a duellist? Great Heavens, Mrs. Dayton, can you for a moment encourage your husband in a duel?"

The regal head was thrown proudly back, the dark eyes flashed bright and clear, and unfalteringly came the reply.

"Certainly, Mrs. Phillips, I should scarcely care to see my husband's good name tarnished. I should despise him for a poltroon should he bear insult tamely, and not defend his honor, as a brave man should, when it is wantonly assailed."

A quick, scornful laugh, strange enough from those gentle lips.

"His honor! The honor of a duel! O, how little do you comprehend the sacred meaning of that word! But there is little time to argue here. Look you, Mrs. Dayton, it is but one side my words have dwelt upon. There is another, and Heaven be my witness, it is as terrible for me to think about. It is possible—nay it is probable, he has the firmest nerve—my husband may return unscathed, and yours—O, God have mercy on us both!—what if another sun beholds your proud head bowed in widowhood beside a bloody corpse, ignobly fallen in a foolish, sinful cause?"

There was an earnestness, a prophetic solemnity in her manner, that thrilled the listener's heart. Suddenly the barrier of pride gave way, a convulsive quiver relaxed the haughty lip, tears sprang to the glistening eyes, and the beautiful southerner cried, shiveringly:

"Hush, hush, Mrs. Phillips, you are saying such terrible things you frighten me!"

"Ay, but the reality will be more terrible still. Mrs. Dayton, friend, sister if you will, now is the time for us to act as becomes true wives, and Christian women, would we avert the threatening cloud of agony and shame."

"What can I do?" asked the stately woman, helplessly, no longer striving to conceal her terror and distress, and turning appealingly to the slight, girlish form beside her, whose undimmed, serious eyes were fixed, like some poor cast-away's at sea, upon some distant speck of hope, shining out of the distant horizon, scarcely certain enough for cheer, and yet not vague enough for despondency.

"Let me tell you the wild hope that has flashed upon me. With Heaven's help, Mrs. Dayton, we may yet frustrate this wretched duel, and accomplish a greater blessing yet, open the eyes

of those we love to the fearful sin and wrong they have contemplated."

She held out her hand, as she ceased, and it was warmly clasped. Thus more like devoted sisters than the rival wives who had entered the little cloak room where this conversation had been held, in pride and coldness, they passed out, to mingle again with the crowd, and avoid suspicion of their knowledge of the coming meeting, rumors of which were already circulating in anxious whispers through the rooms.

At an unusually early hour on the morning of the day after the levee, a hack stopped before one of the private dwellings in a fashionable street, and two ladies, closely veiled, and wrapped in large gray shawls, descended hastily, and requested a private interview with the master of the mansion, an influential citizen, and a warm friend of Senator Phillips.

His start of surprise and perplexity, when the veils were raised, and disclosed those pale, rarely beautiful countenances, deepened into sorrowful dismay when their errand was unfolded.

Full two hours of the precious time that was fleeting so rapidly away, was spent in argument, remonstrance and tearful pleading, and still the stubborn heart of Mr. S—— was unmoved, and his iron will unyielding, but when he led them down the steps to the carriage, the little hand of the last slight figure he assisted in was carried reverentially to his lips, while he repeated, earnestly:

"God bless you, Mrs. Phillips, for the true-hearted woman that you are! You have succeeded, where no other could have dreamed of moving me. You have my promise. Even though I lose my friend thereby, I will do as you propose."

A grateful glance from the swimming blue eyes, a feeble attempt at thanks from the quivering lips, and the carriage turned away, to draw up again at another door, where the second of Mr. Dayton resided during his stay in town. It required less persuasion here. Whatever a man of Mr. S——'s well-known integrity would consent to, would be right and proper for Mr. W——, although he added, as he shook his head dubiously:

"I am sadly afraid, ladies, your husbands will scarcely forgive us for making such a farce of this event."

"Never fear, Mr. W——," replied Mrs. Phillips, gravely, "but actors in real life will thankfully exchange a tragedy for the most trivial comedy. But Heaven knows, it is all serious, and thrilling enough still. Only let nothing deter you from fulfilling your sacred promise."

And now the youthful wives were at liberty to return home, and wait the approach of the dreaded hour. What an embrace was that with which they parted, who so brief a time before had barely exchanged the coldest civilities! What a thrilling kiss, and lingering clasp of hands, and what true feeling lent its pathos to Mrs. Dayton's voice, as she whispered warmly:

"Pray for us both, Mrs. Phillips, and pray that the heart of the proud woman you have stirred to better feelings, may never lose your gentle influence."

That evening as Senator Phillips unclosed the door of his private parlor, a radiant figure came flying towards him, and two soft hands imprisoned his tenderly, while the sweet, beaming face was upturned sportively for the customary kiss. It was given fervently, and a stifled sigh came with it.

"God bless you, my own little wife!"

"Yes, Walter, bless me by blessing you. You know that is my constant prayer. And surely, it is generously granted us. We have health, prosperity, and domestic harmony. Do you know, I have been pondering all the day, how little I realized my own happiness, with your love my constant shield from harm. Once came the terrible thought that I might lose you. O, Walter, I dared not look at it a moment, the very faintest glimpse sent such a shivering despair to my heart. O, my Walter, what precious care you must take of yourself, for Charlie's sake, and mine. Poor wee fellow, there he lies asleep on the sofa. He tried so hard to keep awake to say good-night to 'dear papa,' but even while he was babbling about what he should tell you, down fell the little heavy eyelids, and Morpheus has locked them securely now."

She led him to the sofa, where a handsome, rosy boy of three summers lay curled up like a playful kitten, the round, rosy arms thrown up around the nobly-formed head, crushing down a thick cluster of moist, tangled curls. Still holding her husband's hand, and thus compelling him to remain there, she remained some time, thoughtfully gazing down at the pretty slumberer.

The brow of Senator Phillips grew dark with some swiftly gathering cloud, and there was a fixed, white look about his lips, that betrayed some powerful but sternly controlled emotion. Ah, what a pang struck home to the heart of that proud, strong man, as he stood speechless in that Eden of peace and love. He turned away abruptly. He could not bear the sight of his wife and child, those precious beings whose earthly hopes his own hand might dash away

forever, that very morrow. For what? Ah, Senator Phillips, "a shallow reason," said conscience, plainly, when you dared to speak of vindicating honor, and escaping the brand of ignominy. Well might your heart sink, a leaden weight, within the coward breast that dared not say boldly, "My brother, I have sinned. Your life and mine are the Creator's only, to save or to destroy, as seemeth best. Forgive and be forgiven."

No word or look of Mary Phillips betrayed her knowledge of her husband's agitation, and his own emotion required too powerful control for him to detect the nervous trembling of the hand he held so fondly, or the wistful glance that followed him, when he turned away to hide some sudden spasm, called up by her innocent allusion to past or future joys.

Very similar was the scene at the home of the Daytons.

"My beautiful Bella," said the enthusiastic husband, "you are eclipsing yourself to-night. I think I never saw you looking so superbly beautiful as at this very moment."

"That is because I am anticipating the rare pleasure, now-a-days, of an evening's tete-a-tete with you. I am getting quite jealous of political affairs, I assure you, they absorb so much of your time. The truth is, dear George, I am miserably blue, when you are out of sight. What should I do to lose you altogether?" And dropping her head upon his shoulder, she burst into a passion of tears.

Grieved and conscience stricken, he tried to soothe her, whispering softly:

"Bella, sweet wife, you are nervous. I am afraid you are ill. What a foolish girl she is, to be sure!" And he attempted to laugh gaily, but gave only a ghastly glimmer of a smile, while she raised her drenched face, and said, hurriedly:

"To tell the truth, I have such strange fancies, sometimes. I know how weak and foolish they are, but cannot conquer them. When you are away, everything horrible that might occur, comes up before me. But I will leave such a gloomy subject. Let me tell you, rather, how proud I was of you, the other day, listening to you in the senate chamber. How my heart throbbed, and exulted at every eloquent sentence and generous sentiment. There is one, said I, who is ready to stand bravely forth for the right of all mankind, who is at peace with all, and the name I share will never bear a single stain."

"Bella, Bella, how foolishly you talk of such an unworthy specimen of mankind as your poor husband, whose greatest pride is the prize he won when that dainty finger there accepted the plain

gold ring that shames those glittering diamonds near it." And to hide his saddened face, and divert her attention, he bent over the jewelled hand with all a lover's fondness.

She twisted the wedding ring thoughtfully around the slender finger, and said, in a musing tone:

"We had an auspicious wedding that night, did we not? How merry your sisters were, to see me so shy and silent, with the strange awe I could not drive away. I was almost afraid to promise yes to the momentous question, lest my giddy nature should make me fail in some way. But how boldly you spoke, dear George. I remember so well hearing the clear ringing of your voice above the tumult in my heart. Well you might be confident. There is little danger of your failing to love, cherish and protect your Isabel. No earthly temptation could make you peril your wife's happiness."

The agitated husband moved uneasily, dropped the hand he held, and then seizing it, vehemently exclaimed:

"Bella, Beila, in mercy, stop. I am not worthy such a wife as you!"

She looked up wonderingly into his face, but he turned away to the window, and lifted the curtain.

"It is cloudy overhead, is it not?" she asked quietly. "I had hoped so much for a day of sunshine, but I fear there will be a storm to-morrow."

A low groan escaped him. "Ay," he muttered, as he strode hastily from the room, "there will be a storm to-morrow!"

Gray and misty, but without rain or snow, the appointed morning came out slowly from the protecting mantle of night. In a lonely field, barren and bleak, shaded only here and there by a faded, moaning pine, fit rendezvous for such a deed, was gathered a group of gentlemen. Like the guilty wretch he felt himself to be, Senator Phillips had stolen away in the dusk of breaking day from the chamber of his wife and child, little dreaming, however, what a shivering throb his silent kiss upon the pure, pale cheek had sent to his Mary's anxious heart. Little dreaming now, as he stood, calm and haughtily erect, in outward seeming, with the deadly weapon in the hand her soft clasp has sanctified for better aims, how wild and fervent a prayer was rising up for him from those sweet lips he loved so well. Yes, very calm and cool in outward seeming, but what a tumult raged within, as he received the shining pistol, handed by his friend, and glanced over at the pale, grave

face of the man before him. Was he an enemy? His conscience refused to confirm the charge. Nay, but even were it so, without a doubt, could he find within his heart the slightest desire to injure him? He tried to recall the offence. To dwell upon the words that at the time had left such a scorpion sting. How they had dwindled into insignificance! A few excited words of personal abuse! How trivial they seemed for one to refuse to pardon and overlook, who might so soon be pleading at the Great Tribunal above for mercy on his own sins. If true, they were deserved, if false, how speedily his life of rectitude could show the lie. Was it for such a cause his audacious hand was raised against the life his Maker had bestowed? One by one his clear-eyed Mary's arguments came up before him. He confessed them true, and loathed himself that he dared not own them audibly, and yet still he stood erect and silent.

Yes, there they stood, those gifted, generous-hearted men, with pallid lips and burning eyes, but yet no single throb of resentment or enmity in either heart. Gladly would the hands, so soon to speed the fatal ball, have met in friendly grasp; but the world's dread laugh, the world's flimsy code of honor, raised the potent barriers between, and they dared not thrust them down, though standing there, as they believed, to vindicate their manliness and bravery. Therefore, the stiff-frozen ground was measured off, the thrilling signal given, and loud reports and blinding smoke followed, rolling away in time to disclose a party of horsemen close at hand.

"Fly, gentlemen, all the officers of the law are upon us!" cries an agitated second, and in that moment of confusion, not one has thought for anything but escape.

The quick, fleet stepping of flying horses, and rumbling noise of dashing wheels upon the ground died off in the distance, and the lonely field is quiet once more.

"What did you say to S——, Warner? In Heaven's name, what did you say? That you saw Dayton stagger and fall after I had driven off? Have I killed him? O, heavens, am I a murderer?"

"Be calm, Phillips, I will go and ascertain the truth of the rumor."

Sinking back into the carriage, weaker than any sobbing infant, Senator Phillips waited to hear his doom. What a stern, haggard face he raised as his friend returned, slowly, reluctantly, and yet with suppressed excitement.

"It is true, then?" escaped with a heart-wrung groan from the duellist.

"I am afraid I must hurry you away, Phillips, if you would see your wife before you fly to a place of safety."

"Fly? No, no, S——, I have fallen low enough, but not so low as that. I have done the deed, and what man there is left in me will stay and abide the issue. The sooner the punishment comes, the better, if it can only quiet this fiend of conscience within."

"But, Phillips, man, your wife and child. You must think of them."

A cold shiver ran through his stalwart frame. "Why did you not caution me before?" he asked, bitterly. "It is too late now. Life, love and honor all swept away by my own hand, up-raised, like Cain's, against my brother man. Drive away home; home to my poor, ruined Mary. I thought a widow's grief might come upon her. I never dreamed of this!"

He did not speak again, but remained with his face buried in his hands, till the carriage drew up before the steps of his hotel. Slowly and painfully, as if the trembling limbs of fourscore years supported him, he descended from the carriage. As he reached the portal, a tall, graceful lady rushed wildly forth. His pallid face grew more deathly still, as he recognized the agitated countenance of Mrs. Dayton.

"It is you, then, Mr. Phillips?" cried she, almost incoherently. "Tell me, then, if it be true, this fearful rumor they have whispered through the town! Have you dared raise your hand against my husband's life? But where is he? He is not with you. O, tell me he is safe!"

Such a hollow groan for a reply. It seemed to shake the heartstrings of the man, as he strode by, and tottered up the stairs to his own apartment. His wife advanced to meet him, very pale, but with her own, sweet, serene smile. He caught her hand, and his white, dry lips moved, without an articulate sound, and then with a mighty effort he conquered the faintness that oppressed him, and said in a sharp, excited voice:

"Mary, Mary, my pure, good wife, I took you from your happy home to be the angel of my life, to warn me from evil, and keep me from sin, and see what I have done! I have disregarded your warnings, and refused to listen to your gentle pleadings. I have ruined myself, disgraced the name our boy must bear, and wrecked your happiness forever. O, Mary, Mary, I see it now. You were right, and I was a wretch to oppose my sinful reasoning to your purer instinct, but it is too late. I have fought a duel, and stamped upon my soul the brand of Cain."



Sweet and holy was the shining light of those blue eyes, as the wife folded her arms around his neck.

"This is a sorrowful commencement, my own husband, and yet if your conscience is clear, we can bear it cheerfully. You know what you have always said: that it was the only course a man could pursue, and he would have no cause for remorse, however it might result."

"Hush, hush, Mary, you will drive me frantic if you repeat the cowardly arguments I used. They were false—false as the honor I dared to prate about. What do they avail me now, when he who formed the pride and joy of so many loving hearts, a noble ornament to his native State, and a staunch pillar in his country's cause, lies cold and lifeless in the shroud, my hand bedewed with the warm life blood of his generous heart? What was she doing here, that poor young thing my wicked deed has widowed? How bright and radiant she shone, amidst the crowd at the last levee, and is it my work, that this terrible doom has come upon her? O, Mary, in Heaven's name, tell me I have not done this wicked deed!"

He turned his wild, haggard face imploringly to hers, which paled and flushed, and paled again, and then seemed to him to kindle with something of the celestial glory he had dreamed about, in angel visions. Instinctively he held his breath as she advanced, and caught his hand in hers.

"Walter, Walter, you confess it now—all the sin and wickedness of duelling? Tell me again that you do, so I shall be sure you forgive my daring stratagem."

She paused, arrested by a sudden hurrying on the stairs without, a quick, light footstep, followed by a heavier tread, and immediately the opening door disclosed the tear-drenched face of Mrs. Dayton.

"May he come in?" whispered she, anxiously. "I cannot bear it. He is so utterly wretched it will break my heart to keep him so a moment longer."

Mary Phillips's voice was thrilling in its solemnity, as she turned to her husband, who had stood in speechless dismay at sight of the intruder.

"O, Walter, Walter Phillips, vain and useless have been my earnest, heartfelt petitions, as well as our faithful pastor's righteous remonstrance and rebuke. You were obdurate and firm, yet see how this one hour of seeming reality has scattered to the winds your false and flimsy creed. Thank God that from this day you see the character of a duellist in its true light. My

husband, my Walter, forgive your wife, that she had dared to circumvent your plans, and forced you to become—O, God be thanked, no duellist, no murderer—but a true Christian man, who shall confess from his inmost heart, 'that vengeance belongeth to the Lord, and He alone shall repay. See, Walter, here is your reward.'"

She unclosed the door, caught the hand of the pallid, sorrowful man who leaned without, scarcely daring to lift his eyes to hers, and led him joyfully forward. What sudden starts! What vehement words! Ay, and what blinding tears of thanksgiving and gratitude, falling over manly cheeks, as the rival senators, the whilom opponents, in a mortal quarrel, grasped hands, instead of deadly weapons, in a clasp, whose friendliness and brotherly love death only in future could chill or alienate.

Mary Phillips, meanwhile, had stolen away, and quietly returned with the waiting friends, the anxious seconds, who came in, hesitating and doubtful as to the result of the ruse they deemed so unpardonable. Easily were they re-assured at the first glimpse of those brightened faces.

"And are you sure, Phillips, you quite forgive me for removing the balls, and cheating you into supposing poor Dayton finished up?" asked Mr. S——, once more, after the agitated explanations had been required and given. "You know how irresistible that little wife of yours can be. Hang me if I believe I could ever get up a duel of my own after those solemn words of hers!"

Senator Phillips turned where his Mary was bending over her boy, to hide the relieving tears excitement had hitherto forbidden to flow, and said, as well as his tremulous voice of thrilling tenderness would allow:

"My wife, to you we owe this joyful termination of what seemed so terrible a tragedy. No words can thank you now, yet be sure your gentle influence can never fail again. We will trust that other husbands are more easily convinced of their sinful sentiments, if not, pray Heaven they may be saved, like me, by such a wife and such a stratagem."

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#### LIMITED EXPERIENCE.

In former times men knew "by experience" that the earth stands still and the sun rises and sets. "Common-sense" taught them that there could be no antipodes, since men could not stand with their heads downward, like flies on the ceiling. "Experience" taught the King of Bantam that water can never become solid. The "experience" of some wise men resembles the learning of a man who has turned over the pages of many books without ever having learned to read; and their so-called "common-sense" is often, in reality, nothing else than common prejudice.

[ORIGINAL.]

## AUTUMN MUSINGS.

BY WENDELL P. HOW.

The summer flowers are fading,  
And shed their rich perfume;  
The autumn leaves are strewing  
A garland round the tomb—

Where love and light are sleeping,  
Wrapped in the cold embrace  
Of the dank ground that presses on  
Her crumbling, mouldering face.

O, how I wept in sadness,  
And mourned my bitter doom,  
That had consigned her lovely form  
To the chill, dreary tomb!

I thought of the glorious eve,  
But twelve short months ago,  
When I had told my earnest love  
In accents mild and low;

And how the crimson, mantling blush  
Stole to her marble brow:  
She loved—what bliss was in that word!  
But all is altered now.

Then, in the hopeless, cheerless gloom,  
My heart forever sank  
Into the realm of brooding night,  
Where hover vapors dank.

But now I see beyond the mist,  
Upon the other shore;  
She stands there with a golden crown—  
She only went before.

[ORIGINAL.]

## "WALNUT RIDGE."

## A STRANGE GHOST STORY.

BY HARRY HAREWOOD LEECH.

## CHAPTER I.

## A NEW LIFE. WANTED—A FARM.

RICHARD T. PEMBROKE he wrote his name, but all his companions called him Dick Pembroke, and he was just the merriest, handsomest, wittiest beau in New York, but by no means a conceited fopling was Dick; but just vain enough to dress in the best taste, in the height of fashion to show off his elegant figure, to play the gallant sufficiently to fascinate all the belles, and to lounge into *le foyer* of The Academy, with that nonchalant ease, which made his copyists ready to strangle themselves with envy. He was the embodiment of that strange species—the fashionable young man of the Nineteenth Century. His parents had died while he was young, leaving him upon his majority the recipient of a

large fortune. His guardians, fond, foolish men, thought that their charge could not receive an education befitting a gentleman in America, so they must needs send him to a foreign school—somewhere near Chester, England—a course which in our own experience we have observed has confirmed many who were fools before, and perpetuated a race of pompous blockheads to bore simple-minded people with their (said blockheads') insufferable stupidity. But in the case of Dick Pembroke he had so much native goodness, and his heart was so large and genial, and his early remembrances of his dear home in New York were so vivid, that even after he had graduated in England, and travelled extensively upon the continent, he returned to his native country with that pleasure which is only known to the returned wanderer; and although by his travels his prejudices were conquered, his notions were enlarged, his views extended, and many useful sciences learned, which books can never teach or pedants show, still he never verified Cowper's lines in the famous *Progress of Error*,

"How much a dunce, that has been sent to roam,  
Excels a dunce that has been kept at home."

Richard Pembroke was just twenty-five. And his experiences had been large for a man of that age. Educated, travelled, wealthy, handsome, whole-hearted and witty, it is not to be wondered at, that he was a lion in the select circles in which he moved, and many were the delicious snares which beauty set for this *rara avis*, but in which the wily bird never was entrapped. And at the age of twenty-five, Richard Pembroke was as heart-free as any young, handsome man of the world can be, who has passed before the witching batteries of dark eyes, smiling lips, tender, bewildering hand-pressings and surreptitious foot-tappings, and yet not to have surrendered at discretion. Had Dick Pembroke been merely a selfish, courted man of fashion who indulged in rich attire, extravagant flirtations, luxurious living and expensive friends, he might still to this day have been nothing more; but as he had a vein of good judgment and common sense permeating his lighter character, like a vein of rich quartz through a barren hillside, he all at once awoke to the consciousness that he was leading, if not a wicked, at least an aimless life, and he determined while yet in life's morning to cast off the enervating pleasures and sycophantic, useless friends which he had indulged himself with; the former he had used to kill time, the latter to assist him in doing it.

He now was forming new resolves how he should commence the better life which he was determined to inaugurate. Should he travel again?

O, no! at least, not yet, for he thought of the desires he once had to reach his home and friends; besides this, there were wanting those bright imaginings with which we are wont to invest the ideas of a visit to the Old World, and which he, having torn aside the veil of romance, could not deck his thoughts again with such sweet, illusive, gauzy drapery; all was real—as it was. Should he devote himself to some science, and poring over musty books, and experimenting with strange chemicals, develop and discover to the world some wonderful agent which should be hailed with delight by the economists of nations? No, no! not that. Should he turn author? Write a book of travels? No! every fool who can find a publisher does that. Should he turn to that noblest first occupation of man—farming—the tilling of the soil?

"Make his corn and cattle his only care  
And his supreme delight a country fair?"

And then he thought of the substantial, quiet pleasures of such a life, the health from labor springing, and then the perfect contentment which would open the source of every joy—far from the world's jarring bustle free, amid the scented fields. He thought of all these things, and his cheeks glowed more ruddily with the thoughts; he smiled as though he almost felt the sweet, odorous breezes wafted towards him over banks of sweet flowers and the stacks of new mown hay, and gathering some of the musical murmurs of the tiny brooks over which it sweeps towards him, with soft caresses flinging his long brown hair over his firmer cheeks, his brighter eyes. He almost shouted—here then was something to imagine, here then was real joy. His choice was made. He would buy a farm, and whilst he might indulge in all his intellectual pleasures, he would be a *worker*. Glorious thought! at last one of the world's workers.

But Dick Pembroke was hard to please in the choice of a homestead; he had pictured to himself a charming cottage-built house, almost smothered with creeping vines and flowers, situated upon a slight eminence, where rich sloping fields should delight the eye upon every side, a murmuring brook meandering through mysterious avenues of pines, and a broad river to be seen in the distance, over whose waters he could skim with his fairy-like yacht on the warm summer afternoons. But this kind of a home it was difficult to find. Of course, in the advertisements of the New York papers, there were scores of such for sale, with every natural beauty improved by the art and taste of man, where the fields were so rich and productive, and the yearly increase so large, that new buildings had to be constantly

erected to store the golden grain, and stack the sweet hay and sheaved straw; but upon inspection, these model farms would dwindle down into very profitless, impoverished estates. The modern built house with all the latest "improvements," would become a crazy tumble-down tenement, with props to keep the structure from falling. The "commodious and extensive out-buildings" would be exceedingly primitive in structure, consisting for the most part of stakes driven into the ground, upon which dilapidated rails were laid for joists, upon which cedar boughs were heaped for an inexpensive roof, which would form "extensive cow sheds," around a log barn which would look to have been built specially for a rat harbor, instead of a protection and comfort for such useful animals as horses. "The wells of fine spring water were oftentimes situated in not very romantic dells, the locality approached through dark, luxurious grass, disagreeably suggesting the idea of snakes, and the croaking inhabitants of the springs seemed to intimate by their absolute possession, that they were not frequently stirred up. The "rich meadow lands" were oftentimes unmitigated marshes, and the "salubrious healthy country" was celebrated for that very common but decidedly unromantic disease, "the ague and fever," with the painful consciousness predominating, that you could not possibly take a walk out, but what you were sure to meet a rueful-looking neighbor, who would dismally inform you that "It was his day!" and who after having religiously received "his sweat" was preparing with an indescribable, calm, but (in those districts) usual philosophy to go to work again.

After myriad experiences of this order, Richard Pembroke was quite disgusted in looking after "places," and although not one jot abating his enthusiasm, he determined to bide his time, and not rashly purchase for the purpose of settling; but fate determined for him what he found so difficult to decide for himself. He received a rattling note from his volatile friend, Harry Marshall, who had forsaken city life long before, and was then leading a farmer's life in a picturesque portion of Maryland. Harry's letter, having exhausted all the gossip of his neighborhood, thus concluded:

—"But, my dear fellow, I never was happier in my life; to you, who are enjoying all the pleasures of a gay, city life, I say that there is nothing nobler, more soul-satisfying, than the independent, healthy pursuit of this 'first occupation.' It may seem prosy to you, it is heaven to me. I know you must be dreadfully wearied with your operas, Champagne suppers, insipid dinners, ceaseless flirtations and fruitless toils; I have had a chance to try both, and ten thou-

sand to one, I select this. I miss oftentimes the companionship of yourself and a few other choice friends, but I know you are not complimented when I say I solace myself with my 'imported' Durhams, rare 'Southdowns' and Chester and China hogs; but to be serious, come down and pay me a visit next week. I can't promise you a feast worthy of Apicius, such as Delmonico or that dear Mullet at the club house used to set us, but I will not be such a pagan as to doom you to interminable fitches of bacon—but Aunt Marty shall exercise her best powers to produce you her lightest *omelettes* and *patties*, her most ravishing pancakes and incomparable jellies. Come, and although I cannot ask the gay Spratt or the witty Natt to meet you, whose *bon mots* shall sparkle as we sip our wine (I have some genuine Omartagn left yet) I can at least guarantee you good John Furrow, who is great on ditches, and modest Samuel Beech, our great oracle for early vegetables, and perhaps dovetail in the party, Amalek Ward, who drinks nothing but whiskey, and manages always to be drunk after soup. And then, I do not despair of making you a neighbor of mine besides—there is a charming old farm here, called the 'Dairy' (I hate the name, for everybody has the 'Dairy'), which is for sale. I know you will fall in love with the quaint, old Revolutionary house, so I want you to doff the fine linen and broadcloth, don your homely woolens, and come look after your estate—"

Thus chatted Harry Marshall to his friend, and the next train Dick Pembroke was *en route* for Maryland; but he had a plan of his own in view, and he did not intend to spoil it by acquainting his friend Marshall with it—but he was determined to see this "Dairy," and perhaps present himself to his delighted friend as his near neighbor. He therefore travelled quietly to Maryland, and was conveyed from the railroad station nearly to his destination by stage, the driver of which was one of those chatty, companionable fellows who seem born just to fill such stations, from whom he learned all about the country, the farmers, the crops and a good deal about his old friend Marshall.

"Why, sir, d'ye see Mr. Marshall," the driver would say, "he just makes the best farmer for a gentleman, in all these parts. It would do you good to see his machines—"

"Machines!" from Pembroke, wonderingly.

"Yes, sir. His mowers, corn-shellers, seed-sowers, and—"

"O yes, yes! But tell me," Pembroke suddenly exclaimed, as they drove by a fine old wood, and could see a large house and extensive white-washed outbuildings in the distance, "what farm is that?"

"O, that's nothing, sir."

"Nothing?" asked his inquirer, with surprise.

"No, sir, only Walnut Ridge—the other's the farm."

"Why, what do you mean? Surely that is a very pretty place, and there looks to be considerable land about it."

"Well, sir, you see the Dairy Farm yonder, with the big brick house on the hill there, that is a tract, sir, of over a thousand acres, and Walnut Ridge is only a little slice now—but it is a sad story, sir," added the driver, with a good deal of feeling.

"What is that?" asked Pembroke, curiously, and not a little amused at the man's lugubrious countenance.

"Why, sir, old Gaybrooke—he used to be Colonel Gaybrooke when he lived in the big house—owned the whole of the Dairy at one time, and lived like a gentleman. O, sir, I remember when the house was crowded with lots of company from Baltimore—there was driving and riding, hunting foxes and duck shooting, parties and suppers, no end to 'em, and the old colonel was as courtly as a king, everybody liked him, and he had the best lot of niggers in Harford, and the farm was like a garden-patch, it was, sir. Well, all at once it was whispered the old man was in trouble, that he had signed notes for other people which he had to pay. Then he tried to sell part of the estate, and as money was very scarce then, he could not raise enough by this means. Well, it was advised that he should sell off a few head of his niggers, but the old man loved them too much for that, and he said 'his boys should have a home while he had one.' But Gaybrooke grew sadder and sadder, and he commenced to neglect the place; the fences tumbled down and weren't put up again, and the Dairy wasn't half-cropped. To make a long story short, the sheriff at last got hold of everything, and the whole place was bought for a song, and they soon after moved to Walnut Ridge, just at the end there of the estate. The man who purchased the farm soon moved upon it with his family, but they didn't stay there long, for they declared it was haunted, that footsteps could be heard all over the house at night, and windows slamming awful."

And the driver's eyes got bigger as he was telling it.

"Since then these folks have been trying to sell it, sir, but nobody will live there. But it's a great pity for the old place to go down so, and more, for that matter, for poor old Gaybrooke and his daughter"

"Daughter—ah, he has a daughter, then?"

We are afraid Dick Pembroke was not interested in Walnut Ridge fully till then.

"O yes, sir," continued this budget of news, "as pretty a thing as there is in the country."

Ah, it must be a change for her, what with governesses at home, dancing and music-masters, horses and her own servants, she must feel it sharp, sir—very sharp. Did you say, sir, you were going all the way up to Churchillville?"

"No; I think I will alter my mind, and take a ramble over this old farm. Your account has interested me."

"What, not over the house?" said the driver, with real concern in his tones.

"Yes. Why not?"

"Well, sir—well—Who-a! Ho-o!—you know best, of course. But I wouldn't go into that house—no, not if you would plug this whipstock with gold. I wouldn't—"

Pembroke smiled at the driver's extravagant ideas of being bribed to enter the haunted house, but laughing gaily, he bounded from the stage, shouted a good-by, and darted through the crazy old gateway directly towards Walnut Ridge.

## CHAPTER II.

### THE MYSTERIOUS INTRUDER.

AFTER Pembroke left the communicative driver, he strolled along leisurely towards the smaller buildings which had been described to him as Walnut Ridge, and he could not but be pleased with the beauty of the scenery surrounding him. At the left, upon a gentle rise, were the neat-looking buildings on the Ridge. Before him the quaint, sombre-looking house of the main farm, built of good solid English brick, and looking as staunch now as it was in seventeen hundred and something, when it was put up; on all sides the beautiful fields sloping towards the dark woods on one side, and to the broad, placid river beyond, on the other. Way off in the distance, amidst picturesque groups of pines, which from his position almost looked impenetrable, the clay chimneys of "quarter" houses loomed above their waving tops, and the cheerful songs of the negroes at work were borne faintly to his ears. On every side the fields were rich with golden grain, or the tall grass intervening and looking like beds of emeralds; the pleasant quiet, that soothing, dreamy stillness in the air, that feeling of peace and repose which the country always brings to him who is satiated with the bustle, glitter and pomp of the world of the cities, in this hour pervaded the soul of Pembroke, and he felt almost sad that he was so near the house at Walnut Ridge, he longed so much to stroll listlessly, carelessly along, his feet straying into pleasant, untrodden paths, almost without his thoughts controlling them.

But he stood before the door of the house at Walnut Ridge. All was quiet in and about the house, the buzzing of the flies only relieving the dead quiet everywhere; but he had scarcely placed his hand upon the door to knock, when a fierce-looking terrier monster flew from behind the wood-pile, and with dreadful bark, and a prodigal display of teeth, seemed disposed to test the tenderness of the stranger's calf, who found now that he would be fully occupied in preventing that disagreeable action. He seized a short stick of wood and parried off the fierce tusks ably, but the animal was indefatigable, and attacked at all points, and there is no doubt but what he would have succeeded in beating in the outposts and taking the fort by storm, had not an ally unexpectedly arrived in the person of an imbecile-looking colored boy, who had only to shout:

"Hi! hi! Snap—hi—be off wid you!" for the dog to creep sullenly, and by his mournful-looking eyes and voracious mouth, we risk but little in saying, regretfully, away.

But this charitable action performed, said darkey seemed to think his politeness should cease, for he stood regarding the heated and puffing stranger with curious eyes, and at last opened his wonderful mouth, from the depths of which issued, as from some caverned recess, a most discordant laugh.

"Hi-yl! Snap come a-near—hab you. Hi! Ha, ha, ho, ho!"

"You rascal, what are you laughing at?" said the poor, provoked citizen. "I'll teach you." And he made a bound, caught the darkey by the neck, and had given him three or four hearty cuffs before the negro was aware that he was caught, and it was now evident the poor black was but half-witted, for although he had a heavy body, his head was diminutive and illy formed, and the instant he had received Pembroke's cuffs, he slunk down upon the earth, doubled himself up in a most ludicrous shape, and uttered such a baby-like, pitiful yell, that had not its sound been so comical, his chastiser would really have been sorry for what he had done. He was upon the point of raising him up, and felt vexed enough to give him another cuff for his childishness, when a hand was laid lightly upon his arm. He turned around impatiently and met a pair of most beautiful brown eyes gazing reproachfully at him.

"Miss—ma'am—I beg your pardon," he stammered.

"Don't whip that poor boy, sir," the owner of the brown eyes said. "He is not exactly right, and has had trouble enough, poor fellow!"

"O, miss, I really beg pardon. I came over

to look at the 'Dairy,' when the dog attacked me, and after the boy called him off, he aroused my anger by laughter; but I am very sorry—very."

The young lady received his intended apology coolly enough, indeed, and then invited him into the house to see her father, who would show him the farm. He followed her in, feeling very mean and properly ashamed of himself, and could any abasement been found which would have removed the remembrance of his conduct from the beautiful girl's mind, we are sure at that moment Dick Pembroke would have accepted it. Mr. Gaybrooke soon received the stranger, and with stately courtesy showed him all over the place. But what charmed Pembroke particularly, was the remarkable looking house, with its wide halls, the high windows and lofty ceilings—the former with the deep, old-fashioned casements—the ancient looking stairways, the wainscotted rooms all indicative of an age passed away. Then the cellars and the heavy archways of solid stone, and the grand, grim old fire-places before which our Revolutionary grandmothers have hobnobbed perhaps, the curious carvings and heavy mouldings along the ceilings, and everything massive and solid as stone, brick, and well-seasoned heavy wood could make it. The wide loft or attic, through the centre of which the chimney passed—and this attic being unplastered, the great weight of the beams and trusses used in the construction of the noble old building could be contrasted with the flimsy structures of the present day—all these things charming Pembroke more than the broad stretch of beautiful land and the glorious prospect of the noble Bush River; for he was looking upon the building as a relic of the Revolutionary era, and with somewhat of an antiquarian's eye. He became the owner of the Dairy Farm, and we will shortly tell the reader why he called it Walnut Ridge.

The autumn following the summer of Richard Pembroke's purchase, he came down from New York to take up his residence in the haunted mansion of the Dairy. During the summer he had extensive repairs going on about all the out-buildings, but he allowed no Vandal hand to touch a column, or disturb a moulding of the old brick mansion-house—that was sacred property. The neighbors far and near were canvassing the new proprietor. Many pronounced him a blockhead, more, a foolhardy, daring young man, to suppose he could dwell in peace in the haunted house, when so many brave men had been terrified beyond endurance. But the fact is, Dick Pembroke cared not a whit about ghosts

or goblins; he was as brave as a lion, above all superstition, and was proceeding to make himself comfortable as rapidly as possible—but he had some secret, very secret plans of his own, which we cannot divulge just now.

And when the brown autumn came, Richard Pembroke moved to warm, genial Maryland. What though the dead leaves strewed the shaded walks, and cracked and rustled crisply beneath his bounding step? What though the sweet wild flowers were withered and pale, and through the dim woods which loomed up beyond the brown meadows the winds bleak and cold were dying with a moan? What though the frost hung blackening on the shrubs, and the dewdrops fell from them in frozen showers, and the many-hued leaves upon every tree and bush blended the gay and beautiful, the mournful and the tender?—His heart was as fresh and green as summer with her bright flowers and singing birds, for he was conscious of a more tender heart, a more enlarged soul, a sweeter hope, a brighter faith. He was living in a delicious dream. Should he awake, it would be with a fearful shudder, a spasm which would rend his heart, destroy his hope and blast his faith. May he not awake! Ah, it is very sweet to love—and Richard Pembroke was in love.

In love with beautiful little Milly Gaybrooke. And she was worthy the affection of any man, and had not cruel fortune deserted her father, crowds of suitors would have been bowing at her shrine. As it was, she had been obliged to refuse two offers from young men who were all very well—good farmers who understood the application of lime and bone-dust thoroughly, but unfortunately lacked a very mysterious and not easily to-be-defined requisite—*soul*; who had no sympathies for any disease greater than the "hol-low born" or "potato rot," and would by no means think of procuring a wife to perform any purer, higher, nobler duties, than to milk cows, make butter, and drop corn in busy season if help was short. And they asked Milly to marry them in much the same way as they would bid for a pair of short-horns, and were refused, as we before remarked; for, although their adversity had taught poor Milly proper humility, she could not quite crush out the seeds of her early education, and choke out the refinement of heart and feeling which was innate.

She had always treated Pembroke with politeness, but yet with a dignified coldness, which taught him she expected, if he recognized her at all—he, the rich proprietor—it must be as his equal, and at the same time conveyed to him, when he addressed her tenderly, that she would

not be foolish enough to engage in any flirtation. Brave heart! Strong, womanly faith! respect follows in thy train. And now the elegant man of the world, he who was wealthy and travelled, and could select with confidence the brightest gem from out the glittering casket of the elite of cities, was timid as a woman when he approached that simple country maiden, and feared and trembled lest she might despise him. He dreamed of her, whispered her name tenderly to the chill autumn winds, almost hoping their harsh gales would carry it to her more softly than he spoke it; blushed when they met like any bumpkin, and if her dress touched his, would think how delicious the slightest contact of the beloved was, and go home to the grim old house, and sitting in the deep embrasure of the window, with the cold moonlight gliding into the deep corners, lighting up some strange carved head or shape, he would dream of her as tenderly and fondly as any school boy, and then run off into a thousand wild fancies of "how complete would this old house be if *she* were here, if *she* could but occupy this seat by me, and *her* merry, musical voice sound through these wide halls." And then he would dash to the blazing fire in the wide fireplace, light the lamps, expel the melancholy moonlight, and smoke religiously until nearly midnight, and tumble through the night with unquiet dreams, but with all he could not forget the fairy Milly.

But the spirits which haunted the old house. Did not Pembroke hear the strange noises which it was alleged drove all its former occupants from the premises? He did, reader, and night after night did he seek a solution of the mystery, but without throwing any light upon the subject. At various hours of the night would he be startled from a quiet slumber by dull, creaking noises, like the drawing back of some old panel from its unused case, or the flashing of strange, flickering lights through the chamber, which would penetrate the shadows here and there, and then suddenly disappear, permeating the darkness and then gradually melting in the gloom; then the sound of footsteps coming and going as though in ordinary occupation, coming nearer and nearer, then ceasing suddenly. On several occasions he had searched every nook and corner of the spacious habitation, expecting at each moment to come suddenly upon the mysterious nocturnal intruder, yet no traces could be found of any human being who could possibly make such noises as he heard. But still, at such times he would instinctively feel that some presence was near—at times he fancied he felt a human breath upon his cheek. But when he paused and

searched, his blood would run cold to find himself the only human being awake and restless, wandering at dead of night in this mansion, with his flickering light casting strange shadows over the grotesque mouldings, and carved ancient heads and figures; each one of which seemed at such times to be endowed with myriad eyes, each one of which would start and blink and glare upon him.

But still, when daylight came, and the broad, genial sunlight penetrated his spacious chambers, he would laugh at his foolish fears, and vow that no ghosts or hobgoblins should drive him from the neighborhood of her whom he loved so dearly. But when night again came round he grew uneasy, and prolonged the hours in the lower parts of the house considerably before he retired to his chamber.

It was a blustering, windy night in the latter part of October. Dick Pembroke felt uncommonly lonely upon this night, and pictured to himself a thousand times the figure of Milly Gaybrooke gracing the comfortable vacant chair upon the opposite side of the fireplace, her plump, round arms nestled among the downy soft cushions, her fair, oval face with the faint color growing into deep, happy blushes as her soft, brown eyes looked fondly upon him. Him—*faugh!* He knew he was growing sentimental as a sixteen-year-old boarding-school miss, but had she not spoken to him so kindly to-day? Had not she relaxed somewhat her coldness? No, Richard T. Pembroke—no! And the fire cracked the negative fiercely out to him, as the last spark died upon the hearth, and he had to go to bed, miserable bachelior, to get rid of solitude. No lights—no fire—if possible no thoughts.

He ascended into his chamber, and after retiring and making himself generally wretched with his thoughts, not one of which originated in common sense, was invested with judgment, or ended in resolution, he fell into an uneasy slumber. It must have been midnight when he awoke, for the old brass clock in the dining-room below, had, with an eccentricity habitual to it, just struck *twenty*, and he gazed around him timidly, for he seemed to feel that unaccountable presence, which the most of us have experienced without being able to define how our belief originates, and yet we are certain that there is a wakeful, human observer by, as that we have no reason to believe so from optical evidence. So Richard Pembroke felt, and he peered cautiously towards the fireplace. There, the backlog was still burning in a smouldering, defiant sort of way, and ever and anon condescended to throw a fitful light across the wainscoting, from which Pembroke could

make out a dim tracery of old beading, which seemed to support some pictures that he had hung there. Then all was obscure again, and sleeping, waking, and dozing off again, Pembroke must have passed another half hour. He awoke partially, stupidly once more. Heavens! what a sight he beheld! When his eyes unclosed, and took in with a waking man's glance the objects in the room, they rested upon a figure standing nearly over him; a light (it seemed to be a small lantern) was held close to his head, partly aside, and flashed a bright, blinding beam full into his eyes, and scarcely could he comprehend his position, ere the figure turned and seemed to float rather than walk to the opposite side of the large apartment. In a moment Pembroke had recovered his presence of mind; he sprang quickly from his bed and darted upon the intruder. He could not escape him now—he was almost to the side of the apartment. Pembroke reached forth his hand to seize the strange visitor by a long cloak that he wore, when suddenly, without a word, with an unusual, excited motion, the pursued seemed to touch some secret spring in the wainscoting, it flew wide apart with a slight, creaking noise, and before the bewildered Pembroke could recover his surprise, the panels shut with a click in his face, much the same as we have seen traps in pantomimes, and silence reigned as profound as though the stillness of night had never been disturbed by any weird presence.

A light was struck, and every portion of the wainscoting critically examined, but not one irregular surface could be detected, or any portion moved, and the next day was spent in as fruitless endeavors as the previous night. Here then, was a mystery. And when Pembroke considered it, he had no difficulty in deciding that his strange visitor was a human being, and had no doubt that it was some deep-laid plot to cause the desertion of the Dairy for some nefarious purpose, and he determined now to watch with zeal for the return of his midnight visitor, that he might bring him to a strict account. He confided his plans to none; upon himself he took all the danger, and providing himself with a good sword and an incomparable "Colt's patent," he felt himself quite able to meet and overcome any common adversary. Faithfully did he watch night after night—no re-appearance, until his haggard face began to attest how his loss of rest was injuring him; but still he was determined to keep his vigil. It was now nearly three weeks since the strange intrusion. A bitter cold night in November, snow had fallen during the day, and as Pembroke had taken a long walk before

he dined, he felt unusually fatigued, and about twelve o'clock his head fell upon his arms, resting upon the round table in front of the fire in his room, and he slept soundly, very soundly from pure exhaustion. In about an hour he awoke suddenly with his hands upon his pistol, and there before him, right at his bedside, was the cloaked figure standing motionless. He was petrified. He raised his weapon—should he fire? No, not upon an unarmed man. He arose from the table, his form was quivering with excitement, his long, curling hair was in disorder around his handsome face. Still the figure stood like stone, his back towards the advancing Pembroke, and the long, dark cloak folded around him, while the light which was in the figure's hand played on the empty bed. So still, so quiet, surely this was not a human soul. Pembroke crept towards him like a tiger about to bound upon his prey, his fingers closing about the butt of his revolver with a nervous grip. He glanced upon the floor as he advanced—*there was snow upon the carpet!* Now he was sure he had a living man to deal with, he ground out these words beneath his set teeth, in angry excitement:

"Villain! I have you at last!"

Still almost motionless, the figure stood like a grim iron statue, if we except a shudder which ran through his frame, as Pembroke spoke; but instead of turning and confronting him, or flying, he moved quietly, slowly, away from the bedside, as softly and noiselessly as though wading through down. Pembroke fell back; he was awe-struck; there was something dreadful in all this. Slowly, mournfully the figure moved around that room, stopping at intervals and uttering such a deep, melancholy sigh, that it was grievous to hear it, so exquisitely sad it seemed, while Richard Pembroke, who a moment before was the furious man, was melted by such a tender sound of mournful heart-grief. Spellbound he watched the walker, as he approached more rapidly the side where he last disappeared. His pistol was now hanging in his nerveless grasp, down by his side, and the intruder might almost have struck him to the ground without resistance, so much was he affected by the strange power of this person and his movements. But now the dark-robed stranger had reached the portion of the room from which his last exit was made, the spring was pressed, the panels flew open, and in another instant the figure would pass through. But Pembroke seemed to recover his senses, he sprang forward rapidly, the pistol fell from his hand, and in falling the trigger was struck violently against the sharp edge of the iron fender, and a loud and deafening report followed. Pembroke



had clutched the cloak, there was a shriek, and when the heavy cloak was dragged away, there, in the secret recess, stood *Milly Gaybrooke*!

But one instant did she look around her; she seemed with a woman's quickness to comprehend her position; her startled, terrified companion, his pale face blanched whiter as he gazed wonderingly at her, the cloak he held in his hand, the secret panel which led into what was formerly her own chamber, and now his—all, all burst upon her like a flash. She had been a somnambulist when a girl, had often wandered from her home, and into dangerous places. Now—heavens!—she had been walking in his chamber. These thoughts seemed to set her mad, her brain was in a whirl, for a moment her vision was clouded, and then with a faint, heart rending moan, she sank upon the cold slabs in the secret recess, swooning.

But now Pembroke understood all. In an instant he recognized the somnambulist, and she had scarcely fallen, ere he lifted her in his arms, and carried her into the room, chafing her hands and bathing her temples as tenderly and respectfully as though she was a dear sister, but O, how much dearer she was to him, as she lay cold and white before him. But when with sobs and hysterical tears she recovered from her swoon, he tenderly reassured her, and told her all. How he had watched, had heard the sounds, and saw the cloaked form, and how he supposed, she was so peculiarly organized, that since her misfortunes her mind would naturally be directed to her dear old home, and consequently to her own chamber, and how he hoped now that she would consent to be his own dear wife, and give him leave to love and cherish her always, as he had done from the moment he saw her sweet face at Walnut Ridge; and how she must not refuse him now through any false pride, for she must remember, too, how happy her dear old father would be to come and live again at the old place—and how—and how—

But the sobs were only of joy now, and the large brown eyes were full of grateful, happy tears, and the little plump, white hand reposed so trustingly in his large palm. And O, it was such happiness there by the warm firelight, in the stillness of the night, to find themselves so sweetly, unexpectedly beloved. But of course Richard T. Pembroke must see Milly Gaybrooke home right away, to Walnut Ridge (God bless it! That shall be the name of the whole farm), and of course, the long black cloak must be wrapped tightly round the sweet somnambulist, and of course Dick Pembroke's arm formed a proper band at the waist to keep it in place, and of course,

of course— No matter what that sour bachelor neighbor Harry Marshall says—they form the dearest, best married couple in the country. And O, do go and see the quaint, old, historical house, and to find the way, be sure to inquire (if even twenty miles away) for Walnut Ridge.

#### THE WORD HUMBUG.

Among the many issues of base coin which, from time to time, were made in Ireland, there was none to be compared in worthlessness to that made by James II., at the Dublin Mint. It was composed of anything on which he could lay his hands, such as lead, pewter, copper and brass, and so low was its intrinsic value that twenty shillings of it was worth only two pence sterling. William III., a few days after the battle of Boyne, ordered that the crown piece and half-crown should be taken as one penny and one half-penny, respectively. The soft, mixed metal of which that worthless coin was composed, was known among the Irish as *Uim bog*, pronounced *Oom bug*, i. e., soft copper, i. e., worthless money; and in the course of their dealings the modern use of the word humbug took its rise, as in the per cent. phrase, "That's a piece of *uimbug*." "Don't think to pull off your *uimbug* on me." Hence the word humbug came to be applied to everything that had a spurious appearance, or which was, in reality, spurious. It is curious to note that the very opposite of humbug, i. e., false metal, is the word sterling, which is also taken from a term applied to the true coinage of Great Britain, as sterling coin, sterling worth, etc.—*Notes and Queries*.

#### ITALIAN PRISONS.

It is impossible for an Englishman to form an exact idea of what a prison in this country really is. In those horrible and filthy holes hundreds of human beings are placed, covered with rags and swarming with vermin. Besides disgusting soup and scarcely digestible pieces of meat, the government allows a bajocco a day—a fraction above one-half pence a day—to each prisoner. The jailor is permitted to keep a restaurant to which the prisoners can apply for provisions at ready money. This man, therefore, is the sole lawful purveyor of the prisoners, and can raise the price of provisions according to his pleasure. When I visited the local prison of Rimini, I saw two poor men, who were nearly starved to death. I asked one of them how he had come to such a condition, and he told me that he had sold his daily bajocco to the jailor for three months to come. The *custode*, who was then present, observed that the poor fellow being very fond of wine, had drunk his nine bajocchi all in one day. The half-starved prisoner made no more impression upon him than a starving rat would have done.—*Correspondent of the London Times*.

#### A WISH.

Mine be a cot beside the hill;  
A beehive's hum shall soothe my ear;  
A willow brook, that turns a mill,  
With many a fall, shall linger near.—*Roosa*.

[ORIGINAL.]

## A FOX-HUNT.

BY WILLIAM S. LEGGISTON.

O'er field and marsh the "pack" are out  
Before the hunters' eager rush;  
Their baying nearly drowns the shout,  
So wildly uttered, "For the brush!"

Madly dashing, daring leaping,  
Ditches, fences, quickly over,  
Starting foxes, lately sleeping,  
From their dark and tangled cover.

In couples run the yelping hounds—  
"In fault!" "He on!" The wind is fair.  
"Again in view!" The whole pack bounds  
In full cry now—they "double" here.

O'er hill and meadow, brake and beach,  
Through "branch" and wood, wheat or clover,  
The panting dogs their victims reach—  
"Tally-ho!"—the "run" is over.

[ORIGINAL.]

## VOYAGE OF THE EVENING STAR.

BY MIRANDA M. ALLEN.

"So you're quite determined upon it, pet?"  
The young girl addressed looked up from her  
embroidery with a bright smile.

"Quite, papa—that is, if you don't object!"

"Object? of course I object. I meant the  
ship should have your own name. 'Evening  
Star!' Romantic nonsense! If I hadn't sup-  
posed you would call her the Lizzie Gray, you  
shouldn't have christened her."

"Now, papa, I can't admire your taste.  
Think how much prettier to name that splendid  
ship for the glorious evening star, than to call  
her after such a prosaic little body as I—Lizzie  
Gray!"

"Nonsense! the evening star can't hold a  
candle to you, Lizzie." \*

The young girl laughed merrily.

"Think of the associations too, papa! When  
the ship comes in sight, it will recall Venus  
rising from the sea. And then I fancy it is a  
good omen. She will be under Neptune's  
especial protection. You know he was always  
friendly to Venus."

"Famous reasoning, that!"

"And O, papa, I can't bear to think of a ship  
having my name. Just fancy the Lizzie Gray  
reported off the Bermudas, laden with so  
many hogheads of molasses. It would mortify  
me to death."

"You're a silly little goose. But you can't

cheat me, you rogue. You've some private and  
personal reason for wanting her called the Even-  
ing Star—you know you have. There's James,  
now—I'll ask him what it is. Don't blush,  
Lizzie. I sha'n't let you marry him, that's cer-  
tain; and you wont run away from your old  
father—eh, child?"

There were steps heard upon the piazza just  
then, a tinkling of the door-bell, and presently a  
tall, fine-looking young man entered. Lizzie's  
cheeks grew rosier, as she gave him her hand,  
and somehow she managed to drop her ball of  
worsted; and what with her quick stooping to  
get it and James's anxiety to save her the trou-  
ble, their heads came together, there was a laugh  
from Captain Gray—and when Lizzie lifted her  
face again, she was rosier than ever.

"Upon my word, you've found out a new way  
of greeting each other. Where did you find the  
fashion, Lizzie?"

"James brought it home from foreign parts,"  
replied Lizzie, rubbing her forehead.

"Well, well, it was a *striking* meeting,"  
laughed her father. "James," he continued,  
"what do you think? This girl refuses to name  
the ship Lizzie Gray, after her worshipful self,  
but goes wandering away among the planets.  
Very vexatious, isn't it?"

"Why, yes, sir—perhaps so, if you had fixed  
upon a name. But since Lizzie was to chris-  
ten it—"

"O, it's all right, of course. If she had chosen  
to call it the Flying Dutchman, it wasn't my busi-  
ness—only the deuce of it is that she didn't  
choose to call it Lizzie Gray."

"Why, papa, if you care so much—"

"I don't care much, child; you shall have  
your own way. And by the by, my way is to-  
wards the shipyard. So good morning to you—  
and mind you don't get sentimental!"

And the stalwart captain now strode away to  
look after the last touches now being given to the  
"Evening Star," and Lizzie and James were left  
alone together.

One would have said that the captain's depar-  
ture had a very sobering effect, for Lizzie could  
not see to tell the scarlets from the crimsons for  
the tears that kept gathering; and whether from  
sympathy, or contagion, James's face assumed a  
very doleful expression. He drew a chair near  
her work-table, but he could not seem to say any-  
thing very consoling. It was only "Lizzie—  
dear Lizzie!"

"I don't know why it is, James," said Lizzie,  
brushing away the sparkling drops, "but some-  
how I feel strangely about the ship. I have  
never felt so about any of your other voyages."

"I think there is always something sad about the sailing of a new ship," said James, thoughtfully. "Always, in the midst of our most sanguine plans and preparations for the future, a sense of sad foreboding comes in to trouble us, and one feels it more in thinking of a vessel's first voyage—so many mysteries lie before her, so many possible dangers to be met. But, Lizzie, there are some reasons why we should both look forward to this voyage, or rather my return from it, with pleasure."

"I do look forward to your return," said Lizzie, smiling faintly. "But it is hard for my thoughts to leap over the intervening absence."

Now James would not voluntarily have made Lizzie cry, for the world; and yet I dare affirm that he was positively glad to see the great drops gather again. Somehow he was more successful in his efforts at consoling her this time, for presently Lizzie's own gay smiles chased away the tears, as the morning sunshine dissipates the dew.

"You must learn to be a famous little house-keeper, Lizzie, while I'm gone. Imagine a little cottage on the hill there, fronting the sea—the snugest, cosiest breakfast-room in the world, with your flowers in the window and the scent of heliotrope in the room—a dainty table charmingly spread—and, above all, a pretty little lady in pink wrapper pouring coffee!"

"O, James, what an imagination!" said Lizzie, looking shyly pleased. "Do you really fancy such things?"

"Indeed I do, and please God it shall not always be fancy, but one day a blessed reality. When I come home from this voyage, Lizzie, I shall speak to your father again. I shall have a right to do so, and for that matter I might now. My salary is adequate and my future promising, but perhaps it is best to wait." He hoped she would not assent so warmly.

"O, yes, I am sure it is, so that papa should not have any excuse for being unwilling. You'll be quite rich then, James—wont you?"

He looked smilingly into her blue eyes.

"Quite rich, Lizzie, if all goes well."

Are our young man and maiden getting sentimental? It is a pity that they should do so, after having been so kindly warned by the captain. It is, however, a vein into which young people are apt to fall, especially when they stand in such a relation to each other as James and Lizzie did—for they had been lovers almost since they were children. Certain it is that it was Lizzie who found a seat upon James's sled, whenever the roads were snowy and the way home from school seemed longer than usual. Sometimes he shyly conveyed a handful of chest-

nuts into her dinner-pail, or, with an audacity which surprised himself, gave her a ripe pear or a bunch of posies. You know that Cupid is an arrant rogue, and with cunning malice chooses the innocent and unsuspecting for his victims; so you can well imagine that when Lizzie and James grew up, they found themselves hopelessly fast in his toils. Not that James had even the least wish to escape them. He wore his chains very cheerfully—as why should he not, when they bound him to such a charming girl as Lizzie Gray? If you had seen Lizzie's home, you would never have thought to find so pretty a bird in it, for it was a wild, bleak-looking place—nothing but the tossing, moaning sea and the white beach in front, long ledges of rock on either side, and in the rear, wide fields arid and cheerless as coast lands usually are. It was apart from the town, too, and Lizzie had few companions and few amusements. There was reason enough for sadness and moping discontent, if Lizzie had not been gifted with as gay a temperament as ever a young maiden was heir to. You would recognize it in her sunny face all aglow with its gladness, in the twinkle of her blue eyes, and in the very wave and toss of her nut-brown curls that flirted with the summer airs in such joyous abandon.

This merry spirit kept her singing about the house all day long, just to let out the music that was in her; it made her the idol of James's heart, and the light of her father's eyes. It was inseparable from her beauty, for Lizzie had beauty—as what New England maiden has not? She bloomed in the dark, old house; and for one to meet her there unawares, was like finding a flower in a gloomy cavern. In the dreariest places on the wide earth—hidden caves damp and noisome, upon the mountain tops, in the green chambers of ocean, and even upon the shores of that frozen sea which in awful loneliness and strange, weird power, sobs around the poles—mosses green and fresh, lichens, and tender, pale blooms of many names, grow in their simple beauty; and thus, in the most unpromising corners, human beauty will blossom.

I don't know that Captain Gray appreciated his daughter fully; he probably wouldn't have understood the romance that nestled away in her heart, but he knew she was amiable and charming—and when he counted up the thousands he should give her, he was smitten by the wish of adorning them with other thousands. Never much given to sentiment, the brief period of his life when he wooed Lizzie's mother with as romantic professions of love as most people sometimes utter, had slipped out of his memory; and he did

not see why Lizzie could not like a rich ship-master's son as well as her cousin James—an energetic, well-principled young man indeed, and toward whom the captain felt kindly as the nephew of his lost wife, but whose good qualities were not numerous or attractive enough to out-balance the substantial advantage of wealth. This was the captain's view of the matter, and it was that which most unromantic middle-aged people would have taken. Nevertheless, as a professed story-teller, I feel bound to protest against the captain's notions, and I quite approve of the course Lizzie and James pursued. Their relationship made it natural that they should meet often and familiarly; and you know that often, under pretence of knitting closer the ties of consanguinity, Cupid slyly manages to do a little business on his own behalf. The captain's ambitious views in regard to Lizzie were quite well known among his intimate acquaintances, even when she was a tiny maiden of three or four; and as she grew to womanhood, beautiful and winning, it was not to be supposed that he would relinquish his plans, and, therefore, when James modestly made known his affection for her, and besought the father's sanction, he was not much surprised, though a good deal grieved, to find his suit coolly waived as if it were a mere boyish freak.

"A very pretty fancy, my boy!" said the old captain, with provoking good humor. "Very natural, too—yes, very! But of course you see it won't do at all. Lizzie your wife! Ha, ha—a capital joke—a very pretty fancy! Excuse me, but it's really quite amusing. It is very fortunate you've such a sober old fellow as I to keep you right, else you might really carry this piece of nonsense to ridiculous lengths—yes, really. A capital joke, upon my word!"

Very provoking it was to James to be treated thus; but he was a cool-headed young man, and seeing it would do no good to get angry, wisely kept his temper. He resolutely set to work to win Lizzie by making himself her equal in a worldly point of view. Out at sea, when the storm roughened the waves, it was the thought of her that kept him cheerful and hopeful. He had made several successful voyages, going out as supercargo; and taking at the same time a personal interest in the speculation, he had accumulated a considerable sum—the more creditable to his ability since he had a mother and young brother to provide for out of his gains. When he came back from his last voyage, he had found a new ship building, whose principal owner was Captain Gray. Somewhat to James's surprise, he was offered a share in the vessel, and in the

profits of her first cruise. He did not hesitate long—though it was a three years' absence which was before him, if he accepted, and hitherto he had been away not more than a twelvemonth; but if the absence was long, and a dreary interval lay between, a vision of so much happiness rose up on the other side, that he was tempted to consent. The lovers had fancied that the captain's offer was an indication of kinder dispositions towards James. Perhaps they would not have thought so, if they could have read his thoughts as he walked down to the shipyard on the morning of which we have spoken, throwing back his head and swaying from side to side as he went—for the captain belonged to the genus of marine animals, and having been caught late in life, had never been thoroughly acclimated on shore.

"That was a bright thought of mine," he chuckled to himself, "to send that fellow off for three years. If young Simonds don't cut him out, he's a spooney. I hope James will do well, too! Kindest thing I could do for him—not to let him tie himself down to a wife! Young folks never do know which side their bread is buttered on. Just the thing for me, too! That money of James's came just in time to prevent my taking up that last note. Confounded tight place I got in, there! Old Simonds's work, I'd wager; but I'll keep straight now." And the captain shook his head, as his great Newfoundland was wont to do upon coming out of the water.

The bright days of June saw the last touch put to the Evening Star—the captain and crew had been engaged—the ship launched and christened in presence of a numerous crowd of spectators, and in the full blaze of sunshine and beauty and festal attire. It was the largest and most costly vessel that had yet been built in the village of K—, and few of the coast towns of Maine had sent out nobler craft than that bleak village. Great had been the interest felt in the Evening Star by the good townspeople, and there was a feeling of personal pride in her successful completion. Most of the seamen, too, were natives of the village, the captain was the son of a prominent citizen, and it was natural that a sense of ownership in her should exist among the people.

In busy preparation the weeks slipped away, and at last one July day the Evening Star lay in the harbor, ready to spread her white wings and float away with the next tide. It was three o'clock in the afternoon, and James stepped upon the wharf, and making his way through the crowd of idlers which pressed around, took the

path which led to Lizzie's home. It was his last visit upon shore, and the natural sadness of departure was heightened by an ominous foreboding which depressed his spirits, and which, strive as he would, he could not shake off. Three nights previous, a strange dream had come to James. He was not of an excitable temperament, or the prey of morbid fancies, and that this dream should make so vivid an impression upon him, surprised him even more than the dream itself.

In his sleep, he passed through all the incidents immediately preceding the departure of the *Evening Star*—he saw the canvass spread in the rosy glow of sunset, heard the cheery voices of the sailors as they caught the enthusiasm of putting out to sea, looked back at the crowd of eager faces upon the wharf, and further on at the white spires of the village churches and at the brown, weather-stained mansion where he knew Lizzie was grieving over his departure. He seemed to see the darkness thicken and night close in around the outward-bound ship; then he listened to all the familiar sounds upon ship-board—the creaking of cordage, the tramping of feet across the deck, and the orders of the captain. He had seen the sun go down in calm splendor, leaving a rich crimson in the west; and after sunset he had caught sight of a dark, vapory mass lying near the horizon. But he noticed it only slightly, and had not thought of a storm breaking the serene quiet of that summer night. Now, however, as in fancy he sailed away in the *Evening Star*, the wind began to blow up from the southwest and moaned in strange, inarticulate sobs through the shrouds. Rapidly the sky darkened, and a vast leaden sheet hung over the sea; the waves swelled, and black caverns opened as if to engulf them.

The wind increased, and the clouds were rent as by a hand of fire; higher swelled the waves, and fiercer blew the wind, when suddenly—O, awful sound!—the peculiar roar of the surf dashing against the rocks, indicating breakers not far away, startled him into the fearful sense of danger. He knew that a low, treacherous reef lay near the mouth of the bay—not always in sight, but occasionally at low tide appearing, rising above the water in a shape which had won for it, among the coastwise folk, the name of the Cat's Back. Many a goodly ship had been betrayed into ruin there. Was this to be the fate of the *Evening Star*? In the vivid phantasm which held him captive, the *tableaux* now succeeded each other with appalling swiftness. The hurried shouts of the captain, the superhuman endeavors to keep her off the reef, the

wrenching asunder of timbers, the conquering waves, the shrieks of drowning men, the pale faces and uplifted hands seen by the lightning, passed in swift procession before his mental vision, and thrilled him with a terror that real danger had never roused. A blank, fearful darkness settled over the sea; it waited forth in long sobs that gave no hint of the dead who slept beneath.

The scene shifted; the *Evening Star* lay in her moorings, he stood upon her deck, when suddenly he seemed to be falling—falling down infinite distances—and with this undefined terror haunting his brain, he woke. Again and again had this dream visited him, precisely similar in every detail, and so real had it become, that it haunted him in his waking hours. It threw its gloom over the leave-taking—it invested the future with a terrible darkness.

He thought over all these things, as he went to take leave of Lizzie; and what wonder was it, if, when he stood at her door, his face should wear an expression of even deeper sadness than the thought of going would naturally write there. He heard her step in the passage—the door opened, and a sweet face met his, sad and pale. Another moment, and she lay sobbing in his arms. It was a sad, sad parting—and to James made doubly so by the ominous forebodings which he would not disclose to her. Just before he left her, Lizzie said:

"Do you know, James, why I wanted the ship named the *Evening Star*?"

"No, dear. Why was it?"

"You know I shall see the ship disappear in the southwest, and I liked to associate it with the beautiful planet that will rise over the sea, in that direction, all these autumn evenings that are coming. It will seem a happy omen."

He left her soon, and she was not one of those who thronged the quay to witness the departure, for the captain's house lay two miles away from the village.

The anchor was lifted. James stood upon deck, and there was shouting and waving of hats. Suddenly Captain Gray saw James pass from sight, and still gazing, the crowd presently observed an unusual commotion on board the vessel. A boat pulled off and neared the shore. Excited murmurs were heard in the throng. They pressed to the water's edge.

"What's the matter?" shouted Captain Gray.

"Mr. Sanford is injured, sir. He slipped in going down the cabin stairs, and fell with his head against a step."

James was carried, wounded and senseless, to his mother's cottage. The kindly neighbors thronged in—a physician was called.

Half an hour afterward, Captain Gray met Dr. Morley on the cottage steps.

"Well, doctor, will the lad recover? Is it a bad case?"

The doctor shook his head. "It might easily have been, but now I think we shall bring him round. He must be kept quiet, though. It will be a sad disappointment to the poor fellow, just on the eve of sailing."

"Ay! so I was thinking. The ship touches at Charleston; he might go on by land and join her there—eh, doctor?"

"Very likely, Captain Gray. We'll have him in sea-going order in a week or so, I dare say."

"There's no need of fretting Lizzie with this to-night," said the captain to himself, as he walked home. "She won't sleep a wink if I do. I'll go in and see how he is in the morning. Time enough then." And so the captain kept the accident to himself.

That night Lizzie sat upon the rocks and watched the white sails of the Evening Star grow rosy in the sunset light, and at last fade away in the distance. The night came down chill and dark. The incoming waves poured forth their eternal anthem to the silent stars that now began to shine out in the sky, and sad and weeping Lizzie rose up from her rocky seat to go home. She noticed that a black cloud lay close down by the horizon, and the wind blew up with a wild, evil sound. At home, in her safe nest, Lizzie could but listen to the wailing blasts which now grew louder and more fierce. Before midnight, the tempest burst in all its fury. That storm is still remembered as the most direful and terrible known on that coast for years. How can we describe the anxiety, the dread of the morning, the yearning sorrow, which thrilled the hearts of the villagers that night! Many a family had sent away its chief joy in the outward-bound ship, and many prayers beseeched the mercy of God from lips that seldom breathed forth supplications.

The agony of suspense was over with the night, and a fearful certainty settled down upon those who had wavered between hope and fear. The eager eyes that bent their gaze seaward could discover, lying high on that fatal reef, clearly seen in the morning sunlight, broken masts and fragments of timber—too sure signs of the ruin which the cruel sea had wrought. And with the tide came floating in the well-known tokens—a familiar garment, a chest-cover, or some recognized part of the sailor's outfit. At what time the Evening Star met her fate—whether the seamen clung to the ship, or took to the boats—what sufferings they endured, and how

they braved them—the few, sad remains gave no sign, and the ocean kept the secret well. No idle babbling is the sea. Not in swelling tide or rushing waves does it boast its conquests, but hidden in its great bosom, it shall hold them till that day when all graves shall yield up their dead.

What is it that makes Captain Gray so pale, as he hurried towards his home? He has learned all that he can ever know of the fate of the ship he had so prided himself upon. Is it that alone which makes his face work so strangely, or is some bitter emotion awakened within him?

He goes straight to the sitting-room where Lizzie sits gazing out of the window with a wan, frightened face.

"James did not sail in the Evening Star, child. He was brought on shore because of an accident which occurred to him; but it was not serious, and this morning he is quite comfortable. Lizzie"—and the old man choked a little—"if you love each other, I will not put any more obstacles in your way. The hand of God is in this."

We will not follow our lovers further now. There was something too sacredly sweet in their re-union for words to touch. James went to sea no more. Further inland, where the soil is kinder, where the maize rustles in the summer breeze, and wild flowers grow, he made a home for his singing-bird.

It may be a strange tale that I have told you, but it is an "over true one."

#### TALE OF AN ELEPHANT.

Tell my grandchildren, said the late Right Rev. Daniel Wilson, writing home from India, that an elephant here had a disease in his eyes. For three days, he had been completely blind. His owner, an engineer officer, asked my dear Dr. Webb if he could do anything to relieve the poor animal. The doctor said he would try nitrate of silver, which was a remedy commonly applied to similar diseases in the human eye. The huge animal was ordered to lie down, and at first, on the application of the remedy, raised a most extraordinary roar at the acute pain which it occasioned. The effect, however, was wonderful. The eye was in a manner restored, and the animal could partially see. The next day, when he was brought, and heard the doctor's voice, he laid down of himself, placed his enormous head on one side, curled up his trunk, drew in his breath just like a man about to endure an operation, gave a sigh of relief when it was over, and, then, by trunk and gestures, evidently wished to express his gratitude. What sagacity! What a lesson to us of patience!—*Sketches from India.*

#### UNCHANGING LOVE.

O, the heart that has truly loved ne'er forgets,  
But as truly loves on to the close;  
As the sun-flower turns on her god, when he sets,  
The same look which she turned when he rose.  
MURRO.

[ORIGINAL.]

## CASSAME.—A SONG.

BY MRS. S. F. HADDOCK.

Softly on the evening air  
Falls the low, sweet melody  
Of the wood-dove sitting there  
By the grave of Cassame.

O'er the little grassy mound  
Droops the mourning willow-tree;  
And the gentle flowers around  
Weep for lovely Cassame.

From the distant rocky shore,  
List, the moaning of the sea!  
'Tis for her who comes no more—  
'Tis a dirge for Cassame.

E'en the wind-harp 'mong the trees,  
Whose best song is wild and free,  
Sadly bids the wandering breeze  
Wail for sweet, lost Cassame.

Sing on—moan, and wail, and weep.  
Bird, and wind, and solemn sea!  
Wanders up among the stars,  
Spirit of lost Cassame.

Purer, holier, or more bright,  
Other angels cannot be,  
Than that one in heaven to-night,  
Whose sweet name is Cassame!

[ORIGINAL.]

## THE LAND PIRATE.

BY CLAUDE ROSSITEUR.

It was in the summer of 1844, that the events described in this narrative occurred. I was on my way from Cincinnati to New Orleans, in the Crescent City—long since gone to decay. My business in the latter city was to draw up a will, and transact other necessary business for a friend of mine, a New Orleans planter, who, finding himself in declining health, had sent for me, with the promise of abundant pecuniary recompense for my services.

At that time the whole country was ringing with accounts of the bold deeds and daring outrages of the famous land pirate John Murrell, and his gang of cut-throat vagabonds. Various exaggerated reports were afloat respecting his redoubtable band, as also of his own appearance; one account representing him as a big, burly fellow, with fiery red hair and strength enough to hold a mad bull by the horns; another, as a small, slight, but active and powerful man; while a third, differing from both the others, ascribed to him the olive cheek, the raven hair, and the fierce, vindictive temperament of the haughty Spaniard.

Among the passengers on board the steamer was one with whom I soon formed a most agreeable acquaintance. Of fascinating address, Monsieur Breteuil—for so he christened himself—was as agreeable a man as it was ever my fortune to meet. One evening, as we leisurely paced arm-in-arm up and down the promenade deck, inhaling the perfume of a couple of choice Havanas, I mentioned the various reports of Murrell's personal appearance, which I had heard. When I had finished, he threw away the remnant of his cigar, laughed pleasantly, and said:

"All of those accounts are exaggerated or untrue. I once saw Murrell!"

"You!" I exclaimed; "how, when, where?"

"On my plantation, a few miles south of Memphis, though he seldom ventures so far South, as his head quarters are said to be in Northern Tennessee. Well, as I was saying, he came to my plantation, attracted thither by the report of one of his spies, that I had several thousand dollars at that time, for which I had no particular use, as the robber chief informed me in the course of a confidential conversation which took place at the time, respecting the quantity of filthy lucre which I was supposed to have in my possession. I will not give a detailed account of the robbery, but will proceed to describe Murrell, as he then appeared. He is tall, well-proportioned and muscular, with black eyes, brown hair, and a dark complexion, and must be about thirty-five years of age."—By the way, an excellent description of himself in all points, except his hair, which was black and curling.

"Why," said I, laughing, "you make up so strong a case against yourself, that I am almost tempted to call an officer at the next landing, and have you arrested for robbery, murder, and other high crimes and misdemeanors."

"Nonsense!" said he. But I fancied he looked startled, as he spoke. "Come," he added, "let's go into the cabin; the night-air is chilly, and I have a headache."

I consented to his proposition, and we accordingly repaired to our state-room; when Breteuil, complaining of indisposition, soon retired. I immediately followed his example, and was clasped in the arms of the drowsy god. In my dreams that night (I always dream), the forms and names of Breteuil and Murrell were strangely commingled; and it was a relief to me when I awoke about midnight, and found myself in my berth, with the night lamp burning dimly overhead. As I lay, debating inwardly, whether I should remain where I was, or go on deck and enjoy the beautiful moonlight, a faint groan smote upon my ear, apparently coming from the

berth of my friend, followed by the exclamation ;  
 "Some water, Marston—for heaven's sake, some water !"

I was quickly on my feet, and by his side with a glass of water, which he drank eagerly. His face was flushed, his breath labored and painful, coming in short, quick gasps, and before day-break, he was in a raging fever. When the doctor of the boat was called in, he shook his head mournfully, and declaring it to be a severe case of intermittent fever, advised his being taken on shore at the next landing. With good care and nursing he (the doctor) felt assured that the patient would recover; without it he must most certainly die. I did not hesitate to take his advice, which was proffered with an air of candor and sympathy. And a rude but comfortable litter was immediately constructed, covered with cloaks, blankets and pillows, upon which the sick man was placed, and carried ashore by strong and willing hands.

I procured the best accommodations the boat afforded, and installed myself head nurse. It were needless to recount the incidents of his illness, even if I had space or inclination, which I have not. Therefore suffice it to say, that the naturally strong constitution of my patient eventually triumphed over disease, though not until after an illness of several weeks. His gratitude to me was unbounded, and expressed in the warmest manner. As soon as he was sufficiently recovered to travel, we took the boat for Memphis, where we parted—I continuing on my way, while he went, as he said, to his plantation, inviting me to visit him on my return, which request I assured him I should be most happy to avail myself of.

I reached New Orleans, transacted my friend's business, and after a stay of a fortnight, started for home with a light heart and heavy pocket. I arrived safely at Memphis, and then, remembering my promise to visit Monsieur Breteuil, I hired a horse and set out for his plantation. It was a fine, though rather sultry, day in August, the merry "Month of Sheaves," and my spirits rose, as I gazed on the fine country through which I was passing. I had rode several miles, and began to think I must be somewhere in the vicinity of my friend's plantation, when, as I entered a tract of land thickly covered with a large growth of underbrush, I was startled by the words :

"Your money, or your life!" uttered in a hoarse, menacing tone.

At the same moment a tall fierce-looking man stepped forth from his concealment, and seized

my horse by the rein, while two more presented themselves, each holding in his hands a rather ugly-looking "persuader," cocked and ready for instant service.

Now I am not a coward, and having a considerable amount of money about my person, I determined to make, at least, an effort for the preservation of both life and property. Accordingly I drew forth a pistol, and knocking down the fellow at my bridle-rein with the butt, I spurred my horse forward, and levelling the weapon at the nearest ruffian, I pulled the trigger. The villain dropped to the earth with a groan and a curse, at the same moment that a couple of bullets whistled by my head; but before I could draw my second weapon, half a dozen more surrounded me. I was dragged from my horse, fierce faces were over and around me, and I thought it was "all up" with poor me; therefore I began casting up that mental balance of good and evil deeds, which every man is supposed to form when about to die, and finding that the evil predominated over the good at an alarming rate, determined to make one more desperate effort for the regaining of my lost freedom. The man who had been prostrated by the blow from the butt of my pistol, had, by this time, recovered his senses, and now strode savagely to the place where I sat surrounded by my captors, his hand upon the hilt of a knife which peeped from his bosom, and with a look of most determined hostility on his swarthy face, down which the blood trickled from his bruised forehead. As the reader may well conjecture, my position was none of the most enviable, surrounded by men who would not have scrupled at shedding my blood under ordinary circumstances; but having wounded two of their number, my situation was perilous in the extreme. Already were red hands uplifted against my life; already bright knives were glancing in the sunlight. I made a desperate effort to break from the grasp of the strong hands that held me. It was fruitless; and so, commending my soul to the mercy of Heaven, awaited the fatal stroke, when—"The man who strikes a blow, dies!" came in loud and authoritative tones.

The men who held me loosened their grasp, and I leaped to my feet, and gazed around in search of the owner of the voice, which I thought I had recognized. Finally, my roving glance fell on his form. I uttered an exclamation of surprise, and sprang forward with the cry :

"Great Heaven! Monsieur Breteuil, do I see you here?" on my lips, at the same moment seizing his hand.

"Not Monsieur Breteuil, but John Murrell!"



he replied, with a burning cheek. Then turning to his men, he continued: "My men, it is my wish that you leave us alone. This man is my friend. Pick up poor Brady and carry him to the cave, where I myself will soon join you."

He waved his hand, and the men sullenly obeyed, casting hostile glances at me as they withdrew.

"And now," he said, when we were alone, "how is it that I find you here?"

"I might with propriety ask you the same question," I replied; "however, I will satisfy your curiosity. I was, when stopped by your cut-throats, on my way to the plantation of one Breteuil, who is said to reside in these parts! And now, having answered your question, may I take the liberty to propound a similar one, and to inquire what brought you here?"

"Why, my vocation, of course," he replied, with a merry laugh. "I heard from one of my spies that a well-dressed individual was approaching on horseback and sallied forth to give him a surprise; but the surprier was in this instance surprised. I felt a strange aversion to presenting myself, and gave the business into the hands of my lieutenant. The sound of pistol-shots recalled me from the painful reverie into which I had fallen, and I hurried forward, intending to command your release. I reached the margin of the road just as my men were raising their knives to strike, and was petrified with astonishment when I beheld your face. You know the rest—and more," he added, his voice taking a lower, softer intonation as he spoke,—"you know that my everlasting gratitude is yours, for your generous and self-denying care of me when incapable of caring for myself."

He continued: "The description I gave you of the famous robber was correct,"—taking off his hat as he spoke, and disclosing a head covered with brown hair. "I had assumed that disguise in order to avert suspicion. There was, on board the *Crescent City*, a large amount of money and plate, which I had determined to obtain possession of, at any risk. My plot was in a fair way for succeeding, when it was prevented by that unlucky fever, through which you nursed me so tenderly. Here we part, probably forever; but first accept this ring," holding out to me a glittering circlet of diamonds. Then, seeing me hesitate, he said, while a look of pain crossed his features: "Take it; I came honestly by it; it was my mother's."

A tear trembled on his dark lashes as he spoke, and dropped upon his bronzed cheek. The mention of that name "mother" had stirred the fountains of his soul, and the strong man wept.

I urged him earnestly, as I took the ring, to abandon his present way of life. But he replied, while a sad smile broke over his countenance—a smile such as a fallen angel might have given as he gazed once more on paradise:

"No, my friend; it is impossible. I am too far gone. There is no redemption, no turning back for me. Farewell, my friend, may God bless you!"

He wrung my hand and was gone! Gone, while I stood gazing after him like one in a dream! I mounted my horse, and rode slowly and sadly back to the city, thinking sorrowfully of this man whose splendid talents might have raised him to stations of power and honor; but which, prostituted to the lowest, basest purposes, would probably bring him to the gallows.

I never saw him but once since. I was being shown by the warden over the Tennessee State Prison, several years afterwards, when, on reaching the workroom, I saw a face with melancholy black eyes, which brought back the memory of other days. His glance encountered my own, he started, turned pale and red by turns; and respecting his grief and shame, I was about to withdraw my earnest gaze, when the warden, mistaking my emotion for curiosity, said:

"That, sir, is the famous land-pirate, robber and murderer, once the terror of Tennessee—John A. Murrell!"

I turned and left the prison with a saddened heart.

#### CHURCH BELLS.

There is something beautiful in the church-bells—beautiful and hopeful; they talk to high and low, rich and poor in the same voice; there is a sound in them that should scare pride, and envy and meanness of all sorts from the heart of man; that should make the earth seem to him, at least for a time, a holy place. There is a preacher in every belfry, that cries, "Poor, weary, struggling, fighting creatures—poor human things! take rest, be quiet. Forget your vanities, your follies, your weekday craft, your heart-burnings! And you, ye human vessels, gilt and painted, believe the iron tongue that tells ye ye are of the same Adam's earth with the beggar at your gates. Come away, come!" cries the church-bell, "and learn to be humble—learning that, however daubed and stained, stuck about with jewels, you are but grave clay. Come, Dives, and be taught that all your glory, as you wear it, is not half so beautiful in the eye of Heaven as the sores of uncomplaining Lazarus! And ye, poor creatures, livid and faint—stinted and crushed by the pride and hardness of the world—come, come," cries the bell, with the voice of an angel, "come and learn what is laid up for ye!—and learning, take heart, and walk among the wickedness, the cruelties of the world, calmly as Daniel walked among the lions."—*Douglas Jerrold.*

## The Florist.

No sooner has the cold withdrawn,  
Than the bright elm is tufted on the lawn;  
The merry sap has run up in the bowers,  
And burst the windows of the buds in flowers;  
With song the bosoms of the birds run o'er—  
The cuckoo calls, the swallow's at the door;  
And apple-trees at noon with bees alive.  
Burn with the golden chorus of the hive.

LUCAS HUNT.

### Requisites of Flower Culture.

It is well known that plants absorb their nutriment by the roots, and this nutriment is conveyed through the stem to the leaves, when it is subjected to a process by which a large proportion of water is discharged—the rest is submitted to the action of the atmosphere, and carbonic acid is first generated and then decomposed by the action of light. Carbon is now under the form of a nutritive material, which is conveyed back into the system of the plant for the development of all parts of the structure, and a proportion of the secreted matter is afterwards ejected from the plant. This excrementitious matter does not injure the plants of other species to any considerable degree; but it soon renders the soil unfit for the culture of plants of the same species, which will deteriorate if cultivated above three or four years in the same spot. Flowers therefore require, in order for their successful culture, not only a change of soil, but that it be refreshed with proper moisture. One great point also to be observed in rearing flowers is, not to overload them with rich or watery food, or they will abound in leaves, while the number of blossoms will be scanty. They must have plenty of light till full-blown, after which they should be carefully shaded so as to preserve their colors, and prolong the season of bloom.

### The Chrysanthemum.

The chrysanthemum has of late quite divided popularity with the dahlia, because it is easily grown, blooms when there is little else to make a show, and is not easily affected by frost. These should be obtained now in pots, and if the garden is already occupied, put them in larger pots, that they may grow unchecked until the period arrives for planting them. This is generally when some of the annuals are going off and are removed; then the chrysanthemums may be turned out of their pots into the open ground, for they are handsome in foliage before they bloom. Let it be understood, if there is room to plant them, that the sooner they are in the ground the stronger they will grow; but the tops must be pinched off as they grow up every fortnight till the last week in July.

### Seedling Geraniums.

The French amateur florists are remarkably successful in the production of new seedlings of some classes of flowers. For years the old scarlet geraniums have been grown, without showing any remarkable or distinct new colors, being chiefly various shades of scarlet or pink; the French, however, have within a short time past raised some quite new sorts. Among the recent sorts are the Rubens, a rosy crimson, and the Damage, an exquisite shade of salmon pink. There are also the Nemesis and Consuello; the former a delicate shade of pink, with large white centre and an immense truss; the Consuello a rosy scarlet.

### Treatment of Evergreens.

The distribution of evergreen trees and shrubs is among the most interesting operations in the formation of garden grounds and their improvement. They give at once a clothed appearance to what was bare ground; and also, by their change of position, they effect an almost entire alteration in the aspect of the place. In all cases, it is advisable that the ground should be well drained and trenched; and where poor, it should be enriched with fresh soil or manure, or both, especially when the shrubs are young and small. Light sandy soils are greatly improved by moderate additions of clayey loam or peat earth. In transplanting shrubs of considerable size, it is preferable to put the enriched soil or manure close around and in contact with the young fibres. As many roots as possible should be preserved in lifting evergreen shrubs for transplantation. When they are large, or a little above the size usually procured, they should have large balls—and it will be proper to reduce the head of the tree, as otherwise the branches will die from their inability to support their former amount of foliage.

### Requisites of a perfect Dahlia.

For a perfect dahlia the general form should be that of about two-thirds of a sphere or globe. The rows of petals forming this globe should describe unbroken circles, lying over each other with evenness and regularity, and gradually diminishing until they approach the top. The petals composing each succeeding row should be spirally arranged and alternate, like the scales in a fir-cone, thereby concealing the joints, and making the circle more complete. The petals should be broad at the ends, perfectly free from notch or indentation of any kind, firm in substance, and smooth in texture. They should be bold and free, and gently cup, but never eart or quill, or show the under sides.

### Flower-Garden Soils.

The operation of digging is the most efficient method of moving the soil of the flower-garden. Although tiresome as well as disagreeable to an inexperienced person, a little practice makes it comparatively easy, so that in a moderate degree it may be done with facility, even by a lady. In digging for immediate planting or sowing, pains must be taken to break the lumps, and reduce the soil to what is called a fine tilth. All stones should, of course, be carefully removed, as well as all other undesirable substances—and this can only be thoroughly done when the soil has been well pulverized.

### Trapa.

Water caltrops. Aquatic plants, natives of Europe and the East Indies, with white flowers and very curious nuts, which, when cooked, resemble in taste those of the chestnut, and are equally wholesome. The rhizome should be planted, or the seeds sown, in loamy soil, at the bottom of the water in which the plant is to grow.

### Helenium.

The species are generally tall-growing perennial plants, with large yellow flowers. They are increased by dividing the roots. There are two or three annual species which are quite hardy, and only require sowing in the open border. The handsomest of these is *Heicium quadridentum*, which has bright orange-colored flowers like a rendbechia.

### Tacamahac.

The Indian name for the Balsam Poplar; a species that should be cultivated in ornamental plantations for the beautiful yellowish green of its leaves, which appear very early in the spring.

## Curious Matters.

### The Milk Tree.

In a narrative of travels on the Amazon and Rio Negro, just published, Mr. Wallace describes an extraordinary tree called the milk tree, which was one of the first wonders he saw near Para. The fruit is edible, and full of a rich and very juicy pulp; but strangest of all is the vegetable milk, which exudes in abundance when the bark is cut. It has about the consistence of thick cream, and but for a very slight peculiar taste, could scarcely be distinguished from the genuine produce of the cow. From some logs that had lain nearly a month in the yard, several notches were cut with an axe, and in a minute the rich sap was running out in great quantities. It was collected in a basin, diluted with water, strained and brought home at tea time and at breakfast next morning. The peculiar flavor of the milk seemed rather to improve the quality of the tea, and give it as good a color as rich cream; in coffee it is equally good. The milk is also used for glue, and it is said to be as durable as that used by carpenters.

### An Infernal Machine.

Senor Gonzales de Candamo, owner of the railroad from Lima to Callao, received a note from an anonymous source demanding a thousand dollars, telling him he should do so on a certain day, if the money was not forthcoming. Candamo, who loves money better than his life, paid no attention to the threat. On the day designated a man entered his fine house with a box under his arm, and was making his way up stairs to Senor G.'s room, when he accidentally dropped the box. An explosion followed, doing a good deal of damage to the house, but no one was injured.

### Strange Discovery.

Wonders are the order of the day. In the stomach of a dead cow at Double Springs, Kentucky, were found eighty-two balls of hair, varying in size from four to ten inches. They were almost round, hard, and perfectly compact. For a number of years past, during the hog slaughtering season, the hair had been purchased and spread on the ground to dry. Where this hair was spread last season, the grass grew up in the spring. The cow, in eating the grass, must have swallowed the hair, forming the various balls.

### A Dog with a wooden Leg.

Mr. Robert Howard, landlord of the Railway Inn, near the Droylsden Railway Station, England, has in his possession a Scotch terrier with a wooden leg, which runs about with scarcely a perceptible limp. The dog had its right forefoot amputated by an express train some time ago, and a veterinary surgeon from Manchester, being informed that it was a favorite pet, not only dressed its wounds, but shortly afterwards supplied it with an artificial limb, of which it appears somewhat proud.

### An unwelcome Tenant.

A man named Job Sneath, who lives near Fostoria, Pa., while harvesting one day, lately, was taken suddenly ill, and during the evening vomited up a live lizard over four inches in length. He has no idea when and in what manner it got into his stomach, but he has been in bad health for several months. Similar instances have been recorded before of such occurrences, which have proved fatal, or have been attended with protracted sickness and suffering.

### Herculeans above Ground.

Five ancient cities, deserted and forgotten, have been discovered in the Great Desert, beyond the river Jordan. A report made to the Royal Asiatic Society, by Mr. Graham, an Englishman lately returned from travels in the East, gives the particulars of the discovery.—“They were as perfect as if the inhabitants had just left them—the houses retaining the massive stone doors, which are a characteristic of the architecture of that region. One of the cities is remarkable for a large building like a castle, built of white stone, beautifully cut. Further eastward other places were found where every stone had inscriptions in an unknown character, bearing some apparent likeness to the Greek alphabet, but probably referable to the Hamyaritic alphabet, formerly in use in Southern Arabia.”

### A wonderful Ape.

A vigorous specimen of the ape family called cynocephalus, or dog-headed, has been presented to the zoological gardens at Menzies by a skipper. The animal is said to be prodigiously strong, and equally savage. He made desperate efforts to seize some of the sailors, to whom he had a dislike, and a very strong iron chain was necessary to restrain him. They were even obliged to saw off some of his canine teeth. His appearance is very odd, the head being exceedingly long, the muzzle occupying two-thirds of the whole, the eyelids flesh-colored, the limbs elongated and slender, and the tail the same dimensions as the body. He is beginning to behave himself respectably now, but at first he was extremely fierce and sulky.

### An old Umbrella.

The Hartford Courant says:—An umbrella, at least fifty years old, in perfect repair, and worth a dozen of our modern umbrellas, was left in our office some time ago by a gentleman who inherited it from his sister, who carried it for fifty years, and dying at the age of eighty-two, left it as an heir-loom to her brother. The old gentleman, forgetting that he had been in the counting-room, searched everywhere that he could think of for his lost relic in vain. He was delighted the other day on dropping in to look over the exchanges, to see his old friend, the umbrella, quietly awaiting him.

### Natural Wonder.

A beautiful limestone cave, embracing a number of fine chambers, glittering with stalactites, has been discovered near the town of Placer, in El Dorado county, California. One chamber is one hundred feet long by thirty feet wide. At one end there is a magnificent pulpit in the gothic style. It is completed with the most beautiful drapery of alabaster striae of all colors, varying from white to pink-red, all overhanging the beholder. Immediately under the pulpit there is a beautiful lake of water. Another chamber, still more splendid, measures two hundred by one hundred feet.

### Curious Circumstance.

Recently, a bird belonging to a lady of Buffalo, as it was flying around the room, happened to pick up a hair, and flying with it to its cage, commenced some evolutions with it, as though it were about laying the foundation of a nest. By-and-by the hair became entangled in its legs, and flying around the cage, it got over the perch and then around its neck. The lady, after some time observing that the usually musical little pet was silent, went to the cage, and there found the little warbler actually suspended by the neck from its perch, and almost in the agonies of death.

**Remarkable Accident.**

One of the most terrible accidents that has ever happened through the agency of crinoline occurred, lately, in one of the English ports on board the Royal Albert, a vessel of the British navy. One afternoon, while the decks were thronged with visitors, the dress of a lady, in passing one of the signal guns, caught the percussion-hammer, and brought it over upon the face. The gun, which was loaded with blank cartridge, went off, and one of the crew, who unfortunately was either standing in front of the gun, or had been working about it, had his arm blown off close to the shoulder. The sad event caused much consternation as well as regret among the visitors, and the lady who had unwittingly been its cause fainted.

**Singular Death.**

Mrs. Caroline E. Capen, of Stoughton, died from a very singular cause, recently. She had spent the evening at her sister's house, about three-quarters of a mile from her own residence, and started for home alone, declining to trouble any one to go with her. After nearly reaching home, a dog suddenly sprang up close to her, barking furiously, at which she was very much frightened, causing a rupture and sudden hemorrhage, accompanied by a violent coughing, and after proceeding a few steps she sank down exhausted. Some one passing discovered her, and she was carried home, where about two hours after she died. She was a healthy woman, aged about twenty-two years.

**Eccentric Will.**

In a will drawn up by the late Count Stephen Szechenyi, in 1833, is the following passage:—"I wish my body, if possible, to be taken to England, in a country in which I have learned so much, in order that it may there be dissected. My reason for wishing this is, that my example may tend to diminish the dislike which is felt by the English to the dissection of the bodies of their relatives." In a will drawn up in 1841, Szechenyi expresses a hope that if ever a Walhalla should be constructed in Hungary, its founders will give his remains a place in it, as a reward "for his good intentions" toward the land which gave him birth.

**A natural Curiosity.**

In Greene county, Virginia, there is a remarkable natural curiosity, known as the "Tidal Spring." The water issues out of the ground in a bold stream sufficiently strong to turn a small grist-mill, and it continues to flow for fifteen or twenty minutes, when the water ceases to run, and in two minutes' time not a solitary drop of water is visible. In the course of an hour or two the water commences flowing again, and flows twenty or thirty minutes, when it again ceases. In wet weather it flows every hour, and in dry weather it flows about seven or eight times every twenty-four hours.

**A Father's Legacy in 1546.**

In the will of Robert Dunkinfield, of Dunkinfield, dated March 23, 1546, is the following passage:—"I give unto William Dunkinfield, my son and heir, my great two-edged sword and my less two-edged sword, which I do wear myself, with my great new buckler, and my short arming sword, with my dagger which is garnished with silver, and also my battle-axe, with all other harness belonging to my body; and I will that my executors shall deliver all to him at such time as he shall be able to have the governance of the same himself."

**A rare Curiosity.**

A specimen of the aerolite stones which fell in Summit county, Ohio, recently, has been exhibited at Pittsburg. It is the largest one that fell, and is almost indescribable as to shape, being so irregular; but we should call it a quintessence. Its weight is one hundred and three pounds. It contains a considerable quantity of sulphurates of iron and some nickel. Very many of these stones fell during the said shower, yet no one was injured. The one of which we are writing was seen to fall, but so buried itself that it was with considerable difficulty found. We presume it will be taken to the Smithsonian, or some other scientific institute. A professor of Yale is making such examination of these stones as he thinks will enable him to tell whence they fall.

**A Wonder.**

Thomas Hall, a linen-weaver in Ireland, has finished a shirt entirely in the loom. It is woven throughout without seams, and very accurately and neatly gathered at the neck, shoulders and wrists. The neck and wristbands are doubled and stitched, there is a regular selvage on each side of the breast, and where stitching ordinarily is, so it is in this shirt. In short, it is as perfectly finished as if made by an expert needlewoman. This shirt has been exhibited to several persons in the linen trade, who are completely satisfied that it is actually the production of the loom, without any assistance of the needle.

**Mammoth Cave in California.**

A letter dated Negro Hill, California, on the 16th ult., and published in the Sacramento Standard, explains in detail the discovery of a mammoth cave in Eldorado county. While a party of men were excavating for a lime kiln, they broke through into a cave of immense size: Mayor Swan, of Sacramento, subsequently explored it for two hours, and visited several large rooms of several hundred feet in length, by nearly as many broad, until he was brought to a halt by a lake, the extent of which is as yet unknown. The floor, as well as stalactites, are all of a beautiful crystallized white marble.

**Desperate Bet.**

A young man, who works in the coal mines of Gill, near Charleot, lately made a bet of a few glasses of beer, that he would lie down on the railway and let a train pass over him. He performed his mad freak, placing himself lengthways in the middle of the line between the rails, making himself as small as possible. He won his bet, but at the expense of a severe burn on the back of his neck, from a piece of lighted coke falling on him.

**Singular Shower.**

Recently a remarkable shower of frogs took place at or near Port Jervis. At Troy, lately, during a rain-storm, there was a shower of stones, averaging from about half the size of a hen's egg to the size of a small bird's egg. Seven picked up promiscuously weighed an ounce and a half. Every stone had the smoothness and polish peculiar to water-worn pebbles; they were supposed to be Lake Superior agates.

**A Sneezing Fit.**

Dr. Mosler, of Giesen, relates the case of a girl, who, suffering from an affection of the ear consequent upon an attack of typhoid fever, was suddenly seized with a sneezing which lasted for eighty hours. Reckoning ten sneezes per minute, he makes out that the girl must have sneezed 48,000 times.

## The Housewife.

### Scalloped Tomatoes.

Take fine large tomatoes, perfectly ripe; scald them to loosen the skins, and then peel; cover the bottom of a deep dish thickly with grated bread-crumbs, adding a few bits of fresh butter; then put in a layer of tomatoes seasoned slightly with a little salt and Cayenne pepper and some powdered mace or nutmeg; cover them with another layer of bread-crumbs and butter, then another layer of seasoned tomatoes, and proceed thus till the dish is full, finishing at the top with bread-crumbs; set the dish into a moderate oven, and bake it near three hours. Tomatoes require long cooking, otherwise they will have a raw taste, that to most persons is unpleasant.

### Onion Oustard.

Peel and slice some mild onions (ten or twelve, in proportion to their size), and fry them in fresh butter, draining them well when you take them up; then mince them as fine as possible; beat four eggs very light, and stir them gradually into a pint of milk, in turn with the minced onions; season the whole with plenty of grated nutmeg, and stir it very hard; then put it into a deep white dish, and bake it about a quarter of an hour. Send it to table as a side-dish, to be eaten with meat or poultry. It is a French preparation of onions, and will be found very fine.

### To stew Carrots.

Half boil the carrots, then scrape them nicely, and cut them into thick slices; put them into a stewpan, with as much milk as will barely cover them, a very little salt and pepper, and a sprig or two of chopped parsley; simmer them till they are perfectly tender, but not broken; when nearly done, add a piece of fresh butter rolled in flour. Send them to table hot. Carrots require long cooking.   
● Parsnips and salsify may be stewed in the above manner, substituting a little chopped celery for the parsley.

### Boston Gingerbread.

Three cupsful of flour, one cupful of molasses, two eggs, one teaspoonful of saleratus, two tablespoonful of ginger, one of cinnamon, and milk enough to make it of the right consistency to roll out. Rub a piece of butter about the size of a hen's egg into the flour, and add the other ingredients; roll in thin sheets, and rub over with molasses and water before putting in the oven; bake with a moderate heat.

### Lemon Tartlets.

The juice of two lemons and the rinds grated; clean the grater with bread only, using sufficient crumbs to take off all the lemon-peel; beat together with two eggs, half a pound of loaf-sugar, and quarter of a pound of butter. This is sufficient for twelve tartlets, and will be found very excellent.

### Cinnamon Biscuits.

Half a pound of dry flour, one pound of lump sugar finely sifted, one pound of butter, powdered cinnamon to taste; the whole to be mixed with a glass of brandy or rum, then rolled very thin, and baked in a quick oven.

### Blacking for Stoves.

Mix the lustrer with the white of an egg; have your stove cold, apply with a brush, rub till perfectly dry, and you will have a lustre nearly equal to that of a new stove.

### Preparation for Yellow Pickles.

Two ounces of red pepper, a head of garlic, half a pound of bruised mustard-seed, one pound of mustard, half an ounce of turmeric, a handful of allspice, cloves and mace, one pound of green ginger scraped clean; pour on a gallon of boiling vinegar; cover close, and let it steep. Prepare whatever vegetables you choose by pouring on hot salt and water, and letting them stand three days; add a lump of alum, wash clean, and put on the preparation. The mixture should stand eight or ten days.

### Pickling Hams.

To each ham put one pound of bay-salt, two ounces of saltpetre, two ounces of black pepper, and half a pound of common salt. Mix the above ingredients well together, and rub upon the ham; let it lie four days and turn it every day, then add a pound and a half of treacle; let it remain in the above pickle for a month, and rub and turn it every day. Put it into a water a day before it is cooked, and boil three hours.

### Valueables.

If your flat-irons are rough, rub them with fine salt.—If you are buying a carpet for durability, choose small figures.—A hot above held over varnished furniture will take out white spots.—A small piece of glue dissolved in skim milk and water will restore old crape.—Ribbons should be washed in cold suds and not rinsed.—Scotch snuff put in holes where crickets come out will destroy them.

### Burnett's Cocaine.

This article, manufactured solely by that enterprising firm, Messrs. Burnett & Co., of Boston, is the best and most celebrated article for the hair that has ever been introduced, and is recommended by physicians throughout the whole country. This concern use nothing but the purest articles in their manufactures, which have a high reputation wherever known and introduced.

### Grape Vines.

Keep the soil light around your grape vines. If the earth is dry, irrigate often with soap-suds, and mulch carefully with straw or leaves. The "Isabella" and "Carawba" always succeed admirably under this treatment. The grape is a valuable fruit, and should be cultivated largely by every one.

### A Gargle for Sore Throat.

Half a pint of rose-leaf tea, a wineglassful of good vinegar, honey enough to sweeten it, and a very little Cayenne pepper, all well mixed together, and simmered in a close vessel; gargle the throat with a little of it at bedtime, or oftener, if the throat is very sore.

### To remove Marks of Rain from a Mantle.

Take a damp cloth, and damp the place marked with the rain; then take a hot iron and iron the mantle all over, and the marks will be removed.

### Lemon Cheesecakes.

The rind of a large lemon; squeeze half of the juice, three eggs, half a pound of lump-sugar, quarter of a pound of butter, to be melted.

### The old Man's Secret.

An aged clergyman, who had known not one day's illness, was asked his secret. "Dry feet and early rising," was his reply; "these are my only two precautions."

**Stewed Spinach.**

Pick the spinach very clean, and wash it through two or three waters; then drain it, and put it into a saucepan, with only the water that remains about it after the washing; add a very little salt and pepper, and let it stew for twenty minutes, or till it is quite tender, turning it often, and pressing it down with a broad wooden spoon or flat ladle; when done, drain it through a sieve, pressing out all the moisture, till you get it as dry as you can; then put it on a flat dish, and chop or mince it well; set it again over the fire; add to it some bits of butter dredged with flour and some beaten yolk of egg; let it simmer five minutes or more, and when it comes to a boil take it off; have ready some thin slices of buttered toast cut into triangular or three cornered pieces, without any crust; lay them in regular order round a flat dish, and heap the spinach evenly upon them, smoothing the surface with the back of a spoon, and scoring it across in diamonds.

**A choice Pudding.**

Make a crust as for a fruit-pudding, roll it out to fourteen or fifteen inches in length, and eight or nine in width; spread with raspberry jam, or any other preserve of a similar kind, and roll it up in the manner of a collared eel. Wrap a cloth round it two or three times, and tie it tight at each end. Two hours and a quarter will boil it.

**A good cheap Cake.**

A pound and a half of flour, a quarter of a pound of butter, three-quarters of a pound of raisins, a quarter of a pound of sugar, one egg, a teaspoonful of carbonate of soda, and half a pint of milk—the milk to be made warm, and the soda dissolved in it. Mix all well together, and bake in a slow oven.

**Puffs for Tea or Breakfast.**

One pint of cold boiled milk, one pint of home-made yeast, half a pound of butter, half a pound of sugar, and five eggs; to be mixed into a stiff paste, or rather batter, which must be put into the baking-tins to rise, and, without taking out, be baked in the usual manner.

**Dessert Biscuits.**

Three-quarters of a pound of flour, a quarter of a pound of loaf-sugar, the peel of a lemon grated, half a teaspoonful of cream, two eggs, leaving out the whites; roll them out thin, cut them in whatever shape you think proper, and bake them in a quick oven.

**French Mustard.**

One ounce of mustard and two pinches of salt are mixed in a large wineglassful of boiling water, and allowed to stand twenty-four hours. Then pound in a mortar one clove of garlic, a small handful of tarragon, another of garden cress, and add to the mustard, putting vinegar according to taste.

**Rice Cheesecakes, equal to Lemon.**

A quarter of a pound of butter, two ounces of ground rice, boiled and beaten; mix well with sifted sugar to taste. When quite cool, add the rind and juice of a lemon, and two eggs well beaten. This will keep a month in a cool place.

**Nice Pudding.**

Five eggs well beaten, half a pound of flour, half a pound of butter, half a pound of raisins chopped, and half a pound of sugar. Boil three hours in a mould.

**Stewed Peas.**

Take young, tender green peas, and put into a stewpan with sufficient fresh butter to keep them from burning, but no water; season them with a little black pepper and a very little salt; set them over a moderate fire, and stir them about till the butter is well mixed through them; let them simmer till quite soft and slightly broken, taking off the lid occasionally, and give them a stir up from the bottom; if you find them becoming too dry, add some more butter; when done, drain off what superfluous butter may be about the peas, and send them to table hot. They will be found excellent. To the taste of many persons they will be improved by a lump or two of loaf-sugar put in with the butter, and also by a few sprigs of mint, to be removed before the peas go to table. Lima beans may be stewed in butter, as above; also, asparagus tops cut off from the white stalk.

**Horse Radish.**

Perhaps no vegetable so really useful is treated with so much neglect as the horse radish. Scraped into shreds or grated fine and soaked in vinegar, it becomes an excellent condiment for meat and fish; it has medicinal uses also, in cases of dropsy, scurvy, and rheumatism. It stimulates digestion, exciting the glands into action, and warms up the blood in a healthful manner. Aside from all domestic uses, it is worth raising for market.

**To clean Cane Chair Bottoms.**

Turn up the chair bottom, and wash well, so that it may become completely soaked. If very dirty, use soap. A slight washing of the upper part with a sponge, or flannel and water, will suffice. Let the chairs dry in the open air, if possible, or in a place where there is a thorough draught, and they will become as tight and firm as when new, provided they be not broken.

**Tough Meat.**

Those whose teeth are not strong enough to masticate hard beef should cut their steaks, the day before using, into slices about two inches thick, rub over them a small quantity of soda, wash off next morning, cut it into suitable thickness, and cook according to fancy. The same process will answer for any description of tough meat.

**Transparent Paper.**

Paper can be made as transparent as glass, and capable of being substituted for it for many purposes, by spreading over it with a feather a very thin layer of resin dissolved in spirits of wine. Fine thin post paper is best, and the mixture must be applied on both sides.

**To clean Looking-Glasses.**

Remove the fly-stains and other soils with a damp rag, then polish with a soft cloth and powder blue. The glass of picture-frames may be cleaned in the same manner. Be careful not to rub the gilding on the frames with your damp rag.

**Milk of Roses.**

Sweet almonds, two ounces; rosewater, one pint; white wax, white Windsor soap, and oil of almonds, of each one and a half drachms; spirits of wine, three ounces. Mix, and add oil of lavender, otto of roses, etc., to perfume.

**Cream Pie.**

Half a pound of butter, four eggs, sugar, salt and nutmeg to your taste, and two tablespoonful of arrowroot wet; pour on it a quart of boiling milk, and stir the whole together. To be baked in deep dishes.

## Editor's Table.

MATURIN M. BALLOU, EDITOR AND PROPRIETOR.

### THE AGE OF MACHINERY.

We doubt if this age differs from all the other ages in any one particular so much as in being the age of machinery. In the past civilization, much as they accomplished, excelling us in many particulars, machinery did not come into general use, or it was of the simplest character. At the highest point of Egyptian civilization wheat was ground by women in a hand mill made of two stones; or, at best, by larger stones turned by oxen. The fine linen of Egypt was spun from a hand distaff, and wove in a loom of the simplest description. Thousands of men were employed in works which would now be done almost entirely by machinery. Now, machinery does a large proportion of all our work, and is every day coming into wider use. Machines make almost everything, and machines make machines. If we travel, the steam engine propels us. Our food is prepared by complex machinery. Our clothing is spun, woven, and sewed by machines. Machines knit our stockings, and do the largest part of the work in making our shoes. The pin that fastens our garments is completely made, headed, pointed, and polished, by a series of machines. The hook and eye are made from the reel of wire by a machine which seems to possess human intelligence. Unless our readers are very considerate, they scarcely know how much they are indebted to machinery. The paper you hold in your hand has come through a long series of machinery. It has passed through the cotton-gin—a very simple, but most important invention; few have done more for modern civilization. It has been squeezed in the cotton press. It has been carded, spun, woven, worn to rags; then washed, picked in pieces, bleached, ground to pulp, squeezed through rollers, and finally come out an endless sheet of white paper. The linen and hempen portions have passed through their peculiar processes. Then come type-making machines, and printing machines, and with some little brain labor, which cannot yet be done by machinery.

**THAT'S THE WAY.**—A storekeeper on Union Bar, Fraser River, was fined by Judge Bigbie £100, or in default of payment, to six months' imprisonment, for selling liquor to Indians.

### THE FRENCH AND ENGLISH.

A letter from a gentleman now resident in Paris says: "There seems to be a great disposition in the French to visit England at present, and a greater number than usual of English are coming over to France. This interchange of visits and the intimacies which spring out of them, are tending to remove prejudices which are the growth of our mutual ignorance of each other. A few weeks since a wholesale dealer of Paris applied to me for an introduction or two in England, whither he was going for the first time, and on his return he called to express to me the satisfaction he had experienced. In the course of our conversation he remarked that he had found the greatest prejudice against Frenchmen among those persons who had never been in France, and that, on the contrary, he invariably experienced the greatest civility from those Englishmen who had travelled in his native country. I met another person, a few days ago, who had returned from England. He had been quite notorious among his acquaintance for his hostile feeling towards Englishmen, and for being in favor of going to war with them. On his return, on being asked whether he retained his former opinions, he replied, 'No; I have so completely changed my views about England and the English, that I hardly dare confess my present feelings to my friends.' Let us only have a few years of the operation of the new treaty, and the old feelings between the two countries will, like this individual's, be entirely changed."

**COMPARATIVE.**—An exchange says, the most dignified, glorious and lovely work of nature is woman, the next is man, then Berkshire pigs.

**PROGRESSIVE.**—The latest imported Yankeeism, says Punch, is, that a Yankee no longer marries a young critter now, he "annexes" her.

**SHEET MUSIC.**—Bound in neat and cheap style at this office and returned in one week.

**AN HONORABLE PEDIGREE.**—Printers are probably descendants of the Incas.

**SLEEP.**—The man who was lost in slumber, found his way out on a night mare.

**A SINGULAR CASE.**

France, of all the countries in the world, is that in which the most singular suicides occur, and to the long list of eccentric self-murderers which it has furnished, we must now add another of a very singular complexion. A Mrs. C— has been living for ten years in a petty little house on the road from Paris to Sevres. She kept but one old female servant, rarely went out, and was continually occupied in reading and writing. This old lady—she was about sixty-four years old—said she was engaged in literary labors, was a gay and cheerful person, and no one suspected her of entertaining suicidal ideas. Notwithstanding this a commissary of police was summoned one fine morning recently to verify the fact that she had hung herself in her bedroom. The public functionary found on a table in her room the following curious letter, endorsed "My Last Will :—"

"I am disgusted with life, and am resolved to make an end of myself, as the proverb says, 'no sooner taken than hung,' that is to say that I shall immediately execute the resolve I have just taken. I shall not falsify this proverb, which is an allusion, and which owes its origin to the tragic end of three members of parliament—Brisson, Larcher and Tardif—who, in the days of the League, were arrested at 9 o'clock, by order of the Sixteen, confessed at 10 and hung at 11, on the 16th of November, 1691. I must confess, moreover, that I have always had a great predilection for folks that have been hanged. In the first case of my library is a manuscript work composed by myself. It is a history of all the celebrated persons who have been hanged. I should also avow that the idea of hanging myself never occurred to me; only I began to be terribly weary of losing my taste for everything, even for reading, my favorite recreation. Suddenly the idea of hanging occurred to me, and I only snatch time to write this letter and then finish my existence. I desire that the rope which shall serve my purpose shall be divided among the neighbors of the two houses adjoining mine; that all my property shall be turned into cash; that from the sum it yields, a yearly pension of a thousand francs shall be paid to my old servant, and that the rest of my inheritance shall be invested in such a way as to be divided into ten equal parts, to be distributed to the first ten poor families of which a member, father, mother, son, daughter, brother, or sister, shall be hanged, from and after my decease. The functionary, mayor, commissary of police, or other higher official agent who shall verify my suicide is charged with the execution of the contents of

this letter, which I declare to be my sole and valid testament."

Unfortunately for the families of the prospective victims of the rope, the old lady only possessed a life-rent, which expired completely with her.

**THE OXYGENATED BITTERS.**—In nearly all of the so-called "bitters" which are offered to the public, there is one most deleterious ingredient, viz.—spirituous liquors; indeed, it forms their usual basis. Now it is a well-known fact in medical treatment, that all such articles, though they may produce a momentary tonic effect, yet there is sure to follow a reaction as debilitating as the first effect is bracing. This is not the case with the celebrated Oxygenated Bitters, which do not contain one drop of spirituous liquors, but are compounded upon pure scientific and chemical principles. The success of these bitters in all cases of dyspepsia, acidity of the stomach, general debility of the system, and like weaknesses, has won for them an enviable reputation, until they are becoming throughout this country a household necessity. S. W. Fowle & Co., Boston, are the manufacturers, but the bitters are sold everywhere, in town or country.

**PHYSICIANS IN AUSTRIA AND FRANCE.**—In the Austrian empire there is one physician to each thousand of the inhabitants. In France there is only one medical man for each two thousand of the inhabitants.

**PROFITABLE.**—The fund of the Smithsonian Institute, Washington, amounts to \$650,000, and the interest annually derived is \$38,325. The expenditures amount to about \$33,000, including \$9000 for salaries, \$9000 for publications, etc.

**A TRUISM.**—One of the old writers says, "A fool can ask more questions than a wise man can answer; but a wise man cannot ask more questions than he will find a fool ready to answer."

**AHEM !**—Women are a great deal like French watches—very pretty to look at, but very difficult to regulate when they once take to going wrong.

**SIGNIFICANT.**—The Russian government has contracted for an enormous supply of shot and shell, for whose especial benefit, who knows?

**CHURCHES.**—The city of Cincinnati, Ohio, contains over one hundred churches.

It is so.—War is murder set to music!



**REMARKABLE CAREER.**

The Newcastle Chronicle traces the remarkable career of the Rev. Blythe Hurst, incumbent of Collierly, near Lanchester. This clergyman was born at Winlaton, in 1804, his father being a smith. At seven years of age he was taken from school and was sent to make small nails at the smith's shop. To the age of fifteen he attended a Sunday school, and in the meantime commenced to learn the business of a patten-ring maker. About the time he was fifteen, Mr. Hurst was led to think seriously about religion, and joined a dissenting body. He became a local preacher, and devoted all his leisure to mental improvement. He married early and had to provide for a family; but contrived to purchase the necessary books to gain a knowledge of the French, Latin, Greek, Hebrew, Syriac, and Arabic languages. While at work he used to write upon his "flame stone" (the stone suspended before a smith's fire to protect the eyes of the workman) the conjugation of the verbs in whatever language he was studying, and in the evenings he wrote his exercises and translated them. In the beginning of 1840 Mr. Hurst, being then an effective local preacher among the New Connection Methodists, replied in a pamphlet to some lectures delivered by one of the disciples of Mr. Robert Owen; and this work was brought under the notice of Dr. Maltby, the then Bishop of Durham, who at once wrote that, "although it might be written by a common man, it was the production of no common mind." The bishop interested himself in the case, advised Mr. Hurst as to his course of reading, and supplied the means of following out this recommendation. A feud in the New Connexion Church at Winlaton had induced Mr. Hurst and others, to leave, and to become members of the Church of England; and, in 1841, the "learned blacksmith" was ordained to the curacy of Garrigill, near Alston. He was subsequently appointed to the living at Sealey, near Hexham; and since then to that of Collierly, near Lanchester, which he now holds. Mr. Hurst's preaching is said to be of a very high order; and, in a course of lectures which he has delivered in Newcastle, he displayed great information upon the Sinitic inscriptions and on Egyptian hieroglyphics.

**AGRICULTURAL.**—Hon. George S. Hillard, of this city, will deliver the annual address before the Barnstable Co. Agricultural Society in October.

**CLERICAL.**—The number of American clergymen is not far from thirty thousand.

**THE SCHAMYL FAMILY.**

A letter from Moscow, gives the following details respecting the family of Schamyl: "The Iman Schamyl has two wives, Zeidote and Chouanate. The first is about thirty years old; she is not handsome, but is very well educated, and exercises great influence over her husband, who consulted her on his most important affairs previous to his surrender to the Russians. The following fact affords proof of her influence over Schamyl: The Iman wished to marry his daughters, Naphisate and Fatimate, by a former wife, to two of the most influential Naibs in Circassia. Schamyl, at his wife's desire, changed his decision and married his daughters to two of his wife's brothers. This circumstance produced a very bad effect on the mountaineers. The Naibs resolved to revenge themselves, and they did so on the first opportunity, when he was finally attacked by the Russians. Schamyl's second wife is handsome; she idolizes her husband, and concentrates her entire affection between him and her daughter Sophiate. Chuate looks on Zeidote as a dangerous rival, and uses all her efforts to compete with her in dress. The wife of Kazi-Magoma, Schamyl's eldest son, is extremely beautiful. The wife of Schamyl's second son, who holds a commission in a Russian lancer regiment, is likewise extremely handsome. Schamyl's daughter Fatimate, who is married to the brother of Zeidote, is but fifteen years of age, and her husband seventeen. Schamyl has likewise three younger daughters, Majeonate, Bachon-Mossedon, and Sophiste. The first is extremely beautiful, but club-footed, which causes her father great pain, as he is devotedly attached to his family. The ladies of Kalonga, where the celebrated prisoner resides, visit his wives and daughters. When Schamyl is present at these visits the Circassian ladies cover their faces with their veils. A Russian lady asked Schamyl to permit the likenesses of his family to be taken, to which he consented on condition that their portraits should be taken by a lady. This condition was complied with, and the likenesses were executed."

**THE JAPANESE CAPITAL.**—The city of Yedo, the capital of Japan, is said to be, without exception, the largest city in the world. It contains 1,501,000 dwellings, and the unparalleled number of 5,000,000 inhabitants.

**AT A DISCOUNT.**—A thousand dollar carriage, made thirty years ago at Middletown, Ct., for General Jackson to ride in, has recently been sold for sixteen dollars and fifty cents.

## WHAT JOHN CHINAMAN EATS.

If ever the "Central Flower Land" is thrown open to the world, and travellers pour in to study its scenery and manners, the first thing to be done will be to establish English and American hotels there—for it is very evident that John Chinaman "can't keep a hotel," at least cannot cater for European or Yankee palates. Just think of what the "critter" lives upon. The Chinaman long since found out that he could not afford to waste anything, and so conquered his repugnances and acquired a taste for many products of Nature that we rigidly exclude from our tables. The popular classes first attacked provisions disdained by the rich; from them, the children of necessity, these articles crept into use among the upper classes, and finally were generally adopted.

In Europe, the flesh of the dog is considered as the worst of all meats; in fact, is proscribed as utterly inadmissible. Now the Chinese have decided otherwise; they fatten dogs that are growing old and eat them, and the butchers' stalls are as regularly provided with dog's meat as with any other kind. The farmers, in fact, breed a species of dog adapted to fattening, which they call "butcher's dogs;" it is a kind of wolf-dog, with erect ears, and distinguished from others by having the tongue, palate and whole interior of the throat black.

It has been asserted that in certain of our eating-houses cats sometimes do duty on the bill of fare as rabbits; but the Chinese make no mystery of what they cook and eat. They regard cat's meat as excellent, and at the provision stores you see enormous cats hanging up with their heads and tails on. On all the farms you meet with these animals chained up for the purpose of fattening with refuse rice which would otherwise be lost; they are huge creatures, and the inactivity in which they are kept enables them to take on flesh readily.

The rat, too, occupies an important place in the Chinese housekeeper's list of delicacies. They eat it fresh or salt, salted rats being specially destined for consumption on board of the junks. The farmers have establishments where they raise rats as we do pigeons, for the market. In favorite corners of their ratteries—we must coin a word—they place bottles with wide necks mortared into the masonry. There rats make their nests, and from time to time the enterprising proprietor visits them and takes away the young, just as we collect squabs in a dove-cote.

We think we have said enough, however, to justify our premises, and to show that John Chinaman can't keep a hotel to our taste. The distance between a Chinese restaurant and the table

*d'hôte* of the Revere or Tremont House, is more than the circumference of the globe, it is immeasurable. Yet the poor fellows are not to be blamed for their tastes—their teeming millions make it a necessity to live on what we should reject with abhorrence. And supposing the Chinese immigrants to adhere to their tastes in this country, it is quite easy to see that nothing is to prevent their becoming rich here; their living must cost an inconsiderable figure.

## THE BELLS AND THE WIDOW.

Jean Raulin, a monk of Cluny, in the 15th century, relates the following story to show that church bells say whatever you wish. A widow asked her curate if he thought it would be well for her to marry again. She said she was without means of support, and had an excellent servant who was well skilled in her late husband's profession.

"Marry him," said the priest.

"But what if he should become my master?"

"Don't marry him," said the curate.

"But how can I support the weight of business left on my hands by the poor dear departed?"

"Marry him, then."

"But suppose my servant is only thinking of getting possession of my goods to waste them?"

"Then don't marry him."

As the woman persisted, he advised her to listen to the bells, and do what they counselled. She obeyed, and heard the tongues of bronze ring out, "Marry your servant! marry your servant!"

She married him, accordingly, was plundered and beaten, and went to the curate with the story of her woes, and a complaint against the bells. The priest told her she had not heard what they said, and ordering them to be rung again for her, she heard them say very distinctly, "Don't marry him! don't marry him!"

How many of us distort the advice we receive into a sanction of our wishes, no matter how plainly and decidedly it condemns us.

**QUESTION AND ANSWER.**—Why is a man who carries a watch invariably behind in his appointments? Because he's always behind his time.

**PRESCRIPTION.**—Sawdust pills are said to be an excellent remedy for the dyspepsia, if taken in a woodhouse.

**JESTING.**—A witty man can make a jest; a wise man can take one.

**GRATITUDE.**—Warm in those who expect a bounty.

## ANECDOTE OF POWERS.

Several years ago, and before Powers became known as a sculptor, an actor called Drake—Alick Drake—had his headquarters at Cincinnati. He was a great favorite with the citizens, but particularly in the song of "Love and Sausages," which they compelled him to sing nightly, three or four times. Powers, who was at the time employed in some mechanical capacity about the theatre, took it into his head to make a waxen counterfeit of Drake, in his character of "Love and Sausages," which he did; and to test its correctness, he adopted a ruse with the audience. The curtain went up—Drake came out and sang his song as usual, retired, and was, as usual, encored. The shouting continued until the curtain was re-hoisted, when there stood Drake in the middle of the stage, hat in hand, in the act of bowing, as he had always done. But the audience were surprised to find that he still continued in the same position, and made no attempt to sing. Shouting and vociferations commenced, but no sign of life from Drake, and in the midst of applause, groans and hisses, the curtain descended. "What can be the matter with Drake?" inquired the audience. "He's struck dumb," says one. "He's paralyzed," cried another. The shouts of "encore!" commenced, and once more the curtain arose—the actor was found bowing, as before, but this time he sung "Love and Sausages" better than he had ever done in his life. His previous conduct was still unexplained, and loud shouts and applause called for an encore. After the noise had continued for some time, the curtain slowly arose, disclosing to an astonished audience two Drakes upon the stage! Both stood in the same position, both wore the same dress, both had the same figure, the same features and the same identical look, with which Drake was in the habit of commencing his "Love and Sausages." After the audience had sufficiently signified their surprise, Drake at length moved, and explained the circumstances. Had the ruse been repeated, bets could have been had to any amount that no one in the front of the theatre could distinguish the real Drake from his counterfeit presentment.

PARIS AND NEW YORK.—The population of the capital of France does not much if any exceed that of New York city.

"MUSIC OF THE SPHERES."—This celebrated music, we believe, has never been arranged for the piano.

IRON ORE.—Is found very abundant in Liberia.

## SELF-PORTRAITURE.

Very few plain ladies are aware of their plainness, and of these few, it is rare that one admits it. Perhaps no lady was ever better reconciled to positive ugliness in her own person than the Duchess of Orleans, the mother of the Regent d'Orleans, who governed France during the minority of Louis XV. Thus she speaks of her own appearance and manners: "From my earliest years I was aware how ordinary my appearance was, and did not like that people should look at me attentively. I never paid any attention to dress, because diamonds and dress were sure to attract attention. On great days my husband used to make me rouge, which I did greatly against my will, as I hate everything that incommodes me. One day I made the Countess Soissons laugh heartily. She asked me why I never turned my head whenever I passed before the mirror—everybody else did. I answered, because I had too much self-love to bear the sight of my own ugliness! I must have been very ugly in my youth. I had no sort of features; with little twinkling eyes, a short snub nose, and long thick lips, the whole of my physiognomy was far from attractive. My face was large, with fat cheeks, and my figure was short and stumpy; in short, I was a very homely sort of person. Except for the goodness of my disposition, no one would have endured me. It was impossible to discover anything like intelligence in my eyes, except with a microscope. Perhaps there was not on the face of the earth such another pair of ugly hands as mine. The king often told me so, and set me laughing about it; for as I was quite sure of being very ugly, I made up my mind to be always the first to laugh at it. This succeeded very well, though I must confess it furnished me with a good stock of materials for laughter."

"MERRY," INDEED.—In Great Britain, statistics show us that there are only 103,839 persons whose income is over \$750 a year, while the number of paupers is officially set down at over fifteen hundred thousand. "Merry England!"

MILITARY.—Napoleon, during his military career fought sixty battles. Cæsar fought only fifty.

LOVE.—Women often fancy themselves to be in love when they are not. The love of men is far more keen-eyed.

NOW-A-DAYS.—The commonest mode of dying for love, is turning red hair into black.

## SUGAR.

Until a comparatively modern epoch, sugar was neither considered a luxury nor a necessary of life. It is a question whether it was known to the ancients; but Salmarius in his exertations upon Pliny, and Matthiolus on Dioscorides, lead us to believe that it was so, and, indeed, the former assures us that the Arabs have used the art of making sugar, as we now have it, for nearly a thousand years. In the Bible, allusions are made to "the sweet cane which came from a far country;" but the cane was not cultivated, and the saccharine matter was allowed to ooze out of the cane itself, and to harden like gum. It was known as "Indian salt," and only used as medicine, for which purpose, about 800 years ago, it began to take the place of honey. Our word sugar is derived from the Arabic *soukar*, but its Latin name is *saccharum*, now applied to all sweet tasting fluids. The sugar cane grows in any hot climate, and is supposed to have been brought into Europe first from the interior of Asia to Cyprus, thence to Sicily, Madeira and the Canaries. The Portuguese and Spanish navigators introduced it into the West Indies and tropical America, whence we now obtain our supplies of sugar. There are other varieties of sugar produced by different plants. Thus, in North America a large proportion is extracted from the maple tree, and in France from the beet root. Sugar in plants is analogous to fat in animals; as if it were the end a plant had in view by its vitality to produce and lay up in store within itself—sugar; hence, the subservience of plants to man in this case is self-evident. Nearly every flower-cup contains a minute portion of sugar, which, being gathered by bees, we are familiar with as honey, the peculiar flavor of which depends upon the blossoms it is taken from. Grapes are so full of sugar that, when dried, white crystals of it are found within the fruit, and which may be seen when raisins are cut open.

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**ALTERED FOR THE BETTER.**—The common expression "acknowledging the corn" is now modified and refined into "admitting the maize."

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**LUXURIOUS!**—The dying words of Mirabeau were: "Crown me with flowers, intoxicate me with perfumes, let me die to the sounds of delicious music."

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**A LIFT.**—Garibaldi found \$5,000,000 in the royal treasury at Palermo. This will be a great help to the Italian sons of liberty.

## A CURIOUS CAT STORY.

The Paris Pays tells the following cat story, which may be a "canard," and may be a verity; there is no knowing when these French editors speak the truth: "In the Budget of the Imperial printing-office, which is now before the legislative body, is an item which has excited considerable curiosity, it is for cats. It appears that, in order to preserve the stores of paper, printed and unprinted from the ravages of mice and rats, a considerable number of cats have to be kept in the establishment; and the expense of giving them food twice a day, and of paying a man to watch over them, is sufficiently great to form a special item. These cats were once nearly the cause of war between the director of the Imperial printing-office and the director of the archives, whose gardens are adjacent. The latter has in his gardens a small, artificial river, and he kept in it a number of rare, aquatic birds. He perceived that the number of his birds decreased almost daily, but he could not tell how; at last he discovered that they were killed by cats, and he set snares by which a number of these animals were caught. The keeper of the cats in the printing-office perceived his feline stock diminishing, and he suspected the workmen of the establishment of killing them. But one day a cat arrived with a fragment of a snare round its neck and led to the discovery of the whole truth. The director of the printing-office thereupon complained that his cats were killed, while the director of the archives said that he would not allow his birds to be devoured; but at last an arrangement was made to the effect, on the one hand, that every issue of the printing-office should be closed to prevent the invasion of cats into the gardens of the archives, and on the other, that in the event of one by chance escaping it should not be put to death.

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**ILLEGAL ATTIRE.**—A party of males and females have been arrested in Portsmouth, Ohio, for walking the streets—the males in female attire, hoops and all—and the females with pantaloons on.

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**PARIS.**—One hundred millions of dollars are still to be expended on Paris. What a city it will be!

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**ORIENTAL WIT.**—Indulging in dangerous pleasures, says the Burmese proverb, is like licking honey from a sharp knife.

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**A WELLERISM.**—"Never saw such stirring times," as the spoon said to the saucepan.

## Foreign Miscellany.

Eighty thousand children are born yearly in London—two hundred and twenty a day.

The annual appropriation of \$50,000 for the purchase of books for the British Museum is continued, and its new reading-room is crowded with students.

The English census tables show the average number of children born in England to be about 2000 a day, and the average number of deaths about 1300 a day.

Colonel Gowen, the American employed at Sebastopol in raising the sunken Russian ships, has caused several hundred cypress and other trees to be placed within and around the English cemeteries in the Crimea.

Mr. Fairbairn's gigantic plan of a Free Art Gallery and Museum for Manchester, is in a fair way to be realized. Fifteen gentlemen have subscribed £1000 each, twenty others £500 each, and fifty more £25 to £250 each.

The London Exhibition of 1862 is a fixed fact. The guaranty fund of \$250,000 has been raised. Arrangements for the building will be commenced at once, but it is not expected the "first stone" will be laid before July, 1861.

The Grand Jury of Oswego, New York, have published a card, notifying managers of fairs and festivals held by church societies that the practice of disposing of their goods by lottery is contrary to the statute, and must not be persisted in.

During the last year, says the *Lancet*, the women of Great Britain have borne above 2000 children a day, 769,190 in the year; but death struck down above 1300 a day, 503,003 in the year—and reduced the natural increase of population to little more than 700 a day.

The London Punch sneeringly says that Heenan exhibits qualifications for a member of our American Congress. And why not? Gully, an English prize-fighter, became a member of the Imperial Parliament after he had been whipped almost to death by his opponent.

During the past year Mr. J. B. Gough delivered 175 of his addresses in the provinces of England, 14 in Exeter Hall, and 10 in theatres, halls and chapels of London. In the provinces, it is estimated that over 140,000 listened to his arguments and appeals, and over 4000 signed the pledge of total abstinence.

The Imperial Library at Paris is in process of re-arrangement and cataloguing. Seven large volumes of titles of printed books, relating to the history of France, have already appeared. Of the 2,500,000 engravings, 800,000 have been catalogued. Two reading-rooms are now opened in connection with it—one for chance visitors and general readers, and another for students.

It is said that Alexandria (Egypt), is fast losing its Eastern aspect. European residents have rebuilt many of its streets, and now occupy the handsomest part of the city. The Protestant, Catholic, Greek and Jew has each his well-kept house of worship, while the mosques and minarets of the Mahomedan are neglected and crumbling down.

The damage occasioned by the bombardment of Palermo is estimated by the journals of that place, at more than twenty millions of ounces (£10,320,000).

A journal issued since the revolution at Palermo, and called *L'Unita Italia*, comes out with the following motto at the head of its programme:—"One country, Italy; one king, Victor Emmanuel; one hero, Garibaldi."

The Inverness Courier says, we have to record the death of our venerable townsman, General J. Mackenzie, the oldest officer in the British army, who expired at his house in Academy Street, in the ninety-seventh year of his age.

A railway has just been inaugurated by the Prince Regent of Prussia, from Königsburg to the Russian frontier, ninety-four miles in length. At Eydkhunen it joins the Russian line from that place to St. Petersburg.

Ninety-three French paper makers have petitioned the Senate, praying for a heavy duty on the exportation of rags, and in favor of restricting other nations from participating, so far as rags are concerned, in the benefits of the Commercial treaty with England.

When Garibaldi went on board the English ship Hannibal to meet the Neapolitan commander, he wore the full uniform of a Piedmontese general, but his usual working dress includes nothing more ornamental than a red flannel shirt, a slouched hat, and a colored cravat.

A portrait bust, in marble, of Grace Darling, the heroine of Ferne Island, Northumberland, who rescued the crew of the Forfarshire steamer, wrecked in 1838, has been executed by Mr. David Dunbar, of Carlisle. This is the fourth bust of the same subject made by the same artist.

A gentleman in England has sued and recovered damages from a railway company, who, regardless of their time-table, withdrew, without previous notice, a certain train advertised to start at a certain time, whereby he suffered pecuniary loss. The court held that the published times for starting were a species of contract, and had been violated.

The London Times notices the fact that a journeyman printer, a very steady, upright and deserving old man, has recently become the possessor of \$200,000, by the decease of an uncle in Australia. He had been employed in the shop, where he was working at the time he received the news of his accession to wealth, for more than forty years, without intermission.

The libraries of the Rev. John Mitford and of Mr. S. Weller Suiger, among the choicest in their contents of anything relating to old English literature, have been lately sold in London. Among the many remarkable works sold was a copy of Thomson's "Seasons," with corrections and alterations of the text throughout, in the autograph of Pope, which brought \$46.

There is a married couple in England whose united ages amount to 188 years—Evan Jones, aged ninety-six, and Lettice Jones, ninety-two. They have been married seventy-two years, and for sixty-six they have been members of the Welsh Calvinistic Methodists; they are enjoying tolerably good health, and reside in the chapel-house belonging to the above-named body.

## Record of the Times.

There are said to be fifteen thousand children in the city of San Francisco, California.

The Howard Association of New Orleans spends \$50,000 a year in acts of charity.

There are now on deposit in the savings banks of New York city, over \$40,000,000!

It is said that not a single divorce was ever obtained in the State of South Carolina.

The average amount of blood in the human system is set down at fifteen quarts.

No less than 200,000 hemlock trees are cut down annually in the United States, to furnish bark for tanning purposes.

New Bedford is about to start an extensive boot and shoe factory, and also another cotton mill. Oil is getting dry—in the way of profits.

Elephants live for two hundred, three hundred, and even four hundred years. A healthy full-grown elephant consumes thirty pounds of grain per day.

Mr. Edwin Booth has received as his share of the proceeds of the several engagements performed by him during the last fall and winter season, some \$20,000.

Mr. Eben M. Emery, of West Newbury, has a clock that has been in one place in his house ever since May 17, 1751, and is now a good time-keeper.

The textile fabrics now made in Philadelphia and its vicinity are estimated at the annual value of \$35,500,000, and that more than half of this amount arises from cotton, either in plain or mixed cloths.

The Artesian well at Columbus, Ohio, has already reached the unprecedented depth of twenty-four hundred feet, or nearly half a mile. It is the deepest well in the world, but as yet discharges no water, nor exhibits any signs of it.

The Brooklyn, (N. Y.) graveyards are doing a lively business. The interments in Greenwood from September 5th, 1840, till June 9th, 1860, foot up 76,790; Cypress Hill, same time, 42,000. Total, 118,790.

Mrs. Swisshelm says that she wore a two dollar and a half bonnet seven winters without altering. The fact is, these plain old ladies' bonnets do wear a long while, for the gentlemen never want to rumple them.

A young sewing-girl has brought an action in a New York court against her landlord, for, as she alleges, thrusting a pistol ramrod through her cheek, and severely beating her because she declined paying an extra week's rent for her rooms.

A needle may be magnetized permanently by passing the north pole of a magnet from the eye to the point several times, the friction being always in the same direction. The magnet must always be lifted up when it reaches the point.

At Lansing, Michigan, a young man was assisting a female domestic late at night into a back window of her master's house, when the master, supposing that robbers were attempting to gain admittance, fired a revolver, dangerously wounding the young man.

There are 406 students in the University of Virginia—a large number.

The Australians are entering largely into the cultivation of the grape vine.

Corporeal punishment is about to be abolished in the public schools of Pennsylvania.

A large colony of Swedes have just settled in Iowa. Forty thousand will soon follow.

In Chicago they think they can make gas out of a certain stone found there.

Successful experiments have been made with General James's rifled cannon, lately.

Powers now asks \$1000 for a bust. The price usually paid artists in Italy is from \$400 to \$600.

The San Francisco Bulletin has been sued for \$40,000 damages for calling a lawyer Squire Dogberry.

The Ohio Journal of Education gives an account of a school in that State where, out of thirty-five scholars, nine boys chew tobacco, and five girls are smokers.

Emigrants continue to pour into New York. The number of arrivals make a total of 53,191 since the commencement of the year, against 40,003 for a corresponding period in 1859.

The wool clip of Ohio will amount to about nine million pounds, and as it has been sold at good prices, it will bring into the State over four millions of dollars.

Ten million dollars have been contributed by the citizens of Boston toward objects of a public nature of a moral, religious or literary character, during the last half century, of which we have authentic accounts.

Two five dollar gold pieces were found in the stomach of an ox, which was recently slaughtered in a town in California. The supposition is that the animal chewed up some buckskin purse for the salt it contained, and thus swallowed the money.

Some individual who might be better employed, and who shows an indefatigable industry worthy of something sensible, has discovered that the number of grains in a bushel of wheat weighing sixty pounds, is upwards of six hundred and thirty-nine thousand.

The trustees of the late Senor D. Joaquin Comez, one of the wealthiest merchants in Havana, Cuba, have distributed among various charitable institutions \$303,000. Besides this, Senor Comez, while living, gave \$20,000 to the sufferers of the late war with Morocco.

The Condersport (Pa.) Journal, under a marriage notice, acknowledges the receipt of four quarts of green currants, which it seems to consider payment in full for the advertisement. The announcement is also made that "We take all kinds of produce for marriage notices, where money is scarce."

The total amount of appropriations passed by both houses of Congress is \$45,543,000, added to which is the light house appropriation of \$637,000; for private bills, \$1,000,000, and for permanent appropriations \$8,173,000. This makes the total appropriations for the next fiscal year, \$55,353,000.

## Merry-Making.

To cure poverty—sit down and growl about it.

Why are fixed stars like wicked old men? Because they scintillate (sin till late).

Why is an orderly schoolmaster like the letter C? He makes lasses into classes.

What female namesake of the poet Dante is very musical? Ann Dante.

What relation is the door-mat to the scraper? A step-further.

It is very well for little children to be lambs, but a very bad thing for them to grow up sheep.

There's a man at Camberwell so fat, that they grease the omnibus-wheels with his shadow.

Why is the practice of praising children like opium? Because it's laudanum.

What is a poor man to do, who has no virtues? Why make a *virtue* of necessity, of course.

"Death loves a shining mark." Gentlemen with brandied noses will take warning.

The young Queen of Portugal lately asked her husband at dinner what wine he preferred. "Port-you-gal!" was the reply.

Why is a pan-cake haking on a griddle, like one of the most gifted of modern poetesses? Because its *Browning*.

A boy in Paris, hearing the National Guard cry, "Hurrah for reform!" shouted "Hurrah for chloroform!" which made a hearty laugh.

"How do you get that lovely perfume?" asked one young lady of another. "It's *scent* to me," replied the other.

The difference between an oyster and a chicken, is that one is best just out of the shell, and the other isn't.

A lady in reply to some guests that praised the mutton on her table, said: "O yes; my husband always buys the best; he is a great *epicure*."

A countryman who saw for the first time a hooped skirt, hanging at a shop door, called to ask "what bird they kept in that cage?"

Why do men who are about to fight a duel, generally choose a *field* for the place of action? For the purpose of allowing the balls to *graze*.

"Don't give me any more emetics," said Pat, to his physician; "they do me no good; I have taken two already, and neither of them would stay upon me stomach."

A gentleman observed to another that an officer in the army had left his house without paying his rent. "O," exclaimed Frank Matthews, "you mean the left-tenant."

"That baby," said the delighted mother, "we look upon as the flower of the family. Being a boy, and robed in yellow flannel, she ought to have called him the sun flower."

Old Bachelor Sneer would like to know what kind of a broom the young woman in the last new novel used, when she swept back the raven ringlets from her classic brow.

"Paddy," said a joker, "why don't you get your ears clipped—they are entirely too long for a man?" "And yours," replied Pat, "ought to be lengthened—they are too short for an ass."

Pickles in glazed paps, cross-dogs, and delays, are dangerous.

When a lover has once won his lady, they both straightway become *one*.

Why are geese like opera dancers? Because no other animals can stand so long on one leg.

What is that which brings on an illness, cures it, and pays the doctor? A draught (*a draft*).

We know a dandy who is so fastidious that he is always measured for his umbrella.

Why is a minister like a locomotive? Because we have to look out for him when the bell rings.

It is said that if you stop up rat holes with old search warrants, every knowing rat will leave the premises.

The girl who succeeds in winning the true love of a true man makes a lucky hit, and is herself a lucky miss.

Did the man who ploughed the sea, and afterwards planted his foot on his native soil, ever harvest the crops?

A man being commiserated with on account of his wife's running away, said "Don't pity me till she comes back again."

"Dear Laura, when we were courting, you were very dear to me; but now you're my wife, and I am paying your bills, you seem to get *dearer and dearer*!"

Editors, however much they may be biased, are fond of the word "impartial." A Connecticut editor once gave an "impartial account of a hailstorm."

"As winds the ivy around the tree, as to the crag the moss patch roots—so clings my constant soul to thee! my own, my beautiful! my boots!"

There is a man in Indiana so thin, that when the sheriff is after him he crawls into his rifle, and watches his adversary through the touch hole.

A lover writing to his sweetheart, says: "Delectable dear—You are so sweet that honey would blush in your presence, and molasses stand appalled."

A man in Liverpool electrified humanity and astonished "the faculty," by saying that "much of the sickness of the town was occasioned by bad health."

## A BRILLIANT PAPER!

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M. M. BALLOU, PUBLISHER,  
BOSTON.

# MATRIMONIAL EXPERIENCE.



Declaration.



Engaged.



Before the Parson.



First month after marriage.



Still the "honeymoon."



The first quarrel—that odious cigar!



# BALLOU'S DOLLAR MONTHLY MAGAZINE.

THE CHEAPEST MAGAZINE IN THE WORLD.



Toast overdone—steak underdone.



A little vinous, and slightly sympathetic with the chambermaid.



Result of last tableaux.



Next morning.



Becomes a family man,



And quite subdued by a sense of his responsibilities.

# BALLOU'S DOLLAR MONTHLY MAGAZINE.

VOL. XII.—No. 4.

BOSTON, OCTOBER, 1860.

WHOLE No. 70.

## STATE PRISON, CHARLESTOWN, MASS.

WE present herewith a series of sketches illustrative of the State Prison at Charlestown, Mass., representing, in order, a convict in his prison dress, a view of one of the cells, the kitchen department, the prisoners in marching order, and an exterior view of the prison from Prison Point Bridge, all accurate delineations by an accomplished artist. The subject of prison discipline has engaged the attention of the noblest and best minds in England and this country, and the treatment of those who have offended against the laws is now more humane, more philosophical and more effectual than at any previous period of the world's history. An eminent writer says: "The true and only real object of punishment is the prevention of crime. There is, of course, a great latitude of choice in the means which may be adopted for the attainment of this object—a latitude to be limited by a just regard to the rights inseparable from human nature, however depraved, by a correct view of the true power of society over its members, and by a wise estimate of the probable effect of the means employed. In most ages of the world men seem to have imagined their rightful power over their fellow-men absolutely unlimited, and have inflicted punishment on the violators of the law apparently without regard to any other consideration than their own pleasure, and the degree of guilt they have attributed to the offender. Acting with this apprehension of their own unrestricted power, they have, at the same time, exhibited the most narrow acquaintance with the almost infinite variety of means of punishment. They have confined themselves very much to the effects of physical suffering, as if that were the sole remedy which could advantageously be applied to moral depravity; a depravity often increased, if not caused, by the temptations to which physical suffering has itself exposed men. It has happened, too, as in many other human pursuits, that the end has been forgotten in attention to the means; and the object has appeared to be rather secretly to harass and oppress the subjects of punishment, than either to deter others from the commission of crime, or to amend the habits of the guilty themselves. None would be prevented from the commission of crime by penalties which were unknown; and in the extreme depression of every physical and mental quality, it were ab-

surd to expect any reformation of the unfortunate subjects of human severity. In all ages and nations of which we have any record, from the most civilized people of ancient times to the most civilized of a more modern era, have such extremes of severity been used in the punish-

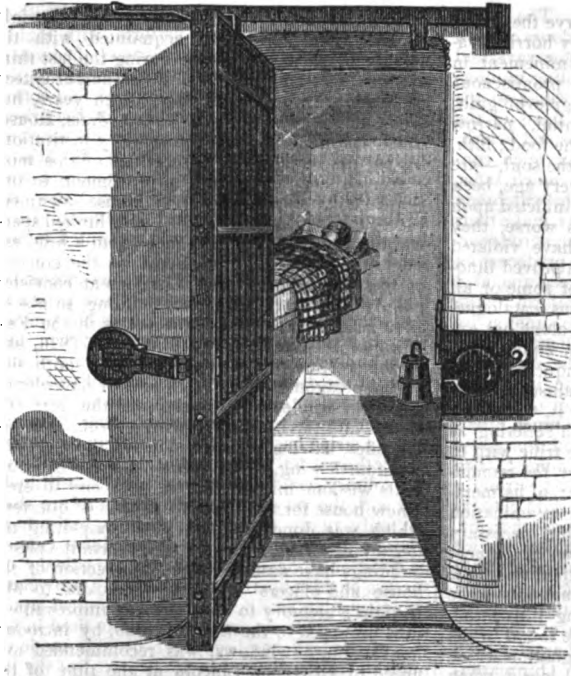


CONVICT IN PRISON-DRESS.

ment of criminals as justly to deserve the appellation of cruelty. Torture, in every horrible variety; chains; stripes; solitary confinement in darkness, dampness and idleness; promiscuous crowding of offenders, of every degree of guilt, in the same loathsome, pestilential, narrow vaults; insufficient and unwholesome food; filth, illness of the body and sickness of the soul,—are some of the evils which have, in every age, been wantonly, carelessly and ignorantly inflicted upon the violators of law; and, what is worse, they have been inflicted on those who have violated no law; upon many who have been proved innocent, after suffering the infliction of some or all the ills enumerated in this atrocious catalogue, and upon many whose imprudence alone has exposed them to the vengeance of an equally imprudent creditor. Society has, unquestionably, a right to punish the offenders against its laws and against those of God; but has it, under any circumstances, a right to inflict such suffering as we have named? Has it a right to trifle with or endanger the health, the intellect, or the remaining principles of any, even the worst, of its members? It requires no metaphysical examination of the reasons on which the first and necessary power of society is founded to answer in the negative. All feel that the proper adaptation of the means to the just end of punishment ought to be constantly kept in view. A striking illustration of the truth of this remark may be found in the universal outcry of horror and indignation which was heard throughout the civilized world when Howard disclosed the misery everywhere suffered by the prisoner; in the guilty consciousness with which those who exercised control over prisons universally shrank from the disclosure of the atrocities committed under their authority, or at best, allowed by their negligence; and to the immediate formation of associations to promote the necessary reform in the construction and government of prisoners. From the year 1777, when Howard's work on the prisons in England and Wales was first published, may be dated the origin of the study of the best system of prison discipline."

The State Prison, at Charlestown, Massachusetts, is considered as a model institution of its kind. The original structure was erected in 1804 and 1805, and consisted of a central building and two wings. The central building combined the warden's office, officers' quarters, guard-room and kitchen. The wings contained the cells, now remodelled into modern size and properly ventilated, as well as hospital apartments. The centre building is now discontinued as the warden's office and guard-room, these being located in portions of the structure since erected. In 1826, under the administration of Governor Lincoln, the present North Wing, so called, was built on the Auburn system, but though at that early day it was considered a model of humanity and propriety, yet at the present day, with the increased knowledge of prisoners and prison discipline, it is looked upon as barbarous, from the coffin-like size of its cells, its narrow areas and its gloomy port-hole windows, in the exterior walls. In 1850 the legislature passed an act for an enlargement of the State Prison, and appropriated one hundred thousand dollars for the purpose. The plans of this enlargement were the

joint production of the late Rev. Louis Dwight (a name familiar to all acquainted with the history of prison discipline during the last third of a century) and Gridley J. F. Bryant, architect, of this city, who, for the last fifteen years, has made the erection of State Prisons, Jails, Houses of Correction, and other reformatory institutions his peculiar study. A description of this most extensive and important improvement to our State Penitentiary, is given in House document 140 of the legislature of 1850. Our limited space will not permit us to make more than a brief extract of what was accomplished by the erection of these additions. The enlargement consisted mainly of a central octagonal building, so placed as to be joined to and connected with the East Wing of 1804 and the North Wing of 1826, and by the erection of a new wing on the south side of this octagon building, as a part of the enlargement, the whole structure assumed the form of a centre, and three wings radiating from three of the sides, leaving a fourth side for the reception of a fourth wing, at such time as the legislature in its wisdom might deem it necessary to erect a new house for the warden and officers' quarters, which was done in 1854, thus completing the fourth arm of the "cross," which form the prison buildings have assumed since the erection of the house and officers' quarters. It is due to Mr. Dwight's memory to state that the improvement now proposed to the wing of 1826, by introducing the large windows, was recommended and urged to Governor Lincoln at the time of the erection of this part of the institution, and was further urged and made part of the plan of Messrs. Dwight and Bryant, adopted and erected in 1850, but for want of funds was deferred. In the annual report of the Board of Inspectors of the prison, dated October 1, 1858, and accompanying the reports of the officers of the institution, we find much valuable information respecting its condition for that year. The inspectors, Messrs. P. J. Stone and John A. Goodwin, say: "The prisoners, as an almost universal thing, have been prompt, orderly and respectful, appearing to be governed by a high degree of good feeling towards their officers. Many of them have shown an unusual and most encouraging desire to form fixed habits of industry and behaviour, so that on regaining their liberty, they may be prepared to lead virtuous lives. We doubt if in these respects so good a state of things ever before existed in the prison. We attribute the improvement mainly to the mild, even, discriminating, yet impartial and decided discipline maintained; to the fact that for nearly two years no corporal punishment has been inflicted in the prison, and in no small degree to the law of 1857, which virtually secures a small monthly commutation of sentence for continued good conduct. This wise provision has been observed by us to have a very salutary influence over some convicts from whom trouble would ordinarily have been expected, the keeping in their almanacs (which are given to all) a record of the days thus gained, and expressing a determination so to conduct as to secure the full benefit of the statute in question. The last few months of a prisoner's term, like the closing week of a long voyage, hang much the most heavily; when, therefore, a convict can thus shorten a one year's term twelve



CELL IN STATE PRISON.

days, a three years' term seventy-two days, a five years' term one hundred and twenty days, or a ten years' term six hundred days, he has a very strong incentive to good behaviour. A few months' perseverance in the decorum thus induced, does much towards forming in the convict permanent habits of obedience and self-control, and developing in him a more hopeful and therefore more kindly and teachable disposition. We therefore consider this law as a very valuable addition to the legislation concerning the prison. During the year, as will be shown by the warden's statistical tables, there has been a remarkable uniformity in the number of prisoners. There are now five hundred and fifty-four cells and but four hundred and eighty-three prisoners, a surplus that we trust may never be reduced. The health of the convicts has been excellent; indeed, no better testimony can be desired, than that afforded by the hospital records in favor of the faithfulness of the officers in attending to the matters of diet, cleanliness, clothing, warming, ventilation, etc. Down to the last fortnight of the year, no death had occurred among the six hundred and thirty-eight different prisoners that have been under their charge. Of the two deaths during that fortnight, one was the result of an injury produced by the carelessness of the victim, and the other was that of a convict free from all apparent disease, who was cut off without a moment's warning by a derangement of the heart. The inmates of the hospital for the year have averaged four, and for the last six months only three and a half. Very few villages of the same population can show so satisfactory

sanitary statistics." Of the labor of the convicts the inspectors say:—"For the last three years the entire labor of the convicts, excepting those employed in the cooking, clothing, laundry and repair departments, etc., has been let out to contractors, a system pursued in part for several years previously. We are satisfied that this is incomparably the best plan for the State, and that it is no less advantageous to the contractors. That the bids for the labor are all low at the best, is no fault of the system. We doubt if any other legitimate method of employing the convicts could have been devised by which they would have earned to the State anything like the sum which during the past year has been received by the prompt payments of the contractors. It is often asked why our institution cannot become self-supporting, like the prisons of some of our neighboring States. In several, if not all, the cases thus cited to our apparent disadvantage, we are informed that an important part of the prison expenses is paid direct from the State treasury, instead of, as with us, coming from the prison revenues. Thus, the prison of one of these States last year paid to the

State treasury about \$3000 as the excess of its earnings over its expenses; but a fact that does not appear in the annual report of that prison and that was unknown to the highly esteemed official gentleman who called our attention to the result, is that the salaries of the warden and his deputy, of the clerk and chaplain, and some similar items, are paid direct from the State treasury, thus absorbing the surplus earnings and considerable more. It would give us great gratification to be able to render our prison a source of revenue to the State; no pains have been spared, nor will be, to bring it as near this point as possible. We do not, however, think it reasonable to expect that at present a moderate amount will not be required from the State treasury to meet the excess of ordinary expenditures above the ordinary receipts. The appropriation of \$15,000 made by the present legislature for the current year, will doubtless prove sufficient for the purpose." The financial condition of the institution at the close of 1858 is certainly satisfactory as briefly stated, viz: Liabilities, nothing; assets, \$6,062.69. The inspectors urge an appropriation for the accomplishment of two alterations in the prison. "The most extensive portion of the main building, known as the North Wing or 'New Prison,' was completed about thirty years ago. The outer windows are little more than slits or loopholes through the massive walls, admitting little air and less light. The cells, in themselves narrow and with very clumsy entrances, have doors mostly solid, which give the inmates but a small share of the scanty allowance of light and air ad-

mitted with the outer windows. The outer wings are provided throughout with doors of open grating, set deep back in the wide doorways, and with broad arched windows extending uninterrupted from the basement of the wings to the eaves. Thus is admitted a perfect flood of the light and air essential to cheerfulness and health. The modern doors, too, from their open construction and sunken position, are much safer, offering vastly greater facilities to the watchmen who, during the night, in felt slippers, make their silent tours of inspection along the numerous corridors and galleries in turn. Our predecessors in 1853, in their annual report, recommended that the north wing be altered to conform to the others. We hardly concur in the opinion by them expressed, and beg leave to call attention to the suggestions and estimate of the warden in connection with the matter, as made in his report. The subject of a classification of the inmates of this prison, has attracted much attention in former years, but no substantial progress has been made towards its accomplishment. The inspectors in 1852, and again in 1853, strongly urged the adoption of a system of rigid classification, giving many forcible reasons therefor. We have carefully considered the subject, yet we have no plan to propose, nor are our minds fully made up as to the extent to which a system should be carried to secure the greatest good to the convicts, and the highest degree of efficiency to the prison in its combined character of a penal and a reformatory institution. Our reasonably well enforced system of silent labor and separate cells for eating as well as sleeping, destroys the force of some of the strongest arguments in favor of any close degree of classification, while our system of large contracts would be in direct collision with any such gradation. Applied to a prison with three or four times our number of convicts, a somewhat thorough classification according to character, could doubtless be made to the advantage of all concerned.

"During the last few months the prison yard and the arrangement of the shops have been much improved. The unsightly structure known as the "old chapel," has been taken down and the range of shops with which it interfered, lengthened twenty feet. A new laundry, invalid room and repair shop have been fitted up, and many other changes made for the promotion of economy, order or neatness, and health. The various improvements made have cost but little, as the materials were nearly all on hand, and most of the labor was done by convicts not wanted at the time in any of the shops. In this matter were displayed the taste, skill and prudence of Hon. Gideon Haynes, who on April 1st succeeded J. L. Porter, Esq., the faithful and estimable warden of the establishment. Mr. Haynes at an early day won our confidence and respect, and a longer experience has fully justified the high expectations then formed. Just before the accession of Mr. Haynes to office, the vacant post of deputy-warden was filled by the appointment of Mr. Benjamin L. Mayhew, for some time connected with the house of correction in Middlesex county. Mr. Mayhew is a worthy assistant of his superior, and by his energy and straight-forwardness and due regard for those under his charge, warrants us in expressing our

entire satisfaction with his department. William Pierce, Esq., continues to perform, with highly commendable fidelity and earnestness, the numerous and widely diverging duties attached to the office of clerk; his long experience and consequent familiarity with the affairs of the prison under five different wardens, giving his services an especial value. In April, Dr. W. B. Morris ended his term of service as physician, and was succeeded by Dr. A. B. Bancroft; and Rev H. E. Hempstead having resigned as chaplain, Rev. Joseph Ricker of Woburn, was appointed in his stead."

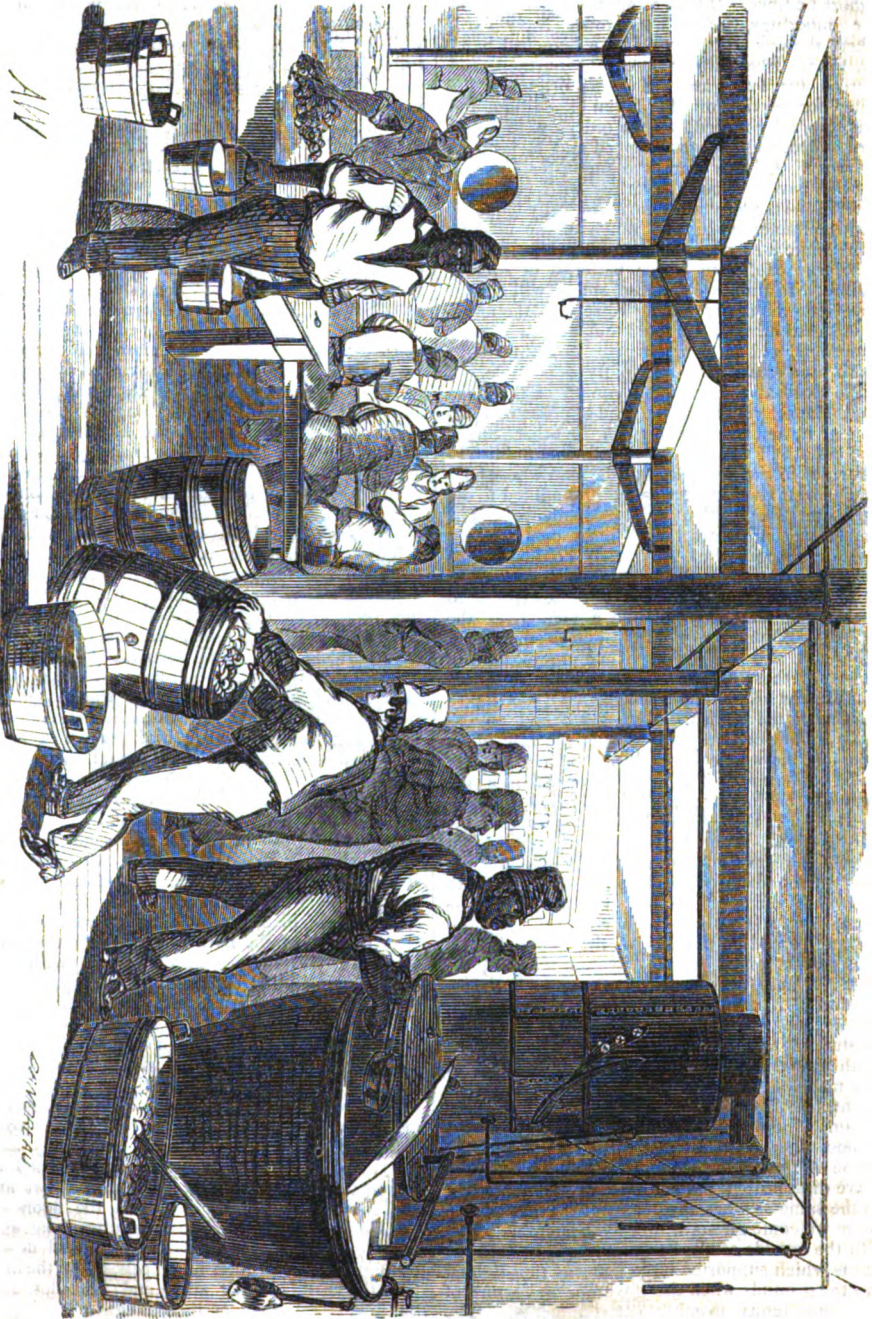
We have reason to believe that the commendation bestowed on the officers of the prison is justly their due. Hon. Gideon Hayes has proved himself a thoroughly efficient warden, firm, humane and energetic. We approve highly of his views of the discipline and treatment of prisoners as expressed in his efficient report to the governor, from which we make the following extract: "Not a stripe has been inflicted during the entire year; the cat has been laid aside, I trust, forever; solitary confinement has been substituted, and with the very best result. I am aware that not only many of my predecessors, but others whose philanthropy and kindearredness cannot be questioned, have doubted the expediency or success of this experiment; but nearly two years' experience has satisfied the most skeptical upon this point. The argument heretofore used in favor of the lash has been, that by this mode of punishment the State was not deprived of the labor of the convict, as would be the case were they shut up. That they should be required to work is very true, and that the institution should pay its expenses is certainly desirable, but not the first or more important consideration. Dollars and cents should not weigh against discipline and reformation; excessive severity always tends to harden the heart. The stoutest man that ever breathed will succumb beneath the lash; he may be conquered but not subdued, and he returns to his work neither a wiser nor a better man, but too often with feelings of hatred and revenge rankling in his bosom. Upon the other hand, there is not, probably, any degree of personal severity which produces so powerful an impression upon the human mind, as solitary confinement. Thus condemned to his own thoughts, he has an opportunity of reviewing his past misconduct. In fact he must reflect, and he knows that the length of his punishment rests with himself; for the course I have universally pursued, has been to release a man the moment he expressed a willingness to return to his work, and promised to obey the rules. Nothing humiliating is ever required of him; he understands that the past will be forgotten if his future conduct deserves it. A day or two will hardly elapse ere a change is visible, and the proudest spirit will solicit enlargement, with promises of the utmost industry and quietness; and instead of the State suffering from this system, an examination of the records will show fewer days lost from this cause, considering the number of convicts, than many of the preceding years. Instances could be cited where all other methods had failed, and the subjects given up as incorrigible and hopeless; yet, under this treatment they have become changed, and are now among the most industrious and best be-



haved men in the prison. The old theory that prisons ought to be, not merely places of restraint, but of restraint coupled with deep and intense misery, and that so much evil is repaired by so much misery inflicted, has become obsolete." As the prison is now conducted, the unfortunate in-

mates are assigned no unreasonable tasks, the food is good and sufficient, their quarters well warmed and ventilated, and no punishments are inflicted calculated to harden and irrevocably degrade them. Seclusion from the world, with constant occupation, is the extent of punishment.

KITCHEN DEPARTMENT IN STATE PRISON.



## LOCAL SCENES.

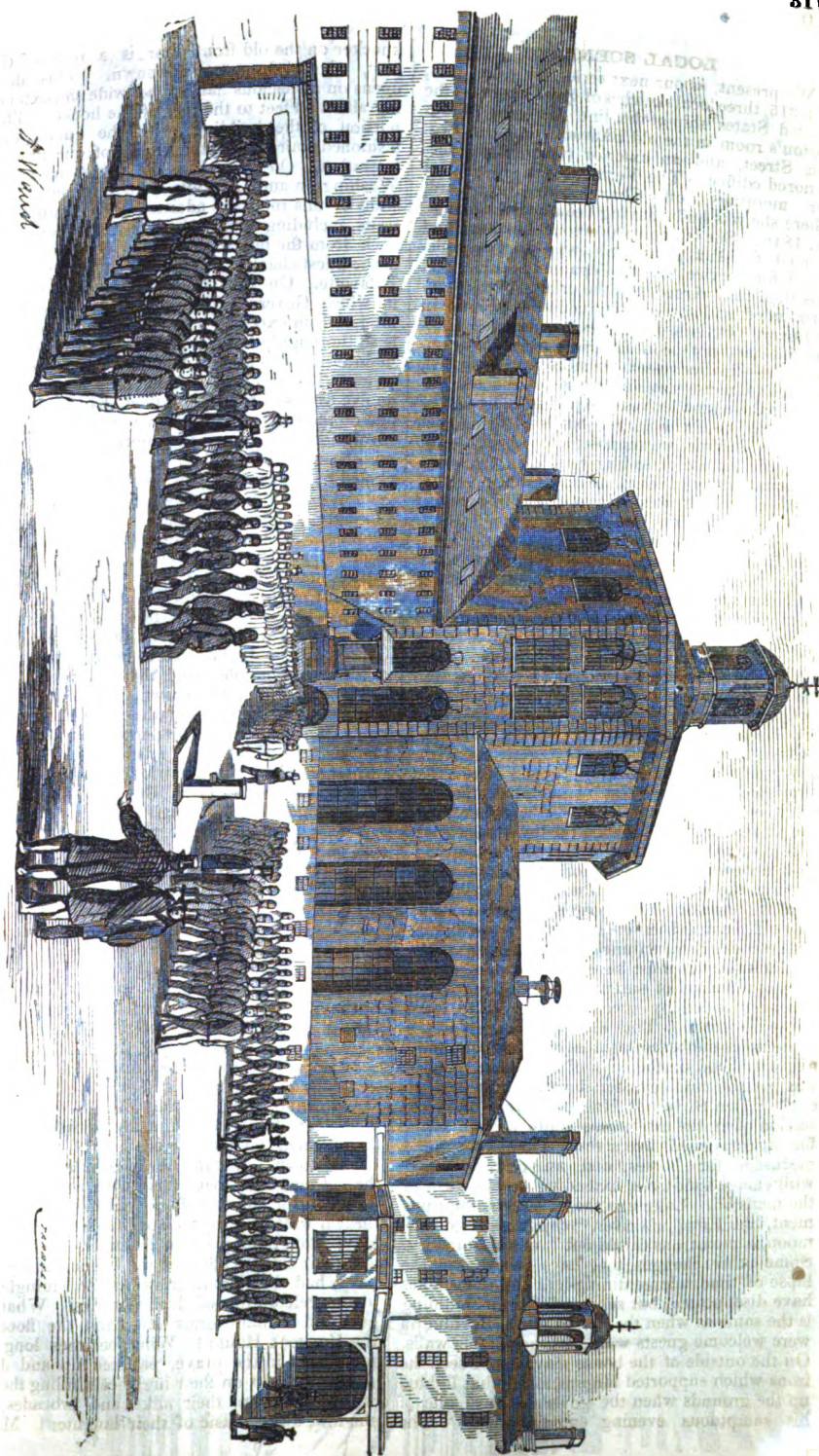
We present, as our next series, on pages 313, 314, 315, three local sketches of great interest—the United States ship-of-the line *Vermont*, Washington's room in the old Hancock Mansion, Beacon Street, and an exterior view of that time-honored edifice. The *Vermont* was sketched at her moorings, off Charlestown Navy-Yard, where she was built, having been launched Sept. 14, 1848. She is about 3000 tons burthen, and pierced for 122 guns. She was originally detailed for service on the Japan expedition, and was then fully rigged, but the orders were countermanded, and she was stripped and laid up in ordinary. Of late years, these monster ships-of-the-line have not been favorites with naval authorities—smaller vessels are more easily handled, and the immense size and range of the modern guns make a smaller vessel equal in effectiveness to a large one, with larger batteries of smaller calibre. In time, we suppose, steam will almost supersede the use of sailing vessels in the navy. The steam navy of England and France is now enormous, and it behooves our government to build up a steam navy as rapidly as possible.

No Bostonian needs a description of the Hancock House, yet all will be glad to preserve a picture of it, and our countrymen in other States and cities will welcome all that we can publish in reference to the homestead of the man whose bold and graceful signature was the first affixed to the immortal Declaration of Independence. The mansion occupies nearly the most commanding site in Boston, and its stately, old-fashioned architecture attracts the eye amidst the crowd of buildings extending from the State House to Charles Street. It commands a view over the tree-tops of the upper Mall, across the broad Common and the forest of chimneys and of masts, of those distant heights where Washington planted his cannon when the town was in possession of the British. Formerly it had an extensive view on every side, for, at the date of its erection, the west end of Boston was a kind of rural wilderness. The house is more than a century old, having been erected in 1737, by Thomas Hancock, Esq., an uncle of the signer of the Declaration. It must have been regarded at that time as a marvel of sumptuous architecture. It was surrounded by green pastures filled with browsing cattle. The hill, which derived its name from the beacon which crowned the summit, and stood on the site of the State House, was then of much greater elevation than at present. When Governor Hancock came into possession of it, the estate was quite a little farm, for it comprised five acres. There was some pasturage for horses, and an orchard filled with choice fruit-trees, extending in the rear of the mansion. Long ago the shears of improvement, like Hotspur's river, "clipped a huge half-moon, a monstrous cantle out" of the territory. Some other changes, too, have occurred in the lapse of time, a large dining-hall and the stables have disappeared, but substantially the building is the same as when the heroes of the Revolution were welcome guests within its hospitable walls. On the outside of the house may still be seen the irons which supported large lanterns that lighted up the grounds when the governor gave one of his sumptuous evening entertainments. The

knocker on the old front door is a relic of the past, when bells were unknown. This door opens on a spacious hall, 15 feet wide and extending about 40 feet to the rear of the house. This portion of the building, with the quaint, old-fashioned staircase, is the subject of our first illustration. On the right is the parlor in which Washington and Lafayette were received. The walls of this room are adorned with family portraits, including a fine head of Governor Hancock, from the pencil of Copley. Over this room is the guest-chamber, at one time occupied by Lafayette. On the other side is the chamber in which Governor Hancock died. The whole interior is in excellent preservation, and the house is so thoroughly built, that it will probably remain in its present condition for another hundred years. The architects of the past century had an eye to posterity. Here, then, lived and died one of the most prominent actors in the great revolutionary drama, the "flagitious rebel," who, with Samuel Adams, had the honor of being excluded by General Gage from the benefits of the general pardon he proffered after the battle of Lexington, president of the Provincial Congress of Massachusetts, successor of Peyton Randolph as president of the National Congress, president of the State Convention for the adoption of the Federal Constitution, and for many years governor of Massachusetts. Here was the home of the man who was present at the coronation of George III., and who lived to be an active agent in the events that deprived that monarch of the brightest jewel of his crown. No man staked more on the fortunes of the Revolution than John Hancock, for his property was located in the very focus of the "rebellion." And who can forget how, with a patriotic devotion worthy of Publicola, he bade General Washington "cannonade Boston, though it should make John Hancock a beggar?" In front of this old mansion he walked and talked with Samuel Adams, discussing the gravest question on which man can be called to deliberate, and, when he had given in his adhesion to the popular cause, within that house he gathered the bold spirits of the Revolution to "plot most precious mischief." A sad scene the windows of the old house looked down upon when British troops were encamped on Boston Common, and scarlet uniforms blazed among the white walls of their canvass city. That old pile blazed many a time, and oft gave back the roll of the British drums and the bray of the British trumpet, and it shook with the heavy cannonading on that day of days, when the flower of the British army withered before the freemen on the sacred hill of sacrifice in Charlestown. But the day of tribulation passed, the old mansion blazed forth with a festal glory it had never known before, and its portals were thrown wide open by the hospitable owner and his lady, when the American defenders of our soil, and their courtly allies of the French army and navy, had sheathed their swords and mingled in joyous celebration of their victories. What august and brilliant forms have trod the floors of the Hancock House! What beauties long ago mouldered in the grave, pattered up and down those old stairs on their high heels, filling the hall with the rustle of their silks and brocades, and the low, sweet music of their laughter! Magis-

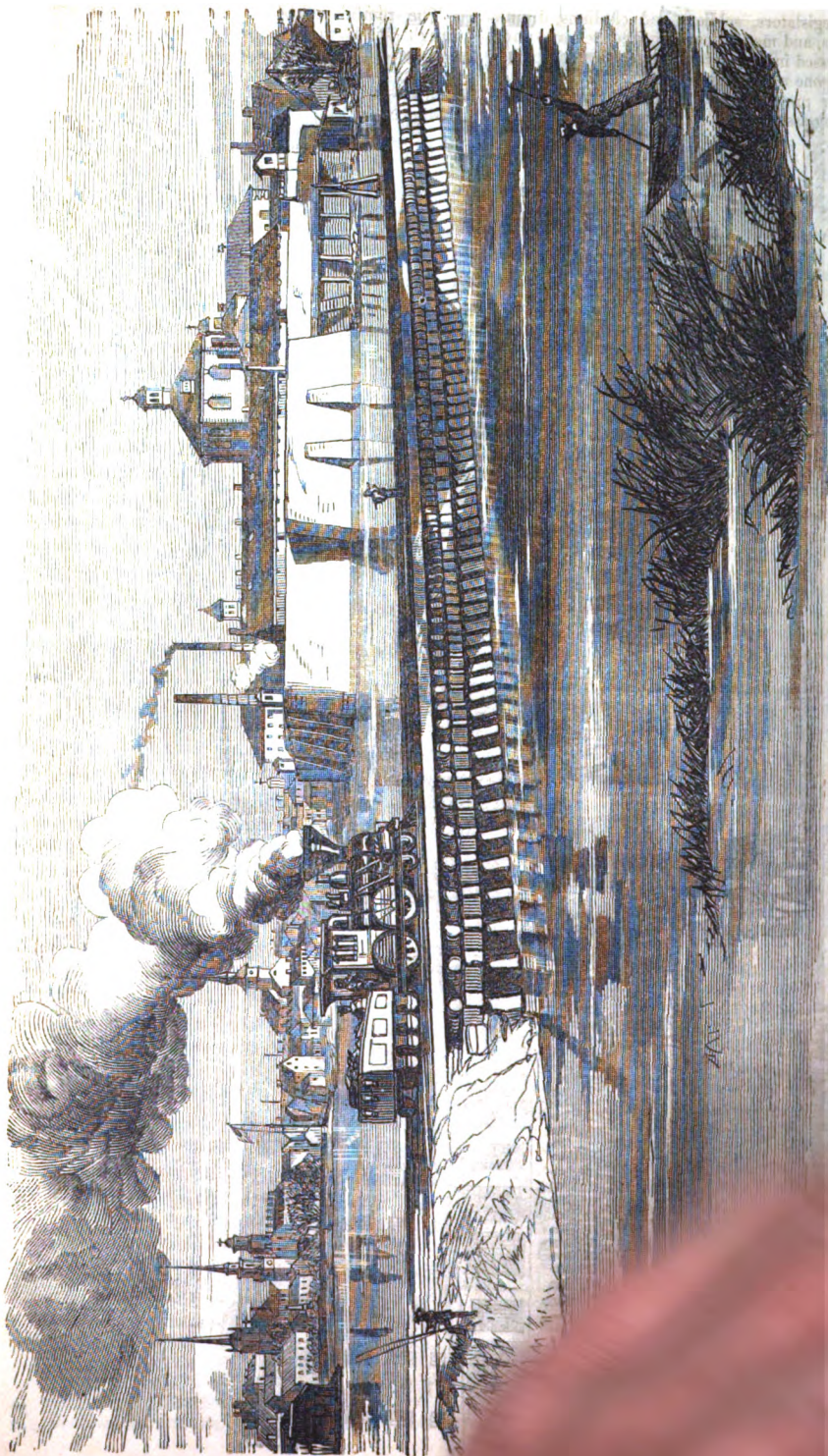


THE PRISONERS IN MARCHING ORDER.





LOCAL SCENES.



VIEW OF THE WASHINGTON STATE PRISON, FROM POINT BRIDGE.

trates, legislators, soldiers and civilians, divines and wits, and men of learning, the rich and poor, have passed in and out of these portals. They are all gone now—and yet the house is haunted by their presence, and graced by a thousand charming associations.

The reminiscences of such old fabrics are fraught with a thousand sacred and social recollections. Could their walls but speak, to what thrilling scenes would they often give utterance—rivaling the boldest creation of romance!

U. S. SHIP-OF-THE-LINE, VERMONT, OFF CHARLESTOWN NAVY YARD.



**A FLEMISH ROMANCE.**

One night an angel appeared to Charlemagne, ordering him to rise and become a highway robber. The monarch, at first astonished, believes it to be a dream, and pays no attention to the injunction. But the angel repeats the order, and Charles is forced to recognize the finger of God. He obeys. On his road he meets a knight clad in black armor, mounted on a charger also black. It is Elegast, proscribed by the king on account of his irresistible propensity to the profession of a robber, a pastime much in favor at that time with many of the nobility. They both ride on in company, and Charles is not long before he ascertains that this man, hunted down like a wild beast, is more attached to his suzerain than are many of his courtiers. They arrive before the castle of Eggeric, one of the king's chief vassals. Elegast, who, to his calling of robber, unites the talent of subjecting all persons and things to his enchantment, casts into a deep sleep every living being within the precincts of the castle. But when he wishes to carry off the saddle belonging to Eggeric, the bells with which it is ornamented make so much noise that the vassal and his spouse are awakened. The latter declares that the noise is imaginary, and that the mind of her husband is only agitated by disturbing thoughts. Eggeric then avows to her that he is at the head of a conspiracy which is to break out on the following day, and to end in the assassination of the king. The lady, related to King Charles, tries to dissuade her husband from this wicked project. Eggeric, as a last argument, strikes her on the face with so much violence, that the blood gushes from her nose. Elegast steals towards the bed

of the married couple, receives into his glove the blood of the lady, and, pronouncing some magic words, the whole castle is again plunged in sleep. He then relates to the king all that he has overheard.

Charles, thus forewarned, takes his precautions, and at the moment when Eggeric, with his friends and vassals, penetrates into the royal dwelling, he is arrested. The king having ascertained on all points the truth of Elegast's statement, punishes the traitor, whilst, on the other hand, he reinstates his faithful servitor in the possession of his rights and property. Charles then understands why on that night God had forced him to appear in the character of a robber. —*History of Flemish Literature.*

**ANCIENT MANUSCRIPTS.**

The two leaves of the Eusebian Canons, executed on an entirely gold ground, and ornamented with small portraits in circular compartments, preserved in the British Museum, are the most celebrated and interesting relics of the kind possessed by England. They are painted on both sides, and the coloring is very beautiful.

The ancient copy of Virgil preserved in the Vatican at Rome is considered the finest illuminated manuscript in the world. It contains fifty paintings, five of which, however, are very badly defaced. One of these, still bright and clear, represents Achates and Æneas inspecting the works undertaken by Dido for the beautifying of Carthage, and another, King Latinus receiving the ambassadors of Æneas. Mechanics and artisans at work, the instruments they used, and the sculptures they wrought, are here preserved for the



WASHINGTON'S ROOM, HANCOCK HOUSE.

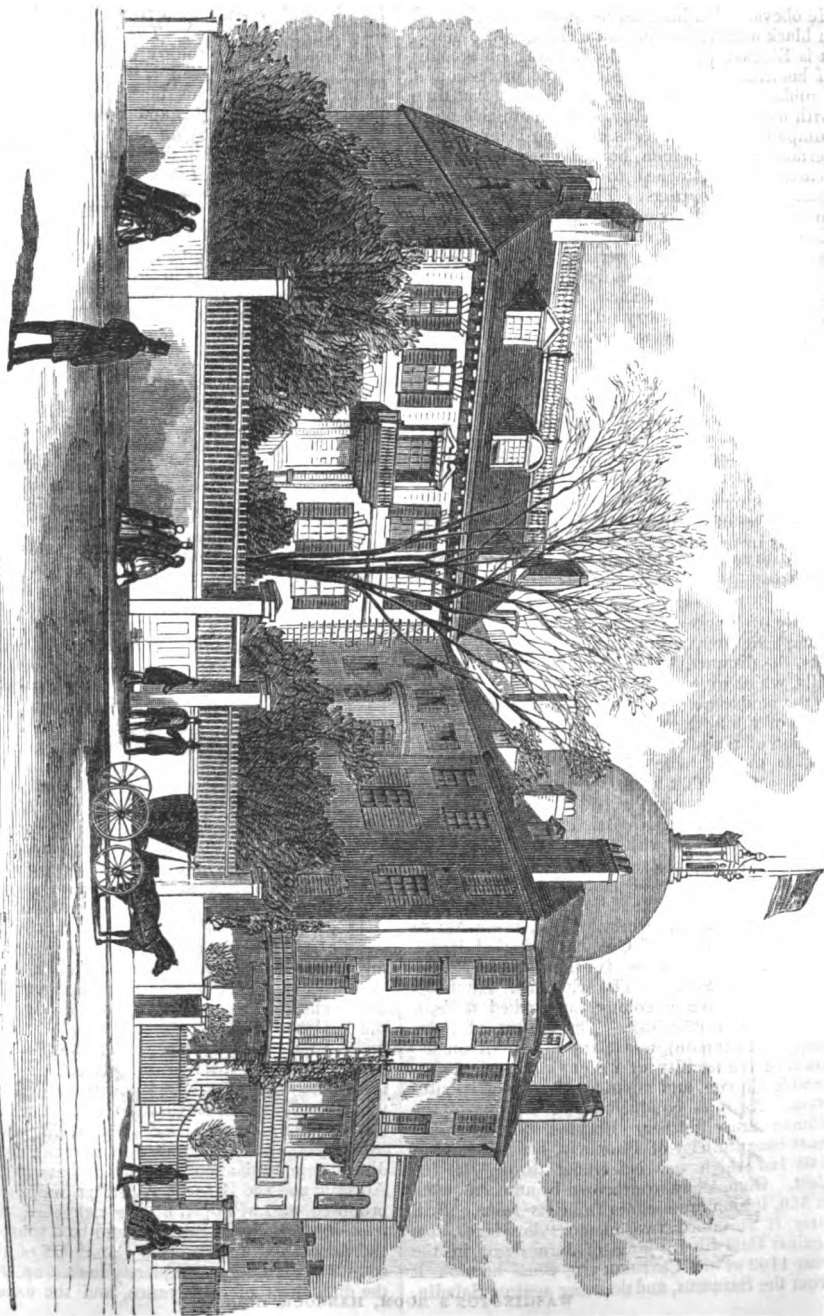


modern eye. This manuscript is supposed to date back to the fourth century.

In the Imperial Library at Vienna are preserved several beautiful Roman manuscripts of the highest antiquity. Among the number are a calendar decorated with allegorical figures of the months,

and the "Dioscorides," a work of great interest in the history of painting, inasmuch as the text speaks of a drying oil, and the illustrations exhibit an artist at work with palette and easel, and slab for grinding his pigments, differing little from those now in use.—*Boston Transcript*.

EXTERIOR VIEW OF HANCOCK HOUSE, BOSTON.



## EUROPEAN SKETCHES.

The artists and engravers still enable us, while sitting at our own firesides, to glance at the remotest lands and familiarize ourselves with the most distant scenery. Availing ourselves of this privilege, let us pay flying visits to Alexandria, in Egypt; to Beirut, in the darkened and unhappy Syria, where our Christian brethren are now suffering from the sanguinary hate of the Moslem, and at one of the most pleasing features of Trieste.

The first engraving is an excellent general view of the famous city of Alexandria (Iskanderyeh), Lower Egypt, with its minarets, fortifications, its pier, lighthouse and shipping illuminated by the rays of the rising sun. It communicates with Cairo by the Nile, and the Mahmoudieh canal. Our readers need not be told that it derives its name from its founder, Alexander the Great. The modern town is built on a peninsula, anciently the island of Pharos. The ruins of the ancient city cover a vast extent of the mainland. The present population is about 60,000, including 8000 troops and the workmen of the arsenal. Some of the wooden buildings, such as the pacha's palace, the naval and military hospitals and the schools, are really fine structures. Indeed the traveller, in some parts of Alexandria, might fancy himself in a European city. The Turkish quarter is, however, irregular and dirty. Alexandria is still the great commercial emporium of Egypt, and a large share of business is transacted here. The trade is increasing.

The view herewith published of Beyrout, Beirut, Beyrouth, or Bayruth, as it is differently spelled, is the best we have seen of that celebrated city of Turkey in Asia. It is seen stretched along the water, with its white houses and minarets, the distance being crowned by precipitous hills, which give a singularly romantic character to the landscape. In the foreground are specimens of the high caps and curious costume of a portion of the people. Beyrout, anciently Berytus, is the pachalic of Acre, Syria, twenty-five leagues from that place, and twenty-four from Damascus. Its history is lost in the night of time. Fable assigns Satum as its founder. Strabo speaks of it with praise, and it is mentioned by Pliny, Ptolemy and Dionysius. Berytus was the country of Sanconiaton, the celebrated historian of Phœnicia, who is said to have lived in the time of Semiramis, or, according to others, in the days of Gideon, judge of Israel, about 1245 B. C. Glass is said to have been invented at Berytus. The Emperor Augustus made it a Roman colony, and called it Felix Julia, after his daughter. The epithet of Felix (happy—fortunate) was attributed to it on account of the fertility of its environs, its incomparable climate, and the magnificence of its situation. Agrippa conducted two legions of the Roman army thither. Berytus, becoming the most beautiful city of Phœnicia, had a school of civil law which was celebrated throughout the East. Completely overthrown by an earthquake in 566, it soon arose again from its ruins. Still later it sustained two memorable sieges, one against Baldwin I., king of Jerusalem, in the year 1109 of the Christian era, when he took it from the Saracens, and the other against Saladin,

sultan of Egypt and Syria, in 1187. Saladin finally reconquered it, after a long resistance, and was then crowned sultan of Jerusalem, Damascus and Cairo. In 1197, the Crusaders and the troops of Malek Adel met between Tyre and Sidon, on the borders of Nahr-el-Kasmieh. Victory having perched upon the Christian banners, the inhabitants of Beyrout fled at their approach. The victors of Kasmieh, according to the chronicles, found in the abandoned city provisions enough for three years, and a sufficient quantity of bows, arrows and slings to load two large ships. Since the period of the crusades it has almost always remained under the rule of the emirs of the Druses, princes of Lebanon. One of the most celebrated of them, the emir Fakhr-Eddin, made it his capital and habitual residence. He had brought home from his Italian travels, and a sojourn of nine years at the court of the Medici, in Florence, a taste of architecture and the fine arts. All the buildings ordered by him were in the Roman style. The sultan Murad IV., jealous of his power and renown, ordered Kut-chuk Ahmed Pacha to depose him. Vanquished and carried prisoner to Constantinople, Fakhr-Eddin was decapitated, and his head exposed at the seraglio gate. Still his sons succeeded to his authority. About a century since, his race having become extinct, the authority was vested in an Arab family. Beyrout is situated on a tongue of land which protrudes into the transparent waters of the Syrian sea. On the right and left are a few rocks covered with Turkish fortifications, and producing a highly picturesque effect. It has three gates and a khan (*entrepot* of merchandise). Open on the seaside, the other sides are surrounded by walls constructed by the emirs, and flanked by Saracenic towers. The houses, shops and bazaars are generally well built of stone, and loftier than those usually found in Syria; the roofs are terraced. The streets are paved with flag-stone, and are narrow and tortuous, and the water is so bad that the women are obliged to procure it from the surrounding country. The ancient ruins scattered about Beyrout do not allow us to doubt that the modern city occupies a portion of the ancient site of Berytus. On the west side are a cistern, and the remains of an aqueduct and ancient baths; towards the sea are the ruins of a semi-circular monument, supposed to have been the theatre of Agrippa. The population of Beyrout is composed of Maronites, Greek Catholics and Mussulman Arabs.

Trieste is the only seaport in the Illyrian provinces, the duchy of Austria, and the greater part of Hungary, and its great commercial importance, and its recent rapid development under the policy of the present emperor of Austria, make it a noteworthy place. Trieste has lately been the place of meeting of representatives from the different railways which now traverse Germany. The line from Laybach to Trieste, which is now finished, is one of the greatest importance to Austria, and to Germany in general, since a direct communication is opened between the Adriatic and the Baltic. A further line is now proposed, and will open up the rich corn countries of Croatia and Hungary, and be a source of enormous wealth. Hitherto the riches of these countries have been completely locked up, from the difficulties of conveyance, and the expense



attending it, there being really no roads deserving the name in either of these parts of the Austrian dominions. In many parts, at a distance from the Danube, the crops of two or three years have been housed, without the possibility of the proprietors disposing of them, as also the exquisite wines of the country, which are almost unknown out of it, from the damage they receive by the carriage over the tracks, which cut up the country, and which tend rather to impede than promote exportation. A species of infatuation seems to have possessed the Austrian gov-

ernment, until the accession of the present emperor, in regard to these countries. The encouragement which the emperor now gives to everything which tends to improve the trade of Austria will, eventually, render her one of the richest countries in Europe, and the port of Trieste will far outshine the glories of ancient Venice. The situation of the town is one of the most beautiful that can be conceived, and few places can vie with it in cleanliness. The whole town is paved with flag-stones, and the greatest attention is paid to keeping the streets clean. There are several

THE CITY OF ALEXANDRIA, EGYPT.



excellent hotels; of late years great improvements have been made, several magnificent buildings have sprung up. The bathing is very good, and the new baths afford every convenience for sea bathing. The new baths are in a very pretty style of architecture, and are admirably conducted and liberally patronized by residents and strangers. The "Ferdinandum" is a beautiful palace lately erected, a fine structure, and commanding a most extensive and romantic view. These elegant structures show what improvements are making in the modern part of the ancient city. Trieste is a very old place. It was of importance under the Romans, by whom it was called *Tergeste*, and has the remains of an amphitheatre and some arches. In the middle age it was the capital of an independent republic. It was taken by the French in 1797 and 1805. Trieste is finely situated on the gulf of Trieste, at the northeast extremity of the Adriatic Sea, and 73 miles north-northeast of Venice. The old town is built on the declivity of a steep hill, crowned by a fortress in a ruinous condition, and enclosed by old walls, and the new town *Theresienstadt*, *Josephstadt*, and the *Frazen-Vorstadt*, bordering the sea on a plain at its foot. It has altogether a very thriving appearance, and its streets are crowded with men of all nations. The new town is very well built, and few cities on the continent can vie with it in the solidity and comfort of its private dwellings, while its public edifices are, many of them, models of taste and elegance, that would do honor to the architecture of any city.

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#### "HE MEANS WELL ENOUGH."

O, no doubt; but the question is, why don't he behave as well as he means? What is the use of a man's being so odd and eccentric that nobody knows what to make of him, unless he has an apologist and an interpreter like you always at hand to explain. Isn't it just as cheap, in the long run, to be good-natured and polite, as to be morose and surly? And does not a man feel better in his own secret heart when he is conscious of being the former, than he does when the shrinking and uncertain air of those who are obliged to approach him, proclaim that he is the latter? Certainly it does, for our thoughts are always busy sitting in judgment on our own selves. Any man who carries such a bearing that no timid person, or no woman, can approach him without dread, does not need to be told *from without* that he is *no gentleman*. He knows it perfectly well. He is not yet reclaimed from the savage state.—*Minnie Melnotte*.

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#### THE EIGHT K'S.

The celebrated Henry Clay was denominated the Eight K's by a coterie of wags in Washington. He acquired this title thus: A gentleman sitting in the gallery of the Senate Chamber, during an interesting debate, wished to point out Mr. C. to his friend, a foreigner, who sat beside him, without disturbing the house, and wrote upon a card for him thus: "The gentleman to the left of the speaker in a klaret colored coat with krimson kollar, is Mr. Klay, member of Kongress from Kentucky.—*Washington Globe*.

#### AN INDIAN FUNERAL.

A Fort Riley correspondent of the *Pittsburg Despatch* gives a description of an Indian funeral, a ceremony which is only witnessed now in the Far West: There was a procession of wagons, drawn mostly by small Indian horses, called ponies. The first wagon contained a rough coffin and six old squaws, three on each side of the coffin, all kneeling, with heads bowed in mournful silence. The horses, also, walked slowly along, with their heads near the ground, as if conscious that their last sad duties were being performed for another of the native sons of the soil. The second, third and fourth wagons contained children (the youngest in front), all silent, some with downcast eyes, and others gazing at the scene in wonder. Then followed quite a number of the Indians on their ponies, all in single file, no two riding abreast. In the rear were several old Indians on foot, tottering along as if they, too, had nearly blossomed for the grave. They came to the entrance of the graveyard; the coffin was carried to the grave, a ring was formed around it, all kneeling, and as it descended, a low, moaning sound was commenced, which seemed to swell until it became sweet but mournful to the ear, then it died away in the same low sounds with which it began; all arose, and one by one left, a few of the near relatives of the deceased remaining to ponder over his untimely death.

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#### WASHINGTON IRVING A PLAY-ACTOR.

Writing from Dresden to his friend Leslie, in 1823, Mr. Irving thus concludes one of his letters: "I have been fighting my way into the German language, and am regaining my Italian, and, for want of more profitable employment, have turned *play-actor*. We have been getting up private theatricals here at the house of an English lady. I have already enacted *Sir Charles Rackett* in 'Three Weeks after Marriage,' with great applause, and am on the point of playing *Don Felix* in 'The Wonder.' I had no idea of this fund of dramatic talent lurking within me; and I now console myself that if the worst come to the worst, I can turn stroller, and pick up a decent maintenance among the barns in England. I verily believe nature intended me to be a vagabond.

"P. S.—I hope you intend to make some designs for 'Bracebridge Hall.' I would rather have the work illustrated by you than by any one else."

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#### A MAHOMEDAN PROPHECY.

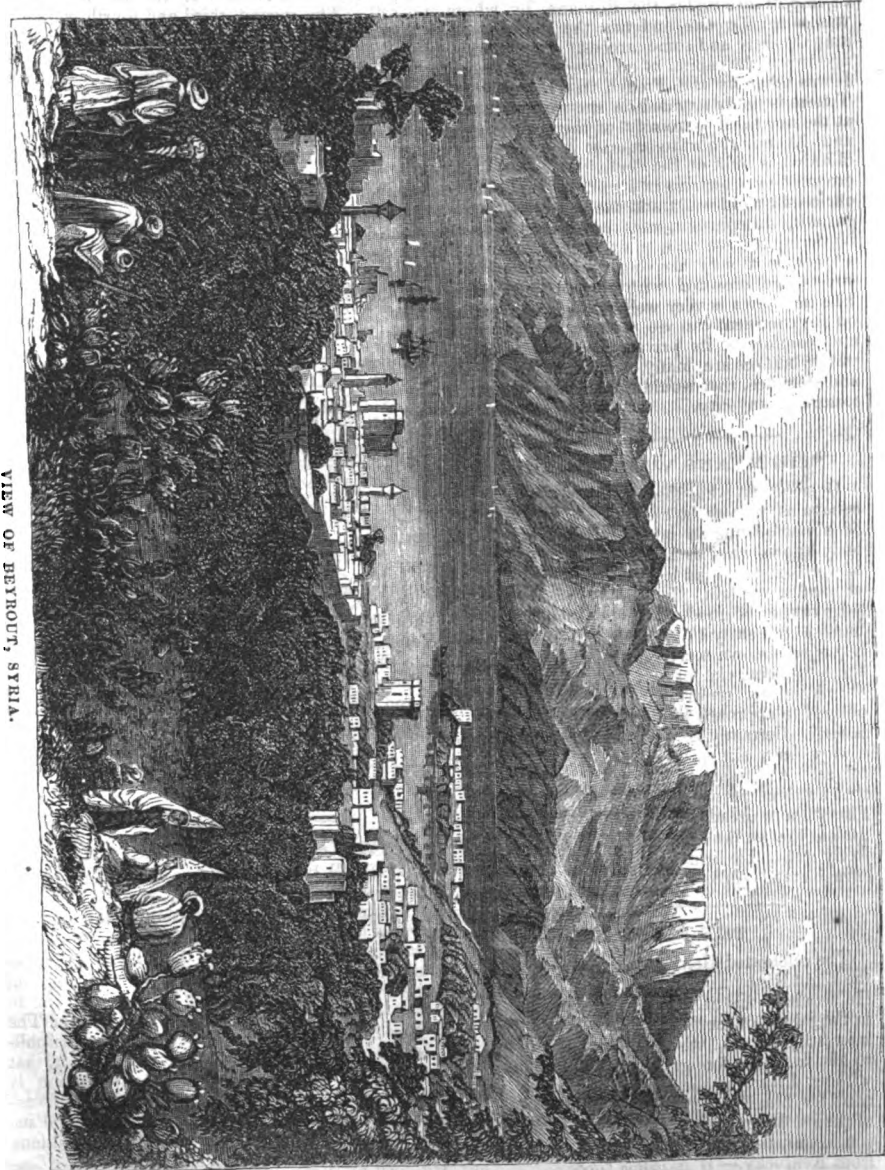
It is well known that many Mahomedans are impressed with the belief that the days of their religion are numbered. Among the striking events foretold by Mahomet, as certain to precede the final consummation, is the following remarkable one: "The first of the greater signs of the end of the world is, *that the sun will rise in the West*. The Beirut correspondent of *The World*, in quoting this language, gives this philosophical and Christian interpretation of it, that the "sun" of Christianity and civilization is now arising, and is to arise from the great transatlantic "West," upon the night of oriental superstition, and give redemption to the millions who now follow the religion of the Koran.—*London Globe*.



**PLEASANT HOMES.**

The homes of America will not become what they should be, until a true idea of life shall become more widely implanted. The chief end of life is to gather gold, and that gold is counted lost which hangs a picture on the wall, which purchases flowers for the yard, which buys a toy or a book for the eager hand of a child. Is this the whole of human life? A child will go forth from a stall, glad to find free air and wider pasture. The influence of such a home on him in after life will be just none at all, or nothing good.

Thousands are rushing from homes like these every year. They crowd into cities; into villages; they swarm into all places where life is clothed with a higher significance; and the old shell of home is deserted by every bird as soon as it can fly. Ancestral homesteads and patrimonial acres have no sacredness; and when the father and mother die, the stranger's presence obliterates associations that should be among the most sacred of all things. We would have you build up for yourselves and your children a home that will never be lightly parted with—a home

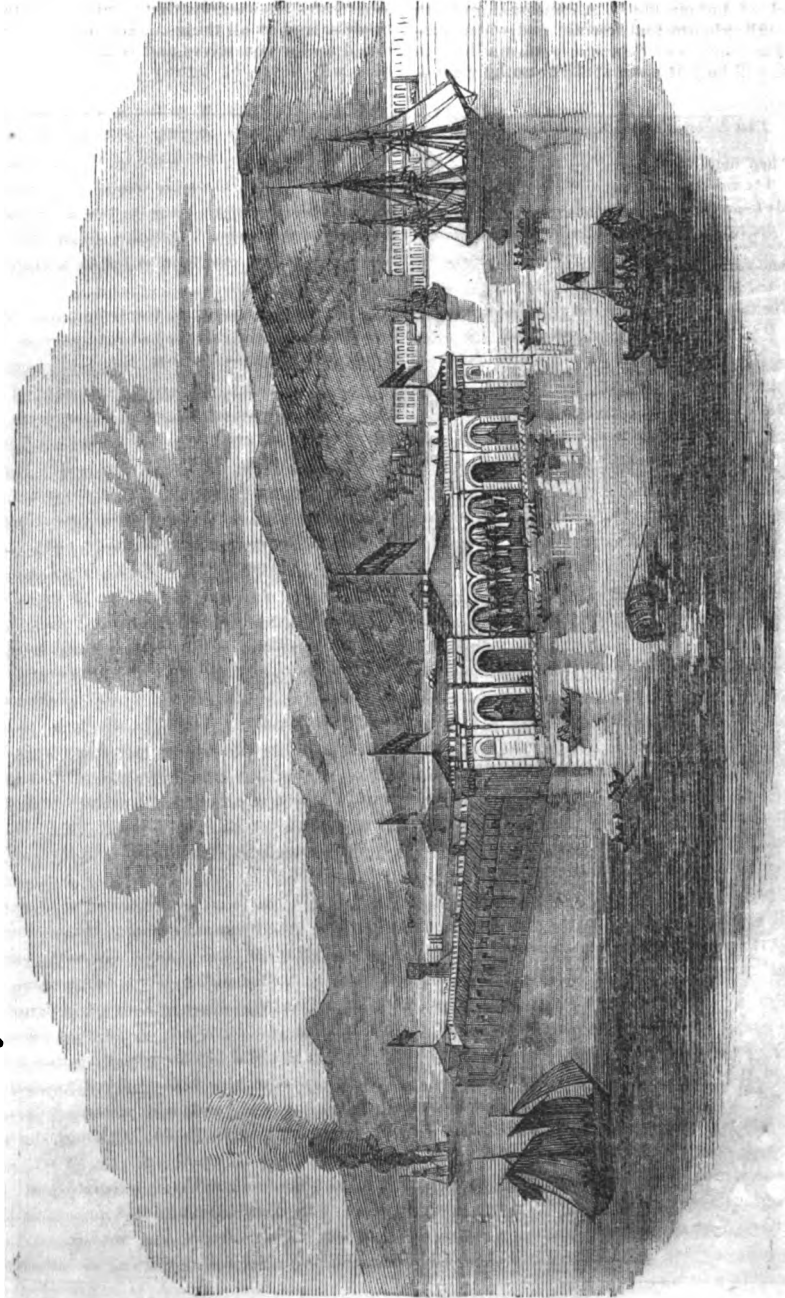


VIEW OF BEYROUTH, SYRIA.



which will be to all whose lives have been associated with it, the most interesting and precious spot on earth. We would have that home the abode of dignity, beauty, grace, love, genial fellowship, and happy associations. Out from such a home we would see ambition taking root, and receiving all generous culture. And then

we would see you and your wife happy. Do not deprive yourself of such influences as will come through an institution like this. No money can pay you for such a deprivation. No circumstances but those of utter poverty can justify you in denying these influences to your children.—*Home Educator.*



THE NEW SEA BATHS AT TRIESTE.

[ORIGINAL.]

## WOULD I WERE A CHILD AGAIN!

BY MRS. S. P. MINERVE HAYES.

O, would I were a child again,  
To dwell in sunny bowers;  
Where kind affection hides the thorns,  
And only gives us flowers.

I'd roam all day the grassy dell,  
And climb the mountain height;  
And deem the stars were diadems,  
That crowned the brow of night.

Then, hidden mid the tall damp grass,  
I'd find the violet blue:  
Its fragrance wafted on the breeze,  
Betrays its charms to view.

And gazing in the limpid brook,  
I'd fancy I had seen  
The Naiad, that in olden time  
O'er brooks and lakes reigned queen.

And when the hour for rest had come,  
I'd seek my humble bed,  
While guardian angels vigils keep  
Above my sleeping head.

O, would that childhood's innocence  
Might be our manhood's pride;  
And every sinful heart be saved,  
For whom our Saviour died!

[ORIGINAL.]

## THE MAD CAPTAIN.

## A ROMANTIC STORY OF THE SEA.

BY JOHN H. UNDERWOOD.

At the early age of twenty-one years, Augustus Rayner, the hero of our story, was appointed to the command of the fine ship Chieftain, a first-class vessel of fifteen hundred tons, which had been launched but a short time before from one of the shipyards in the vicinity of New York city, and a better seaman, more worthy commander, or more estimable man never trod a quarter-deck.

His personal appearance was decidedly prepossessing. A tall and well-proportioned figure, remarkably handsome features, and a finely-shaped head, gave him an appearance of superiority, while his many noble qualities made him a favorite wherever he was known. Although tender-hearted and susceptible of affection as a child, he was a man of undaunted courage, and the very soul of honor and integrity. Indeed, he would have died sooner than commit a mean or dishonorable action; and, as he gave all with whom he was in any way connected the credit of

possessing the same high-minded and inflexible honesty of purpose as himself, he was, perhaps, too credulous, and liable to be deceived and imposed upon.

As a subordinate officer on shipboard, he had gained the respect and esteem of his inferiors to such an extent that, when it became known that he was to command the Chieftain, scores of the very best seamen then ashore presented themselves at the shipping office, and begged to be enrolled upon the ship's papers upon any terms. All could not be shipped, of course, but from having so large a number to select from, the shipping master was able to retain the best men in the merchant service, and when the Chieftain sailed, she had aboard as fine a crew as ever broke a biscuit, or knotted a rope-yarn.

Previous to assuming the command of his first ship, Captain Rayner had remained on shore for nearly a half year. Having no parents living, he had spent the greater portion of this time at the house of his only sister, who had been recently married, and who resided in the western part of the State of New York. During his visits at this place, he had formed an acquaintance with a young lady of great beauty and many winning traits of character, who, being a distant relative of his sister's husband, and residing in the same town, was on terms of intimacy with the family.

To arrive sooner at the more important incidents of our narrative, we will omit details, and simply state that ere the susceptible sailor had known the fair Lucy Granville a single month, he had fallen madly in love with her; while her manner toward him, and the nature of their intercourse, seemed a proof to disinterested observers, as well as to Rayner himself, that she not only encouraged his attentions, but fully reciprocated his love.

At length it came to be regarded as a settled matter by their mutual acquaintances, that Augustus Rayner and Lucy Granville would one day be united in the bonds of matrimony; and Mrs. Harding, Rayner's sister, frequently joked him upon the subject, sometimes warning him, half in jest and half in earnest, to beware of Lucy, as she bore the well-deserved reputation of being a coquette, and had already "jilted" half a score of sighing swains, although she was yet scarcely eighteen years old.

But neither raillery nor warning had the slightest effect upon the youthful commander, who had never before known the meaning of the word love, but who had now fixed his affections upon an earthly idol, with an intensity of devo-

tion of which few men are capable ; and before his departure upon his first voyage in the Chieftain, he had confessed his love to Lucy, and they had become formally betrothed, with the unqualified sanction of the young lady's relatives, and the hearty approval of their mutual friends.

In a few days after this happy event, the Chieftain sailed from the port of New York, bound to the coast of Chili, thence to an English port, and from there to the West Indies and home. It was a long voyage, but the thought that Lucy's letters would await his arrival at each port, and above all, that she had promised to become his wife upon his return, cheered and sustained Captain Rayner in his long absence from home. At Valparaiso he received several letters from home, including one from Lucy, filled with protestations of eternal love, and speaking in enthusiastic terms of the happiness which awaited them in the future.

Upon his arrival in England, he found another letter awaiting him, but less enthusiastic, and, it seemed to him, less fond than the former ; but still so acceptable, that in his joy at receiving it, he soon forgot the momentary pain which its apparent coldness had occasioned him. When he reached the West Indies, however, and found there no letter from Lucy, a terrible suspicion took possession of his mind. He soon, however, rejected the idea of infidelity on the part of Lucy as being unjust and absurd, and patiently hoped from day to day to receive some message from her. At length the Chieftain was once more ready for sea, and still no letter had been received, and though this neglect occasioned Rayner no little pain, he endeavored to satisfy himself that it arose from some delay of the mails—for in those days the ocean mails were not as certain as at present—and consoled himself by anticipating the joy in prospect for him at the termination of his voyage.

In due time the Chieftain arrived at New York, and Rayner, having first despatched letters to his sister and to Lucy, to inform them of his arrival, proceeded, as soon as his ship was paid off, and he felt at liberty to leave her in charge of the mate, to the town in which Lucy resided.

He hastened to the home of his sister, and his first question, after the customary salutations had been exchanged, was in regard to Lucy. To this he received only an evasive answer, but something in his sister's countenance gave him cause to fear that she had some intelligence of a painful nature in store for him. He begged her to tell him the worst, at once, and at length she yielded to his entreaties, and informed him that Lucy had been recently married to a wealthy

merchant of New York city, whither she had gone to reside.

These terrible words had scarcely been uttered, when Rayner gave a deep groan, and fell insensible upon the floor. He was immediately placed upon a couch, and a physician was hastily summoned, but for hours the wretched man remained insensible, and when, at last, he was restored to animation, a brain fever of the most violent and dangerous character had seized upon him.

For many days his life was despaired of, and through long weeks of intense suffering, he raved ceaselessly of the cruel girl who had forever destroyed his peace of mind. Nor was his reason restored with returning health. On the contrary, he rose at length from his sick bed, a wretched maniac.

He was soon removed, by the advice of his physician, to a private lunatic asylum, where he remained for several years in a state of quiet imbecility for the greater part of the time, with occasional fits of violent madness, however, during which it was necessary to confine him with the utmost care.

As the months rolled on, these fits became less and less frequent, and the attendant physicians began to entertain strong hopes of his complete recovery. Nor were they disappointed. He continued to grow more and more quiet and rational, until, after he had been for five years an inmate of the asylum, he was discharged in perfect health, and recommended to avoid henceforth all violent excitement, lest his malady should return.

He soon obtained a command in the same employ in which he had formerly sailed, and for many years continued to follow the sea with more than ordinary success. He amassed considerable property, and at length was able to purchase a fine clipper ship ; but, even then, he seemed to have no thoughts of retiring from his profession. Indeed, active occupation had become a necessity to him ; for he had never fully recovered from the terrible shock which the infidelity of the only woman he had ever loved had given him, and a deep melancholy had settled upon him, which might be speedily increased to insanity, should his mind be left free from the healthful cares of business, to feed only upon its own dark, morbid fancies.

Being himself well aware of this, he allowed himself no rest from his labors, but taking command of his new ship, and investing the remainder of his capital in her cargo, he endeavored to banish all thought and recollection of the past, in the active pursuit of gain, for which, in itself, however, he cared nothing.

Eighteen years had rolled over the head of Captain Rayner, since first he trod the quarter-deck of the Chieftain, as its proud and happy commander—proud in the attainment to an honorable and well-merited position, and happy in his new-born dream of love—and he was still ploughing the seas, and visiting every quarter of the globe, in the capacity of master and owner of the good ship Syren. Although he had not yet passed the usual age of manhood's prime and glory, the silvery threads which were already visible among his jet-black locks, and the furrows which had begun to mark his still handsome features, indicated that grief had anticipated the work of years.

He had just discharged a cargo of cotton, which he had brought from New Orleans, at Havre, and his ship was nearly ready to sail upon her homeward passage to the United States, when a middle-aged gentleman applied to him for passage in the Syren for himself and daughter. Although of late Captain Rayner had been averse to taking passengers, preferring comparative solitude to the society of strangers, he could not well refuse the request of the gentleman, who accordingly engaged passage under the name of Manning, and on the eve of sailing, came on board the Syren, accompanied by his daughter, a very lovely girl of seventeen.

Captain Rayner was not on board at the time, and, as Mr. Manning and his daughter had retired before his return to the ship, he did not meet them until the next morning at the breakfast table. Having risen early, he had gone on deck to superintend the operation of heaving the anchor under the bows, for it had been decided that the ship should sail with the morning tide; and when he returned to the cabin, the passengers and first and second mates were already seated at the table.

As he entered the cabin, Miss Manning was seated in such a position that he was unable to see her face; but when, in obedience to a signal from her father she rose for the purpose of being introduced to the captain, and turned toward him, Rayner started in amazement, and trembled violently, while his countenance became pale even to ghastliness.

"Captain Rayner, allow me to make you acquainted with my daughter Emily," said Mr. Manning; but ere the captain could reply to the young lady's courteous salutation, his fearful agitation had been observed by all at the table, and Mr. Manning continued: "Why, captain, you are very ill! Can I assist you in any way?"

"No, I thank you, sir. It is merely a momentary pain to which I am subject; I feel re-

lieved, even now." And grasping the arm of a chair for support, the captain saluted his fair passenger with evident effort, and apologized for his apparent rudeness upon the plea of a sudden and severe spasm of pain.

But the incident had imposed a feeling of restraint upon each one of the party, and there was but little conversation around the breakfast table that morning, beyond what common courtesy demanded; but whenever Emily Manning glanced toward Captain Rayner, she met his eyes fixed upon her in a manner which rendered her most uncomfortable, and almost frightened her, for there was something fearful in his gaze which haunted her for many a long day afterward.

Shortly after breakfast, the anchor was catte<sup>d</sup>, the topsails and courses loosed and she<sup>d</sup>et home; and in a few hours more the Syren was breasting the billows of the open Atlantic under full sail, and before a strong breeze, which continued for several days. At length, however, the wind hauled suddenly ahead, and a whole week was passed in beating to windward under short sail, and with but little progress upon the proper course.

During this time, the intercourse between Captain Rayner and his passengers had been rendered most unpleasant by the singular and unwonted manner of the former, who had suddenly thrown aside the courtesy and affability, which heretofore he had ever exhibited toward those around him, and had become distant, reserved, and almost unpardonably rude in his intercourse with Mr. Manning and his daughter. Moreover, he had suddenly assumed an extremely haughty and overbearing manner toward his officers, and seemed to take a fiendish delight in tyrannizing over the crew.

Such a vast and inexplicable change in their commander whom they had ever regarded as the exact opposite in temper and disposition from what he now appeared, occasioned great surprise and speculation as to its cause among officers and men. Many were of the opinion that he had suddenly become addicted to intoxicating drink, and that he, the most estimable of men when sober, became a perfect demon under the influence of alcoholic stimulants, but the mate, who had sailed with him for many years, scouted this idea, and declared, with a mysterious wag of his head, that if he were at all superstitious, he should certainly believe that Captain Rayner had become possessed of a devil!

Meantime, matters grew rapidly worse. Frequently at meal times, Emily Manning discovered the captain glaring at her in such a wild and ferocious manner that she felt compelled to leave

the table and retire to her state-room. At length this state of things became so unendurable that Mr. Manning, albeit he was not a very courageous man, ventured to demand an explanation from Captain Rayner; but his only response was a furious and almost demoniac demonstration of rage and indignation, which struck terror to the heart of the timid passenger, and caused him, henceforth, to hold his peace.

On the twelfth day of the passage a violent gale suddenly arose, and it became necessary to shorten sail with the utmost possible haste. Captain Rayner was promptly on deck, at the commencement of the gale, and for a time, delivered his orders for taking sail, in his wonted cool and deliberate manner; but as the storm waxed fiercer and fiercer, the war of the elements seemed to arouse a similar tumult in his bosom, and he poured forth his commands in the most furious manner, accompanying each with some fearful imprecation, and bidding the men perform many tasks not only unnecessary, but impossible. Never before had his officers or crew seen Rayner so violently excited, and more than one superstitious tar began to experience a feeling of awe, as he gazed upon the captain's flushed cheeks and glaring eyes, and thought, with a shudder, of the power which the evil one is said to be sometimes permitted to exercise over mortals.

At length, however, the sail was reduced to close-reefed topsails, fore staysail, and reefed spanker; and Captain Rayner, completely exhausted by the violence of his passion, and his frantic exertions, retired below, to the great relief of his harassed and over-worked crew. He was seen no more on deck, during the remainder of the day or the following night, being confined to his state-room, the steward said, with a violent headache, and symptoms of fever.

During the night, the gale rather increased than diminished, and by dawn of day, the mate, who had spent the entire night on deck, had caused the fore and mizzen topsail to be furled, and the royal yards sent down.

Shortly after breakfast, Miss Emily went on deck, accompanied by her father, to enjoy the sublime and awful scene presented by the raging, tempest-tossed sea. There are few things in nature more grand than the wild ocean, when the storm spirit is abroad in his might;

"And when the ship from his fury flies,  
When the myriad voices of ocean roar,  
When the wind-god frowns in the murky skies,  
And demons are waiting the wreck on the shore;"

and Emily long continued to gaze upon the wide expanse of heaving, foam-capped waves, with a deep and vivid appreciation of the grandeur of

the scene. Presently Captain Rayner sprang up the companion ladder, and glancing aloft, exclaimed in a voice of thunder to the mate:

"How dare you furl the topsails without my orders, sir?"

"Why, sir, it was blowing very hard at the time, nearly as hard as it is now, and as I knew the topsails must come in, I thought it was not worth while to disturb you," replied the mate.

"Blowing, was it? Well, do you suppose I care for the powers of the air? No, indeed! I fear neither men, demons, nor the elements! Send hands aloft immediately to loose and shake the reefs out of the fore and mizzen topsails, and out of the mainsail as quickly as possible."

The mate stared in the captain's face, in mute astonishment; but a repetition of the command, enforced with a volley of fearful oaths, caused him to hasten forward and give directions for loosing the topsails.

All eyes were now turned toward Captain Rayner, who stood beside the mizzen-mast, holding by the pipe-rail, and trembling violently. His countenance bore an indescribably haggard and ghastly appearance, but his eyes gleamed like coals of fire, and ever and anon sparkled with fiendish glee as he looked abroad upon the stormy sea, and upward, toward the men, upon the yards, engaged in obeying his orders.

With great difficulty the fore and mizzen topsails were sheeted home and hoisted, and the maintop sail enlarged to its full extent by shaking out the reefs, was, at length, mast-headed. The effect of this additional canvass upon the greening spars, and straining hull of the ship, was, indeed, tremendous. She heeled over to leeward until her lee channels were submerged, and it was with no little danger and difficulty that the men were able to pass from one part of the deck to another.

"Loose away the topgallant sails fore and aft, and the foremast staysail!" shouted Rayner, to the astonishment and terror of all, as soon as the topsails had been set.

A loud murmur of disapprobation was heard from the crew who had assembled abaft the mainmast; and even the mate stood for a moment in a state of indecision as to whether his duty to himself and the rest of the ship's company would allow him to obey these last commands.

"You surely are not going to put more sail upon the ship!" said Mr. Manning, in a low voice, catching the mate by the arm, when Captain Rayner's attention was for an instant diverted.

"It would be mutiny for me to disobey, al-

though it will be a suicidal act to set the topgallant sails in this gale; and if Captain Rayner persists in his present course of action, we shall all be food for sharks before many hours," was the reply.

"Mr. Stephens!" exclaimed the captain, at this moment, "why do you not obey my orders?"

"The masts will not bear another inch of sail, sir, and—"

"Ha, do you refuse to obey, you dog? Steward, bring me a revolver!"

The pistol was instantly brought, and Captain Rayner, having presented it to the mate's head, exclaimed:

"If you do not send the men aloft to loose the topgallant sails in less than half a minute, I'll blow your brains out!"

The fierce glare of his eyes and the rigid contraction of his lips indicated that he would certainly fulfil his threat; and the mate, who, though a brave man, was not ready to throw away his existence, while a chance of saving it remained, promptly yielded to necessity, and ordered hands aloft to loose topgallant-sails.

In silence the men obeyed, but they felt, as they ascended the rigging, that the Syren was doomed to certain destruction. Mr. Manning approached his daughter, who still remained on deck and besought her to retire below; but although she was now fully aware of the impending danger, she resolutely declined, for there was a kind of fascination in the scene, and she knew that if the ship must be lost she should be no safer below than on deck. For a few minutes no sound was heard save the roar of the winds and waves; then the cry from the sailors upon the lofty yards, of "Sheet home!" was faintly heard above the shrieks of the gale, and presently the three topgallant sails were flung to the breeze, and swayed up to the mastheads.

With this increase of canvass the Syren fell almost upon beam ends, and the waves began to make a clean sweep of her main deck. The men sprang to her live-lines, and with the energy of despair succeeded in preventing themselves from being swept overboard, while those who stood upon the quarter-deck grasped at whatever means of support were at hand. The masts swayed like reeds, and the shrouds seemed ready to burst asunder with the tension, while every timber in the hull creaked and groaned with the strain it was compelled to bear.

Despair was fast chilling the life-blood in the veins of all, when a yell and a demoniac laugh from Captain Rayner startled them so fearfully as to divert their thoughts in an instant from their dangerous situation.

"Ha, ha, ha!" he shrieked, as he quitted his hold upon the mizzen rigging, and danced madly about the deck. "Ha, ha, now we go! Blow, blow, ye winds—harder! harder! There are demons waiting for us down below, and we shall soon be at anchor in the infernal regions! O, now I am happy once more—my hour for revenge—sweet revenge—has come! You who have enjoyed my misery these many long years, are bound direct to the place of eternal torment! Ha, ha, ha! But Lucy Granville, fair traitress, you fiend in the guise of a beautiful woman, shall go home with me by a still shorter route!"

And as he spoke, he sprang toward Emily Manning, and clasping her in his arms, bore her shrieking and helpless to the lee rail. Ere a hand could be extended to stay his progress, he had leaped upon the rail, and crying in a fearful tone, "Farewell, gallant comrades, we shall soon meet again in the realms of death!" was about to plunge headlong, with his insensible burden, into the boiling sea, when a huge wave burst over the quarter, and hurled him back with Emily still clasped to his bosom, upon the deck. A moment more, and a dozen pair of stout arms had grappled the maniac, and torn the fainting girl from his embrace.

In spite of his frantic and almost superhuman efforts to free himself from the grasp of his captors, the madman was immediately bound hand and foot, and borne to his state-room, foaming at the mouth, and gnashing his teeth in frenzy. He had scarcely been secured in his berth, when, with one terrific crash the three masts of the ship went by the board, and the ill-fated Syren was reduced in a moment, to a helpless hulk.

Providentially, the wreck of her spars, which dragged alongside, held her head to the wind, until a couple of spare royal yards had been raised and stayed for jurmasts, upon which sufficient canvass was placed to heave the ship to, when the wreck was promptly cleared, and all hands set at work preparing the boat for immediate departure, in case of necessity.

It was soon ascertained, however, that the ship had not sprung a leak, and when upon the following day, the gale subsided, three substantial jurmasts were rigged, and a spread of canvass made from the spare sails aboard, under which, after three long and tedious weeks, the mate succeeded in navigating the ship safely into port, by which time Captain Rayner had fully recovered from his temporary madness, and its effects upon his physical organization, and was once more possessed of his reason.

Shortly after he had been carried below, and bound in his berth, he had fallen into a deep

slumber, from which he awoke, still deranged, and seriously ill of a fever, but no longer violent or dangerous.

But the strangest and most romantic part of our story yet remains to be told. During the captain's illness and convalescence, he was nursed with the most tender and unremitting care by Emily Manning, the daughter of his once-loved Lucy, who had long since passed away from earth. As soon as Captain Rayner's reason was restored, mutual explanations were made, by which the following facts were brought to light.

The captain had never ascertained the name of Lucy's husband, nor had that gentleman ever heard of Captain Rayner; but when Mr. Manning and his daughter came aboard the *Syren* at Havre, the wonderful resemblance of Emily to Lucy Granville at the time when he first became acquainted with her had been the cause of Rayner's fearful agitation; and by bringing a train of vivid and painful reminiscences to his mind, had induced, by slow degrees, the violent attack of madness which had so well-nigh proved fatal both to himself and the innocent cause of his insanity.

In his madness he had become possessed of the idea that Emily was in reality Lucy Granville, and had sought to take her life in revenge for her fancied treachery. It also appeared, from the statements made by Mr. Manning to Captain Rayner, that Lucy had died of a lingering disease, a few years after her marriage. The skilful physician who had attended her, had expressed the opinion that her malady arose from mental rather than from physical causes, and that some secret trouble was rapidly wearing away her life. The event proved that his opinion was correct. Mr. Manning earnestly besought his wife to confide to him her secret griefs; but she firmly refused to do so, until, upon her deathbed, she confessed that she had never loved him, that she had married him only for his wealth, and that she had never loved but one man, who, driven to madness by her marriage with another, was now an inmate of a lunatic asylum. Remorse for her infidelity to him had destroyed her peace of mind, and finally hurried her to an untimely end. The name of this person, however, she had never revealed.

Captain Rayner's connection with Mr. Manning and Emily did not end with the arrival of the *Syren* at her destined port. On the contrary, the peculiar nature of their relations caused a strong friendship to spring up between the parties; and Captain Rayner, having retired from his profession at the termination of the voyage,

became a frequent and welcome visitor at the house of Mr. Manning.

The perfect resemblance of Emily to her deceased mother, as he had known and loved her, caused him to regard her with peculiar affection and reverence; and when, as their acquaintance grew into a strong and mutual friendship, he discovered that she was in reality the almost angelic being which he had delighted to picture his first love in his dreams, rather than what she really was—a woman possessed of the common frailties of her sex—the love which he had ever borne toward the mother—undiminished, even, when he knew that she was lost to him forever, was naturally transferred to the daughter.

But little remains to add. In less than a year after Captain Rayner had relinquished the command of the *Syren*, he became the happy husband of Emily Manning, who, although more than twenty years his junior, loves him with a pure and devoted affection, alike rare and beautiful.

And now in the enjoyment of all that can render life happy, he is realizing an ample compensation for the years of grief and sorrow which are fled never to return; the gloomy morning of his existence has been followed by a bright and happy noonday, a serene and peaceful evening.

#### BELLS IN THE FIDGI ISLANDS.

A few words respecting the Tongian, or rather Fidgian bell; for it is manufactured in the Fidgi Islands (South Pacific). The Tongians like our bells very well, on account of their strong and melodious vibration; but for range of sound, their *lali* is far superior. Imagine the trunk of a tree, three or four feet long, slightly bevelled at each end, and hollowed out in the form of a trough. It is placed on the ground upon some elastic body, generally upon a coil of rope; and to protect it from the rain, covered by a sort of roof. When they want to give the signal for divine service, they strike the mouth of the *lali* with a mallet, which produces a sort of stifled roar. I should have thought that it could only be heard to a short distance; my mistake was great. There are *lalis*, the distinct sound of which may be heard to a distance of twelve miles when the air is calm. And yet when you are near it, the sound is not sufficiently loud to startle you in the least; but as you recede it becomes clearer, more mild, and harmonious. When you go to a village and hear its *lali*, do not judge from the distinctness of the sound that strikes your ear that you are approaching the place, for you may be mistaken. The *lali* is, therefore, the favorite instrument at Tonga, and deservedly so. It is named in the same manner as we give names to our bells. On feast days the Tongian artists perform on the *lali* peals that are not wanting in harmony. They rival each other in ability and skill, and are doubtless no less proud of their performance than our bell-ringers in France.—*French Missions.*

[ORIGINAL.]

# TO A DISTANT FRIEND.

BY W. L. T.

I am thinking, my dear, of the morning  
When you stood at a stranger's side,  
And he promised to love and cherish you,  
Though weal or woe betide.  
So you spoke the solemn vow,  
And breathed the mystic word,  
And though your accents faltered low,  
The listening angels heard.

Then came the sad farewell,  
And your smiles with tears were dim,  
As you bade sweet childhood's home adieu,  
To go afar with him.  
Ah, they missed your gentle presence  
More than words of mine can tell;  
And strangely dark grew that pleasant home,  
Where the sunshine used to dwell.

The lilacs still blush in beauty,  
Bursting petals deck the trees;  
The syringas have opened their creamy cups  
To the kiss of the honey-bees.  
Sweet carnations in every border  
Cast perfume upon the breeze;  
And your rosebush, all laden with glory,  
Blooms bright by the gray willow trees.

But they miss you when the morning  
Bathes the earth with rosy light;  
They miss you when the evening walks  
In glittering robes of white.  
And they miss you when the flowers bloom  
Beside the cottage door;  
For the hand that trained those blossoms bright,  
Plucks the opening buds no more.

[ORIGINAL.]

# STEWED LOBSTER:

— OR, —

# RAISING A GHOST.

BY A SENATOR'S WIFE.

THE thinking world is divided into two classes—those who believe in ghosts and those who do not. Of late years, some very vigorous writers, such as Mrs. Catherine Crowe, in her "Night Side of Nature," and Mr. Robert Dale Owen, in his "Footfalls on the Boundary of Another World," have openly avowed their belief that the spirits of our friends revisit earth; and they boldly advocate the doctrine of the influence of dreams. A greater than either, Dr. Johnson, was deeply tinctured with superstition, and no one can accuse him of not having possessed strong common sense on all ordinary subjects.

I know all that has been said of the absurdity of imagining that while no ghosts glide along

great battle-fields, or emerge from the waves where naval actions have been fought, we should find in some obscure hole or corner where a single person was done to death, that solitary shade returning to complain of the shedding of its blood. Creaks of gold, the portion of a fortunate interpreter of a dream; wills abstracted to be discovered after the due adjurations of at least three nights. These, and such as these (putting wonders out of the question), constitute at least nine-tenths of the causes of ghostly visitations all over the land, and seem hardly of sufficient importance to call the spirit from its dread abode.

I do not believe there have been many murders in my family. No maiden aunt drowned herself for love; no grim uncle murdered his brother, no gentleman of the family has had to complain of any cruel Barbara Allen; or, on the other hand, no Margaret's grizzly ghost to glide to William's feet. I have lived, too, in haunted castles, traversed by ghosts in all directions, and not been molested by anything more dreadful than the larceny of rats behind mouldy wainscots; and I have looked down from dizzy battlements, from which, according to the most authentic legends of the country, ghosts or wraiths, or ladies of the lake, nightly were to be seen in all directions, and by dozens, without catching anything more visionary than the glancing of the moonbeam upon the bubbling spray of the torrent underneath. It is, therefore, not without some reason I may ask the favor of being deemed not remarkably superstitious on the subject of ghosts or of dreams; and yet—but I shall let the reader see and determine.

My childhood was passed in a remote district of New England, where at that time, the old, imported superstitions had not died out. From an old governess I imbibed principles which taught me that belief in the surrounding superstitions was not only absurd, but sinful. Her education, alas, like much other education, was like Penelope's web. I undid the toil of the morning lecture of the governess, by swallowing with thirsty care the putting-to-bed stories of the nurse. Emancipated from the trammels of education, I ran the usual gauntlet of young ladies of my rank. I danced and flirted a season or two, and then my hand was given to a cousin some degrees removed—given indeed with my consent, and something more than my consent—given with full heart, and if it were free this moment, dear Horace, and you asked for it, it should be yours with as perfect truth and happiness, as if the last ten years, blotted out of time, were to be repeated to-morrow.



His family residence was a venerable mansion, and there I spent the first two years of my marriage. We made one formal visit of a short fragment of a season to Boston, but Brownvale was our abiding home. Ambition suddenly came over my husband's mind, and during one of those Boston visits he was persuaded to allow himself to be put in nomination as Senator to Congress. There was a great deal of worry about it, but he was elected. As he was rich, the expense was no object, and the bustle and excitement of the election amused me greatly. It was now necessary that we should have an establishment at Washington. We secured a handsome residence and furnished it splendidly. Nothing was left undone or wanting, that taste or wealth dictated. It was a large house, but no part was neglected, from the massive splendor of the drawing-room to my own pretty *bijou* of a boudoir.

We gave very gay parties in our very gay house, and Horace was quite happy with his new toy. I went out a great deal, and attracted as much admiration as generally falls to the lot of a lady who presides over *recherche* dinners, and opens her house to distinguished people. Yet I felt infinitely lonesome, for all that; neither my health nor my inclination suited the eternal round of visiting, and I gradually diminished my nights of going out. I missed the hospitable dinner parties and joyous frolics of New England, and in truth I was very much alone. The senate, then in the full vigor of the session, occupied many of my husband's nights, and gave ample business to every hour in the day. Our dinners were taken at any time he could spare. Being very little of a politician, I could not force myself to feel any great interest in the general conversation, except so far as they amused or excited my husband; and I am sure that if he had taken it into his head to follow pugilism with as much zeal as he did politics, I should have lent as attentive an ear to the controversies of the ring, as I did to those of the senate chamber.

It was altogether against his wish that I narrowed my visiting circle, but I felt myself unequal to going through what was no more than a fagging duty. If I had a conquest to make, a daughter to marry, or any other such stimulus, it might have been a different case, but I had nothing of the kind. The consequence of all this was, that I spent many evenings alone in my gilded apartments. I generally occupied myself in reading, from the time Horace left me, and his return—very often broad daylight discovered me still so engaged. I cannot flatter the authors whom I read, that the intense interest of their

volumes had not in the intermediate time occasionally acted as a narcotic. For this waiting up I received many a gentle chiding, which generally terminated by an assurance that the session would soon close, and that then we should all again breathe the bracing air of New England.

"We shall then forget these follies," he would exclaim. "I wish from the depths of my soul I had never embroiled myself in them." This would be said with the air of a much-enduring man, who was making the most enormous sacrifice for the good of his country. I saw that the career in which he was now engaged gratified him to the centre of his soul, nevertheless; and I encouraged him accordingly to undergo his sufferings with due resignation, for which I was sure of being rewarded with an affectionate kiss, and with the seriously-bestowed title of "my dear, good little wife."

One evening I had a small dinner-party, consisting almost exclusively of ladies, upon which he barely looked in for a moment. We chatted through the hours pleasantly enough, and our numbers gradually fell away to three elderly ladies and myself. We were all natives of New England, and my companions had spent most of their time there. Prattling chiefly on our own family traditions—we were all cousins—brought the hours very near to midnight, and such refreshments as ladies can venture to take had made their appearance, when it suddenly occurred to the oldest of the party, Aunt Patience, that something in the shape of supper would be acceptable.

"I know you have a lobster in the house," she said. "Suppose you stew it for our supper—I know just the only right way to do it."

So a cloth was laid, and a large blazer, such as we cook venison steaks on, got ready. Aunt Patience would trust nothing to the servants, and commenced her work. The meat of the lobster was placed in a silver chafing-dish, over it was poured a bottle of claret, and various condiments were added. After simmering fifteen minutes the stew was cooked, and I can tell you I never ate anything in my life half so delicious. I indulged in it freely, and soon after supper, my friends having gone home, and Horace not returned, I retired to my sleeping apartment. They were in a distant part of the house, and when I had dismissed my maid, I was almost as much alone as if I had been under another roof. The room in which I seated myself and began to read, was large and dimly lighted by my table-lamp. I felt a troublesome sensation of loneliness. The very splendor of the furniture by which I was surrounded only augmented the solitariness of

my situation. Many hands, I thought, had been here busily employed—the ingenuity, the labor of many an hour set to work to produce what I dimly see all around; but the workman has departed, and his voice is hushed. I became excessively nervous. I was half afraid to look at the pictures, and the patterns of the paper on the walls assumed in my eyes figures and appearances anything but agreeable. I got up and walked about the room and opened a window. This, except that it let in a draught of cold air, did me no service, for the back of our house commanded only views of stables and their yards. I closed the sash and returned to my book; but the same class of ideas recurred.

The volume I was reading contained one of Edgar A. Poe's strange stories—"The Wonders in the Rue Morgue." I recollected how defenceless I was if any one should break into the house through the stable-yard, into which I now regretted having looked. All this was very weak, I admit; but my situation, then of a delicate nature, made me fidgetty. I determined to call to my maid, who slept not far off on the same floor, and with her to pass the hours which might elapse before the return of Horace.

I rose to do so, but my purpose was at once arrested as I looked at the door. Was it magnetism? I saw the handle of the lock distinctly turn. There was no one nearer it than myself. I rubbed my eyes and looked round with the most piercing scrutiny of gaze. It moved again. There was the most perfect silence all around. I sunk back in my chair, but my eyes could not withdraw themselves from the handle of the lock. It moved once more, and I all but fainted. I endeavored to rise for the purpose of ringing the bell, but I had not the power to stir; I essayed to call out, but my tongue refused its office—There I remained in a state of semi-consciousness, looking with fixed gaze at the door. I do not know how long this may have lasted; it could not, however, have been more than a quarter of an hour, perhaps not so much. The lock-handle, in the meantime had not moved any more.

"It must be a mere delusion," I said, "and I should be ashamed to give way to such fancies. I'll call Martha, and she must help me in sleeping them off." I mustered courage, therefore, to rise; but I confess, when I came to turn that mysterious handle, my very heart sunk within me. I conquered my apprehension, however, and turned it without encountering anything very alarming in consequence. I hesitated a little in opening the door, but this feat, too, I summoned up sufficient energy to perform. I looked into the little ante-chamber outside. It was dark,

but had been undisturbed. Everything was there as I left it. Ashamed of my silliness, I proceeded towards Martha's chamber, which I found locked. Martha was smoring, and I tried in vain to rouse her. So I made up my mind to return to my own room. I had to pass the landing-place of one of the stair-cases on my return, and I saw in a distant room on the floor beneath, some flashings of a light which seemed to be partially obscured. My alarm now returned, but it was supernatural no longer. The servants had long since retired to rest, and no one could have produced a light with any other than a felonious intent. What was I to do? While I hesitated, the matter was decided; my lamp had attracted the notice of the people below, and they lost no time in running up stairs. In a moment I was surrounded by five men disguised. The tallest of the party knocked the lamp out of my hand, and one of them told me I should not be hurt. They had already secured the plate in common use, but I was commanded to show them the iron safe in the closet next our bedroom, where the rest was deposited. This done, the tall man was in great haste to depart. Something seemed to agitate him with a convulsive gripe, he caught me by the arm.

"Resistance is death," said he. "It is useless for you to ring for the servants, some of them can't hear you, and some of them won't."

A dreadful suspicion flashed across my mind. Can these people any of them belong to my household, and if they do, have they murdered my faithful servants before proceeding to rob the house? I was not allowed much leisure to pause on these reflections, for the tall man demanded to know where I had stowed away my jewelry. He shook me violently, and while doing so, the crape mask fell off of his face, and I could not help crying out: "O, Richard—Richard! can it be you?" He was an old, silver-haired domestic, or factotum of our family, who had dandled me a hundred times upon his knees, and who I had every reason to believe, was at that moment at Brownvale, in New England. Alarmed, the other villains now made off, and I was left alone with Richard.

"This will never do, ma'am," he said. "I took it you were in bed, and tried the handle of the lock of your room. I hoped to have moved away without molesting you, but it's now too late—it's now life for life!"

"You'll not murder me, Richard?" I asked, in an agony of fear.

"Not if I can help it; but I won't let you hang me, either."

"I swear—"

"Nonsense! Give me your jewels. They will put me out of the reach of the law for a few hours, at all events."

"I will take you to them."

"Make haste then."

I tremblingly obeyed, and he made a hasty sweep. He was about to retreat, when the sound of carriages was heard in the street.

"Here they are," he cried, with an oath. "I must chance it through the stables. But no one is to be left behind to tell tales."

He levelled his pistol at me and fired. The ball passed through my hair. I closed upon him and held him with all my might, and he fired again. There was a flash, a dreadful crashing noise, a hasty trampling of feet up stairs; the room was filled with noise and smoke, amid the gloom of which the villain seemed to vanish, and my husband stood over me. I sank into his arms. "My brave Horace!" I said, and burst out laughing.

"Why, my dear wife," said he, "what can bewitch you to stay up so late? See what you have done! Just as I opened the door, you gave a most vigorous jerk forward, which has knocked your lamp off the table, smashed it all to pieces, and singed the prettiest of your curls."

This, then, was the flashing and the crashing, the smoking and the burning, which had drawn visions of robbers and pistols, and all the other terrible things, before my dozing eyes.

I never ate stewed lobster again for supper. It's very nice, but dreadfully indigestible.

#### UNITARY OSTRICHES.

The hatch of a single ostrich amounts generally to from thirty to forty eggs. Sometimes several couples unite to hatch in partnership, in which case a large hollow is dug out, the centre of which is occupied by the oldest pair of birds, the others ranging themselves around at regular distances. When the eggs have all been laid, they are pushed over to the middle nest, but not mixed; and while the eldest bird is occupied in hatching, the others sit around in the places where the eggs belonging to them were laid respectively. These associations are composed of birds of the same family—the old ones in the centre of the circle being the parents of the others; but the social system is only resorted to in places where herbage is very abundant. As many as a hundred and fifty eggs have been found in one of these combined nests. The Arabs say that those of each couple are disposed in a heap, each heap surmounted by the first egg laid, which is destined for the nourishment of the young ones when they break shell.—*Markland.*

#### EPITAPH ON AN INFANT.

Here sin could blight or sorrow lade,  
Death came with friendly care;  
The opening bud to heaven conveyed,  
And bade it blossom there.—*COLERIDGE.*

#### TOO BLUNT FOR POLITENESS.

If older people talked as frankly as little children, there would be less deception in the world, under a mask of courtesy. Here is a story of a little boy who said outright, what a great many people feel without saying:

In a family with whom I am acquainted, there is a four-year-old, who rejoices in the name of Harry. Harry's mother had been very sick, and his grandmother had made frequent visits to the house during the time of her daughter's sickness. When the mother recovered, the grandmother, thinking her services no longer needed, discontinued her frequent visits, and only called occasionally. On her visiting the house one evening, she was much surprised at hearing Harry ask why she did not call during the week previous.

"O," said she, "you didn't want me, did you?"

"No," said he, with the most innocent expression imaginable, "but don't you often come when we don't want you?"—*Mother's Journal.*

#### SPANISH LADIES.

But here come two Spanish ladies, going to early mass, with the inevitable old *duenna*—close, watchful, and important as the nurse in Romeo and Juliet—at their heels; for this is a country where hearts are tinder, and sparks are always at hand. They look, as all Spanish ladies do to English eyes, full-dressed; so that a street full of Spanish ladies at the fashionable shopping hour looks very much like an open air ball-room. Their hair is glossy as a blackbird's wing; soft, I dare say, to the lover's hand as a mole's fur. The mantilla gathers round on their shoulders in a cascade of blackness; and their black fans work and winnow in that enchanting manner which, it is said, takes seven years to learn. The Cadiz foot is a proverb—the Cadiz beauty is famous—the Spanish walk is an institution. These ladies float along; walking, as June does, on clouds; there is no stalking tramp here, no tremendous, vigorous exertion of muscles. No, there is only a gliding, a divine passage, not to be accounted for by vulgar, mechanical laws.—*Life in Spain.*

#### THE SERFS IN RUSSIA.

The plan proposed by the Russian government for the emancipation of the serfs has been harmoniously adjusted, and is being successfully put in operation. The plan presented to the czar by the Russian nobility, for the emancipation of the serfs, gives them the power to lease lands and make contracts for two years, when it is hoped they will be able to support themselves. The czar's plan contemplated immediate emancipation, and the gift to each serf from his master's territory, of sufficient land to support him. Emancipation is desired by all parties, but the nobles are not willing to give up serfs and land both. The plan of the nobles is understood to have been accepted by the czar.—*Boston Traveller.*

The lash that man does not object to having laid on his shoulder—the eye-lash of a pretty woman.

[ORIGINAL.]

## WE MET BENEATH THE GLARE.

BY WILLIE WARE.

We met beneath the glare  
Of artificial light;  
'Twas in a scene of gaiety  
Upon a festive night.  
Gay forms were whirling past  
Amid the mazy dance;  
Rich music floated round,  
The senses to entrance.

Thy face so pure and sweet  
I saw that festive night;  
Thy form with grace replete,  
Thy smile so gay and light.  
Thine eyes expressive, mild,  
Of heaven's own deepest blue;  
Thy hair in ringlets hung  
Of a rich auburn hue.

[ORIGINAL.]

## THE WIFE'S TRIAL.

BY MARGARET VERNE.

"Mr friend Madaline Carter is coming to visit us, Alice."

Mrs. Lund looked up wonderingly into her husband's face, as he spoke. The name of his friend was a strange one to her. She had never heard him mention it before.

"Madaline Carter!—pray who may she be?" she asked. "And when is she coming?" she added, glancing quickly around the little breakfast-room.

Mr. Lund smiled and tossed a gay, dashing-looking letter into his wife's lap.

"Read for yourself, if you please," he said, "and then tell me how you like it."

With a puzzled expression upon her pleasant face, Mrs. Lund read, what perhaps pleased her, and what perhaps did not, for she had a strong control over her features, and did not allow them to betray her secrets. At any rate, when she finished reading, she drew her white forefinger laughingly across the commencement of the letter, which was, "My dear Arthur Lund," and said:

"Ought I to like that, dear? A strange woman using that 'possessive my,' as we used to say at school, in connection with your name?"

Mr. Lund shook his head. "Do you like the penmanship?" he queried.

"It is very beautiful," she answered, evasively.

"But that is not it—do you like it?" he persisted in saying.

"Yes, well enough. But you know I am seldom drawn very strongly towards gay, handsome people."

"But how do you know that she is gay and handsome?"

"The penmanship indicates as much."

"You are right, Alice, and Arthur knows it. If I were in your place, I wouldn't have her come here at all." The voice came from a low window-seat near by.

"What! is Hester here as early as this in the morning?" said Mr. Lund, evidently somewhat annoyed. "So much comes from settling down within a stone's throw of one's old home. Now, chatterbox, what have you to say of Miss Carter?"

"That if I were in Alice's place, I wouldn't care to have her here—nothing more or less."

"And why not?" queried her brother.

Hester looked annoyed. She did not know whether it would do for her to speak her mind or not. Shaking her head, she said, archly:

"You wouldn't like to have me tell why, Arthur Lund!"

"Nonsense! How thankful I am that I didn't choose such a little goosey as you for a wife. Alice will have a pleasant visit with Miss Carter, I am sure, in spite of your mischievous croakings. Don't mind her, Allie."

Alice stood looking alternately at her husband and young sister-in-law, striving to comprehend the meaning of their words. There was a perplexed expression about her well-formed mouth, and in her clear brown eyes. Whatever her thoughts were, she kept them to herself, for she remarked, after a moment's pause, in an indifferent, careless manner:

"She will be here Wednesday—to-morrow. I will have everything in readiness for her. Never fear, Arthur."

Her husband bent down and kissed her, as she spoke. She returned the caress mechanically, and let her eyes wander searchingly over his face.

"Never mind Hester, Alice. Miss Carter is a very agreeable young lady," Mr. Lund said, as he turned away.

This was all of the morning's conversation, and yet, upon the young wife's heart a shadow had fallen. Going to the window, she watched her husband as he walked down the garden-path to the street. The June sunshine glimmered through the trees upon him. The birds were singing from every bush and shrub. On either hand the sweet-mouthed flowers leaned towards him as if for caresses. This was what Alice's eyes took in; to her heart there was no deeper meaning, perhaps. She was restless and uneasy.

After a while she glanced back towards the breakfast-table, still untouched. Near it, in a heavily-cushioned chair, her sister-in-law Hester sat reading. For a moment, as she looked upon her, an unworthy question framed itself upon her lips. But she did not ask it. She had little need to, in fact, for Hester, anticipating her, closed her book and joined her at the window.

"Don't feel badly about it, Alice," she began. "I'm sure Arthur never cared at all for Madaline—at least, not half as much as he does for you. But at one time they were very intimate, and mother and I were afraid he would marry her. But that was a long time ago!"

Alice smiled.

"Is she beautiful—fascinating—did you say?" she asked.

"Yes, after a fashion. She has splendid eyes; such as will draw one this way and that. She sings well, too, and has a queenly way of doing everything. But she isn't half as sweet as you are, dear."

In this assurance there was something inexpressibly touching to the young wife; at least, her peculiar mood made it so. There was a little fluttering in her throat for a moment, and then her eyes were suddenly dimmed. But she did not speak, only rested her fair hands on the head of her sister, and tried to look down the shaded way that led from the wide, deep window. What a pleasant, happy home this was (so she thought)! How blessed had she been above all other women!

In the perfect arms of memory she was carried back into the past. All the struggles, trials and temptations of her life arose up before her. They were not few, for with her own hands she had made herself a place in the busy world. Not few, I say, but at the early age of twenty-three, she had conquered life. By this, I mean that she knew it as women twice her years seldom do. No matter how. Perhaps it was through her own heart. Love is a great purifier sometimes, and comes like a rapid fire to clear away the rubbish from our eyes. Blessed is he who can read and interpret what he sees! So Alice loved and learned. Standing there, she thought of it. The birth of her love had given her great pain. When she looked at it steadily and well, her heart was brimmed with joy. We ought to thank God every day, we who love, for the sweet privilege of loving. Its return is the gift of another—itsself power.

Why, with all her experience, the thought of Madaline Carter should jar so strongly she did not know. As her husband's friend, she was prepared to welcome her—as her own, she was

afraid from her present feelings she never could. That was the dark side of it. Having naturally a sunny heart she soon found the brighter one; and in an hour's time to have looked upon her as she went around her pleasant home, one would have said that the evil spirit was wholly exorcised away.

It was one of the pleasantest of June evenings that Madaline Carter came. With her husband Alice was waiting upon the portico to receive her, when the carriage drove to the door. She had expected to meet a handsome woman, but for so much beauty she was not prepared. For a moment she started back as one will when a sudden light breaks upon them.

"I am happy to welcome you, Madaline!" Mr. Lund said, shaking her hand cordially. And then turning to his wife, he presented her.

Madaline's proud eyes flashed widely open upon her. At a glance she seemed to take in her whole character. How much a single look will express. The one that passed between the two women was fraught with meaning. It said, "I shall hate you!" From Madaline's eyes it was like a swift, strong blaze; from Alice's like the piercing gleam of a star—sharp and lancetlike. This was their meeting, although the while they clasped their white hands together and smiled. While Alice went to the kitchen, Madaline congratulated Mr. Lund upon his happiness, his home, his wife. She did this with a touch of tenderness in her clear, skillfully managed voice.

"I always knew, Arthur," she said, in her old, familiar way, "that sometime you would be nested down in just this way for life. Isn't it delightful?"

"Very," Mr. Lund answered, smiling. "I used to prophesy, too, if I remember rightly," he added, a little archly.

"But you were a false prophet. I know you were then."

"Yes—no! Circumstances entirely justified my conclusions. You'll admit that, I'm sure."

"Not even that."

Mr. Lund smiled again. He was used to her evasive answers. They seemed to please him. From her manner he was led to watch her closely. How beautiful she was! As he thought this, a little tender breeze swept up from the fragrant paths of the past. It was so pleasant that he deemed it harmless. So he turned his face towards it. It grew stronger then, and swept through his heart even. Ah, Mr. Lund, what a dangerously delicious pleasure was that!

Madaline Carter came for a visit of a few days, but they lengthened out into weeks, and still she did not speak of going. At dinner, one

day, she said, turning her face towards Mr. Lund, while she fixed her eyes upon Alice:

"I have a friend in the city, or rather an acquaintance, who wishes much to call here. He once knew Mrs. Lund he tells me."

"Ah, and who may your friend be?" was the answer.

"Mr. Ralph Morrison. He is here from Penn on business. Some people call him very attractive. What is your opinion, Mrs. Lund?"

At that moment Arthur raised his eyes to Alice's face. It was so white that it startled him.

"Are you ill?" he asked, rising quickly from his chair.

"No, no—pray be seated," she answered, glancing deprecatingly into his face. "I was a little dizzy—it has quite gone now."

Madaline had watched her closely meanwhile. There was a satisfied, knowing look about her mouth and in her eyes. A poor reader of human faces would have known that there was a certain triumph at her heart.

"I hope the thought of seeing Ralph Morrison does not affect you so, Mrs. Lund," she said, gaily. "I shall feel obliged to warn Arthur of him."

Alice's face crimsoned, and for a moment she did not answer. Even Arthur seemed a little disturbed at her strange appearance, for he raised his eyes to her face, as though anxiously awaiting reply.

"I would advise you to do so, Miss Carter. Perhaps he will appoint you to watch me closely when the gentleman calls," Alice said, at last, laughingly.

"Perhaps so," Madaline answered, opening her eyes to their full width.

"I hate you!" was the look that passed between them then, fierce, deep and strong. Mr. Lund felt it. The swift current touched and thrilled him, but he was like one standing in the dark.

In the evening following, Ralph Morrison called. He was a dark, handsome man, with a smooth tongue and a soft voice. Mr. Lund did not like him, and so gathered his dignity about him like an icy garment. Alice was very quiet, and a little paler than usual; but Madaline was all grace and beauty. Her eyes shone like stars. They were so bright that what was lying in their depths could not be seen. Before he left, Mr. Morrison spoke a few low words to Alice, and as he did so, Madaline scanned the face of Mr. Lund closely.

"They were friends once," she said, seeing how indifferent he was.

He glanced towards them quickly at this, and

then looked inquiringly into her face. Her words were simple enough, but they were weighed down with meaning. As if annoyed, she drooped her eyes, and playing with her bracelet, remarked, in a confused, half-troubled way:

"Excuse me—I—I supposed you knew all about their acquaintance, and yet I might have known—never mind. See! Mr. Morrison is bidding Mrs. Lund good night."

He was, indeed! But why should Alice stand blushing before him? Arthur Lund was startled out of his composure for a moment. He turned to Madaline. She had risen from her chair, and stood with her beautiful head bent thoughtfully forward.

"I am quite puzzled," he said, in a low tone. "I must hear more of this," he added, quite forgetting himself.

This was but the beginning of disquiet. With Arthur Lund it increased daily. Between Alice and himself a strange coldness sprang up, but Madaline was everything to him. I do not say that he was conscious of this, but doubting his wife, he made her his friend.

It was so like old times to be with her, he would say to himself. So like the pleasant days of his youth it seemed to listen to her sweet, musical voice. Sometimes he used to wish that she could not read him quite so easily; that she did not know quite so well of the little trouble between Alice and himself. But after awhile he ceased to think of this even, and Alice went further from him. How would it end? As the beautiful enchantress willed perhaps. But the good angels of earth are many. They watch as well as the bad.

Madaline told Arthur that Mr. Morrison and Alice had been lovers once. She said this in an artless, innocent way, as though she did not half comprehend what she was saying. But she drank in every word eagerly.

"Why did they not marry?"

"There had been a misunderstanding between them—they had not quite comprehended each other," was the answer.

"And now?"

"O they could see how it was now, of course. People could always see when it was too late to remedy an evil."

"Yes, yes—but had they loved deeply?"

"Yes."

The word came with a sigh. At that moment it fell welcomingly upon his ears. Madaline had loved him deeply, perhaps, he thought. Involuntarily he raised her hand to his lips.

Ah, Arthur—Arthur Lund! could you have seen the white face bent towards you at that mo-

ment—could you have seen the terrible look of agony that passed over it, you might have stayed your feet from the path which they were treading. The beautiful hand would have scorched your lips like fire!

Softly, noiselessly, Alice stole up the wide stairway to her chamber. In the darkness she fell upon her knees, clasping her hands across her forehead. Her prayer was:

"Be merciful—merciful, dear God!"

"It is so cruel, so miserably cruel!"

So Hester Lund kept saying to herself, as she sat by Alice bedside during the illness that followed that night. But Alice did not speak at all, only mutely with her large brown eyes. She kept her white face hidden in the pillow, and muffled the heavy sobs that broke so constantly upon her lips. At first, Arthur came to see her, but Hester suggested to him one day, as she saw him nearing his wife's chamber, with a troubled expression upon his face, his mouth stern and his brows knit, that it would be better for him to allow Alice a few days of uninterrupted quiet. He looked at her keenly as she spoke, and his fine lips curled into a smile.

"Then I am a trouble to Alice?" he said, in a low tone, scarcely above a whisper.

"I did not say that you were. But something troubles her, I am sure of that," was the quick answer.

"I do not doubt there is. I have ample proof."

"And so have I!" retorted Hester, under her breath, turning away.

This conversation was in the upper hall. At the door of her chamber, which was slightly ajar, Madaline Carter listened to it. Her beautiful face gleamed in its triumphant joy.

"We will see—we will see, Alice Lund, who conquers!" she said, clasping her hands together, and bending her regal head upon them. "To fail is to die, and that you begin to feel! But for this little quick-eyed Hester I must keep a sharp lookout."

When Madaline went down to dinner that day she wore her sweetest smiles.

"How was Mrs. Lund?" she asked of Hester.

"Very well," was the cool reply, given with a corresponding glance.

"Would she be down stairs soon?"

"That had not been thought of much yet."

"She (Madaline) would have visited her, but she feared that she might disturb her."

"She most certainly would," was the prompt, decisive answer.

Arthur Lund raised his eyes in surprise. Hester looked him firmly in the face. Madaline

watched them smilingly. "I must see to that Hester," she thought to herself.

Ah! that would have been well, Miss Madaline.

At the expiration of a week, Alice insisted upon going down stairs. Hester protested that she was too weak, and even Arthur expressed a fear that she might endanger her health by so doing. But she was firm in her resolution, and so at tea-time that day, she took her place at the table again. She was looking poorly. None felt this more keenly than did Hester, and in consequence she hated Madaline Carter most deeply. How the little play would end she did not know, but she thought to herself, that in it she would not be an idle character—that she would help the plot to a speedy *denouement*, if possible.

How strange it was that Ralph Morrison, who had absented himself from the house during Alice's illness, should make his appearance on the first evening which she spent down stairs. To Arthur Lund it was inexplicable. To all appearances, it was the same to Madaline. But Hester was content to watch without wondering.

Alice was lying upon the sofa when Mr. Morrison was announced. Her husband was near enough to her to see the faint color arise in her cheeks at the mention of his name. With a quick, hurried glance about him, Mr. Morrison bent over Alice and whispered a few words. When he turned away, Hester went at once to her.

"Tell me what he said, Allie dear," she began, taking her hand.

"That he was happy to see me in the parlor again," she answered, raising her eyes wonderingly to Hester's face.

"And was that all?"

"All?" (still wonderingly.)

"That is well. Sometime you shall know why I asked you."

Madaline clenched her white hands together, and under her breath cursed Hester Lund. For what, she knew not. The girl's face was unreadable as a sealed book. There was nothing to be gathered from that. Perhaps her step was a little firmer, her head, always finely carried, took a more confident poise, as she turned from Alice to her seat again. There was something, at any rate, that jarred with Madaline's thoughts. All around, it was an unpleasant evening. But Mr. Morrison was never more witty or entertaining. To Hester it seemed dull, and she knew that it was the same to her brother, that aside from Alice he cared little for the company. His eyes constantly sought her face. His head was bent towards her as he spoke. Once in a while, as though suddenly conscious of betraying too deep

an interest, he would turn his face towards Madaline, but it would be for a few moments only, and then to Alice again.

When he turned to leave the room that night, he drew his kerchief from his coat pocket, and as he did so, a delicate little note dropped to the carpet, close at Arthur's feet. Mr. Lund stooped to pick it up. Of a sudden his eye caught the superscription. It was in the fine, delicate penmanship of Alice! He put his foot on the note and bowed Mr. Morrison from the room. For a moment he stood as white as marble. The perspiration gathered in large drops upon his forehead. His lips were tremulous, but not with speech. He knew then, when she seemed to go forever from him, how deeply and well he had loved Alice; that his passion for Madaline was no more to that, than is the first breath of spring to the rich glow of midsummer. He gathered the note in his hand and crushed it there.

"What is it, Arthur?" whispered Hester, softly.

He waved her away with his hand. His eye sought Alice.

"Not now," she said.

He turned around. Madaline had stolen quietly from the room.

"Yes, *now*!" he said, almost fiercely.

Alice looked up, and he went to her. "You are no longer my wife!" he said, looking into her white face, as he spoke.

She started up wildly. As if to crush her down again, he held the note before her eyes. She read:

"DEAR RALPH:—I shall be down stairs this evening. If you love me come! ALICE."

"I never wrote it. Arthur—Arthur! believe me," she cried, sinking back upon the sofa in a deep swoon.

"You have killed her!" said Hester, as he turned away.

He rushed out of the house, down the gravelled pathway into the street. He did not know or care where or which way he went. So he wandered about till nearly midnight. He was drinking from the same cup that he had pressed to Alice's lips.

"Morrison's heart-blood should pay for the wrong!" he said to himself in the heat of his mad passion. Then he thought of Madaline. Instinctively he cursed her, and then himself in turn. At last, he turned towards home. He gained it by a roundabout way that led him to a back gate situated in the remotest part of his grounds. He entered it noiselessly. Walking slowly up the smooth path, densely shaded upon

either side, he caught the sound of voices. His first thought was, that Alice might be there keeping tryst with Ralph Morrison. He listened shudderingly. Behind the thick screen of rustling trees and shrubbery, Morrison and Madaline were talking. How long they had been there he had no idea. But they were talking of him, he thought. Hearing his name mentioned, he moved more closely towards them.

"The plot deepens," Madaline said. "I had no idea that it would work so well. You have acted your part nobly, Ralph."

"Why should I not? Alice Thurlow did not turn from my heart's best love for nothing. I swore to her then, if time was spared to me, I would strike at the tenderest part of her life. The blow is deep, she thinks, now, but she has not felt it yet! Do you remember how white she grew when I first spoke to her? She had not forgotten my words. They will go to her grave with her."

"I pray they may," said Madaline, in a tone of deep passion, "and as for me, I care not how soon. She took my heart away from me, when she wedded Arthur Lund. I have been a fiend ever since. I stood at the parlor door to-night when he held the note before her eyes. How happy I was, when I saw that agonized look break over her white face. She little thought who had mixed the fiery draught that was raised to her lips. And Arthur—"

"You are a strange woman, Madaline," said Morrison. "I like your strength and bravery. But you are shivering with the cold. Let me lead you to the house."

"No, I am not cold," she answered. "Life is too deep for that to-night. This revenge is maddening, intoxicating! My brain is on fire! My heart seems burning out!"

"I must insist upon your going in."

He said something more, but Arthur could not quite distinguish what it was. Something about living until the victory was entirely won, was the burden of his words as they moved away.

When Arthur reached the house, he found Alice asleep. He bent over her couch. He could see then how sadly she was changed—how pale and thin she had grown. She turned upon her pillow, and whispered his name brokenly. Tears gathered in his eyes. His heart was full.

"Forgive me!" he cried, as she opened her eyes upon him.

"O, Arthur, you wronged me! I did not write that note. I do not love any one but you. You are all that I have in the great, wide world!"

He took her hands tenderly in his, and in broken sentences told her what he had learned. And



more, he told her of this strange infatuation, now gone forever; and he promised, with the help of God, to be all in the years to come that he had been in the past, tender, true and loving.

The next morning he carried Alice down to the breakfast-room in his arms, and placed her close beside him at the table. Madeline looked wonderingly upon him. She was so taken by surprise, that she forgot the part she was playing.

"I did not think to see you down, Mrs. Lund."

Arthur bit his lips. "Are you quite well this morning?" he asked, raising his eyes to her face.

"O yes, quite well!"

"Then you did not take cold last evening?"

"Take cold?" she repeated, changing color.

"Yes, Mr. Morrison was apprehensive that you would. And it was extremely careless of you standing out in the night air so long. Did you go out immediately after leaving the parlor?"

"No—that is—"

"You stopped to glance through the parlor door while Alice read your note, perhaps?" he queried, in the same cool, collected tone.

She flashed her eyes upon him. They shone like balls of fire in her great anger. She arose from the table. Trying to speak, her rage nearly choked her. "I hate you, Arthur Lund!" she said.

"Indeed!" he answered. "Your feelings are emblematic of change. My regards to Mr. Morrison when you meet him again. Alice and I would be pleased to have him call at his leisure."

She swept out of the room without answering. An hour later she was on her way to the depot. She did not stop to thank her kind host and hostess for their protracted hospitality, or even to bid them a good morning. For a long time they sat at the breakfast-table, Arthur and Alice, while Hester read by the window. The breezes came in deftly, laden with summer's dying perfume, the canary whistled and trilled in its cage, the sunshine threw its golden lines farther and farther across the snowy linen of the table. The young wife smiled—the shadow had risen.

**SAVE YOUR PAMPHLETS.**—Much valuable matter is lost by a neglect to bind and preserve the pamphlet literature of the day. Dr. Johnson gives a hint to American as well as to English librarians when he says: "There is no nation, perhaps, in which it is so necessary, as in our own, to assemble, from time to time, the smaller tracts and fugitive pieces, which are occasionally published; for, besides the general subjects of inquiry which are cultivated by us, in common with every learned nation, our constitution in church and state naturally gives birth to a multitude of performances, which would either not have been written, or would not have been made public in any other place."

## WOMAN IN ADVERSITY.

Women should be trusted and confided in as wives, mothers, and sisters. They have a quick perception of right and wrong, and, without always knowing why, read the present and future, characters and acts, designs and probabilities, where man sees no letter or sign. What else do we mean by the adage, "mother wit" save that woman has a quicker perception and readier invention than man? How often, when man abandons the helm in despair, woman seizes it, and carries the home ship through the storm! Man often flies from home and family to avoid impending poverty and ruin. Woman seldom, if ever, forsook home thus. Woman never evaded mere temporal calamity by suicide or desertion. The proud banker, rather than live to see his poverty gazetted, may blow out his brains and leave wife and children to want, protectorless. Loving woman would have counselled him to accept poverty, and live to cherish his family and retrieve his fortune. Woman should be counselled and confided in. It is the beauty and glory of her nature that it instinctively grasps at and clings to the truth and right. Reason, man's greatest faculty, takes time to hesitate before it decides; but woman's instinct never hesitates in its decision, and is scarcely ever wrong where it has even chances with reason. Woman feels where man thinks, acts where he deliberates, hopes where he despairs, and triumphs where he falls.—*Country Gentleman.*

## TYROLESE BRAVERY.

We now arrived at Prutz, and felt we were on classic ground. We crossed a bridge over the foaming torrent. Up to this point the Tyrolese once allowed the enemy to advance. No sign of resistance met them. They heard no sound but the rumbling of the river below, until a mysterious voice shouted from some hidden spot, "Shall we begin?" and the word "No," echoed down the pass. Onward the enemy marched—the defile became narrower—there was only room for the torrent and the road between the mountains. And now a resolute voice was heard to cry, "In the name of the Holy Trinity cut all loose!" when rocks, stones and trees rattled down the steep sides of the mountains into the very midst of the enemy, while the Tyrolese riflemen started from their hiding places, and helped to pour destruction on the foe. It is recorded, that an old man who was thus plying his deadly weapon, was attacked by three soldiers. He fired and killed the first, with the butt-end of his weapon he beat down the second, then he grasped the third, and leapt with him into the gulf, shouting, "For God and Tyrol!"—*Through the Tyrol to Venice. By Mrs. Newman Hall.*

## LOVE.

When vexed by cares and harassed by distress,  
The storms of fortune chill thy soul with dread,  
Let Love, consoling Love, still sweetly blow,  
And his assuasive balm benignly shed;  
His downy plume o'er thy pillow spread,  
Shall lull thy weep & sorrows to repose.  
To love the tender heart hath ever fled,  
As on its mother's breast the infant throws  
Its sobbing face, and there in sleep forgets its woes.

Mrs. Tighe

[ORIGINAL.]

## THE PINE.

BY LESLIE MORSE.

When gusty winds whirl in the roaring pine,  
 And tossing its hair as if drunken with wine,  
 Singing and singing some plaintive bassoon,  
 Each treesy harp walling and walling in tune:  
 Now faintly and low the soft monotone dies,  
 Then shrieking with elfy locks swung in the skies.  
 Tell me, O pine-tree, art thou the haunt  
 Of spirits, who sigh with a shivering chant  
 O'er hopes which the young heart cherished and fed,  
 And dreams which alas! in a mockery died—  
 Whose ghosts have now come, all frantic and pale,  
 To sigh in thy fringe, O pine, with a wail?

Æolian pine, on a million of strings  
 Thy music awakens and o'er thee rings:  
 Now shrilly and loud as a war-note's rush,  
 Then the pean grows soft as a twilight hush;  
 Humming and humming some old love note  
 That flowers on the stream with their pale fingers wrote,  
 When it wandered away from their loving embrace,  
 To crown with its pearl-foam a later won face.

O, many an hour 'neath the pine-tree I've lain  
 On the green-waving hill o'erlooking the plain,  
 And the poplars marked, in the windy play,  
 Flash up their linings of silver and gray;  
 To the sapphire skies all smiling above,  
 And the soft yellow air so mellow with love.  
 And athwart it the wild bird, sauntering, flings,  
 The amethyst plumes on the edge of her wings;  
 And the brown bee's song, as he swims like a boat  
 On the amber sea, has a murmurous note;  
 And among all the arches, and all of the aisles,  
 Where the sunlight creeps with its golden smiles,  
 And Echo steals on with her pale lips apart,  
 Comes music that wakens the dreams of the heart—  
 Breathing of love, and of hope, and desire,  
 Passions which melt all the soul in their fire.

Silver dews falling among the white flowers,  
 Nightingales' songs in the rose-colored bowers,  
 The reeds and the rushes, with moonlight waves,  
 By starry winds beaten in musical staves,  
 And the twilight rain—O, they all combine  
 In the music that plays o'er the emerald pine!

[ORIGINAL.]

## THE DEAD MAN'S SIGNATURE.

BY MARK A. OSGOOD.

THE sun had gone down behind the distant hills; even the last faint streaks of purple and gold which for a time lingered in the western horizon, had melted away, and the shades of evening were fast coming on. The day had been an unusually warm and pleasant one for December, but a sudden change had taken place in the weather; dark, angry, windy clouds had arisen in the north, and were fast creeping over the clear, azure heavens, and the howling, whistling

blasts came sweeping through the naked trees, bereaving them of the last remnant of leaves which remained of their summer's glory, and whirling them around and around with amazing velocity, at last deposited them, with a multitude of their dried, seared companions, amid the clefts of rocks, by the walls and roadsides, beneath the hedges and in the valleys, and in other receptacles prepared for their wintry abode.

It was upon this evening, so dismal, dark and cheerless, that two men might have been seen standing just within the narrow confines of an old, dilapidated shed, one of the appendages of a large, substantial brick house, engaged in earnest conversation. One was a ruffianly-looking man of about thirty, of medium height, short and thick-set, with coarse, irregular features, long black hair, and heavy, frowning brows, from beneath which a pair of eyes gleamed bright and piercing as an eagle's. The other was a person of an altogether different look and mien. In his countenance both intellect and art were expressed; his light, springy gait, free and easy manners, ready command of language, and especially his rapid, graceful gestures, all denoted a man from the higher walks of life.

"Dixon," said the villanous-looking individual I have just described, as he cast an uneasy glance around to assure himself that no listeners were near, "can it be accomplished?"

"Without the shadow of a doubt."

"And there is no danger of detection?"

"Not if you've got the wit of a goose to carry it out," said the other, drily.

"Have you matured your plan?"

"Yes."

"And you swear to stand by me through thick and thin, come weal or come woe?"

"Provided you'll give me a good taste of the chink after we get it. I don't go into such business for nothing," answered Dixon.

"I am not the man to bicker about a few hundreds, when thousands are at stake. Give me a lift, and you shall set your own price. But what is your plan?"

"The old man you say lies in the northwest chamber?"

"Yes."

"Does any one sleep in the immediate vicinity?"

"Only old Grannie Reed, and she has been deaf as an adder these dozen years."

"So much the better for our purpose. 'Well, you must affect for once a little filial affection—'"

"That's rather a hard matter, but when gold is in question—" interrupted his companion.

"Silence, you fool!" exclaimed Dixon, impa-

tiently. "Will you take up the whole time talking? Hear me, man: thus far he's had the whole town in to see him, but say to the old woman and the family that you consider the chamber of death ought to be free from intrusion; tell them that as this is the last night your father's remains lie unburied, as an affectionate and dutiful son, you desire the privilege of performing the sad office of watching by them in private, and that for this night you wish to be left to the free and undisturbed indulgence of your own sad reflections. Well, after you have got them all off, do you at precisely twelve o'clock place a lamp in the window as a signal that all is ready. I'll be outside with my men waiting for it, and we'll come and knock three times lightly on the front door. Then come down and let us in. Now don't go to blustering about and make such a racket as will wake up all the mice in the house—for if we get caught in the scrape, it will go hard with us. I'll come with the papers all made out, to convey the property into your hands. I am an old hand at fac-similes; I'll take your father's dead hand within mine and affix his signature to it. It shall be so exact an imitation, that even a Philadelphia lawyer can't detect it from the genuine. Dick Howe and Joe Maynard, my clerks, shall come with me as witnesses. That's necessary, you know, for if the family go to raising a rumpus and carry the affair into court, we must have something to fall back upon, and they be there to swear before judge and jury that the will is both legal and genuine, signed, sealed and delivered into my hands by old Jacob Scneider himself. Now you've my plan, what's to hinder its being carried into execution?"

"Nothing," returned the other, musingly; "only two men and yourself to pay will draw pretty well from my pockets."

"Fool!" muttered Dixon to himself. "I believe, upon my word, the fellow would hang himself to make a cent! Tight, miserly scoundrel, if I undertake the job, I'll make a good deep hole in his coffers."

Reader, you have now obtained an insight into the character of two of the principal actors in my story, and if you will go back with me a little, I will introduce you to others who are henceforth to figure largely in this sketch.

Jacob Scneider was a German by birth, a farmer by vocation, and a miser by reputation, by nature and education. He had emigrated early in life, and by dint of great shrewdness and economy, had managed to purchase a large tract of land, rich, fertile and productive, upon the beautiful banks of the Susquehannah. This

land had taken a sudden rise, and had doubled and trebled in value, till Jacob Scneider became what the world calls a man of property—worth somewhere in the neighborhood of eighty or one hundred thousand dollars. But if a high estimate was placed upon his estates, a very low estimation was certainly placed upon his character. He was parsimonious and miserly to the last degree. Gold was the sole and ultimate object of his existence. It was gold—bright, shining, glittering gold, for which he thirsted and hungered; gold—which had warped his mind, bent his tall, athletic form, brought deep furrows to his brow, turned his hair prematurely white. And now he had gone and left it—gone into the presence of the most high God, to receive at the bar of judgment his reward or condemnation! What that sentence will be, eternity alone will reveal. He had lived unhonored and unloved, and there were none to mourn for him or lament his death, and "only those who inherited his estate rejoiced."

Besides his widow who survived him, Jacob Scneider left two sons to receive his patrimony. To say that Thomas, the elder, was his favorite and exact counterpart, moulded in the same mould, is sufficient; but Harry, the younger, was as different from him as night is from day. He was handsome, smart and intelligent; and through the liberality of a wealthy bachelor uncle, his mother's brother, he had received a good education. If Thomas was his father's favorite, Harry was his pride; but he had in some degree become alienated from him—he obstinately refused to adopt his peculiar ways of thinking, and to submit his business to his supervision. And after a stormy interview in which Harry asked of his father pecuniary aid and was stoutly denied, he was too proud to recur to the same subject again, and after leaving the "paternal mansion," commenced business for himself upon a small scale.

Between Harry and his brother, no feelings either of affection or sympathy ever existed. Their characters were as far apart as the north pole is from the south; their views, feelings, tastes, wholly unlike. Thomas had long regarded him with a jealous eye, and deep-rooted feelings of animosity had for years rankled in his breast. Although the mere common civilities only were exchanged, yet they had hitherto lived peacefully and harmoniously beneath the same roof; but scarcely had the breath of life departed from the body of old Jacob Scneider, before Thomas was plotting and caballing in his heart means and ways by which he could appropriate to himself the greater portion of the old

man's wealth. One half of the inheritance, except his mother's third, rightfully and lawfully belonged to Harry; and how to get full and entire possession of it, was the thought that occupied his soul by day and night. He had plenty of art and roguery, and had contrived in his business transactions to "feather his own nest" in cases equally difficult; but to accomplish this, required not only a long head but a thorough knowledge of certain points of law of which he was ignorant. But Lawyer Dixon was a man cunning and shrewd, and, like himself, ready to resort to any means to satisfy his unbounded love of gain, and to him he determined to apply. As he expected, the wily lawyer greedily caught at the bait; a bargain was immediately struck up, an exorbitant price was agreed upon, to be paid to Dixon out of the profits in case he succeeded in attaining his object, and a scheme devised. What that scheme was, has already been unfolded to our readers.

After his long conversation with Dixon in the shed, Thomas returned to the house and took his accustomed seat by the fire, and waited impatiently for the time for the family to retire.

"I'll sit up to-night and watch by my father's remains," he said to the kind-hearted neighbors who came to volunteer their services. "He has been a good and tender parent to me, and it will afford me a melancholy gratification to watch by his lifeless body the last night it remains with us."

"It's natural," said old Grandmother Reed, with a sigh. "Thomas and his father always did take to one another amazingly. But you must be careful and keep the doors shut, and the windows all down, for they say cats haunter dreffully after dead bodies, and I've hearn 'em tell how they'd break through the windows and come down the chimneys to get at 'em."

Half an hour later, Thomas Scneider found himself sitting alone in the chamber of death. His father's cold, lifeless remains lay stretched out before him shrouded and ready for the grave. The room was cold, cheerless and dismal; a lamp burned dimly on the table, adding still more to the already forbidding, funereal aspect of the apartment. Without, the wind was howling and whistling mournfully, shaking the casements with every blast; the rain, too, was pouring down in torrents, and came beating against the windows with tremendous force.

Thomas Scneider was a man of tried courage and daring, but somehow, to night every sound startled him; the creaking of the shutters, the barking of the house-dog, even the striking of the kitchen clock, almost made him spring from his seat. But the hours slowly passed away and

twelve o'clock came—the signal for his lamp to be placed in the window to announce that all was ready. Then followed three quick successive raps at the outer door, and Thomas Scneider arose, slipped quickly and noiselessly down, and cautiously opened the door. Three men entered with moccasined feet, and, with a tread light and noiseless as that of a panther, rapidly ascended the staircase which led to the dead man's room.

Closing the door carefully after him, Dixon drew from his pocket a will he had previously prepared, and approaching the bed, removed the sheet which had been spread over the corpse, and taking one of the hands which was lying upon the breast, he placed a pen between the thumb and finger, and guiding its motions, wrote in a large, bold hand the name of Jacob Scneider. This done, he replaced the sheet and hand in its former position, and with a satisfied smile, and a significant nod, passed the paper to his comrades.

"There," said he, in a whisper, "I defy all the lawyers in the State to prove its falsity! The old man writes as well as if his soul was in his body."

A triumphant smile lighted up the grim visage of Thomas Scneider, and his keen, eagle eye dilated with joy, as it fell upon the forged signature—so perfect and exact a counterfeit, that he himself, if he had not been a witness of the operation, would never for a moment have had a doubt of its truth. This done, Dixon replaced the will in his pocket, and with his comrades, withdrew as silently and cautiously as they had entered. Thus far, all worked well.

One week passed by—the funeral rites had been solemnized—all that remained of old Jacob Scneider had been consigned to the cold and narrow grave—and what was to be done with the gold he had left behind him? was the question which followed his decease. He had debased his soul to obtain it, and he had gone now where the vast treasures he had accumulated here, would avail him nothing. Who would now be the possessor of his wealth?—had he provided liberally for his widow?—had he left a will? Such were the questions which traversed from mouth to mouth, and both Gossip and Rumor were busy in solving them. At last a report was in circulation that in Lawyer Dixon's hands the old gentleman had entrusted his will, and curiosity and expectation were upon tiptoe to fathom its contents. For once Rumor, with her thousand tongues, was right. Lawyer Dixon had in his possession a will, one of his own manufacture, which had been signed, sealed and witnessed, as we have seen. But now a week had passed since the funeral, and the worthy gentleman of

the legal profession thought it expedient to present himself at the house and duly inform the family of its existence.

Great indeed was the astonishment of Mrs. Scnider and Harry, when the fact became known. Old Jacob had, all through his life, a great horror of will-making, and had always entertained the superstitious notion that death invariably followed the making of a will; and although he had been repeatedly urged by his wife to make some final disposition of his property, he had never as yet yielded to her importunities. Moreover, Dixon was a man whom he had been frequently known to declare was trickish and knavish—one who, with soft words and pretty compliments, stole into the hearts of the ignorant and unwary, as a wolf steals into a fold at night to plunder and devour. These circumstances made it all the more improbable, to the family of Jacob Scnider, that with his thorough knowledge of the character and cunning of this man, he should have selected him, of all others, to repose confidence in and make sole executor of his will.

"It is false!" exclaimed Harry, in an excited tone, the moment the visage of the sleek attorney was fairly outside the door. "It is a shameful, deep-laid plot, dyed with fraud and lies, to get into his own empty pockets a few hundreds of my father's money. But I'll defeat his object! I'll riddle to the bottom this mystery, and bring the villain to justice!"

"Pretty complimentary!" sung out the smooth, silvery voice of Dixon, who it seems had not stirred from the door where he had been an attentive listener. "Well, break up the will, prove it a forgery, and bring me to justice, if you can! I defy all the power in the State to do it."

One o'clock, that afternoon, was the time appointed for the reading of the will in presence of the Scnidors and the two clerks who had witnessed it. Dixon read in a slow, solemn tone, what he emphatically asserted was the last will and testament of Jacob Scnider.

"To my dearly beloved wife, Mary Scnider, who has been a willing and able helpmate, and has, for thirty-three years shared with me the joys and sorrows of life—to her I leave just what the law allows, were it to take its course, viz., the income of a third of my whole property, which, after her decease, is to descend to my elder son Thomas.

"In view of the fact that my younger son Harry has an uncle, a worthy and wealthy bachelor of position and influence, who for years has regarded him in the light of a son, and has frequently declared his intention of making him his

sole heir and legatee, I have deemed it unnecessary to make further provision for him than to bequeath to him a few mementoes of respect and affection, viz., a twenty-dollar gold piece—the first I ever earned—which is to be found in the upper drawer of my old red chest, sewed up in the top of a blue stocking, the sword and other military equipments belonging to my deceased brother John, and worn by him on the bloody field of Waterloo, four pewter plates, the dying gift of my grandmother, and the old family Bible. To bestow upon him these precious relics of the past, is the strongest proof of affection I can give him.

"To my elder son Thomas, as he has no expectation to rely upon, I give and bequeath the remainder of my property, my bank and railroad stock, real and personal estate, except the bequests I have already mentioned. If my sons desire that my body shall rest quietly in the grave, let there be no strife or contention in regard to the settlement of my affairs. Let my wishes be executed to the letter; otherwise, my grieved spirit shall haunt and harass them till the day of their death."

A silence still as midnight followed the reading; dissatisfaction was expressed on every countenance, and a murmur of discontent and doubt ran around the assembled company.

"Would you like to see the will?" politely asked Dixon, as he handed it to Harry, who was standing leaning against the mantel shelf silent and motionless as a statue.

"My father never made that will, sir," he said calmly and composedly, as he fixed his clear blue eye full upon the lawyer's face.

"Do you mean to insinuate a doubt as to its genuineness?" asked Dixon, his lips quivering with rage as he spoke.

"No, I insinuate nothing—for insinuations are unnecessary. It is a bold-faced scheme of fraud and knavery, got up by villains and rascals to deprive me of my lawful, hereditary rights. But it shall be defeated. Sir, it shall go before judge and jury; my father's sentiments shall be known—"

"Not so fast, young man," interrupted Dixon, with the blandest smile possible. "Averse as your father always was to the making of his will, yet a short time previous to his death certain events occurred to produce an entire alteration in his views on the subject. Hear me!" he exclaimed, seeing Harry about to speak. "Just nine weeks before his death, he came to my office; a deep-seated gloom had settled upon his countenance, and his soul, he said, was oppressed with sorrow. 'Friend Dixon,' he

began, 'my end is approaching. I have been warned of it by raps and dreams and unmistakable signs.'

"'Pooh!' said I; 'don't give way to idle fears. You're hale and hearty as I am, and likely to live these dozen years.'

"He shook his head mournfully. 'Death has sent his forerunner to warn me of my approaching end, and something tells me,' he added, laying his hand upon his heart, 'that the warning is true. Yesterday I was sitting all alone by the kitchen fire, pondering upon the events of the day, when I heard the town clock strike twelve. I looked to see if the clock on the mantel-shelf agreed in time, and saw both the minute and the hour hand pointing directly to the figure of 12, then slowly both hands began to reverse their motions till they fell back down to the figure of 6. That means something, thought I; some invisible power is at work. It's the harbinger of evil—"coming events cast their shadows before;" and as I wondered and conjectured, the pendulum began to go with astonishing velocity, swinging to and fro, beating against the case at each successive motion. Then the striking commenced—one, two, three, four, up to sixty-nine times—slow and measured as the tolling of the bell. Then a rapping followed right on the wall over my head; just sixty-nine distinct raps were given. There, thought I, I am as good as a dead man; and that night I dreamed that in just six weeks, at just half past six o'clock, I shall breathe my last. My mortal career is almost ended, and all that remains for me is to close up my earthly concerns and prepare to meet my God. I wish you to write my will, to be my executor, but to keep all knowledge of its existence from my family till all is over."

Upon concluding his story, Lawyer Dixon, with ill-suppressed triumph and pleasure expressed in his face, called his clerks to swear themselves as witnesses of it. Then turning to Harry he demanded what further proof he needed to convince him of its authenticity?

Harry took the will; every letter was perfect in its formation, every quirk and mark exactly as his father was in the habit of making, and yet he was unconvinced! He felt there was an inexplicable mystery in the affair, and that to solve it he must enter an intricate labyrinth, and solve a deep, skilfully laid plot with an artful, designing lawyer to contend with on one side, and a selfish, avaricious brother on the other.

"Annie, my love, I have told you of the blight that has fallen upon my prospects. Had I known that I was to be basely robbed of my patrimony,

I would never have asked you to unite your destiny with mine. My love for you cannot be crushed out of my soul—it is a part of my very existence—but it should have gone down to the grave unrevealed and unsuspected by any one. I hoped to have been able to offer with my heart a home and a position in life worthy of your acceptance, one in which your birth and education so eminently fits you to adorn; but it is all over now—the golden bubble has burst, and I have now only a strong arm and a willing heart to depend upon."

"And are not these sufficient to ensure success? Cannot an humble home with love like ours be a happy one?" asked Annie, smiling, as she gazed with eyes full of admiration and tenderness into the face of her lover.

"Can you relinquish the luxuries to which you have been so long accustomed, and walk with me the rough pathway in life?" said Harry, with a sigh.

"Are not our lives," replied Annie, reproachfully, "so interwoven that the fluctuating tide of fortune must fail to affect us? O, Harry, you little know the depth and strength of a woman's love, if you think that the loss of a few paltry thousands can wean her heart from the man she loves?"

It seemed as if the very fountains of love and tenderness within the soul of Harry had suddenly burst forth; with glistening eyes and an overflowing heart, he answered:

"If my golden charms of happiness have vanished like vapor before me, so long as I possess the priceless treasure of your love, my darling, I am rich; yes, richer than all the mines of California could make me without it, were they to open and unfold their treasures at my feet. I would fain linger longer by my Annie's side; but it's late and duty bids me go."

Then with a few more words of endearment, a few more assurances of love, and a long, fond embrace, Harry turned to the door and sprang lightly upon his horse, already saddled and bridled, and with a touch of the reins and a parting wave of the hand to Annie, rode rapidly away.

Business of a two-fold nature had brought Harry Scneider to Harrisburg. His principal and paramount object was to obtain legal advice in regard to the feasibility of prosecuting a lawsuit, by which he hoped to establish his own hereditary claims, as one of the heirs at law. The next, and not unpleasant duty he had to perform was to visit his affianced bride, Annie Morris, to whom he had been betrothed for more than a year.

It was a full three hours' ride to the old home-

stead, and Harry set off upon a brisk canter in the hope of reaching it by eleven o'clock. It was a cold, but calm, clear evening. The moon shone out in all its brilliancy, and the twinkling stars lighted up his lonely way, and as he gazed into the far-off distant heavens and contemplated upon the infinite power, the majesty and glory of the great Creator, his soul was lost in a strange bewilderment of wonder and adoration. Then he thought of his loved Annie, who, with true womanly love and devotion, had poured the balm of consolation into his sad, dispirited soul, and had yielded to his guidance and keeping all the pure, warm affections of her young heart, and of his father, whose grave was unwatered by a single tear, and of the inexplicable mystery which hung over their final settlement of his property.

A full hour had passed in one profound, continual reverie, when the clattering of a horse's hoofs behind him made him turn to see who was approaching. But what was it that made all the blood recede from his face, his eyes almost start from their sockets, the bridle drop from his hand, and his feet shake in the stirrups? Harry Scneider was a man of determined bravery. There was no deed of daring he dared not attempt, no danger, however imminent, he feared to face. Had he suddenly encountered a powerful foe, wielding the implements of death and destruction, he would have shed his life's blood before surrendering; but to be unexpectedly brought in contact with spirits from the unseen world, clothed in bodily form, was enough to appall the stoutest heart.

In the rider of the coal black steed, he recognized his father, clad in his accustomed garb, a gray coat, blue homespun pants, heavy leathern shoes, and a large, broad-rimmed hat, beneath which his thin, silvered locks were plainly visible; his face could not be distinctly seen except that a deadly pallor overshadowed it, and the hand that guided the spirited animal was dexterous and skilful as ever; faster and faster he rode, and nearer and nearer he came, and a voice hoarse and solemn as the tomb called out:

"Harry Scneider, Harry Scneider!"

Terrified and horror-stricken at this unexpected apparition, Harry's first impulse was to touch the reins of his horse and fly; then commenced a regular John Gilpin race—the ghost of the departed was pursuing the living—hills, valleys, meadows and pastures were swept past as a ball is shot out of a cannon.

Fleeter and fleeter rode Harry; still the spectre relentlessly followed, and always keeping just such a distance in his rear; but the courage which had momentarily forsook him, soon re-

turned—his curiosity was excited. If it was indeed the ghost of his dead parent, why run from it? If the object of his nocturnal visitor was to terrify him, he certainly had attained it; if it was his intention to rob or murder him, he could have done it with far less trouble to himself, and no possible chance at exposure; at any rate, he would confront his unwelcome companion, whether friend or foe, and with this determination he reined in his horse, wheeled suddenly around, and with a bold face and resolute bearing, demanded "who he was, and why he sought him?"

The spectre seemed taken by surprise at this unexpected movement.

"I am Jacob Scneider, your father," he answered, in the same hollow tones, as he made a halt, and stationed himself at a short distance from Harry, beneath the spreading branches of a majestic oak, where the pale light of the moon could not fall upon his face. "O, Harry, my son Harry, my youngest born, the spirit of your dead father is grieved and troubled! It cannot rest in the grave so long as there is strife and contention about the poor, insignificant heaps of gold he has left behind him. Gold, gold, it is the root of all evil! It divides the hearts of fathers and mothers, brothers and sisters; it drags down the body to the grave and sinks the soul in perdition. O, Harry, the soul of your father cannot slumber till peace and harmony be restored to his family. Let my will be executed as it is written; let all quarrellings and bickerings cease, otherwise my angry spirits shall harass and torment all who refuse to obey my commands. With these words, an impressive shake of the head, and a defiant gesture, the spectre touched the reins of his horse, and was soon lost from view in the shadows of night.

Harry sat as if petrified, gazing into the midnight darkness long after the vision had disappeared. His dress, his silvery locks, every look and gesture wore so exactly like his father's! He remembered the concluding clause of the will, could it be that it was indeed genuine and legal, and that the distressed spirit of his parent was indeed wandering in this terrestrial sphere, to haunt and harass, as it had threatened, all who refused to obey the mandate of his will?

It was a late hour that night when Harry Scneider arrived within sight of the old homestead, his paternal mansion. A full bright light glared from the sitting-room. What did it mean? Had anything unusual occurred? The family of Scnders were notorious for keeping early hours. "To go to bed with the chickens" had been old Jacob's motto. Since his death,

however, the hour for retiring had been changed, but now nine was the latest hour a lamp was allowed to burn.

Anxious and curious to ascertain the cause of so uncommon a deviation from the established custom, Harry slightly shook the reins of his horse, and cantered briskly up the yard. Hastily dismounting, he attempted to open the door, but it was locked. He then knocked, and called loudly for admission, but all was still and silent as if the whole household were wrapped in profound slumber. At last a window was opened cautiously, and noiselessly over his head, and the pale, terrified face of Mrs. Scneider appeared.

"O, Harry," she faltered out, in low, tremulous tones, as her eyes fell upon her son, "I am so rejoiced to see you! We have been so frightened—I do believe the house is haunted. We've heard rappings, whisperings, the stamping and tramping of feet—"

"It's the spirits, they are up out of their graves, wandering up and down the earth, visiting the wicked and the ungodly, and warning them to be ready for the great and notable day of the Lord," interposed old Grandmother Reed, who had been a member of the family for some time past.

"Did you see any one?" asked Harry.

"Yes," said his mother, in a somewhat calmer tone. "I was sitting by the window, darning stockings, when suddenly I heard a tramping and rapping overhead, and a voice called, 'Look out of the window, Mary Scneider!' and, Harry, as sure as I am a living, breathing woman, there stood the figure of my buried husband, dressed in his common gray coat and blue pants, with his broad-rimmed hat on, and his white hair hanging down beneath it; and he looked pale and sad, and mournful, and leaned heavily on his brass-headed cane for support. It was no phantom of the imagination, Harry. If my eyes are old they did not deceive me."

"What did he say?" inquired Harry, eagerly, for the thought crossed his mind that his mother's ghostly visitor and his own travelling companion of the evening were one and the same.

"Mary," said he, in low, solemn tones, "my soul is disturbed; my property is sowing the seeds of discord and dissension in my family, and I have assumed once more bodily shape, to visit my earthly habitation, and entreat my sons to execute my will in the manner it is written. I speak from the spirit world. If peace and good will prevail, I shall go back to my last resting place and slumber undisturbed till the day of the resurrection, otherwise I will torment and harass them as long as the breath of life remains."

"There," exclaimed Harry, as his mother concluded, "this is the first clue I have been able to obtain to the mystery connected with that will. I am convinced by this circumstance that a number are deeply intriguing against us; but I'll sift the matter to its very foundations. I'll ferret out the scamps who have had recourse to ghostly visitations to accomplish their ends, and they shall not go unwhipped by justice."

"Where are you going?" asked his mother, as Harry took the lamp and was leaving the room at hasty strides.

"Up stairs, up to the old oak chest, to see if the clothes are gone."

It was as he had surmised: the chest had been visited and ransacked, every article of wearing apparel belonging to old Jacob was gone, coat, hat, cane, shoes and pants, all had been taken, and the chest was entirely empty.

That night sleep refused to visit the eyelids of Harry Scneider; they remained as wide open as if they had been fastened. His mind was filled with all sorts of surmises and conjectures. The events of the evening, so far from intimidating him into submission to the loss of his lawful rights, made him the more determined to vindicate them, and to carry the will into court. He remembered perfectly well that in his last interview with Dixon before going to Harrisburg, he had threatened him pretty strongly, and saw at a glance that the wily lawyer was exceedingly averse to having a legal investigation made of the matter.

"Would it not be better," said Dixon, in his usual bland, silvery voice, "for your brother to buy you out? To settle upon you a certain sum for the relinquishment of your claims? A lawsuit would be an expensive affair. It would unquestionably go against you, and the cost of the suit would be thrown upon you to pay."

This conversation he recalled to mind, and that Dixon and the ghost were acting in concert, there could be no doubt, and that their object was to terrify him into submission.

To defeat this object, and unravel the mystery concerning the will, all the energies of his mind were bent. Ah, Lawyer Dixon little knew, with all his art and cunning, that in arousing the slumbering fire of Harry Scneider, he had a powerful foe to cope with, fully, if not more than, his equal. A scheme was devised—to produce the re-appearance of the ghost was a part of it—the rest will be unfolded to our readers.

In pursuance with the course of action he had marked out for himself, another visit was paid to Dixon. He protested more strongly than ever



his determination to adhere to his purpose of resorting to the law to establish his rights, declared that the will should be proved a forgery, and the perpetrators of the foul act be brought to justice. In vain Dixon expostulated and sought to dissuade him from his purpose. Harry was not to be moved. "We'll see," thought he, as he left the office, "if this interview has the desired effect of bringing around another ghostly visit."

Evening came, and found Harry seated at the window of the sitting-room overlooking the garden. The light had been purposely extinguished, to render him invisible to all outsiders, and a pair of loaded pistols were upon the table beside him. He was waiting for the re-appearance of his nocturnal visitor, and was determined to bring matters to a crisis. He had not long to wait. At precisely nine the garden gate creaked on its hinges and opened slowly, and a figure slightly bent forward, clothed in the usual garb of a gray coat and blue pants, advanced, and stationed itself within a few yards from him.

"The spirit of Jacob Scnider," began the spectre, in the same hollow tones, "is grieved at the jarings and disputes—"

"Stop," cried Harry, "we have had enough of this lingo. If you are indeed the spirit of my buried father, a bullet will do you no harm; if you are a living being, come here to delude and impose upon us, it will settle our accounts."

With these words he discharged one of his pistols. The ball whistled harmlessly over the head of the apparition as he had intended, but the pretended ghost quite forgetful of the character in which he was acting, with a terrific shriek took to his heels and sprang upon the garden wall, which he attempted to clear at a bound, but unfortunately the stones were loose, his footing gave way, and he fell back to the ground, bringing down upon him a large, heavy stone in his fall. At this sight Harry rushed out, and with one stroke of his strong arm removed the stone from the crushed and bleeding limb, and seizing its owner by the collar, dragged him without ceremony into the house, and presented him to the astonished group. Pulling off the broad-rimmed hat from the head, and the white wig under it, the features of Dick Howe were revealed.

"Villain!" exclaimed Harry, with one finger upon the trigger of the loaded pistol pointed directly to his breast, "confess instantly what you are here for, and who your accomplices are, or your life shall pay the forfeit!"

"Mercy, mercy, in the name of Heaven!" shrieked out the poor, terrified wretch, as he staggered to release himself from Harry's iron

grasp. "Spare me, I entreat you, and I'll reveal all."

"Then tell the truth and nothing but the truth, or I'll shoot you as you deserve," replied Harry, without moving a hair's breadth the muzzle of his pistol.

And Dick Howe, in low, faltering tones revealed, without any attempt at concealment, the whole story of the will, from beginning to end. That Thomas Scnider, to appropriate to himself the whole of his father's property, and by a promise of a five thousand dollar reward, in case he succeeded, had induced Dixon to join him; that the will had been written by him, and he had penetrated into the dead man's chamber, and in presence of Thomas and the two clerks for witnesses, had affixed, by holding the dead hand within his own, his signature to it. He said that he himself had practised to some extent the art of ventriloquism, and was able to imitate almost any person's manner and gait, as well as their voice; that Dixon, fearing an exposure in case a legal investigation was made of the matter, had hired him to steal the clothes, and by means of a wig and paint, to personate old Jacob, and appear to the family in the way we have seen.

The next day all the sheriffs in the town were out scouring the country for the missing rogue; but all to no purpose—Dixon had wisely and prudently decamped. As for Thomas, his brother not only generously and humanely forgave him, but divided equally with him the inheritance of their father.

Years have passed, a great change has taken place in the old homestead. White paint and green blinds have added much to its appearance; a large, handsome piazza adorns its front, and bay windows its sides; a green-house has been erected, where the old shed stood, in which plants, rich and rare, many of them of foreign importations, bloom perpetually. The grounds, too, have been laid out with unequalled skill and taste. Fruit and ornamental trees, and an endless variety of creeping vines and shrubbery have been set out, and flowers of every hue and description blossom in its spacious gardens. The old wall has been removed where Dick Howe took his lackless leap, and a thick, heavy hedge has arisen in its stead. Earth can present no fairer, lovelier spot, no fireside more winsome, no home more happy, or hearts more loving and devoted, than its inmates, Harry Scnider and his charming family.

#### SEEK AND FIND.

Attempt the end, and never stand to doubt,  
Nothing's so hard but search will find it out.

HERRICK.

(ORIGINAL)

## I'D TWINE A WREATH.

BY ALFRED WALKER.

I'd twine a wreath  
Of flowers fair,  
To deck this brow  
So marked by care:  
A wreath of flowers  
From fame's bright vine,  
And leaves of laurel  
With them twine.

Their fragrance rich  
Would cheer my heart,  
And bid my grief  
And care depart;  
They fade not like  
The flowers of love,  
But live as bright  
As stars above.

I seek not flowers  
Of love below:  
They fade and leave  
Nought, nought but woe;  
But fame will live,  
Will live forever—  
The laurel crown  
Will fade—O, never!

(ORIGINAL.)

## LITTLE LILY.

## A STORY FOR LITTLE FOLKS.

BY AUNT MARY.

ONE cold winter day, when the snow-flakes were falling like feathers from the sky, a good queen sat sewing at a window which had a framework of black ebony. And as she sewed, and looked through the black framework at the snow, she pricked her finger with the needle, and three drops of blood fell upon the white linen. Then thought the queen within herself—"O, that I had a child as white as snow, as red as blood, and as black as the ebony framework!"

Not long after, a little daughter was given to her that was as white as snow, as red as blood, and had hair as black as ebony, and therefore was called "Little Lily."

Soon after, the good queen died; and when a year had passed away, the king married another lady. She was a beautiful woman, but vain and tyrannical, and could not endure that there should be any one in the world that should be thought to be more beautiful than herself. Now she had a wonderful looking-glass, and when she went and looked at herself in it, and said:

"Glass, glass, that hangs on the wall,  
Who in the land is the fairest of all?"

the looking-glass answered:

"Lady queen, in the land thou art fairest of all."

Then was she content, for she knew that the looking-glass spoke the truth.

Now little Lily grew apace, and became every day more lovely, and when she was seven years old she was as beautiful as day, and more beautiful than the queen herself. So it was that when one day the queen asked her looking-glass again:

"Glass, glass, that hangs on the wall,  
Who in the land is fairest of all?"

it answered:

"Lady queen, thou art fair as fair may be,  
But Lily's a thousand times fairer than thee!"

When the queen heard this, she became pale with jealousy and anger. From that hour forward, as often as she looked upon little Lily, her heart burned within with hatred towards the maiden. Her jealousy and pride increased daily, and at last became so great, that she could not rest even at night. Then she sent for a servant, and said to him:

"Take the child out with you into the forest; I cannot bear the sight of her. And when you get to the forest, kill her, and bring me back her lungs and liver as a token that you have done so."

The servant did as he was bid, and carried little Lily away to kill her. But when he had drawn his dagger, and was going to plunge it into the child's heart, she began to weep, and said:

"O, good man, spare my life! I will run about in the wild wood, and never come home again."

Little Lily was so young and so beautiful, that the servant had compassion on her, and said:

"Run away, then, my poor child. The wild beasts will soon have eaten thee up."

In his heart, however, he was right glad he had not killed the child; and as a young fawn just then came bounding past, he struck it down, took out its lungs and liver, and brought them to the queen. The cook was ordered to salt and dress them, and the wicked woman ate them up, and thought she had eaten little Lily's lungs and liver.

The poor child was now all alone in the forest, and in such distress, that she trembled all over. She looked and looked at the leaves upon the trees, and did not know how to help herself. At last she began to run over the sharp stones, and through the briars and thorns; but though the wild beasts passed her on her way, yet they did her no harm. She ran as long as her feet could

carry her, and night was about to close in, when she saw a little house, and went in to rest herself. In the house everything was small—small, but pretty and neat, as nobody can tell. In it stood a little table spread with white, and seven little plates upon it, every plate with its spoon, and seven little knives and forks, and seven cups besides. Against the walls were seven little beds ranged all along, and seven little sheets on them, white as snow. Little Lily, being very hungry and thirsty, ate out of every plate a little crumb and bread, and drank out of every cup a drop of wine—for she did not wish to take the whole away from one only. After that, because she was so tired, she lay down on one of the little beds; but none of them fitted—one was too long, another was too short, but at last the seventh was just the size. She laid herself down in it, and after saying her prayers, fell fast asleep.

When it was quite dark, came the masters of the house, who were seven dwarfs who dug and dived for ore in the mountains. They lighted their seven little candles, and by the light they saw that somebody had been in the house—for nothing was standing in the same order that they had left it. The first said—"Who has been sitting in my chair?" The second—"Who has been eating off my plate?" The third—"Who has been taking a bite out of my cookie?" The fourth—"Who has been eating my crumb?" The fifth—"who has been using my fork?" The sixth—"Who has been cutting with my knife?" The seventh—"Who has been drinking out of my cup?" Then the first looked round and saw a little hollow in his bed, and said—"Who has been in my bed?" The others came running and cried—"Somebody has been lying in mine, too!" But the seventh, when he looked into his bed, beheld little Lily, who was lying there fast asleep. Then he called the others, who came running up and cried aloud for very wonder, and held up their seven little candles to look at little Lily. "O, goodness!" they exclaimed, "what a beautiful child!" And so great was their delight, that they could not think of waking her up, but let her sleep on in the little bed. And the seventh dwarf, hove about, slept with his companions, and so passed the night.

When it was morning, little Lily awoke, and when she saw the seven little men, she was greatly afraid. But they were kind and gentle to her, and asked—"What is your name?"

"My name is little Lily," she answered.

"How did you come into our house?" asked the little men once more.

Then the child told how her stepmother had

tried to put her to death, but that the servant had spared her life, and after that, she had run the whole day, till at last she had come to their little cottage.

"If you will manage our house for us," said the dwarfs, "cook, make the beds, sew and stitch, and keep everything clean and tidy, you may stay with us, and you shall never want for anything."

Little Lily promised, and remained with them. She kept their house in the best order. Every morning they went to the mountains in search of ore; in the evening they came back, and their meal must be ready for them. All the day through the maiden was alone, but the good little dwarfs warned her, and said:

"Take care of your stepmother, who will soon learn that you are here. Therefore, let nobody in."

Now the queen, who thought she had eaten little Lily's lungs and liver, never dreamed but that she was the first and fairest lady in the world. So she stood before her glass, and said:

"Glass, glass, that hangs on the wall,  
Who in the land is fairest of all?"

But the glass answered:

"Lady queen, thou art fair as may be;  
But little Lily who lives in the glen,  
Over the hills, with the seven wee men,  
Is a thousand times fairer still than thee."

Then she was afraid, for she knew that the glass never spoke untruth. She also saw that her servant had deceived her, for that little Lily was still alive. So she hated poor little Lily so much the more, and set about devising some fresh plan for her destruction; for as long as she was not, for certain, the fairest in the land, she could not rest. She colored her face, put on the dress of an old pedler-woman, and made herself so that no one could have known her.

In this disguise, she went across the seven mountains to the cottage of the seven dwarfs, knocked at their door, and cried:

"Fine wares to sell, cheap and good—fine wares to sell!"

Little Lily peeped out of the window, and said:

"Good day, my good woman! What have you got to sell?"

"Good wares, pretty wares," said she; "snoods of all colors, my pretty maid."

With that, she took out one that was made of parti colored silk.

"I may let the honest woman in," thought little Lily, and thereupon undid the bolt, and bought the pretty snood.

"Child," said the old woman, "how pretty

you look! Come, I'll put it on very nicely for you."

Little Lily had no suspicion; so she stood up and let her fasten on the snood. But the old woman threw it hastily over her neck, and pulled—and pulled so hard, that at last little Lily lost her breath and sank down as if she were dead.

"Take that, for being the fairest!" said the old lady, as she hurried away.

Not long after, at eventide, the seven dwarfs came home, and great was their dismay to find their dear little Lily lying on the ground as if she was dead. They lifted her up and cut the snood asunder, upon which she began once more to breathe, and by little and little came back to life. When the dwarfs heard what had happened, they said:

"The old pedler-woman was certainly the queen—take care not to let anybody in when we are not with thee!"

Now the wicked woman, when she got home, went to her glass and asked:

"Glass, glass, that hangs on the wall,  
Who in the land is fairest of all?"

Then the glass answered:

"Lady queen, thou art fair as may be;  
But little Lily who lives in the glen,  
Over the hills, with the seven wee men,  
Is a thousand times fairer still than thee."

When the wicked queen heard this, all the blood ran to her heart, she was so dismayed; for she knew well that little Lily was alive again.

"But now," she said, "I will fall upon a plan to destroy her without fail." And with the witch's arts, she made a poisoned comb.

Then she dressed herself in the disguise of an old woman, and away she went over the seven mountains to the house of the seven dwarfs, knocked at their door, and cried:

"Fine wares to sell—cheap and good!"

Little Lily looked out, and said:

"Pass on your way, good woman; I dare not let anybody in."

"Nobody can blame you for looking, at least," said the old woman, as she drew out the poisoned comb and held it up.

The simple child was so taken with it, that she let herself be befooled, and opened the door. When she had looked at the comb and fingered it every way, the old woman said:

"Now I will put in the comb nicely for you!"

Poor, innocent little Lily gave the old woman leave; but scarcely had it been fixed in her hair, when the poison began to work, and she fell senseless on the ground.

"Thou paragon of beauty, now is thy fate

sealed!" said the wicked woman, and went away.

By good luck, it was not far from evening when the seven dwarfs came home. When they beheld little Lily lying on the ground as if she was dead, they at once suspected her wicked step-mother. They therefore made a search, and found the poisoned comb; and when they had drawn it out, little Lily came to herself again, and told them what had passed. Then they entreated her once more to be on her guard, and not to open the door to any one.

As soon as she got home, the queen stationed herself before the glass, and said:

"Glass, glass, that hangs on the wall,  
Who in the land is fairest of all?"

Then it answered as before.

When she heard the glass speak this way, she trembled and shook with rage.

"Lily shall die," she exclaimed, "though it costs me my own life!"

With this, she went into a secret chamber and there made an apple that looked beautiful on the outside—white it was, with rosy cheeks—so that whoever gazed on it, longed for it; but inside one half of it was so poisoned, that whoever took the smallest piece into his mouth, was sure to die.

When the apple was ready, she painted her face, disguised herself as a peasant woman, and so away she went to the cottage of the seven dwarfs. She knocked, and little Lily looked out of the window and said:

"I dare not let anybody in; the seven dwarfs have forbidden me."

"Very well," answered the peasant woman; "I only want to get quit of my apples. There is one as a present for you."

"No," said little Lily, "I dare not take anything."

"O, I suppose you think it poisonous!" said the old woman. "Look you! I will cut the apple in two. Do you eat the red cheek, and I will eat the white." And as she said this, she held out the poisoned half of the apple.

Little Lily felt a great longing for the beautiful apple; and when she saw the peasant woman eat a piece of it, she could resist no longer, but took the poisoned half. Scarcely had she taken a bite of it, when she fell down dead. The queen laughed, and said, triumphantly:

"White as snow—red as blood—black as ebony! this time the dwarfs cannot waken you again."

And when she inquired as before of the glass at home, it answered at last:

"Lady queen, in the land thou art fairest of all."

Then she was satisfied.

The seven little men came home at night, as usual, and found their dear little Lily lying dead on the ground. Their grief was excessive. They placed her on a bier, and they all seven sat around it, mourning for three whole days. After that, they would have buried her, but that she still looked fresh as a living creature, and still retained her beautiful red cheeks.

"We cannot bury this still lovely creature in the black earth," they said. And so, by their art, they made a transparent coffin of glass, where you might see in from every side.

In this coffin they laid little Lily, and upon it wrote her name in golden letters, and that she was a king's daughter. Then they set the coffin out upon a mountain, and one of them always sat beside it and kept watch. And the birds came, too, and mourned for little Lily—first an owl, then a raven, and last of all, a dove. Little Lily lay a long time in the coffin, and did not change, but looked as though she were asleep—for she was still as white as snow, as red as blood, and hair as black as ebony.

Now it fell out that a king's son went to hunt in the forest, and came to the house of the seven dwarfs to pass the night there. He saw the coffin upon the mountain, and the beautiful child inside. Then he said to the seven little men:

"Let me have the coffin; I will give you whatever you desire for it."

But the little men answered:

"We would not part with it for all the gold in the world."

Then he said: "Do give it me, for I cannot live without seeing little Lily—I will honor and esteem it as the thing nearest to my heart."

Hearing him speak thus, the good dwarfs took compassion on him and gave him the coffin, and the king's son ordered his attendants to bear it away on their shoulders. It so happened that they stumbled over a bush; and with the shock, the piece of the poisoned apple which little Lily had bitten fell out of her mouth, and she came to life again. Then she raised herself up and said—"Kind heavens! where am I?"

"Thou art with me!" cried the king's son, full of joy; and he told her what had happened. "Come with me to my father's castle, and thou shalt be my bride."

Little Lily consented, and their marriage was celebrated with great solemnity and splendor.

Now little Lily's step-mother was invited along with the rest to the feast, and when she had decked herself in her finest attire, she said to her glass:

"Glass, glass, that hangs on the wall,  
Who in the land is fairest of all?"

Then the glass answered:

"Lady queen, thou art fair as fair may be,  
But the young queen's a thousand times fairer than thee."

At this, her rage was terrible. When she entered the castle and saw little Lily, she stood stock still with terror and dismay. Meanwhile a pair of iron slippers, heated in a fierce fire, were brought in; and in these fiery red shoes, the queen was made to dance. Nor was she permitted to stop, until she had danced herself to death.

#### BRAZILIAN DIAMONDS.

It is the opinion of those persons best acquainted with the district, that when the diamond mine at Chapada was first discovered, in 1845, there were found 4000 to 5000 carats of diamonds a month, and several persons agree at estimating the quantity during the year 1846 at 10,000 to 12,000 carats per month. The produce then began to diminish considerably, and last year much fewer were found. It is difficult to say whether this diminution absolutely occurred through a failure in the production, or whether the great losses that numbers of the speculators encountered occasioned many people to abandon the search after these precious gems, the value of diamonds having fallen considerably in the European market.—*Brazil: Stray Notes from Bahia.*

#### MAPLE SUGAR.

The Aroostook Herald says, Madawaska is the great sugar producing district of Maine. The French people there make a business of making maple sugar during the sugar season, and it is brought here for sale in large quantities. Last Tuesday our neighbor Hines, over the way, bought thirty-five hundred pounds of this native production. One man bought twenty-four hundred pounds. These people mould it into queer and fantastic shapes. We saw one cake moulded into the form of a house, while some of the ornaments are artistic in the extreme. The manufacture of this article is rapidly increasing every year.

#### AN ALLEGORY.

A humming-bird met a butterfly, and being pleased with the beauty of its person, and the glory of its wings, made an offer of perpetual friendship. "I cannot think of it," was the reply, "as you once spurned me, and called me a crawling dolt!" "Impossible!" exclaimed the humming-bird. "I always entertained the highest respect for such beautiful creatures as you." "Perhaps you do now," said the other, "but when you insulted me I was a caterpillar. So let me give you a bit of advice. Never insult the humble, as they may become your superiors."

#### FLOWERS.

With fairest flowers,  
While summer lasts, and I live here, Fidele,  
I'll sweeten thy sad grave. Thou shalt not lack  
The flower that's like thy face, pale primrose; nor  
The saured harebell, like thy veins: no, nor  
The leaf of aglantine, whom not to slander,  
Out-sweetened not thy breath;  
Yea, and furred moss besides, when flowers are none,  
To winter-ground thy corpse.—SHAKESPEARE.

[ORIGINAL.]

## LA REVERIE.

BY LINNIE.

The firelight danceth o'er the wall  
With playful, changing gleam;  
And bygone years come floating back,  
A half-forgotten dream.

Dim, shadowy forms go flitting by  
In noiseless, rapid flight;  
While through the past and memory sheds  
Her mellow, chastened light.

Amid the gloom dark starry eyes  
The light of love impart;  
Again thrills back the music  
To my crushed and broken heart.

Within my soul there rings a voice,  
A rich and melting tone:  
A lingering echo, that awoke  
To these fond words "mine own!"

Again a flushed and happy face,  
Lit with love's magic glow,  
Is bending o'er me, bringing back  
The joyous "long ago."

Embracing arms with warm caress  
Are gently round me thrown;  
I wake once more to life and hope—  
I am not now alone!

But hush, O heart! a spectre dark  
Goes hurrying by thee now:  
O God, 'tis Death!—his shadow falls  
Upon that noble brow.

It paleth, fading suddenly;  
Before that icy chill  
The soul's rich melody grows faint,  
The warm heart's throbbings still.

The tolling bell rings out a knell  
That echoes in my brain;  
Before me glide with muffled sound  
A mournful, funeral train.

The lonely hours, the wild despair,  
The deep but "stifled moan,"  
Come back and whisper mockingly,  
For aye thou art alone.

Alone! I have a God, and know  
My prayers are not in vain;  
For in yon heaven with joy 'tis given  
To join love's broken chain.

But now oblivion's veil sweeps down,  
In darkling folds o'er all;  
The dim past fades amid its shades,  
As the firelight on the wall.

And as the last ray flickering dies,  
My visions all depart;  
And naught disturbs the silence,  
Save the beating of my heart.

[ORIGINAL.]

## UNCLE JOE'S OLD CLOAK.

BY LUCY F. WINSLOW.

"WHY, Jemima, how tired you do look!"

"Well, marm, it's enough to tire a body to death to work a week at Miss Brown's with that onruly pack of young ones."

"Don't it beat all natur that a woman will bring up a family so?"

"I never see sich actions in all my born days. While I was there they got a fightin', and Thomas Jefferson knocked Napoleon Bonaparte agin the corner of that old-fashioned chist of drawers her grandmother left her, and raised an awful black and blue spot on his forehead; if it had hit him on the temple, he'd never known what hurt him. Then Fisher Ames pinched Baron Steuben's ear with the fire-tongs, and if he didn't holler I'll miss my guess. Well, one artemoon Miss Brown went and changed her gownd, for a wonder (I should think Mr. Brown would git tired of seein' that dirty gownd every day of his life), and she washed Amanda Melvina Fitzallan's face and hands and put on a clean tire. Amanda Melvina come in and sot down as still as could be (that child would be sumthin' if she only had anybody to show her how), and Miss Brown had got a talkin', and I jest begun to take a little comfort, when Thaddeus Constantine Sobieski come tearin' in, and wanted Amanda Melvina Fitzallan to come and help him make mud pies. She told him she didn't want to, 'cause she had a clean tire on. 'You needn't be so stuck up,' says he, 'and think you're a lady, 'cause you haint.' And he grabbed a double handful of ashes (Miss Brown always has a peck in each corner) and throwed 'em all over her tire and gownd! If my fingers didn't itch to git hold of that youngster!"

"Well, I allays said so, and I say so still—folks needn't have sich actin' young ones. When mine did anything I told 'em not to, I jest laid the birch about their legs till they danced Menuno, I tell ye! But law! Miss Brown haint got no force; she means well, but what is the use of meanin' well, if you don't do somethin'?"

"That is jest my mind. For my part, I had rather see a woman like brother Simon's wife, bring something to pass, if she does scold, than one of your easy, shiftless sort, that are allays good-natured 'cause they haint got life enough to git mad."

Jemima Hill was one of those spinsters not infrequent in New England, who without any great

fault, and with an abundance of good qualities, had failed of awakening the grand passion in the hearts of the stronger sex. In a word, Jemima was not magnetic. No smarter hand at a quilting-bee, or an apple-paring, no better dairy-woman could be found in all the country round, than Deacon Hill's darter Jemima. Neat as wax-work their roomy, unpainted kitchen was with frequent scourings. Neither was Jemima a scold (though she sometimes spoke with energy, just as you and I do, dear reader, when we are provoked), and unlike the frequently-drawn type of that much-maligned class designated "old maids," she was no busybody. As she went from house to house in the capacity of tailoress, when asked if she knew aught of the truth of certain reports, her curt reply was, "She had as much as she could do to 'tend to her own business, without meddling with other folkses." But when sickness or death came among her acquaintance, her services were promptly tendered and gratefully accepted. Her mother, "Aunt Dorkies," had been a famous "doctress woman," and when infirmity rendered it difficult for her to leave her home, her mantle fell on "Darter Jemima."

But tailoring was her forte. In this field, her genius shone pre-eminent. What a ripping and piecing and turning and sponging followed her advent in any family. Old garments saw the light of day which had hung in dark presses for many a year, from the many-caped cloak for men, to the cloth habit mother spun and wove for herself, and which had been "taken for broadcloth." Men past their prime, who were subsiding into grave, elderly citizens, arrayed themselves in garments whose style could date back twenty years. It showed them to be men of steadfast mind, above the fopperies and fooleries of the present day; for then, as now, old people mourned over the degeneracy of the age, and sighed for a return of the good old times. Let us look back one hundred years, and see if simplicity was the order of the day.

I find by referring to the journal of the first pastor of Portland, Maine, a description of the dress of one of the beaux who went a courting in 1750. He wore a full-bottomed wig and cocked hat, scarlet coat and small clothes, white waistcoat and stockings, shoes with silver buckles, and two watches, one on each side!

Saying that young folks didn't like to dress like old folks, and for her part she thought it was best for every one to have their clothes cut as they wanted them, she unrolled, to the great gratification of the Beau Brummels of the region, a pattern of the pantaloons worn by brother Simon's wife's brother, who tended store in

Portland. With such high authority, the youthful swain went to see his sweetheart on the next Sunday evening, with the gratifying consciousness that "his close sot as well as Jim Miller's, and his was cut by the Saco tailor, and a nation sight easier."

Though Jemima never professed to love children, she was exceedingly popular with little boys. All the little boys on her circuit rejoiced in the possession of two pockets, one on each side just like father's, and she insisted on a liberal allowance of bright buttons, which were disposed in shining rows on the jacket, to the unbounded admiration of the wearer. Jemima seldom spoke of herself, but one of her exploits she narrated occasionally to her intimate friends.

"One fall, when I went to Miss Giles to work, I knowed I should have to git along most anyhow. Their rye had rusted, and Mr. Giles reckoned considerable on his rye, and he was taken sick in haying time, and to crown all, one of their best cows died the fust of the fall, so I was purty sure they'd have a hard time to make both ends meet, 'specially as Mr. Giles hadn't got his farm paid for. I allays liked Miss Giles. She's a real good woman, tries to help her husband along all she can, and bring up her children to behave themselves, so I made up my mind to be as scrimpin' of my trimmin's, and git along jest as cheap as I could.

"I thought if Miss Giles offered to pay me when I come away, I'd jest tell her that I'd no occasion for the money, and would ruther 'twould be in Mr. Giles's hands for a year to come than not. You see it would not have done to offered to give it to her, she'd taken an affront. My bill wasn't no great, 'tis true, but in a family every cent counts.

"Arter I'd altered Mr. Giles's old coat into a monkey jacket (for it was so worn out it couldn't be made over any other way) and making him a waistcoat out of new cloth, Miss Giles says to me, 'I expect you'll be purty much discouraged when I show you what I've got to make the boys' close out of.' And sure enough, I was discouraged when she brought along that old blue broadcloth cloak with three capes, that her Uncle Joe used to wear afore he went to Massachusetts to live with son Moses. Miss Giles said:

"Arter Aunt Sebee died, Moses wanted his father to come and live with him, but Uncle Joe stayed with us, 'cause he hated to leave the place. At last Moses come down from Massachusetts for him. You see Moses was a shoemaker in Lynn, and as he'd got to be a little forehanded he felt kinder sot up, and so he says, 'Father,' says he, 'you must fix up a little, you

must not wear that old cloak to Lynn, you know.'

" 'Moses,' said the old man, 'I've taken a great deal of comfort in that old cloak, more'n ever I shall take on this airth agin.' And he fetched a deep sigh.

" 'O, father,' says Moses, 'when we get you up to Lynn, we'll cheer you up. There's lots of things for you to see, and that'll take up your attention, and then you'll feel better than you do here.'

Uncle Joe said nothing, but I knowed he'd hanker arter the old place, it's nateral for old folks. So when Moses went to Portland the next day, he bought his father a new hat and the cloth for a new greatcoat. He tried to get his father to have a stylish pair of boots, but Uncle Joe says:

" 'Moses, I've worn this kind of boots ever sence I left off wearin' buskins, and I can't change my boots for nobody. 'Taint a great while I shall want any.'

" 'Moses didn't say nothin' more, 'cause that made him feel kinder bad, but off he starts down to your house, to git you to come and make the coat, 'cause he knowed you could suit his father better'n anybody.

" 'The mornin' Uncle Joe and Moses started for Lynn, Sarah Ann says, 'Uncle Joe,' says she, 'how smart you look! What a nice greatcoat you've got.'

" 'Yes, child, yes,' says Uncle Joe, says he, ' 'tis a good coat—a nice coat, and I'm much obliged to Moses for it, but 'taint the old feelin', child, 'taint the old feelin'.'

" 'Poor Uncle Joe! I pitied him, 'cause I knowed he was thinkin' how he used to wear that old cloak when Aunt Sebee was 'live, and how many times she'd helped him on and off with it.'

" 'Well, Miss Giles wanted me to make a jacket and trowsers for Zeky and Sammy out of that old cloak of Uncle Joe's. 'Twould have been an easy matter enough for boys a good deal bigger than they was, if the cloak was good for anything; but, law me, seems though nigh 'pon half of it was worn threadbare, and there was spots on some parts; so, take it long and large, it did look despart.

" 'Thinks I to myself, 'Now, Jemima Hill, you've got agin a stump, if you never did afore.' I was jest agoin' to say I'd give up beat this time, when I happened to look at Zeky and Sammy, who stood right at my elbow, looking up into my face as though life and death depended upon my answer, and I couldn't find it in my heart to say 'it can't be done,' for I knowed they'd be dreadful disappointed. Thinks I to myself, 'Je-

mima Hill, you've got jackets and trowsers out of 'mazin' small patterns in your day, and if you ever sot your wits to work, you'd better do it now.' So, says I to their mother:

" 'Miss Giles,' says I, 'it'll be a hard rub, but I shan't give it up, till I've brushed and sponged and pressed it all out.'

" 'I should have had it all ripped apart,' says Miss Giles, 'but I didn't know as you could do anything with it, and it's handy now, just as it is, to wrap round the children mornin's, when they ride to school on the ox-sled.'

" 'So Miss Giles and Sarah Ann clapped right down, and ripped it apart in less than no time. Then, arter I'd brushed it well, I went to work to take out the spots. I had a bottle of stuff July Mills sent me from Boston, that was the capsheafe of anything I ever see for takin' out spots. July Mills and her father and mother live in Boston now, but they used to live in Portland. The father was a ship-builder, and many and many's the load of ship-timber my father's hauled him years ago. Well, Mr. Mills allays sot a great store by father, and father sot a great store by Mr. Mills. Well, arter they'd lived in Boston awhile, July got kinder run down, and the doctor told her the best thing she could do, was to go back into the country and breathe the mountain air. So Mr. Mills he writ to father to know if we'd board July a couple of months. When father got the letter he told me to set right down and write back that his daughter could come and welcome. As for board, he shouldn't take a cent, for he'd considered him in a good many trades, and if he should board his darter all summer, he wouldn't be beholden to him.

" 'When July come, her father fetched her down to Portland in his hoss and shay. Folks that's travellin' ginerally go from Boston to Portland in three days, but July was kinder aillin' and her father was dreadful tender of her, and so they was four days comin' down. They stayed at Mr. Mills's wife's sister's while Mr. Mills was seein' to his business, and then he put her on board the Limminton stage, and charged the driver when he got over to Limminton Corner to speak to the landlord of the tavern to carry her over to Deacon Hill's. Her father warn't none consarned but what she'd git over there fast enough if they only knowed where she wanted to go, for he knowed the people all over town would do nigh upon anything to oblige father, 'cause he was one of the old standards and was out in the Revolution. Sure enough, the landlord took his own hoss and wagon, and brought her over himself; and he was 'mazin' taken with her, 'cause she told him all about



Bunker Hill and Dorchester Heights, and she'd been out with her father to Lexington, and stood on the very ground where the Revolution begun. The landlord had never been to Boston, but father had seen them places, for besides bein' out in the Revolution, he'd been Representative to General Court when we were under Massachusetts.

"I've seen father laugh and shake his sides many a time about the story old Mr. Winckly told when father come home from General Court one time. Father's been deacon a good many years, but he never could help laughing 'bout that story. One time when father come home from General Court, he was tellin' down in Mr. Mosely's store, that while he was in Boston a theatre was burnt, and he saw a man that saw the ashes. Father and all the old folks call it theatre, but the young folks now-a-days call it *theatre*. Well, old Mr. Winckly heard father tellin' that while he was in Boston the theatre was burnt, and he saw a man that saw the ashes, and off he starts to tell the news. He never more than half understood what you told him. He hadn't got fairly away from the store, when he met two men in a horse and wagon. He couldn't wait till he got to a house to tell the news, so he hailed them :

" 'Did ye hear the news ?'

" 'No—what is it ?'

" 'Hill says that while he was in Boston the *Creator* was burnt, and he saw the ashes !'

"Well, they was curis kind of folks them Wincklys, all of 'em. They had no faculty, the town allays had to help 'em through the winter. But arter old 'Lijah and Zachariah and Jeddiah and Paul Winckly experienced religion, 'twas surprisin' what a gift they had in prayer. Why, old 'Lijah Winckly could pray equal to old Parson Miltimore, down in Scarboro, and he was a powerful man in prayer, and college larnt, too. It did beat all natur, what a gift they had for prayin' and singin', and no sense for anything else.

"Well, July stayed till the first week in September, and she did pick up her crumbs 'mazin'ly. She drinked new milk, and stayed out of doors most of the time when the weather was fair. When she went home, she went from Portland to Boston in the stage, and when the stage stopped at her father's door, he hardly knowed her she'd fattened up so, and her cheeks were jest as red as pineys.

"Well, about Thanksgiving time down come a box from Boston, and there was a dress in it for marm and me, and a waistcoat pattern for father, and some thread and silk and buttons for boys' jackets, and this little bottle I'm tellin' on.

July writ a letter and put it in the box. She said she'd heard me tell that sometimes I felt worried nigh about to death, for fear the pesky young ones wuld git my work all greased up afore I could git it done. And that's how I come to have this bottle. But land of the living, I shall never get through tellin' you about them jackets and trowsers of Miss Giles's. Well, I must say, that I don't believe there is a woman in the State of Maine ever furbished up a piece of cloth as I did that. Why, it looked nigh upon as well as new. One thing was, it was real, jinooine broadcloth in the day of it, and real broadcloth will wear like iron and hold the color 'mazin'ly. Well, arter I'd got the pieces all pressed out to my mind, I lays 'em up on the back of that great easy-chair that's covered with that great flowering chintz that was her grandmother's gownd when she was a gal, and then I calls Miss Giles and Sarah Ann and the boys in to look at it. When Miss Giles laid her eyes on it, she lifts up her hands and says :

" 'You don't mean to say that's the cloth of Uncle Joe's old cloak ?'

" 'Yes, Miss Giles,' said I, 'I mean to say that very thing.'

" 'Well,' says she, 'Praise to the face is open disgrace,' but I don't believe there's another woman in Maine or Massachusetts that could have made that cloth shine so.'

" 'O, marm,' says Zeky, 'that looks as purty as cousin Eddy's jacket.' Cousin Eddy is Mr. Giles's brother's Robert's son.

"Robert keeps store over to Limminton Corner, and as he's a good lookout, he's got to be purty forehanded. His wife's a dressy sort of a body, but a better-hearted woman never walked this airth. Two or three weeks before Thanksgiving she says to her husband :

" 'Robert,' says she, 'I've been thinkin' about our boys havin' a party, and invitin' all the boys and gals at Limminton Corner, and I thought I'd send over and ask your brother James's boys to come over to Thanksgiving and spend a week. I thought if you was willin', our hired man could take our sleigh with two seats right away after breakfast, Thanksgiving mornin', and go over to James with our boys, and bring Zeky and Sammy over to dinner. I know the boys will enjoy the ride, specially James's, as he don't keep a horse, they don't git a ride very often.'

"Robert didn't say nothin' for a minute or two, and she looked up in his face and says, 'I thought you would be pleased with my plan, Robert.'

" 'I am ; but I was thinking there wasn't many women that took so much pains to keep their house lookin' nice as you do, that would be will-

in' to ask two little boys to come and stay a week, when they had three boys of their own. But,' says he, (and his voice trembled a little) 'your heart was always as kind, as your face was pretty.'

"Robert Giles is proud of his wife, and well he may be, for she is jest as purty as a pink. Afore she was married, she was the handsomest gal that went into Limminton meetin'-us. Debby Grant was there makin' her a gownd, and she heard the whole of it and told me. She thinks the hull world of Robert Giles's wife.

"But sakes alive! I haint come to the upshot of them jackets and trowsers yet. I do declare I shall begin to think I am as bad as old Granny Barker. She'll begin to tell a story, and then she'll branch off upon another, and then another, and afore she gits through she'll tell half a dozen different stories, but she never finishes up the fust one. Now this time I'm determined to go right straight through. Says Miss Giles to me:

"Can you git 'em out?"

"Miss Giles,' says I, 'I guess I can.'

"You'd orter seen how tickled them boys was. Zeky hurrawed as loud as he could, and Sammy down on the floor and rolled over and over and kicked up his heels, then they scampered out of doors like crazy creatures, and pitched head foremost into a snowdrift and turned end over end half a dozen times. Well, at it I went, and if I didn't make every inch of that cloth count, I'll miss my guess. All that I cut to waste you might have put in the corner of your eye. And then I piecened and piecened, and arter I'd pressed 'em, you couldn't have told there was a seam there, unless you held the garment right up close to your eyes. When I got 'em purty nigh done, Miss Giles told the boys when she was puttin' 'em to bed, that afore they went to bed agin their new clothes would be done, and they went up stairs singin', 'Our new jackets and trowsers will be done to-morrow,' jest as happy as clams. Arter she'd come down, I says to Miss Giles:

"The room is warm and still, and I'll jest set up till I finish the clothes. I want to go home and bake for marm and scour up the floor afore I go over to Captain Harris's, and I expect 'em arter me day arter to-morrow mornin'.' So long in the evenin' I says to Miss Giles, 'what kind of buttons have you got to trim them jackets with?' Well, she showed me what she had, and though they'd do, if a body couldn't do no better, they wa'n't what I wanted. So, says I to Miss Giles, 'Father is gittin' old, and I feel worried about his goin' to mill this winter, it's so fur and cold. Now, if Mr. Giles will call and

take his grist on his ox-sled when he goes to mill, I'll take some buttons July Mills sent me from Boston, and put a double row in front, and one row over the shoulder and down on each side of the back, and that'll put on the finishing touch, I guess.'

"Well,' says Miss Giles, 'you know my husband would be glad to obleege your father, but I know your father's kinder independent feelin', and likes to pay for any little job, so I'll take up with your offer, and thank ye kindly.'

"Well, when I got them jackets trimmed, I must say them buttons took the shine off of anything I ever seed afore. They was shaped like little balls, holler inside, and all finifed off on the outside. The clock struck twelve afore I laid my head on my pillow that night, but I didn't vally my pains a bit. Arter I made my bed the next mornin', I laid them jackets and trowsers on the side of the bed, so they'd show to the best advantage. When breakfast was over, says I to Miss Giles, 'I want you to step into the forerom a minute.'

Well, Sarah Ann followed her, and Mr. Giles, he knowed what was in the wind, he come too. When they'd fairly got out of the room, I says to the little boys, 'You can come into the forerom, if you want to.' When we got in, Mr. Giles stood before the fire with his hands behind him, and Miss-Giles and Sarah Ann stood right in front of the bed makin' believe talk. The boys looked all round, and then Miss Giles and Sarah Ann stepped a one side, and 'twant a second afore Zeky spied 'em out, and if he didn't run to the side of the bed, singin' out, 'Look, Sammy, only look here!'

"Just like a trainer's!' says Sammy—'just like a trainer's! Hurraw! hurraw!' And he hopped right up and down.

"Then they looked at them jackets, and looked at 'em, and turned 'em over and put their hands in their pockets, and I didn't know as they'd ever be willin' to take their eyes off of 'em. I don't know but Miss Giles and Mr. Giles and Sarah Ann was most as much pleased as the boys. Mr. Giles is a still sort of man, never says much, but when he went out of the room, he says, 'I wouldn't have believed mortal woman could have got two such handsome suits out of that old cloak of Uncle Joe's.'"

#### LIFE.

See how, beneath the moonbeam's smile,  
Yon little billow heaves its breast,  
And foams and sparkles for awhile,  
And, murmuring, then subsides to rest.  
Thus man, the sport of bliss and care,  
Rises on time's eventful sea;  
And having swelled a moment there,  
Thus melts into eternity.—AXON.

[ORIGINAL.]

## TO A LOVED ONE.

BY WILLIAM WAIT.

The silvery moon's fast wending  
Toward her western home,  
And the gem-eyed stars of even  
Fill the pure azure dome;  
The echo of the midnight bell  
I now distinctly hear;  
All, all is calm and still around—  
My heart is sad and drear.

I'm sitting all alone to-night,  
My thoughts are of thee, love:  
For thee I weep and pray to-night,  
Pray to heaven above;  
I feel as if it would be bliss,  
Beneath this midnight sky,  
To lay my weary, aching head  
Upon thy breast and die.

For all the world is dark to me,  
And all its pleasures vain,  
Unless they all are shared with thee,  
Life's pleasures, cares and pains.  
O, couldst thou read my heart aright,  
While bending at thy shrine,  
Thou wouldst no longer doubt my love,  
Nor fear to call me thine!

[ORIGINAL.]

## JESSIE COLEMAN'S PLAIN DINNER.

BY KATE WARD.

"HAVE you heard the news? Tom Coleman was married last week to some pretty little girl in the country, rich in love, it is to be hoped, as she is rich in nothing else!" And the speaker, a fashionable young man, curled his mustache with a compassionate smile.

"How ridiculous in Tom! Why, with his expectations, and being the general favorite that he is, he might have married an heiress any day!" was the rejoinder, between the puffs of a cigar.

"His expectations don't amount to anything very alarming now, I fancy, as that rich, miserly old-bachelor uncle, whose heir he was to be, is as mad as a March hare about it, they say, and his salary is absurdly small to marry on, of course."

"What a fool he has made of himself!"

It did not look very worldly-wise in Tom certainly, and yet, when one knew all the facts of the case, one could hardly blame him. Ever since Tom Coleman and Jessie Hayes had first known each other—three years ago, when Tom had just graduated—they had loved each other, and when one morning he received a letter from her, all blotted with tears, telling him of her mother's death, he went as fast as cars could

carry him to the village where she lived. He found Jessie, her sweet blue eyes streaming with tears, as she bent despairingly over the calm face of her dead mother, an orphan, and all alone in the world. So he put his strong arm round her, and said, with a depth of tenderness and love in his manly voice:

"Jessie, my own darling, be my wife, and let me have the right to protect you and take care of you, now and always."

And so, one quiet, sweet summer morning a little while after, they were married. The very day after the wedding, Tom's uncle, Mr. Hague, of New York, wrote him a cutting letter, in which he told him that as he had chosen, in direct opposition to his wishes, to marry and throw himself away for a pretty face, he would of course be willing to live on love and beauty for the rest of his days, and so he, his uncle, being anxious to spare him the necessity of looking after such unpoetical things as money and real estate, had made a new will, leaving his earthly dross to another nephew, who did not yet consider himself ethereal enough to do without money. Tom tore up the letter with a sigh, for it is not a pleasant thing to lose a fortune, and this was the only secret he ever kept from his little wife. She remained in blissful ignorance of Mr. Hague's very existence, till a gossiping friend one day told her the whole story, thereby grieving her sadly, and yet, kindling her with new devotion for her husband, who had given up so much for her sake.

They hired a very small but snug house in Boston, and went to housekeeping at once, in a very plain, simple way; for Tom did not conceal from Jessie that he was poor, dependent on a very small salary. She did not know, till he told her now, that his father, an eminent lawyer, who had always lived in the most lavish style up to the time of his death, died insolvent, and she had often sighed when she first knew him, to think how great the difference between them in a worldly point of view. So now her sweet, delicate little face only brightened at the intelligence, and she determined in her heart to be the best poor man's wife that ever was.

They were very happy, and not in the least ashamed of their poverty. Tom had as little false pride as his modest, gentle wife, and when his friends would propose some expensive plan or amusement, would answer laughing and without a blush, "Should be happy to, but can't afford it, you know." And when their friends visited them, they were as cordial and hospitable as if they lived in a palace, but made no apologies for anything, doing the honors of what they had, without embarrassment or affectation.

Jessie proved a perfect treasure to her husband—the sunniest, sweetest little woman that ever made a man's home full of sunshine and peace. What a thrifty housekeeper she was, too! Keeping the house like wax-work with her own little hands, and doing so much with so little, that she was an unfailing wonder to Tom. Their small parlor was furnished in the plainest way, and yet, her busy fingers and exquisite taste contrived to make it the prettiest, cosiest little nest imaginable, with her pictures—for she drew charmingly—and Tom's engravings—relics of his bachelor days—in beautiful frames of her own making, of leather-work and cones and acorns, and even autumn leaves pressed and varnished, and graceful little brackets, and vases of potichmanie, and other knickknacks, all of her own devising, and the way she had of arranging everything with a nice eye for color and effect. Yet, with all her multifarious occupations, she always found time to make herself look neat and pretty for her husband's eyes, knowing his horror of a dowdy woman, and when he told her how she looked charming in that dress, or exclaimed, "Where did that bewitching little bonnet come from, Jessie?" you should have seen the arch look and blush of pleasure with which she answered triumphantly, "I made it myself, dear Tom!"

When they had been married two years, such a fair, tiny, cunning little baby as came and made their cup of happiness fairly run over, they both thought, of course, had never been seen in this lower world before. It was baptized Margaret, for Jessie's mother, but they called her Daisy mostly, a pet name. Tom's salary had been increased a little, but with this increase in their number, they had still to be very economical to make both ends meet at the end of the year. Still, they managed to in some way, and Coleman never broke his rules of never borrowing, and never running in debt. His uncle he had never seen nor heard from since the angry letter already alluded to, for he and Jessie would have gone without their daily bread, sooner than ask him to help them.

They were sitting on the sofa together one evening, enjoying quietly the winter twilight, the room lighted only by the grate fire, the parlor door ajar that they might hear the slightest sound made by Daisy—now a year old—as she lay asleep in her cradle up stairs.

"O!" exclaimed Jessie, lifting her head from Tom's shoulder, after one of those long pauses when one is too contented to talk, "I want to tell you about a poor woman I went to see this afternoon, actually suffering from want, and with a sick child that can't live, I'm sure; and her

landlord is going to drive her out of the miserable room she hires, unless she pays her quarter's rent that is due, and she has no other place in the world to go to! Poor creature, I pitied her so! But I hadn't any money in my purse, so I promised to send her a dollar in the morning. I had nearly forgotten to ask you for it."

Tom loved her all the more for the tender heart and willing hand that could not bear to turn away the wretched and needy, and made her many a time deny herself, thinking it is "more blessed to give," but to-night he said, very soberly:

"I'm very sorry," Jessie, darling, but I don't see how I can possibly spare even a dollar now. My quarter's salary is due next Thursday, though, and I can give it to you then. Wont that do?"

Jessie shook her head sadly. "The landlord comes Saturday. She will be so disappointed, I wish I hadn't promised her."

"I would give it to her gladly, if I could, Jessie. How such things make me wish I was rich!"

A dead pause, both looking into the fire. Then Jessie raised her head again. "I've thought of a way to save the dollar for her. Supposing we were to have only bread and butter for dinner to-morrow, instead of roast beef?"

"Characteristic!" exclaimed Tom, laughing outright, as he smoothed the soft, wavy hair that shaded the eager little face, turned up to his. "I never should have thought of the idea! But I'm willing certainly, if only for the fun of the thing; and then, your bread and butter is by no means unpalatable; we might easily have a worse dinner. Your poor woman shall have the dollar we shall literally take out of our mouths, and we shall be all the better for it."

Jessie's face was radiant, as she pocketed the money. How they both laughed next day when they sat down to dinner! The table was laid with the exquisite neatness that distinguished it always, and in the middle only a plate of Jessie's snow-white bread and a ball of rich, yellow butter! Jessie had carried the money to the object of her charity, who said it would make up the rent with what she had before, and showered blessings and tears of gratitude on her. So she was in a high state of happiness. Tom caught the infection of her glee, and the little dining-room could not have echoed to a merrier couple, if they had been partaking of a banquet of the costliest dainties, and most delicious wines. All at once, there was a ring at the door.

"Nobody come to dine with us, I hope, for their sakes," exclaimed Jessie, with a ringing laugh, as she spread her bread, confident that it was only a handbill.

"A pretty joke if it were!" Tom answered, listening as Nancy—the little girl of fourteen, who was their only servant, opened the door. There stood old Mr. Hague, carpet-bag in hand.

"Goodness! it's my uncle!" exclaimed Tom, starting up from the table, as he caught a glimpse of the tall, gaunt form in rusty black, the door leading into the entry being open.

The old man had been East on business, and having two hours in Boston before the train left for New York, proposed to spend those at his nephew's, partly out of curiosity, to see how "the young scapegrace" had got along since his marriage, and partly to save the expenses of a dinner. He was never troubled with feelings of delicacy, and didn't much care whether he should be welcome or not. Seeing them at the table, he paid no attention to Nancy, who threw open the parlor-door, but marched straight into the dining room, in a way that was, to say the least, slightly unceremonious.

"Why need he have come to-day of all days, when we have such a dinner!" was Jessie's mental ejaculation.

Tom was rather chagrined himself. He wouldn't have cared much if it had been anybody in the world but his uncle. There was nothing of this apparent in his manner, however. As gentlemanly and self-possessed as usual, he went forward to meet him, extending his hand and saying:

"Uncle, this is an unexpected—"

"Pleasure, eh?" interrupted the old man, in a satirical tone. "I thought it would be; that's one reason I called. You know it's a good while since I saw you last—not since your marriage," he added, with a grim smile, and eying Jessie from head to foot with a keen glance of his small gray eyes, that made her feel more uncomfortable than ever in her life before. Tom immediately introduced him to his wife, and then expressing in a quiet way his regret that they had nothing more substantial to offer him, asked him to dine with them. So they all sat down at the table, and while Tom did the honors of the bread and butter with as much courtesy as if he had been presiding at an elegant dinner, he was inwardly in a high state of amusement at the ludicrousness of the thing, as it came across him that if his uncle had come, as he guessed, for the sake of his dinner, he must be sorely disappointed. Mr. Hague, however, being really, as he said, quite indifferent to the pleasures of the table—nobody could have doubted it after once dining with him at home—seemed quite pleased with the plain fare; he even regarded Jessie with a look that was almost gracious, when she told

him that the bread he praised was made by herself. She began to get over the dread of the old ogre that he had at first inspired her with, and secretly resolved to propitiate him, since she had been the one to offend him in the first place, by presuming, though a portionless girl, to marry his nephew. She it was who kept up the flagging conversation with her animated words and tones, yet with the greatest tact keeping clear of all subjects on which they would be likely to differ, and gave life and spirit to the party. She exercised all her powers of pleasing on her stern, ungracious guest; as Tom laughingly told her afterwards, "flirting with him to that degree, it positively made him jealous." He had never seen her more agreeable, more bright and attractive than in entertaining the very one whom it was least expected he could please. She made one great mistake, however; that was in displaying Daisy to him, as she lay asleep in her cradle, her white, dimpled arms tossed round her head, her light hair clustering in damp curls about her fair, sweet face, half-smiling in her dreams. He did not approve of babies, viewed them strictly as "incumbrances," and only gave an emphatic "Humph!" when the proud little mother exclaimed, "Doesn't she look like one of Raphael's cherubs?"

In fact, Jessie found him very hard indeed to soften, and was quite discouraged when he went away seeming as cold and indifferent to her as when he came. A real sense of relief came over her when she heard the door close after him, and she told her husband so.

"Never mind," said he, with a laugh in his handsome brown eyes, "there is no danger of his ever troubling us again, after such a dinner as we treated him to!"

How surprised the young couple would have been, if they had known that that dinner of bread and butter had made the most favorable impression on the old man's heart! Its plainness and economy delighted him, and stood out in the most excellent contrast to the elegant champagne supper at which he had surprised his nephew whom he had made his heir, the last time he went to see him. He had never forgiven that champagne supper, and his heart leaned to Tom when he thought of the difference. How fortunate he never dreamed that charity was at the bottom of the frugality he admired! The result of that dinner was a new will, in which this admirable young man who was such a pattern of thrift in the old man's eyes, had a splendid fortune bequeathed him. There was a grim smile on the old man's withered face, as he locked the precious document in his safe, and thought of the conser-

nation with which Tom's cousin would one day learn that he had willed him only the sum of fifty dollars, "with which," so the will ran, "he may give as many champagne suppers as he chooses."

One evening, just a year from this time, Tom Colman received the news of his uncle's death, and his own good fortune. His astonishment was unbounded, and his manly face was gleaming with happiness when he approached his home with a quick springing step, and saw his loving little wife watching for him as usual, at the front window. He could not mourn for his uncle, who was too hard and morose to create affection in any heart; he was too honest to assume a grief he did not feel.

"Jessie," said he, in the quietest tone he could command, as he sat down on the sofa and drew her towards him, "I have just received a letter informing me of my uncle's death—Mr. Hague, you know."

"Poor man!" she said, pityingly, "he has had a cheerless life, for all his wealth!" Then she added, in a low voice, and with a little sigh, "How rich you would be now if you hadn't married me, dear Tom!"

"Of course," he answered, laughing. "But only think how rich you would be now, if, instead of foolishly taking up with me, you had married that wealthy old farmer with the auburn wig—don't interrupt me, Jessie, it was *not* red—who wanted you as the second wife of his bosom, and mother of his six small but interesting boys!"

"I've always regretted that I didn't," said Jessie, demurely.

"So have I," said Tom.

Then, able to restrain himself no longer, he suddenly caught his astonished wife in his arms, and kissing her again and again, exclaimed, in a voice deep with feeling, "Jessie, darling, a new will has been discovered, in which my uncle has made me his heir once more!"

Jessie's beautiful eyes were brimming with tears as she looked up into her husband's face, smiling through them.

"Then, after all, you didn't lose everything by marrying me, did you? O you do not know how it has weighed upon me thinking of it, when I saw you working so hard for my sake and Daisy's always!"

"You foolish little woman!" Tom exclaimed, stooping to kiss her again that she might not see the tears that filled his own eyes now, "do I not owe everything I am, everything I hope to be, to you? Wasn't it the thought of your pure little face that saved me from dissipation and ruin before we were married? And ever since, haven't you made my home the very happiest a

man ever had? And now, through your sweet charity, I am restored as heir to this great fortune."

"How?" she asked, in astonishment.

"Wasn't it you," said Tom, resuming his old, playful manner, "who proposed the sumptuous repast which graced our board the day my uncle came in upon us so unexpectedly? The poor old gentleman was so impressed by our astonishing economy on that occasion, that he went straight home and made his will in my favor. To be sure, my dear—so his lawyer who drew up the will, wrote me to-day. We owe our wealth to your dinner of bread and butter, in other words, your loving pity for the poor."

You should have seen Jessie's face then—it was radiant. Their evening prayer was all thanksgiving that night.

#### THE CLIMATE OF CALIFORNIA.

Dan Marble was once strolling along the wharves in Boston, when he met a tall, gaunt-looking figure, a "digger" from California, and got into conversation with him. "Healthy climate, I suppose?" "Healthy! it aint anything else. Why, stranger, there you can choose any climate you like, hot or cold, and that without taavellin' more than fifteen minutes. Jest think o' that the next cold mornin' when you get out o' bed. There's a mountain there—the Sawyer Navaday they call it, with a valley on each side of it, the one hot, and t'other cold. Well, get on the top of that mountain with a double-barrelled gun, and you can, without movin', kill either summer or winter game, jest as you will!" "What! have you ever tried it?" "Tried it! often; and should have done pretty well, but for one thing." "Well, what was that?" "I wanted a dog that would stand both climates. The last dog I had *froze off his tail* while pintin' on the summer side. He didn't get entirely out of the winter side, you see—trew as you live." Marble sloped.—*St. Louis Herald*.

#### PROPHECY.

A thousand years hence, and things will be much simpler. Nations have been able to preserve their individuality in spite of the march of armies from one end of the continent to the other. Since the great epoch of Columbus and Gama, when one quarter, nay, one hemisphere of the globe made acquaintance with the other, that restless element, the sea, has made the ubiquity of a certain species of civilization, that of Western Europe, a possibility. Across each boundary line of the firm earth new manners, new beliefs, new wants, force their way among the most isolated clusters of remote lands. Are not the South Sea Islands already Protestant parishes? A floating battery, a single man-of-war, changes the fate of Chili.—*Humboldt's Letters*.

#### DESIRABLE GOOD.

An elegant sufficiency, content,  
Retirement, rural quiet, friendship, books,  
Ease and alternate labor, useful life,  
Progressive virtue, and approving Heaven!

THOMSON.

[ORIGINAL.]

**MY HOME.**

BY EDWIN R. BRIGGS.

Where grows the lofty forest tree,  
Where is heard the humming bee,  
Where the robin builds its nest,  
There 's the home I love the best.  
There, there, near the "Maple Grove,"  
There, there is the home I love.

Where the pinks and roses fair  
Blossom in the garden rare,  
Where violets and dahlias bloom.  
There 's the place that I call home.  
There, where all is fair and bright,  
There 's the home of my delight.

Where the forests oft resound  
With the sweet and lovely sound  
Of the whip-poor-will at night,  
There 's the home of my delight.  
There, there I can sweetly rest,  
There 's the home I love the best.

There at close of day I find  
Friends to meet me ever kind;  
Pleasures there without alloy,  
There 's my home—my home of joy.  
From that home I 'll never rove,  
There 's the home, the friends I love.

In this earthly home I 'll live and die,  
And then for a home—a home on high:  
A home of happiness and love,  
A home of rest, a home above.  
While in my happy home I stay,  
For a home above I 'll ever pray.

My earthly home is very fair,  
But ever weary with toil and care;  
In the home above, all, all at rest,  
There 's the home I love the best.  
There, when I am called to die,  
May I find a home—a home on high.

[ORIGINAL.]

**SAVED FROM MURDER!****A VERITABLE SEA STORY.\***

BY MC'L. DUNCAN.

In the year 1796, there dwelt at Blackwell, near the Isle of Dogs, upon the banks of the river Thames, Bob Cameron, his wife and daughter. The house in which they lived was at the western end of the island near what is now the entrance to the city canal, and was several hundred yards distant from the nearest building. Old Bob, as he was familiarly named by troops

\* We give this sketch verbatim, as written out by the author, who has been many years in the British navy.—  
EDITOR.

of friends, had passed the best part of his life at sea in ships of war, and had taken part in many naval engagements. In Lord Howe's action of the first of June, 1794, his left arm was badly shattered by a splinter, but he would not permit it to be amputated. The wounds healed, but left the arm stiff, so he was invalided upon a small pension, and "settled down for life" in his present habitation. He married at sea some twenty-two years before. His wife was the widow of a chum, who was mortally wounded in an action with a French frigate. Before he died he called Bob to him in the cockpit, and said:

"You see, Bob, I'm bound to 'kingdom come;' the doctor says I can't hold on another hour. Now what I want, Bob, before I go, is to see you spliced to my Susan (kiss me, Sue); she's a good girl, God bless her, and because she's good, I want her to have a good fellow in my place, and I don't know anybody on board that I would like to have her, better than you, Bob; so send for the parson."

When the chaplain arrived, he tried to argue with the dying man that it was not lawful to marry another, while the first husband lived; but Ned Parr, that was his name, said there was no law aboard the Dolphin but the captain's orders, and he was sure the captain would not deny his dying coxswain's request. The captain was appealed to, and descended to the cockpit, for he really liked his coxswain, and felt sorry for his fate.

"How are you, my brave Ned?" inquired the captain, taking hold of his hand.

"Good for two bells longer, the doctor says; but I want my Sue to be spliced to my chum, Bob, before I slip my moorings. The parson says it's wrong, but a word from you can make it right; so I've sent for you."

"Marry them at once," said the captain. "Ned shall have his wish gratified, in spite of all law."

And married they were, without a word of comment from the parson.

"God bless you, noble captain, I shall now die happy. Kiss Sue for my sake; she's been true to me, and will be true to my chum."

The captain kissed the bride, who was weeping as if her heart would break. She submitted to the dying request of her husband, because she thought it would please him, and not because she had any affection for Bob. Poor creature, her heart was too tender and true to be indifferent to the common feelings of humanity. She loved Ned, and felt at the time that she could never love another. Neither she nor Bob left his side until his eyes were closed in death.

"I'm happy, Sue; I'm happy, Bob; God bless you!" were his dying words.

Thus, in a dreary hole, about five feet high, among the wounded and the dying, whose blood moistened the sanded deck, and by the gloomy light of a few tallow candles, was Bob Cameron married to Susan Parr. The enemy's colors had not been struck more than three hours; the prize was hardly secured, the decks were but half cleared up, when a captain in the flush of victory condescended to gratify the dying request of a common sailor! This passed from mouth to mouth among his crew, and redounded more to his credit than the victory he had so gallantly achieved. His name was Brenton, all honor to it!

Susan had a daughter by Bob a couple of years afterwards, and was lodged in the captain's cabin during her confinement. The three remained at sea until Bob was invalided. Young Susan was a pretty girl of eighteen at the time of our story, and resided with her parents. Old Bob was still a fine, hearty man of forty-five, and his wife, though forty, was not only good looking, but finely formed, and blessed with rosy health. Bob was Lord Howe's coxswain when wounded, and his lordship made him a present of fifty guineas, when he was discharged. With this money he purchased a horse and light cart, and set up as a travelling dealer in vegetables, the proceeds of which, with his pension, enabled him to support his family comfortably.

Like most seamen of the period, he was superstitious, a believer in ghosts, mermaids, and witches. One night, a year or so after he left the sea, he awoke his wife to tell her a dream. He dreamed that he saw his horse, which he left grazing on the side of Dogs, struggling for life in a square hole like a grave, and felt so uneasy that he proposed to turn out and see if anything was the matter with old Dobbin; but his wife persuaded him to try and go to sleep again. The dream was repeated, and at the third time, his wife also awoke, screaming:

"Go, Bob, go, he will kill her!"

Bob was up and rigged in a minute. The night, though pleasant, was hazy, not a breath of air disturbed the stillness, and but few stars peeped through the vapory clouds, as Bob hurried along to the place he had tethered his horse the preceding evening. Walking upon the embankment which kept the river from overflowing the island, his attention was attracted to a square hole, like the grave he had seen in his dream. He examined it, and found a pick and shovel in its vicinity.

"Something dark here," said Bob, muttering

to himself. "I must keep a lookout, and stop foul play." And he withdrew from the spot and concealed himself in the shade of the embankment.

A few minutes afterwards, a man and woman seated themselves near him, and the following dialogue ensued:

"Well, dear William," said the woman, "have you made your mind up when we shall be married? You must not put me off another week, for I fear my mother will discover all."

"Susan, I'll be plain with you, for once. I cannot marry you—I'm engaged to another—now don't interrupt me, and I'll tell you all. You know Miss Wood, the merchant's daughter? Well, I pulled her and her father across the river to Greenwich about a month ago, and she fell desperately in love with me, so much so that her father sent for me, and said I might have her for my wife. I consented, we met and kissed, and next week we are going to be married. I am very poor, and she is very rich, though not half so pretty as you. Now what I propose to you is this—to swear upon the Bible that you will never expose your connection with me, and I will provide for you like a lady."

"And is this all?" inquired Susan, calmly, as she rose to her feet. "William, you do not know me; but now I know you, and I'm glad I do, for I would rather be disgraced, than marry such a man. My father and mother are kind, and will forgive me."

"Then," said William, in raptures, springing from the ground, "you'll swear not to expose me?"

"Never!" cried Susan, stepping back, "I will leave that to my father."

"But you must swear, or by Heaven I'll kill you! Swear at once, or you shall die; and to show you that I'm in earnest, there is your grave all ready for you!"

"Keep back, sir," replied Susan, stepping from him. "You kill me, indeed! What do you think I'm made of? I, the daughter of a man-of-war's-man, born at sea in a frigate; I, who have again and again played the powder monkey in carrying cartridges to the guns in action, when brave men fell all around me, and I was wet, soaking wet with their blood; I, who never slept in a cradle, but swung in a hammock, among the bravest of the brave, exposed to storms and all the horrors of war, and sometimes, more deadly pestilence; I, to be afraid of you, or your threats, to kill me! False coward, I defy you!"

"And so do I!" roared old Bob, fetching the fellow a dig under the ear that sent him sprawling upon the ground.



"Hold him down, father," said Susan, "till I disarm him, the fellow must have a knife or a pistol on him."

Before she had time to overhaul him, they were surrounded by a presgang, who, without asking questions, handcuffed the men, and told Susan to go home and tell their friends that they would be taken proper care of. His most gracious majesty would provide them with board and lodging for ever and a day.

They were carried on board of a tender at Deptford, and bundled below for the rest of the night. Next morning they were examined, when Old Bob was discharged, unfit for service, but William Watkins, the handsome waterman, was retained and forwarded with despatch to join a frigate at the Nore. Miss Wood and her father felt grateful to Bob, who had saved them from disgrace, and pledged themselves to provide for Susan and her child, a pledge which they religiously fulfilled. Susan gave birth to a fine boy, who received an excellent education, and, when fourteen years of age, through Mr. Wood's influence, was entered as a midshipman in the royal navy, under the patronage of Captain Clay, who had married Miss Wood.

William Watkins was a fine-looking young man of twenty-two years of age, and was better educated than the general run of watermen. He could read and write very well, and had some knowledge of French and Spanish, which he had picked up in his intercourse with the crews of vessels, to London. He had a natural aptitude for the acquisition of foreign languages. When he joined the frigate, he was stationed in the afterguard, and consequently was always under the eyes of the officers. The usage on board of her was very severe, if not cruel, for most of the crew were green hands, and required to be broken in. He reflected much upon his conduct towards Susan, he remembered her love for him, and the bloody end he designed for her, and while he pondered over these, he wept like a child.

When the frigate arrived at Gibraltar, he wrote Susan a long and contrite letter, begging her forgiveness, and to show that he was not so unfeeling as she had reason to think him, he sent her an order to draw his half pay. He said if she would forgive him, he would marry her the first opportunity, and show by his future life that he was not unworthy of her. Susan kept the letter to herself, and only revealed its contents to her son, when he left her to enter the navy. In her heart she still loved him, and charged her son, if he ever fell in with him, to treat him kindly; but she never touched his pay nor answered his letter. She had made her mind up to forget him.

Years rolled away, young Watkins became a man, and for distinguished services, obtained command of the eighteen-gun corvette, *Reindeer*. As he was an energetic officer, he was despatched by the admiral on the West India station, to cruise among the islands in search of pirates, and at the same time was cautioned to keep his weather-eye open for a swift French frigate that had been playing the mischief with British merchantmen. He landed upon one of the Keys near Cuba, where he surprised a party of pirates, and put them to the sword. In searching the Key for plunder, he discovered a cave in which were several prisoners, who expected death before sunset, and large quantities of merchandize. With his booty and the men, he returned to Jamaica, and after taking in supplies of water and provisions, sailed again. Several of the prisoners volunteered for his vessel, and among them an Englishman, named Carter, who was perfectly familiar with the navigation of the West Indies.

At daylight, on the morning of the second day after leaving port, he found himself almost alongside of a French frigate, which hailed him. Carter saw that escape was impossible, and requested the captain to allow him to answer the hail, and at the same time suggested to hoist Spanish colors. Carter answered in Spanish that the corvette was last from Havana, and was cruising in search of pirates; but the Frenchman was not deceived. He not only knew that she was British, but knew the vessel, and all about her; he therefore ordered her, in good English, to round to and send her boats on board of the frigate, or he would open fire upon her. The vessels were to the northward of Cuba, about six miles distant, with a good working breeze from the south. Both were headed to the eastward, with starboard tacks on board, close-hauled, the corvette to the leeward of the frigate.

The Frenchman felt so sure of the corvette as a prize, that he hesitated to fire, and was somewhat thrown off his guard by her hoisting Spanish colors. Captain Watkins, perceiving that he was discovered, at once assumed command, and while the mainsail was hauling up, and the top-sail thrown aback, ordered one of the boats to be lowered. The frigate also hauled her mainsail up, rounded to, and dropped her quarter-boats fully manned and armed. In a minute, the corvette threw all her square sails aback fore and aft, and made a stern board from under the guns of the frigate, then boxed off and filled away on the larboard tack, displaying English colors at her mizzen peak, as she gathered way. This evolution was performed by the time the French-

man's boats were alongside, but these, perceiving the new turn of affairs, returned. In the meantime, the frigate, by having her maintopsail aback, lost steerage way, and conceiving escape impossible, was not so prompt in her motions as she might have been. Her captain, moreover, instead of following the corvette's example in throwing all aback, and beating her at her own game, actually filled away the maintopsail, and set the mainsail to give her headway. This manœuvre widened the distance between her and the corvette, and to make the position worse, she lost time in hoisting up her boats, instead of ordering the men to scramble out of them as quickly as possible, and let them go. Their dragging alongside for two or three minutes must have impeded the frigate's progress. As she went in stays, she fired a raking broadside at the corvette, aimed high for the purpose of dismantling her, but the uncertain motion, peculiar to any vessel in stays, destroyed its intended effect, for only a few shot passed through the corvette's sails. Both vessels were excellent sailers, but with a double-reefed topsail breeze, and a rough sea, the frigate would have proved the better vessel. The sea and breeze were now, however, in favor of the corvette, which let her boat go the instant it had answered the purpose of deceiving the Frenchman into the belief that she had surrendered. Both vessels were now on the larboard tack, headed westerly, and sometimes not more than a mile apart, carrying all drawing sail, and going between six and seven knots. The frigate fired her bow chasers, which were answered by the stern guns of the corvette, but neither produced much effect. Thus they continued running and firing until noon, when black clouds were seen rising rapidly in the east. Carter, the pilot, informed Captain Watkins, that a hurricane was brewing, and would probably burst upon them in a few minutes, and enable the frigate to overhail them.

Captain Watkins immediately gave orders to stopper the clews of the topsails and top-gallant sails, single their earings, unreeve the sheets and all other gear, and then stationed men along the yards to cut away the sails at a moment's notice. Her only hope of escape lay in being able to carry sail to the last, and get rid of it the instant she was struck, without loss of spars.

On came the tempest, black as night, heaping up the sea before it into whitened foam, the lightning flashed, the thunder pealed and roared, and the rain was pouring in torrents. The frigate took in her royals and staysails, and so did the corvette, but both kept all other sail set. As the frigate was astern, and the hurricane approaching

from the eastward, she commenced squaring her after yards, when it burst upon her with tremendous effect. She flew up in the wind, and in a twinkling her three topmasts went over the side, all her sails were swept away, she heeled over until the water washed through her maindeck ports, and for a moment threatened to founder her; but eventually she was got before the wind. The corvette was more fortunate; she was before the wind, and had her sails cut away the moment she was struck. Her topsails and courses, by the judicious use of spilling lines, fell on deck, but the top-gallant sails, jib and spanker, were torn in pieces by a single blast, and flew in shreds before the tempest. Occasional flashes of lightning revealed both vessels running before the gale, about three miles apart, the frigate towing the wreck of her spars alongside. The hurricane, or what is now termed a cyclone, took a turn around the compass, and in two hours subsided into a strong gale from the northward. When the weather cleared, the corvette found herself upon a lee shore, not three miles distant, and had not a stitch of sail bent to work off. The lead was cast, but no bottom found with eighty fathoms of line; she could not, therefore, anchor, and had not time to bend sails; destruction seemed inevitable.

In this emergency, Carter, the pilot, said that he would carry her safely through a passage in the reef which he pointed out, and which he said had just water enough for her to enter, and that once inside, she could be anchored without difficulty, and ride till the gale abated. Captain Watkins gave him charge, and he brought her in, though she gave a slight touch on the bottom as she settled between the rollers. She was brought up in seven fathoms' water, with both anchors ahead and shortly afterwards, sent down her top-gallant masts, and housed topmasts. The sea was quite smooth, and she rode easily, though the wind continued blowing a severe gale.

Where was the frigate? About seven miles off, still running before the gale. Her captain had seen the corvette anchor, without observing the reef, and determined to close with her, notwithstanding the loss he had sustained. The wreck of his spars had been cleared away and he had bent new courses. Imagine his horror and mortification, when he discovered the reef between him and his foe. He brought his vessel to the wind, and set the sails he had bent, but they hardly kept steerage way on her, and she drifted bodily to leeward. Seeing no hope of working off, he looked for the channel by which the corvette had entered, and when he thought he saw it once more, after much labor, succeeded in put-

ting his ship before the wind. He took in the mainsail, and under the foresail alone made for the channel. His movements were watched with deep interest from the corvette.

Captain Watkins appealed to Carter if he thought she could thread her way in?

"Not unless she draws as little water as we do, sir," he replied, "and, I believe she is, at least, two feet deeper; she will surely strike and become a wreck. In view of such an event, I would respectfully suggest to hoist our boats out and try to save some of her poor fellows."

"Carter," said the captain, "may she not run in by throwing her guns overboard as she shoals her soundings?"

"She will not have time, sir; strike she must, I know every inch of the channel as well as I do the deck of this vessel. She draws eighteen feet of water at least, and there are only sixteen upon the inner bar, at the highest tides. We grazed the bottom ourselves, running in."

Captain Watkins immediately gave orders to hoist the boats out and man them, and pull out under the lee of the reef, and there await the fate of the frigate, which had now made good her entrance into the channel. Slowly but gradually she rose upon the swell, and anon settled almost out of sight between the rollers, which curled and foamed as high as her hammock-nettings. The leadsmen were in the channels, the captain and first lieutenant on the bow, and a line of men along the deck, passing the orders to the helmsman. She passed the outer bar in safety, and had nearly reached smooth water, when she struck bottom between the seas, then rose and struck again, the foresail shivered in the wind, a roller struck her on the quarter, she canted broadside to the swell, and, in a minute was lying with her starboard maindeck ports in the water, while the breakers combed over her with awful force, driving her further upon the bar at every bound. To ease her the masts were cut away, but the men were unable to reach the lee rigging, from the wreck of the spars that were driven against the sides and deck by the back swash of the sea. The corvette's boats soon reached the scene of the wreck, but were unable to near the frigate on account of the wreck of her spars.

Carter, who spoke French well, at the risk of being crushed, hauled himself alongside of her by the lee rigging of the mainmast, and was followed by six others. These, by lashing cutlasses and saws to the ends of boarding-pikes, showed the Frenchman how to cut away the rigging, and thus clear her side, to enable the boats to save her crew. Before this was

accomplished night had set in, and still the gale continued, and still the rolling surge dashed over the wreck. The frigate was the *Pomone*, of forty guns, Captain Laborde, and if she had not been a very strong vessel would have broken up an hour after she struck. Her captain was an experienced officer, but rather too daring, yet in this time of trouble he was calm and prudent. He would not allow the men to leave, until there was a fair prospect of their being saved. In vain Carter urged him to allow them to go in the corvette's boats, which were dodging to leeward of the reef waiting the signal to approach.

"While the frigate holds together," replied Laborde, "there is no danger; but there is danger of loss of life in boats, while such a heavy sea is running; and though I have lost my vessel, I am most anxious to save my men; a few hours' soaking is not of much consequence. The men will remain while I am with them."

The fact was he did not understand the management of boats, and Carter perceived it. The first lieutenant of the corvette, who commanded the boats, impatient at not receiving the concerted signal, dashed alongside of the wreck, bow on and stern off, and jumped on board of her. Seeing that she had four boats on deck in good condition, he went to work, John Bull fashion, utterly regardless of the presence of Captain Laborde, and with the aid of his own men, and some of the frigate's crew, launched them successfully, and ordered men into them. Captain Laborde interfered, but the lieutenant answered gruffly, that his orders were to save life, and he was going to carry them out; and he did so. The boats were called alongside one at a time, loaded and despatched to the corvette, which was only a mile and a half distant. All that night and next day were occupied in saving the men and such of their effects as would be reached. The corvette was crowded on deck and below. In addition to her own crew of eighty men, she had three hundred and sixty Frenchmen on board, who might have captured her, had they been so disposed; but Captain Watkins had implicit confidence in the honor of the French commander, though he took the precaution of filling his tops with small arms and men, to be prepared for any emergency. The rules of the service required this at his hands.

Three days afterwards the gale abated; the frigate still held together, and Captain Watkins placed a dozen men on board of her as a prize-crew. He then got under way, and was piloted clear of the reefs through another channel by Carter. In a couple of days he reached Kingston, Jamaica, and landed the Frenchmen. The

admiral was highly gratified at his conduct, which had been the means of destroying a very troublesome enemy. With the generosity of a true sailor, the admiral regarded the Frenchmen as shipwrecked mariners, and fitted a vessel for their reception; gave them the protection of a cartel, and sent them to France. Though the nations were at war, the French government acknowledged the compliment through a neutral power, which resulted in the promotion of Captain Watkins to post rank. As captain of the corvette, his rank was only that of master-commander. A working party and a frigate were sent to the wreck, and succeeded in saving all her material; and eventually hove her off, patched her bottom, and brought her to Jamaica. For this the corvette's crew received prize-money.

The corvette was ordered home, and in due time arrived at Chatham to undergo repairs. Through the influence of Captain Watkins, who was appointed to the command of a new frigate, Carter received a gunner's warrant; but the promotion did not seem to elate him. He was a man in the prime of life, between forty and fifty, vigorous, intelligent, and an excellent seaman, but when alone, seemed absorbed in deep thought. He seldom spoke when his duty did not require it.

When the new frigate was nearly ready for sea, a small party, consisting of an old man and his wife, accompanied by a stately woman of rare beauty, called on board to see the captain. He was not on board, but the boat was ashore waiting for him. The gunner was standing by the gangway when the visitors stepped on the deck; but the instant his eyes met the gaze of the younger woman, he staggered against the mainmast, turned sharply round and walked forward. The officers of the deck, while waiting on the visitors, did not perceive him; but he was seen by one whose eyes followed him, till he was hid by the launch. She was calm and self-possessed.

Shortly after the captain came on board, he ordered the hands to be turned up, and then in company with the visitors walked along their lines as they were ranged fore and aft.

"The man I seek is not here," said the lady, addressing the captain after she had inspected the crew.

"Must the crew fore and aft," said the captain, turning to the first lieutenant; "no one has left the ship, and he must be on board."

When the gunner's name was called, his servant stated that he was below sick, and could not come on deck.

"What, Carter sick!" exclaimed the captain, nervously. "I must see him instantly. He is one of the noblest fellows alive. To his skill and

daring I am indebted for my recent promotion. There is not his superior in the British navy. Call the surgeon at once. Excuse me (turning to the visitors), I must go to see Carter."

He was not very sick, for, in a couple of days, he returned to his duty, and was then ordered to visit the captain at his lodgings on shore. The captain was alone when he entered, and requested him to be seated.

"Carter," he said kindly, "I am deeply indebted to you, and feel a strong desire to know your history. Will you please to gratify me?"

"Certainly," replied Carter, in a quiet tone, "for it is easily told in a very few words; but you must pledge your honor to keep it secret, for I have forfeited my life according to the rules of the service."

"Fear nothing, you have my word of honor."

"Well then," he began, "when I belonged to the *Junon* frigate cruising in the West Indies, the first lieutenant kicked me in the mouth, as I was trying to shove the boat from the beach of a creek on the south side of Cuba. Enraged beyond control, I dragged him down, jumped upon him several times, and then took to my heels inland. The whole affair did not occupy a minute. I escaped, and having a fair knowledge of Spanish, was perfectly at home among the planters, who treated me with kindness. I reached Havana, there joined a wrecker, and in a few years was so successful that I owned several vessels, and was esteemed a man of wealth. The day before you released me, while piloting a vessel inside of the reefs near Key West, I was taken prisoner by pirates, who carried the vessel in the night. The crew were also taken prisoners, for the pirates were afraid to murder us at sea, lest our dead bodies might be seen floating about so near the land. They intended to kill us that night and bury us on shore out of sight, which, thank God, you prevented. The gang to which the pirates belonged, had confederates in all the ports of Cuba, and I did not deem it safe to return, for I would have been assassinated, so I volunteered for your vessel, and let my property go. The fact is, captain, I felt a strong attachment to you, and could not feel happy out of your company. This, sir, is my story."

The captain called for brandy and cigars, and then said:

"Come, Carter, help yourself; here's your health (tossing off a glass). I'm off to London to-morrow, and you shall accompany me; I'm going to have a cruise ashore before I go to sea, and I want you to go with me. But, Carter, you have not told me anything of your early

life, when you were a boy, and what sent you to sea."

"The pressgang," he replied, dryly.

"Come, let us have the yarn," said the captain, "and toss off another glass for better acquaintance sake; I'm your friend, you may trust me."

"Captain Watkins, I cannot tell you without debasing myself in my own esteem. I will not tell you!"

"Come, friend Carter, don't be offended, few men are saints if their secret history were known. I feel a warm interest in you, and will not think less of you for the follies or even crimes of your youth. Trust me, I will not deceive you."

"Captain Watkins, as I love you, I will tell you, not for the purpose of gratifying your curiosity, but that my terrible sin may be a warning to you. God grant that you may never be tempted as I have been! Know, then, my name is not Carter, but William Watkins. I was born in Blackwell, and served my apprenticeship to a waterman. In an evil hour—"

"Hold!" cried a lady, stepping from an adjoining room. "Enough. Stand up, gentlemen, and face me." They obeyed, and she continued, "This, Captain Watkins, is your father. This, sir," addressing the gunner, "is your son, and I am his mother! I forgive you, for you have suffered much."

He sank into a chair, his head fell upon the table, he groaned in agony, the blood rushed to his head, and was soon oozing through his mouth and nose. Three months passed away before he recovered consciousness, and the first being he recognized was the injured Susan standing over him, bathing his temples. In a year afterwards they were married, and their son was married at the same time to the daughter of Mrs. Clay, who was the Miss Wood, to obtain whose hand the elder Watkins would have murdered his first and only love. The ways of Providence are truly wonderful, and past finding out.

#### CONTROLLING THE INCLINATION.

It is hard work to control the workings of inclination, and turn the bent of nature; but that it may be done, I know from experience. God has given us, in a measure, the power to make our own fate; and when our energies seem to demand a sustenance they cannot get—when our will strains after a path it may not follow—we need neither starve from inanition, nor stand still in despair; we have but, to seek another nourishment for the mind, as strong as the forbidden food it longed to taste, and perhaps purer; and to hew out for the adventurous foot a road as direct and broad as the one fortune has blocked up against us, if rougher than it.—*Charlotte Brontë.*

[ORIGINAL.]

#### MISS LEONARD'S FARM:

—AND—

#### HOW SHE MANAGED IT.

BY A. M. LOVERING.

MISS FANNIE LEONARD turned very pale, and dropped the letter which she had been reading, from her nerveless hands. Looking the whole world over, at just that moment one would scarcely have found a more frightened or surprised person than was this same Miss Fannie. Her eyes—large and exceedingly blue—were distended half way from her head; her mouth—quite broad, but very rosy—was wide apart; her curls—a brown, silken cluster back of either ear—trembled as though they were at frolic with the wind.

Miss Leonard had fallen into possession of a fortune! Not a large one, according to the world's reckoning, but to her idea one that was surprisingly vast. The young lady had had a rough time of it with life. By this, I do not mean that she had ever been a street beggar, or could remember a time when she had been obliged to want for a meal; but at an early age, she had been left fatherless and motherless—to look out and shift for herself in the world. Not being contented to sink down with the ignorant masses, and having quite an idea of educating herself, she found that she had something beside play before her. But Miss Leonard worked well. At twenty-five (for it takes time to work these changes), she was a well-informed, genteel-appearing young lady, and but for a certain sharpness, which comes from hard contact with the world, and an occasional show of bitterness, which seldom finds a place in the hearts of the home-sheltered, one would not have suspected that her walks in life had led her in any other than the most refined circles.

But now Miss Leonard had a fortune—a farm of some forty acres but a few miles removed from the pretty inland city of M—, among the hills of New Hampshire. "That farm," so wrote the legal gentleman who had managed her eccentric relative's affairs, for years, "needed the immediate care of some one; and it was his advice, to the young lady, that she should take up her residence upon it at once."

Blessing her deceased uncle for his kind memory of her (she hadn't thought of him for years before), and dropping a few tears for something, she hardly knew what, Miss Fannie went about gathering up her little stock of movables which

heretofore had included her whole store of worldly goods. This was no great task. She had a box of books which must be carefully packed—a black silk dress which must be folded so that it would not wrinkle—beyond this, there wasn't much to care for. In a marvellously short space of time, she was on her way to M——, feeling a little lonely, perhaps, but strangely independent.

Whether to laugh or cry, she did not know, when the coachman set her down at the door of her new home. She thought she had never in her life before looked upon so comical a house—one patched up in so many different styles, as though the builder had been intent upon pleasing a score or more of persons, each one differing essentially from the other in taste. In front, there were large trees; and over the windows looking upon the road, scraggly rose-vines and bushes hung, matted together in a solid mass of leaves. The front door, which she approached with some trepidation, had the appearance of being newly painted, and what to her was exceedingly ludicrous, its color was bright yellow, which contrasted vividly with the sombre gray of the house.

"The old people were making repairs," she said to herself, smiling, as she raised the knocker and gave a heavy rap.

The old people were a worthy couple who had served her uncle for years, and who would look to her for a home—so said the legal gentleman—during the remainder of their lives.

"You are Mrs. Dearborn, I believe," said Fannie to the old lady, as she made her appearance, "and I am Miss Fannie Leonard. I have come to live with you."

So saying, Miss Leonard walked straight into the house, like one having a right. She had, indeed, and she was not timid. From that moment, she was perfectly at home.

The morning following, she went over the house. She was a neat, tidy personage herself, and consequently was not pleased with what she saw. She was a little nervous, too; and as the old lady threw open doors and closets, displaying grimy paint in one direction, and cobwebs, dust and rubbish in another, she was obliged to exercise considerable self-command to keep from speaking her mind about it. But finally she did what was a great deal wiser—put on an old dress and went to cleaning. She looked at her hands two or three times first (he had kept them very pretty and delicate, in spite of everything), but a second glance at the soiled paint determined her.

Now that very afternoon, Miss Leonard met with a sad mishap. She was cleaning paint in

what had been her uncle's room, a quaint little place with a low, wide window reaching to the ground, at the back of the house, and as often as she wished to change the water in her basin, threw it out upon a path that ran near by. The last basin of water she threw into some one's face. She started back and clapped her hands.

"Mr. Dearborn!" she exclaimed, trying to control her laughter.

Looking out of the window for the space of half a moment, Miss Leonard saw her mistake. A stranger stood in the path, wiping the dirty water from his eyes and mouth. The young lady could not think of a single word to say. But the gentleman remarked quietly, raising his eyes, "Clean water next time, if you please."

"Certainly, sir," answered Miss Leonard, suddenly finding her tongue.

She was too vexed to apologize, and so arching her neck (this was a trick of hers), she turned straight to her work again.

It was not long before Mrs. Dearborn came to her, saying that Mr. Cauldwell was in the sitting-room, and wished to see her.

"Mr. Cauldwell?" repeated Fannie, blushing.

"Yes, the gentleman who had helped work her uncle's farm for a number of years past. He wanted to see her about it."

After this explanation, she was as ignorant as ever; but on entering the sitting-room, she was evidently a little wiser. This was the gentleman whom she had treated to the contents of her wash-basin a few moments before. She returned his bow as coolly as she could, and seated herself, waiting to hear what he had to say to her. But he did not seem in any hurry to tell his business. He wandered about from one subject to another, talking in a pleasant, easy way of this and that—of everything, in fact, Fannie thought, but what he came to talk about. At last, he hit upon the farm. He would let his men carry it on for her, if she pleased, just as they had done for years past for her uncle.

"And how was that?" she asked.

He smiled at the question, as though he thought it an exceedingly absurd one, but proceeded to answer it with tolerable grace.

Miss Leonard was piqued. He had the right of it, she knew. His drainage, explanation, and long harangue upon pasturing, together with a quantity of trash about potatoes, oats and corn, was like so much Greek to her. But she listened to it very attentively, and bowed knowingly when he finished speaking.

"You understand, I suppose?" he questioned.

"O, yes!" Fannie answered, telling as big a lie as she possibly could.

"And what do you think of it?" he continued.

"That I wish it was all at the bottom of the Red Sea!" she wanted to say—for her brain was sorely puzzled. But instead, she thanked him as well as she could for his kindness, and informed him that she thought she should be able to manage her farm herself.

Mr. Cauldwell smiled again, and Miss Leonard thought to herself that he was the most disagreeable man whom she had met in all her lifetime.

Now I pray the reader not to think my heroine a foolish or senseless girl; on the contrary, she possessed more than an ordinary share of common sense. But somehow she had taken it into her head that Mr. Cauldwell wished to advance his own interests, rather than hers; this, coupled with the serious impression that he thought she was an ignoramus, decided her in the answer which she gave him.

"If there is anything which I can do to assist you, I shall be pleased to do it," Mr. Cauldwell said, rising to go. "My place joins yours, you may have been told."

Miss Leonard thanked him, but hoped that she should not be obliged to trouble him much. So ended the young lady's first interview with her gentlemanly but slightly self-conceited neighbor.

After this, she directed her attention to farming. To relate her adventures as they occurred day after day, would be to write a good-sized volume; but she was persevering, and did not rest until she had her spring's work (it was late at any rate) done. This was accomplished some time in the summer. Her harvesting would come in the dead of winter, she concluded, with the men whom she hired to do her planting.

But her greatest pride was in her garden; and a well-stocked one it was, too, full of cherry trees, currant-bushes and strawberries. What with watering and watching and weeding it, it grew to be the finest garden in town; this, in fact, was because Mr. Dearborn was one of the best of gardeners, although Miss Leonard flattered herself to the contrary. In the meantime, Mr. Cauldwell watched her with curious eyes. He had never before in his life met with so strange and so self-willed a young lady. Although she amused him, he could not help admiring her indomitable perseverance and independence.

But a cloud came gradually upon Miss Leonard's mind. This was the cloud: Mr. Cauldwell's hens scratched in her garden. They had had that privilege for years, and good Mr. Dearborn did not think that it could be restricted.

"Mr. Cauldwell must shut up his hens," Miss Leonard said, closing her pretty mouth firmly together.

Consequently Mr. Cauldwell was soon in possession of a neatly written note which informed him as politely and decisively as possible, that his hens must be kept at home. He did not reply to it. This angered Miss Leonard considerably.

"Of course he thought I was not worth his notice!" she said, curling her pretty lip. "But if he did not shut his hens up, she'd—"

She concluded the sentence with a significant nod of her head.

The next day, the hens scratched in her garden as usual. Seeing them from her window, she bade Mr. Dearborn bring her his gun. It was a rusty, good-for-nothing old fuscus, and so heavy, that she could hardly raise it. But she took aim at the flock of hens, and while they were scattered in one direction, the old gun kicked her in another. Such a flying and cackling as there was! But above all this, there sounded in Miss Leonard's ear a peal of hearty, manly laughter. Mr. Cauldwell had been watching the whole performance through the fence. Looking about her, she saw that the leader of the flock was lying dead among the cucumber vines. She came to a resolution instantly. She would toss him over the fence. This she did with considerable force, and it fell at Mr. Cauldwell's feet.

"Thank you!" was his cool answer.

"You are quite welcome, sir," retorted Miss Leonard, walking away.

Two hours later, her neighbor made his appearance at the kitchen door with a well-dressed fowl in his hand.

"He hoped Miss Leonard would accept it," he said. "He thought it would be very palatable. He believed Mrs. Dearborn was a rare hand at cooking chickens."

Miss Leonard laughed, in spite of herself. She was amused, troubled and vexed. In an undertone, she gave vent to her feelings in a curt French sentence.

Mr. Cauldwell was quick of hearing. In the same tone and language, he answered her.

"Tit for tat," thought Fannie, her cheeks flushing. "She wished that that odious Mr. Cauldwell would stay at home, though. He was the pest of her life." But she said "she hoped he would call upon Mrs. Dearborn or herself, whenever he wished anything done in the cooking line. She should think it would be very disagreeable for a gentleman to prepare his own meals."

Mr. Cauldwell opened his eyes very wide. Was it possible that Miss Leonard thought he did his own cooking?—he, a gentleman who could count his possessions by thousands? His pride was aroused. He was too indignant, for a moment, to answer; and too indignant, by far, to correct the impression which she seemed to have.

"He thanked her, and would remember her promise. He presumed he should be pleased to test its genuineness by-and-by."

This he said, looking her straight in the face. Miss Fannie winced. There was so much insinuated in his quiet, deep tone!

For the next week, the young lady avoided her neighbor. She did not know why—it was a sort of instinct with her. At the expiration of the time, she received a note from him, asking her over to his house to tea. She did not wish to go, but had no excuse for declining his courteous invitation; consequently, she was obliged to accept.

What a polite host was Mr. Cauldwell! How attentive and pleasant he was! How admirably his household affairs were conducted, and in what perfect taste was everything arranged about the house! Cook his own meals indeed! Miss Leonard smiled at the mischievous insinuation, as she sat before his sumptuously-spread table. Her own looked plainly and poorly, in comparison with it.

After tea was served, Mr. Cauldwell sang and played to her. He did this, as though conscious of his superior performance—for he could not help knowing what every person was so soon assured of. But Fannie was piqued by his manner. Did he think her a novice? Did he suppose that she had never seen a piano before? Evidently so, by the way that he turned from it when he had finished playing. Now Fannie was no mean performer, and she had a voice as sweet, rich and clear as a song sparrow. She could not brook Mr. Cauldwell's apparent slight.

"You have gratified me exceedingly, sir," she said, bowing and stepping towards the piano. "Let me endeavor to repay you."

There was a wide-awake flash to her eyes, as she said this—a pretty arching of her white, slender neck. Mr. Cauldwell turned around with evident surprise.

"He knew that Miss Leonard could fire a gun very well," he said, "but he was not aware that she was a musician."

She did not answer him, but touching the keys of the piano with her light, skilful fingers, ran through a difficult opera song with the most perfect correctness. Then she ran off into a

sweet old melody, and let her voice out, soft, clear, trilling and birdlike. For weeks she had not sung before, and her voice was in perfect tone. Now it rioted in its sudden freedom.

"I like that," Mr. Cauldwell said. "You are more than repaying me, Miss Leonard; you are making me your debtor. I—"

What was the gentleman about to say, that the young lady should so rudely interrupt him with—"Let us try to sing together, Mr. Cauldwell?"

"Certainly," he answered, biting his full under-lip.

Miss Fannie Leonard went home that night in a pet, after all. She declared to herself, in secret, that for the future she would avoid her neighbor, steadily and perseveringly. A suspicious conclusion for her to come to! Whether a wise one or not, I leave it for some one else to determine.

The next day Miss Leonard's cattle made sad havoc with Mr. Cauldwell's corn. He wrote her a note informing her of the fact. She put on her bonnet, and went over to see him about it. She carried her purse on her arm.

"She could pay for the damage they had done," she said to herself.

Mr. Cauldwell was astounded. "He did not sell his corn-fodder in any such way," he said, laughing. "He should shoot her cows, if she did not keep them at home," he added, roguishly.

"She hoped he would do so; but she should not be as generous as he had been—that was, she should not present him with his game!"

"That would not be very generous, after all," he retorted, laughingly, "since he had no cook. "And that made him think of her promise. Didn't she tell him that she would cook for him whenever he wished her to?"

She was caught there. Dear me, how she blushed over it! Mr. Cauldwell was not at all merciful; he went on talking, regardless of her blushes.

"He had come to the conclusion that they would do well to work in partnership. He thought her a very poor farmer—he was sure he was a poor housekeeper, and—"

She made an effort to slip past him out of the door, as he said this, but he caught her hand.

"How shall it be?" he asked, holding her firmly.

Fannie hung her head, and tried to get away.

"Answer me, if you please. I am quite serious," Mr. Cauldwell said. "Yes or no?"

Now Fannie liked this odd neighbor of hers exceedingly, and so she made the wise answer



that she should have made, and that too without hesitation—"Yes!"

I have heard since that they are a model couple, Mr. and Mrs. Cauldwell. So ended Fannie Leonard's farming!

### LEARNING TO SWIM.

The best plan for learners, whether in fresh or salt water, is to attach a cord to a tree, or boat, or the machine; or, if these are not available, get a companion to hold the end of the cord on shore. With this cord tied round the arm or waist, let the beginner walk out till the water is up to his chin, and then turn round and face the shore. He may even then back out a little farther, when he will find the force of the water taking him off his legs, and he will then find no difficulty in making a few strokes, even at the first attempt. In fact, by holding the head well up, which necessarily expands the chest, he will find he cannot help himself from swimming, or rather floating; and by gently thrusting out, and drawing in the hands and feet, exactly in imitation of the movement of a frog in the water, he will accomplish more in two or three days than in as many weeks with the corks or bladders—that is, he will have more confidence in himself, and know more of the power of the water to sustain him on its surface. A better knowledge even of this he will have by keeping his back to the shore till out in deep water as far as he can go, then throwing back his head, expanding his chest, making, as it were, a curve with the back, and allowing the legs to float outward and from under him, he will find that his companion on shore could draw him completely in without sinking. A few such experiments, and then he might, by the gentle action of the hands and feet, work himself on shore. With the cord, the young beginner will have no fear, saving for a few mouthfuls of water, and these he will not care about so long as he learns to swim.—*Boston Journal.*

### STUDENTS AND BOOKS.

Dr. Nott, of Union College observes, that he can always tell the young men who are to make their mark in the world, if he can only see them return from a visit to the College Library, which is only open once a week. "If," says he, "I saw a man leaving the library with five or six books under his arm, I would say to myself, there goes a mental glutton, he will read, mark, but not inwardly digest, and the consequence is, he is very likely to have mental dyspepsia; the mind, endeavoring to acquire too much, strains itself and becomes weakened." On the other hand, he says, "If I see a young student taking but a small book from the library, and that he does not return there for some time, I am satisfied that he will saturate his mind with the intellect of the author, and not only gain all the knowledge in the book, but sharpen his perceptions and invigorate every faculty."

There are three kinds of friends—friends who love you, friends who do not trouble themselves about you, and friends who hate you.

### WITCHES AND WITCHCRAFT.

The belief in witchcraft is prevalent in most parts of England. Nearly every village and hamlet has its witch. No malice is expressed, simply a dread of offending her, even unintentionally. The unfortunate beings supposed to have fallen under her evil influence are considered marked and doomed; their friends still fearing to speak a word against the reputed author of the calamity. In many instances the bewitched ones leave their homes never to return, to avoid the misery resulting from a solitary life, so many of their own class, even their old companions, disliking to associate with them. I have been in a village in the south of England where the second son, a lad of thirteen, had left his home, and gone to seek his fortune, for "hadn't he had an evil eye cast on him, and couldn't get on at all?" The poor mother, while mourning for the missing one, never doubted the truth of the matter, but considered it "mighty unlucky." This belief not only exists among the very poor and more intelligent laborers, but even many of the better class of farmers, and occasionally thoroughly educated members of the higher ranks of society are infected with it. The latter, however, invariably admit that "cases," as they term them, have never been known to occur in their particular community. In some instances the belief appears hereditary, a plague-spot that can never be washed away. We boast of being "the latest seed of time," we "cry down the past," we talk of the omnipotence of science and philosophy; and well that we can do so. But is it not strange that, in spite of all this real or fancied progress—in spite of our nineteenth-century refinement and civilization—this demon of superstition still remains, lurking in every corner of our land, crushing the minds of its victims in the broad and open day?—*Once a Week.*

### MAKING LOVE.

There is no such process as *making* love. The article cannot be manufactured. It is the spontaneous growth of the heart. Or rather, it springs from a spiritual seed planted in a warm material soil, and is half a passion flower, and half a heavenly exotic. As the soul survives the body, so the divine essence of love survives its passion instinct. This is always the case where the sentiment is genuine. But, unfortunately, spurious love is as common as spurious money, and as frequently passes current. Many men fancy themselves deeply in love, who have not the slightest idea of what the feeling, in its purity and plenitude, really is. Such persons mistake mere passion for affection. Their love, as they call it, lacks the divine heaven. It is coarse, selfish, unregulated, and being wholly "of the earth, earthy," is sure to be ephemeral. No true woman was ever made permanently happy by such love as this; but, alas! how many place faith in it, and after giving in exchange for it all the wealth of their hearts, find too late that they have made a blind and thriftless bargain.—*Truman.*

### BLUSHING.

Sin should be seen to blush through Virtue's cheeks, Mingling the rose and lily.  
PACIFIC.

[ORIGINAL]  
EVENING.

BY ARTHUR L. RESERVE.

The sun goes down in the crimson west  
To his bed of purple and gold,  
And the amber clouds cover his face  
With many a gorgeous fold.  
Above his head is a sea of light  
Tinged with every royal hue,  
And it flickers and burns in the crown of light,  
As the daygod says adieu.

Then through this glorious crown of light  
Out 'tween the golden bars,  
Unsuiled as on earth's first night,  
Gleam forth the silver stars.  
Then high upon the mountain's crest  
Gloweth forth a silver line,  
As the queen of night rolls up behind  
The darkly-crested pine.

Now the night-winds from their mountain caves  
Sigh through the forest leaves,  
Waking a note on each tiny harp  
That hangs mid woodbine wreaths.  
The silver mists come curling up  
From the peaceful, sleeping lake  
That lays out beside the mountain steep,  
Fringed round with hazel brake.  
Thus when eve has come adown,  
In our glorious summer time,  
Happy 's the man who can lay down to rest  
'Neath his own toll-planted vine.

[ORIGINAL]  
THE TRIAL BY FIRE.

BY EDWIN S. MACDONALD.

OVER two centuries ago, a young German belonging to a pious and respectable family, entered Wurtzburg for the express purpose of studying foreign languages, in which branch of study he wished to perfect himself, in order, as he hoped, to be qualified, at some future day, to fill a professor's chair in one of the colleges already established in Germany. His name was Heinrich von Kepler. Tall, finely-formed and handsome, Heinrich bore away the palm of physical beauty, as he soon did of intellectual culture, from among his studious but heavy countrymen; often exciting their envy for one, and their unavailing efforts to rival him in the other.

But while they smoked and drank beer, and pursued their misty speculations in philosophy and their visionary, dreamy theology, Heinrich was advancing in brilliant and rapid progression, beyond them all; outstripping his teachers and exciting wonder and admiration in those who looked at him standing on a height which they never hoped to reach.

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His window, in the fourth Wisner's house, showed a bright fire retired for the night, and flame was visible long before the sleepy watchman was just going to his night's vigil. He went seldom into society, but his animated countenance and brilliant conversational powers won for him troops of friends, whenever he was induced to make one of a party.

Many an anxious mother, dwelling upon the reputed wealth and respectability of the von Keplers, would gladly have welcomed the handsome and talented youth to a nearer relationship; and many a Julia, Caroline or Serena would have smiled a blushing assent to any important question he might have asked respecting the state of the affections. But in vain. Heinrich's heart had long since made its election.

Bertha Wisner, the widow's only child, had become strongly attached to the young student, who formed a part of her mother's household. She had never known a brother's love, but the gentleness and sweetness of one who knew so much toward the simple and guileless maiden, had made a deep impression on her heart, and she fancied that she felt for him a sister's affection. Upright and honorable, Heinrich obtained her mother's consent, and then revealed his own love for Bertha.

So much happiness, the artless girl had not counted upon. She could not believe that it would last. She remembered her mother's transient dream of domestic bliss, of which she had often told her—the terrible and sudden death to which the husband of a few short months was doomed; and Bertha's anxious heart and timid spirit seemed to shadow forth her own destiny in dreary similitude to Madam Wisner's. To Heinrich and her mother, there appeared something strange and unnatural in this dread of the future. The lover did not doubt that it was real; but he earnestly entreated her to conquer so fruitless an anxiety, and let time bring its shadows as it might.

"It is in vain, dear Heinrich," she would say; "ever since I have begun to love you, this mortal dread has been upon me, turning my dearest joys into mournful spectres. I am continually haunted by images of unrevealed horror. When I part from you at night, I feel a dreary foreboding that the morning will find our separation final; and when I wake, I find my pillow wet with tears which I have shed during the brief season in which I sleep."

Imagining that their quiet and lonely life had something to do with the state of her nerves,

Heinrich besought Madam Wisner to send for some dear friend of her daughter; and, accordingly, without Bertha's knowledge, she invited a young and lively schoolmate whom her daughter dearly loved, to make her a visit. Heinrich also requested his younger brother to come to him; feeling that his gaiety of heart might win Bertha from her sadness.

Wilhelm obeyed his summons, and Caroline Hartz arrived at the same time. During the day, the party made frequent excursions, and the change seemed beneficial to Bertha; but at night, when Heinrich went to his room and sat down to his books, Bertha sat at her window from which the busy student was visible; she watched the dark shadows in the quadrangular court, which even his bright light could not quite dispel, and fancied that foes were lurking near her beloved.

If it be true, as the Scottish seer declared, that "coming events cast their shadows before," we must pity and not condemn the loving little maiden; for, late one evening, when watching those dismal shadows made by the projecting wall, and magnifying their number to many more, she believed that she saw tangible forms and heard audible voices, belonging to human beings. It did not alarm her so much as had the phantoms of her own imagination; but still she was chained to the spot. Relying upon the obscurity in which she sat, she gently opened the lightly framed window, and heard some one say softly, "There, that is he! no doubt he is at his infernal incantations now. Let us surround this part of the house, and catch the wizard at his unhallowed work."

Benumbed with terror as she was, Bertha had yet presence of mind enough to leave her room, cross that of her mother, and tap at Heinrich's door. He opened it instantly, and she told her errand. Feeling that her old terrors had only reached a new point, he tried to induce her to return and attempt to sleep; but her fears now were so genuine, and so different to her ordinary ones, that he was more disposed to sympathize with her.

"Pray, pray extinguish your light, Heinrich!" she said, almost breathless with her emotion. "They will see your shadow on the ceiling. Come to my room, for God's sake. Mother, awake! Heinrich is in danger!" And, by snatches, she repeated what she had heard.

A rude battering at the house door convinced her auditors that this at least was not a phantom—and, notwithstanding her frantic appeal, Heinrich insisted on answering it in person. He descended, leaving her almost lifeless on the

floor. By this time, his brother and Caroline Hartz were assembled in Heinrich's room, and, by their exertions, Bertha was restored. She persisted, after she recovered, in going down to her lover, and they watched her as she stole softly to the door where he was still parleying with the strangers, and stood by his side. He felt her gentle touch upon his arm, and said, "Bertha, darling, these men accuse me of—what do you think?—of *Witchcraft*. Would you believe that a quiet, orderly student like myself would be suspected of *that*?"

"Pardon me, young gentleman, it is those very studies that have sealed your doom. We have every reason to believe that your constant and protracted night studies have been with a view of obtaining a knowledge of the black art. Your known practices condemn you."

This was uttered by a respectable-looking man whom Heinrich remembered to have seen in the vicinity of the lawyers' offices, and whom he had supposed to be an officer of the courts. He was accompanied by several other individuals, of whom he seemed to be the delegated spokesman. Among them was one in the garb of a priest, who kept repeating Latin phrases, expressive of holy horror and unmitigated detestation of a wretch whom he denounced as the devil's own.

Heinrich, who really could not believe himself in danger, although aware that such things had been, still maintained his stand with Bertha leaning on his arm, trembling with the force of her emotion. All the terrible forebodings which she had so long struggled with, seemed about to be realized.

Apparently divining the nature of the tie existing between the two, the individuals composing this strange party included Bertha in their denunciations. They demanded access to Heinrich's private room, which, with eyes flashing at their presumption, he refused; but on Wilhelm's representation that the unpretending nature of his studies, and the absence of all mystery in his apartment, might best convince them of their error, he determined to allow them to enter and preceded them with the lamp, accompanied by all the family who now appeared, fully attired.

A celestial globe and other astronomical apparatus, some drawings of Saturn and his rings, an old book on sorcery which Heinrich had found among several belonging to Madam Wisner's father, and had unfortunately transferred to his own room, constituted sufficient proof that the Black Art had, at least, one or two votaries in this room; and the convulsive clinging of Bertha to her lover convinced the party that Heinrich and Bertha were the guilty ones. They were

hurried off amidst the shrieks of the mother and Caroline, while Wilhelm von Kepler vowed revenge upon those unprincipled scoundrels who disturbed honest people in their beds—not doubting that his brother would receive full justice with the morning light.

It is painful to record the sufferings of the devoted lovers at this period. They were denied an interview, even in the presence of their accusers. Their friends were not permitted to see them; so that the anguish of the mother, and the equal misery of the good von Keplers who were sent for immediately, cannot be described. A trial was pretended, but every circumstance was wrested into evidence of guilt. Before long, others were arrested, equally the victims of a terrible superstition; a superstition, in fact, which destroyed the lives of more than one hundred individuals in the space of two years in Wurtzburg alone; among whom were fourteen vicars, several counsellors, children, and the wife of a man distinguished for his large size, herself being the handsomest woman in Wurtzburg.

During Heinrich's imprisonment, he found means to communicate with Wilhelm by a note written with a nail upon a smooth pine stick. It was written in a cipher which only the brother's understood, and had been the amusement of their boyhood. The stick was thrown to Wilhelm from a window to the street where he had been watching for some sign from Heinrich; and the answer was given by an almost imperceptible gesture on the part of the brother.

The fatal Friday on which the accused must confess or die, approached. Friday seemed to be the day on which most of them confessed. The death trial was to be by fire. If any passed through that ordeal, unscorched, they were innocent—so said the judge. It was as fair a way as that which was decreed to be passed through by water, where the poor victim was sure to die, guilty or not. If he or she did not sink, it was witchcraft that prevented. Death was certain, either way.

Meantime, Bertha, the poor girl! who had died a thousand deaths from her terrible forebodings of evil, had settled down into a wonderful calm which was as mysterious as her former state. It was not insensibility—it was the composure of resignation. Her mother—*there* was the only pang. But aside from this, there was a serene happiness in the thought of dying with her beloved. The pain—the agony of such a death—for her accusers took good care to hold up its horrors before her—was dreadful perhaps to think of, in its intensity of suffering; but then it was brief; and if she could but look on Heinrich's

face until she died, it would be sweet. Already her slender form was attenuated to almost death-like thinness. Her face, over which her soft, fair hair hung in damp, clinging curls, was white and pure as alabaster; her hands almost transparent in their whiteness, and her lips were pale as the lily; yet an ineffable sweetness and beauty were still hers, which might seem to have disarmed her enemies.

She wore the same white robe which she had on when taken from her home; and its very spotlessness, to which no stain had come, during that dreadful week, only convinced the superstitious people that she had some marvellous agency at work which kept it pure and white. She uttered a joyful cry when Heinrich was brought out and placed near her before the awful flames. They were the last of many who had been led forth. The crowd had become almost sated with horrors; and the most zealous among them began to grow weary of the horrid scene.

One man who had not been noticed before, seemed now to take an active part, and the rest fell back and allowed him to go on as he chose. Approaching near the fire, just as the prisoners were forced toward the flame, he scattered into it, unseen, while all eyes were turned upon the victims, something which caused a dense smoke to arise, stifling and blinding. In the confusion that ensued, they who held the prisoners forsook their hold. Heinrich and Bertha felt themselves grasped by invisible hands and borne away as with an irresistible force; and the smoke still continued to ascend in dense volumes between them and the crowd. When at length it cleared away, the victims were nowhere to be seen, but the general impression was that they had perished and their bodies had been destroyed; although there were some who persisted in declaring that the Evil One had appeared bodily, and rescued his followers after throwing brimstone upon the flames.

Wilhelm had not dared to act this part himself, as he so nearly resembled his brother; but a strong, active serving man, who had accompanied the von Keplers to Wurtzburg, had readily undertaken to procure the material which Heinrich, in his note, had recommended to be used, and had fearlessly thrown it, at the exact moment upon the flames.

Long before the crowd dispersed, a carriage and four passed unquestioned through the gates of Wurtzburg, and within its curtained hiding-place, Heinrich was holding in his arms the death-like figure of Bertha and their brave deliverer was seated beside them. Homeward bound! To the beloved home of his childhood, Heinrich.

was bearing his half-dead bride. The rest of the relatives did not dare to join them, lest their sudden disappearance from Wurtzburg might awaken suspicion; but one day, at broad noon, the elder von Kepler and his wife, with Wilhelm and Bertha's mother, all dressed in deep mourning, as if for the loss of their nearest and dearest, were conveyed out of the city. They who had almost doubted, were now convinced that the friends, at least, believed them dead. "Even-handed justice" was appeased, and the pious detectors of witchcraft thought they had really done God service in ridding the world of such beings.

One more journey did Wilhelm von Kepler make to Wurtzburg; but this also was in secret, for he had learned to dread a place where wrong and error were baptized by different names; and this time, he returned, accompanied by Caroline Hartz, on a visit to Bertha, who was now restored to health and happiness—the beloved wife of Heinrich. From this visit, she did not return; nor indeed did either of the von Keplers ever again visit a scene fraught with such fearful recollections, and Caroline was an orphan, without ties to recall her to Wurtzburg. The want of relationship was however fully supplied, not long after, by her marriage with Wilhelm von Kepler.

Unclouded happiness is not to be expected in this life; but it seemed as if the rule was suspended in the case of the two escaped prisoners; for they lived to a green old age, surrounded by children and children's children, to whom the story of the trial by fire was often repeated. Old Hauptner, their deliverer, who had actually risked his own life in the uncertain hope of saving theirs, was an honored inmate of their home; regarding Heinrich and his wife with a species of adoration. Indeed, he attributed their deliverance, not so much to his own skill and activity in raising so powerful an agent, as to the angelic nature of Bertha who had, as he declared, passed through the ordeal of fire without the smell of the flame upon her white robes.

Toward the close of the seventeenth century, the world began to cease from degrading itself by these foolish and wicked superstitions; yet solitary instances crept into being, even amidst the enlightenment of the eighteenth. Previous to the eighteenth, the number of victims, from the date of Pope Innocent's bull, exceeds *one hundred thousand*! And this in Germany alone. In Switzerland, a witch was burnt in the latter part of the last century—less, indeed, than seventy-five years ago. And these murders were sanctioned by learned judges and even ministers professing the doctrines of the blessed Saviour!

[ORIGINAL.]

## BIANCA:

— OR, —

## THREE NIGHTS IN PARIS.

BY WILTON B. REYNOLDS.

"*BAH!* the very name of this upstart makes the blood in my veins boil. And yet he, with his mean tribe daily walk the halls which kings have trod."

"Know you not, good Antoine, that this very day, the office of consul has been conferred upon Napoleon for life, and that he has the privilege of naming his successor?"

"*Parbleu!* Do I know what all Paris knows? Consul for life! Pierre, what if his life should be a short one?"

"Ha! I know what you mean, Antoine. But remember, your own life would last but a moment longer. Besides, it is not possible for you to approach him; he keeps a wary lookout on all sides with those restless eyes of his. He is no common man, Antoine, and he who rids France of him, does a noble deed."

"True, Pierre, it must be done, and yet not with steel. Let us take Bianca into our counsels. I have noticed that she schemes readily when others despair. These Italians are as quick to conspire, as the French are to fight."

"Can she be trusted?" asked the other, thoughtfully.

"I will answer for her with my life," was the ready reply.

As he spoke, he touched a small silver bell, which gave forth a sweet, musical sound.

The apartment in which the disguised royalists thus took counsel, was a moderately sized one, but handsomely furnished. Much which it contained was rare and quaintly carved, betraying former gentility. The occupants were men in the prime of life, both Frenchmen, but differing much in manner and appearance. The eldest, the one who had been called Antoine, was dark, restless, keen-eyed, bearing in his face the marks of an impatient, haughty spirit, which would not brook aught of insult, and which would work out its own ends against all obstacles. The other, Pierre, was younger, fairer, more carefully dressed than his companion, but with less of character expressed in his face.

Scarcely had the last tinkle of the bell died away, when the curtain at the further end of the apartment was pushed aside, and a woman advanced slowly towards the occupants of the room. She might have been thirty, and yet she scarcely

looked that age, so tall and superbly formed was she. Hair of midnight blackness was carelessly yet gracefully disposed about her head, and her eyes, of the same hue, shot forth quick, impatient glances, which clearly betrayed her Italian origin.

"Bianca," spoke Pierre, "Antoine and I were holding an important conference, and we desired your aid, knowing that you could be trusted."

"Truly I shall be glad to serve you," responded the girl; "but you must tell me how I am to do so."

Pierre looked towards Antoine.

"The truth is," said Antoine, thus appealed to, "there is a man in Paris, whom it is necessary to dispose of. I will not speak his name; you know whom I mean. We cannot approach him closely enough either to stab or shoot him, and we must therefore devise other means to destroy him. Give us your aid, and you shall be richly rewarded; betray us, and—"

A significant glance towards the weapon he wore, enforced the meaning of his last sentence. Bianca laughed lightly, carelessly dropping, as she did so, the corner of the window-curtain which she had been rolling up in her hand.

"Ah, my good Antoine," said she, "twice since you have been speaking, I have had it in my power to betray you, without so much as speaking a word. See you those men yonder?"

Neither Pierre nor Antoine needed a second invitation to glance from the window. Nothing was to be seen, however, but two individuals in plain citizen's dress, walking upon different sides of the street, and apparently unknown to each other.

"You are mistaken, Bianca," said Pierre, sinking back lazily into his seat, "those are but good dull citizens."

Antoine looked around with a frowning face. "She is right; they are the spies of Napoleon. But how do I know," continued he, turning suddenly to Bianca, "that you have not already betrayed us? A raised finger would be sufficient."

"Monsieur must take my word for it," replied Bianca, with flashing eyes.

"Pardon. Such times make all suspicious of their dearest friends. But exercise your ingenuity, Bianca, and plan some deadly instrument that shall bring destruction surely and speedily."

"Your command shall be obeyed," said Bianca, rising. "By to-morrow night, when the consul holds his levee, it shall be in your power, and that without risk to yourself, to destroy him and those about him."

"Thanks, Bianca. Your woman's wit is

more valuable than all our clumsy ideas heaped together. Plan but this instrument of vengeance, and your future is made."

There was no reply to this, save a haughty bend of the head, as Bianca swept from the room.

Midnight had fallen upon the city. All Paris seemed slumbering quietly; but one who watched might see now and then a muffled figure stealing through the quiet streets, or a solitary light in some distant window, convincing proof that all did not repose tranquilly.

In a lofty but plainly furnished room, sat the First Consul, surrounded by a few of those men whose brave hearts and iron muscles had already done, and were still to do him good service, both in the cabinet and in the field.

In another part of the city, a far different scene was presented. Bianca the Italian sat communing with herself, scarcely heeding the passage of time. She had thrown herself upon a crimson-covered lounge, and with her hands pressed against her forehead, she plotted the destruction of him, who at that very moment was plotting the destruction of thousands in new and glorious campaigns. The striking of the hour of one by the city clocks roused Bianca from her reverie.

"Yes, he shall perish, he, and all his people, and I will be the instrument of their destruction. Why should I hesitate? Has he not crossed my path and made my life unhappy? And yet, none of my proud name have ever stooped to stain their hands with crime. Let me think."

Another hour passed, and again Bianca roused herself, and walked across the room with a determined face.

"I am resolved. The deed must be done. This man has made the grave of all my hopes through his mad ambition, and I will not scruple to end at once the career which opens upon him so brilliantly. I will rival those heroines of old, who, putting on armor, went forth to battle, and fought for the lands of their birth. I will immortalize my name, not by deeds of warfare, but by the invention of a machine which shall be speedy and sure in its operation. O yes, and it shall be called the infernal machine, for nothing more infernal has yet been conceived of, than that which the brain of Bianca Cortesi has this night planned!"

The black eyes flashed triumphantly, as she touched a bell by her side. It was answered by a young girl, whose heavy eyes betokened that she had been just awakened from a profound slumber.

"It is late, Annette; I will retire," said Bianca,

without deigning to notice her attendant's weary appearance.

The girl proceeded to do her mistress's bidding, and then extinguishing the light, she stole softly from the apartment, and all the dwelling was in darkness.

'Twas evening again. The First Consul held a levee, and a gay crowd thronged the saloons. Many a one, since famous in history, walked those halls, little dreaming, perhaps, of the magnitude of those events which the future was to exhibit. The First Consul himself, whose aristocratic and dignified bearing made him appear a king, for whom the Tuilleries was a fitting place of abode, lingered now in conversation with some dark-browed minister, or chatted gaily with some brilliant beauty, or oftener perhaps, stood by the side of his wife, the amiable Josephine.

His sisters Pauline and Elise, his step-children Eugene and Hortense Beauharnais, were likewise well calculated to adorn the court of Napoleon, inasmuch as they were all distinguished for beauty and amiability. The brave and gallant Ney, whose fate has been so often deplored, Soult, Murat, Bernadotte and the crafty Fouché, all were there, all of whom were destined to be immortalized with Napoleon. Madame Bonaparte occupied a small saloon at the end of the magnificent suite of apartments, and was surrounded by ladies, among whom Madame de Stael was conspicuous. Napoleon had suffered himself to be drawn out from the throng by the wily Fouché who had some scheme to communicate. The attention of the First Consul, however, was suddenly attracted towards the small saloon, where a slight commotion exhibited itself. The ladies in that vicinity seemed to be crowding about some object, and conversation appeared to have ceased.

For a few moments Napoleon watched the scene, and then, followed by Fouché, he walked slowly towards the small saloon.

"Ah, monsieur," said Madame Bonaparte, as she saw him approaching, "you are the fortunate owner of this mysterious box. These ladies will have it, it should belong to me instead of you."

Napoleon moved forward another step and examined the object which had attracted so much curiosity. It was an oblong box made of rose-wood, and richly inlaid, bearing the inscription:

"To Napoleon Bonaparte, the First Consul."

"How came this to be brought here at this hour?" asked Napoleon.

"I hardly know," answered Josephine. "As far as I could comprehend the matter, the donor seemed to have made it a condition that it should be presented to you at this time."

"Ha!" uttered the consul, taking in with a glance of his eagle eye the face of every person in the room. "Who brought it?" again demanded he.

The question passed from lip to lip, but no satisfactory answer was obtained. It had made its appearance very mysteriously, and that was all that could be ascertained. With characteristic promptness, Napoleon was proceeding to fathom the mystery by opening the box, when Fouché restrained him.

"Let me beg of you, sire, not to endanger your life by opening what after all may be a snare, set by your enemies for your speedy destruction."

Napoleon paused with his hand upon the lid. It was a critical moment, but after a little thought, he turned away, simply saying:

"You may be right, after all, Fouché. My life is much too precious to be bartered away to satisfy an idle curiosity. Remove the box, and dispose of it as you will; you have had long experience in such matters."

He turned away carelessly, and entered again into conversation, entirely forgetful in a few moments of the mysterious affair of the box. Not so Madame Bonaparte. Her eye had lost all its brilliancy, and her cheek had faded at the mere mention of danger. The attempts to assassinate Napoleon had already been too frequent, and what woman ever regards such a matter lightly?

At that very moment, Bianca Cortesi paced with clasped hands her apartment.

"Aha! the hour is past, and he and his wretched minions no longer cumber the earth. He has gone elsewhere with his mad plottings. Strange, that I should still have a spark of compassion for him who so ruthlessly sacrificed the lives of my nearest kindred, and made me an outcast from the land of my birth. And yet, now and then a strange pity crosses me—pity for that master-mind, for that glorious intellect which men so worship."

A quick, impatient knock at the door startled her.

"Come in," was the response.

It was Antoine, looking flushed and weary.

"Bianca, the scheme has failed, and we have but lost our labor. Napoleon has not opened the box, nor will he, for it is in the hands of Fouché."

"And what of that?" asked Bianca. "Are you so easily discouraged?" And she surveyed him with flashing eyes.

"Easily! Bianca, you drive me mad! Tell me, what charm does the man wear, that out of every danger he should come unharmed?"

"'Tis simply instinct, Antoine. But do not

despair. To-morrow it shall be so arranged that not even instinct shall preserve him."

"Thanks, Bianca. You are ever quick-witted, but if suspicion once falls upon us, we can call no day to-morrow. Let me know your plans to-night, and they shall be put into execution immediately."

"Peace!" said Bianca, sternly; "I will work my own way, or not at all. Rest you calmly, good Antoine, for this one night, and to-morrow your dearest wish shall be realized."

"As you will, Bianca. I know you are to be trusted." And Antoine bowed himself out of the room.

"Ay," muttered he, as he stumbled down the stairs, "to be trusted whilst my eye is on you, and my good weapon hangs over you. No further, Bianca, will I trust you, or any other woman."

Another night fell upon Paris, a night long to be remembered, and whose events it was destined that history should record. It was a clear, frosty, delightful evening, and not so cold but that a brisk walk through the gay streets could be highly enjoyed. There were, however, but few Parisians out, and the bright stars shone down on streets almost deserted. One thoroughfare, however, must be excepted. Upon the sidewalk of one of the most noted streets was collected a little crowd of people, a quiet assembly, who talked in low tones, and nearly all of whom appeared to be listening attentively for some expected sound. At length a low, rumbling noise, proceeding from some distant street, fell upon the ears of those who listened.

"He comes! he comes!" muttered a man, over whom a long cloak fell like a shroud.

"Who comes?" asked another, who stood by the side of the first speaker.

"The First Consul, on his way to the opera-house," was the reply. A moment after, he added: "Tis a cold night, citizen;" having said which, he sauntered carelessly away from the other's vicinity.

In the meantime, Bianca Cortesi was waiting with some anxiety to hear of the consummation of her work.

"It cannot possibly fail now," she murmured, as, arrayed in a garb that would defy observation, she stole down the stairs and stood outside the door which opened into the street.

"After all, it will not bring back to me Fiesco, who was killed in that cruel battle." And as the remembrance of her loss came upon her so forcibly, she leaned against the doorpost, whilst a few genuine tears found their way down her cheeks. In a brief space, however, they were dashed

aside. "No, I will not mourn," she murmured, "not at least while the man who lured him on to death still lives. But I hear no sound, not even a murmur, and I am growing impatient. Antoine assured me that the work would be speedily done; but now I think it grows late. I will walk a few steps, and perchance I shall hear something"

A step started her just as she emerged from her hiding-place. She shrank back, but not before she had noted the tall figure of a man, who glanced at her curiously as he passed. Proceeding a few steps, he paused, and then slowly retraced his way. As he re-passed Bianca, the moonlight distinctly revealed each face, and there was a simultaneous cry:

"Fiesco!"

"Bianca!"

With a trembling hand, Bianca drew him up the narrow stairway, before daring to utter another word. Having gained a secure retreat, she looked at him long and earnestly.

"Where have you come from, Fiesco?"

"I have been wounded, Bianca—laying for months in a miserable hovel in Italy. Did the report that I was dead reach you?"

"Alas, Fiesco, it is many months since I began to mourn for you—months since I swore to take vengeance on Napoleon Bonaparte the First Consul."

"Hush, Bianca, not a word of him. Blame him not for what has happened. I love him—I idolize him. Whoever does him injury makes a deadly enemy of me."

Bianca grew pale, and began hastily to throw on the cloak of which she had just divested herself.

"Where are you going, Bianca? It is too late for you to venture out."

"Too late!—O no, do not say so. Perhaps the mischief is not yet done. Come, we will hurry, Fiesco."

"I do not understand you, Bianca. What mischief do you mean, and how are we to stop it?"

"The First Consul is to be assassinated to-night," whispered Bianca. "Come, Fiesco, it may not be too late."

Fiesco needed no second summons. He sprang down the stairs, followed by Bianca, and the two hastened up the street. As they neared the thoroughfare already mentioned, a murmur reached their ears.

"Bianca," said Fiesco, sternly, clutching her arm till she cried with pain, "is this your work? Have you dared plot against his life?"

"For your sake, I have," said Bianca, firmly.

"Then woe be to you," returned Fiesco.

They were suddenly involved in a crowd, a



quiet crowd, with every face turned in one direction. Every man in it was awaiting the approach of the First Consul's carriage, which was now near at hand. Bianca sought frantically for Antoine, but he was nowhere to be seen. The carriage had now arrived directly opposite the crowd, and in the clear moonlight, Bianca saw the arm of a man raised, as if in the act of throwing. Darting forward, she seized the arm, but it was too late. The infernal machine, composed of gunpowder, bullets and inflammable materials, had been thrown among the people, and not into the carriage of Napoleon, as had been intended. The aim of Antoine had been destroyed by Bianca's grasp. A terrific explosion succeeded. Napoleon, who had observed, as the carriage neared this particular street, that a crowd had collected, having become suspicious from experience, had ordered his coachman to drive as rapidly as possible. It is owing to this circumstance that his life was preserved. As it was, many people were killed, and a number of houses were destroyed. The inventors of this atrocious machine perished by it. Had they lived, they would have been held in abhorrence, probably, even by the royalists.

Fiesco the Italian escaped, and a devoted admirer of Napoleon, followed his fortunes, until the latter was banished to St. Helena, when Fiesco returned to Italy and there died. Thus ended the tragedy of the twenty-fourth of December, 1800.

#### THE OLDEST MAN.

The editor of the Cincinnati Times, while on a jaunt, recently, had his attention called to a venerable person, who, it was alleged, was probably the oldest man in the United States. His name is Solomon Pangborn, who says he was born in the city of New York, then a small town of five or six hundred houses, in 1725. He is consequently 135 years old. Shortly after his birth, his father purchased a farm on the Mohawk River, not far from Fort Johnson, whither he removed. The old gentleman resides at Rising Sun, Indiana, where he has relatives in comfortable circumstances. He complains that for the last year or two his health has been much impaired, and that he is so old, medicine fails to improve his condition as it might in a younger person. He is perfectly resigned to live as long as God will permit him, but says that he would have met the fate common to mortality with a similar resignation many years ago. His sense of sight, as well as that of hearing, is much impaired, and he moves about with difficulty, although he still contrives to help himself, and uses neither crutch nor cane.

#### PURITY.

A spirit pure as hers  
Is always pure, even while it errs:  
As sunshine broken in the rill,  
Though turned aside, is sunshine still.—MOORE.

#### THE DIVER'S TRADE.

Of all the employments by which men get a living, it always struck us that that of a diver was the most dismal and gloomy. What sights meet his gaze, as he gropes about in the darkling green twilight of the hostile element in which he hazards his life! An able writer says: "When the vessel has settled down in a sandy bottom, it is preserved for many months from breaking up, and its position would be much the same as it would be when floating in calm water, if it be not lifted over by under-current drifts. The light, of course, depends upon the depth and nature of the bottom; but when there is no chalk to give a milky thickness to the water, the diver pursues his work in a kind of gloomy twilight. By the aid of this, he can see and feel his way round the ship; but when he ascends the deck and then winds his way down into the principal cabin, he finds it pitch dark, and has nothing to guide him but his hands. This is the most difficult, and yet the most frequent labor he has to encounter—the danger being that, in a large vessel, where the cabin stairs are deep, and the cabins are long and broad, he might get his air-tube twisted round some unfamiliar projection, and squeeze off his supply of life from above. In opposition such as this he requires all his nerve and self-possession, all his power of feeling his way back in the exact road that he came.

"He may have got the precious casket, to which he has been directed, in his arms—but what of that, if he die before he can find the stairs? The cold, helpless masses that bump against his helmet, as they float along the lower roof over his head, are the decomposed corpses of those who were huddled together when the ship went down. A few of these may be on the floor under his feet, but only when pinned down by an overturned table or fallen chest. Their tendency is ever upward, and the remorseless sea washes away the dead infant from its mother's arms, the dead wife from the dead husband's embrace. If the wreck be in the channel, the small crabs are always beginning to fatten on their prey. The diver disentangles himself from this silent crowd, and ascends the silent stairs to the deck. The treasure he has rescued is hauled up into the attendant diving boat, and he returns again to renew his work. He seldom meets with an accident under the water—never, perhaps, with death; and the chief risk he runs is from getting some heavy piece of ship-lumber overturned on his long train of air-pipe. Even in this he feels the sudden check and the want of air, gropes his way back to the obstruction, removes it, signals to his companions to be raised, and reaches the boat exhausted and alarmed, but not so much as to give up his place in the trade. His earnings mostly take the form of shares in what he recovers. If fortunate, his gains may be large—if unfortunate, they may be small; but no man can grudge him the highest prizes it is possible for him to win."

Fine sensibilities are like woodpines, delightful luxuries of beauty, to twine around a solid, upright stem of understanding; but very poor things if, unsustained by strength, they are left to creep along the ground.

[ORIGINAL.]

## KING AND PEASANT.

BY CLARA AUGUSTA.

Our home is a vine-wreathed cottage,  
 Our life a sunshiny walk—  
 Of toil at morning and nooning,  
 Of rest at the twilight talk.  
 We have neither gold nor silver  
 To store in secret hoard;  
 We've not a rare or costly thing,  
 To garnish our humble board;  
 Yet we're the merriest, happiest twain  
 In all old Barleyford.

The king rides by in his chariot,  
 His pages clad in blue;  
 The glittering pomp of the cortege  
 Is a pleasant thing to view.  
 The ladies nod their coronets,  
 And smile with a haughty scorn,  
 As out to the hunt in the morning  
 They go while the dew's on the thorn;  
 But I'd not exchange my life-let  
 With that of the noblest born.

What reck we, love, of the flashes  
 That fall from lamps of gold,  
 Hung over the palace glories  
 With gorgeous splendor cold?  
 What value to us the wine stream  
 Brimming red o'er the silver cup?  
 We've the lamps of heaven to look upon,  
 That our Father's hand set up!  
 And the crystal water of God's own love  
 When we break our bread to sup!

The king and his jewelled ladies  
 Hear mass in a chapel grand,  
 Draperied with silk and damask  
 From many a rare old land.  
 We kneel in the vast cathedral,  
 Whose dome is the blue-arched skies;  
 And the soft mosaic 'neath our feet  
 Is made of violets' eyes;  
 And the thunder's the mighty organ voice  
 That swells in the symphonies!

The king is lord of the country,  
 His will the law of the land;  
 Cities rise and fall at his pleasure,  
 And life goes out at his hand!  
 But we have a nobler empire,  
 We rule with a mightier sway;  
 We've the rich, ripe, burning bliss-world  
 Of love all the blessed way—  
 The Eden home of life's glory,  
 Love's rainbow-garlanded day!

The king may joy in his greatness,  
 Rejoice in his banquet feast;  
 Our love is grand as the splendor  
 That breaks o'er the drowsy east!  
 We have Godward hopes to cheer us,  
 High yearning dreams divine!  
 We yield up our lives' rich fullness  
 On the altar of love's dear shrine;  
 If there's peace in this world of beauty,  
 It dwells in my heart and thine!

[ORIGINAL.]

## THE LOST BRACELET.

BY MRS. S. E. DAWES.

"Do you really mean what you say, Miss Helen? Are you going to apply for the situation of a seamstress?"

Yes, Susan, I have thought the matter all over, and have come to the conclusion that it is the best thing I can do for the present. You have been kind to give me a home so long, and I have been very happy under the comfortable roof of my old nurse, but I cannot remain here a burden upon you any longer."

"Pray don't talk so, Miss Helen! I haven't considered it a burden at all, to provide for you in your need. It has done my old eyes good to look upon you every day, and think how I used to carry you in my arms, and take the whole care of you, when your father lived in the great house yonder. Ah, Miss Helen, those were happy days for us all! and your sweet mother—God bless her!—how she used to fill the house with sunshine! What would she say, if she knew her only child was thinking of going out into the world to earn her living?"

"Could I now hear her voice from among the angel band, methinks she would bid me shrink from no honest employment whereby I could gain a support."

"Ah well, Miss Helen, I suppose you know best! But it grieves me to the heart, to have you leave me for a life of toil. If you would accept of it, my humble home shall be your shelter as long as it is in my possession."

"Thank you, Susan! I feel grateful, in my utter loneliness, that one heart regards me with so much affection. I think, in my present circumstances, I shall feel happier to gain a more independent living. But if I am sick, or in trouble, I shall come home to you, to pillow my head upon the faithful bosom where it has so often rested in my childhood."

When she had finished speaking, Helen Gardner, who during the above conversation had been preparing to go out, bade her old nurse a cheerful adieu, and went forth to answer an advertisement for a seamstress she had seen in the morning's paper. As the reader has become aware, her family were once in affluent circumstances; but her father having been successful in two or three instances, embarked in speculation still more largely, and after a few turns of Fortune's wheel, found himself forsaken by the fickle goddess, and his splendid fortune almost a

perfect wreck. His misfortunes preyed upon his mind and impaired his health, and ere long he was numbered among the victims of consumption. A very small sum was left, for the support of his wife and Helen; but the former becoming, soon after his death, a confirmed invalid, was obliged to draw upon the principal of her little property, to get herself the comforts which she needed. As she became weaker both in body and mind, Helen had the management of their limited means; and by strict economy, and most heroic self-denial, she managed to make it last until her mother was beyond the reach of earthly suffering. Her old nurse Susan insisted upon taking her home with her, and having really no other shelter, she accepted the generous offer with a grateful heart.

Helen soon reached the house she was in search of, and found it a palatial residence in one of the most fashionable parts of the city. She had once been received at such mansions as a visitor; and as she ascended the steps, the sudden thought of the errand that had brought her there, made her grow sick at heart. But resolutely forcing back all the old memories, she gained strength to ring the bell, and was shown into the presence of Mrs. Hastings, the mistress of the house, and her daughter Isabel. Both ladies were elegantly attired, but there was a certain hauteur in their manner which struck Helen very unpleasantly. There was another inmate of the room, a young man of handsome appearance, but in whose dark, piercing eye lurked so much of evil, that Helen involuntarily shuddered as she felt his gaze fastened upon her. Mrs. Hastings expressed herself satisfied with her appearance and abilities, and so Helen engaged to enter upon her duties the next morning.

"You have hired a splendid-looking girl there, mother," said Edward Hastings, as Helen departed. "Pray don't be offended, Miss Isabel, but in my opinion she looks and acts the lady quite as much as yourself. I shall take care to form an early acquaintance with her."

"I don't care to have you form the acquaintance of any servant whom I hire into the house. If you regard my wishes in the least, you will have nothing to do with the seamstress I have just hired," replied Mrs. Hastings; while Isabel, indignant at that part of the remark which applied to her, with a scornful curl of the lip resumed her novel.

Helen, in spite of all her attempts at cheerfulness, entered her new home with a sad heart, for an indefinite foreboding of evil in store for her seemed to haunt her. A small sitting-room was appropriated to her use, while sewing;

and for the first few days, as no fault was found with her work, and she was left a great part of the time to herself, she began to think that she should like her situation, after all, very much better than she expected. She occasionally met the owner of the dark eyes, but as he always addressed some civil remark to her and passed on, she thought perhaps she had at first formed too hasty a judgment of his character.

One evening, after the rest of the family had gone to some place of amusement, Edward entered the sitting-room with a book.

"By some chance," he remarked, upon entering, "the fires down stairs have been allowed to get very low, and as it is quite cosy and warm here, I will read here awhile, with your permission."

Helen merely bowed assent, and handing him a chair, quietly resumed her work. Her visitor for some time seemed entirely absorbed in his book; then closing it, he gradually drew her into conversation, and made himself so agreeable that when Helen sought her pillow that evening, she found herself wondering how she could have formed so unfavorable an opinion of Edward Hastings upon their first meeting.

He saw with great satisfaction the favorable impression he had made, and muttered to himself, as he retired:

"She's a prize worth having, and no mistake, and will make a fine addition to my already numerous conquests."

From this time forth, he embraced every opportunity to be in the society of Helen, using all his arts to captivate her, and if possible, to win her love. She did not stop to analyze her feelings towards him—she only knew that she had come to look forward to his visits, now and then, to the little sitting-room, with more pleasure, perhaps, than she would care to own.

Helen managed to suit Mrs. Hastings and her daughter in her work, and although sometimes stung to the quick by their haughty, overbearing manner towards her, yet she toiled bravely on, occasionally seeking the ready sympathy of her old nurse Susan, in whose humble home she was always sure of a welcome. The months sped on, and at length one afternoon, in the absence of the rest of the family, Edward sought her presence, and emboldened by the flush of pleasure that suffused her face, as he drew a chair close to her side, he poured into her ear the story of his love, and asked her to become his own. He urged his suit with all the eloquence he was master of, and Helen at length replied:

"There is one barrier to our union, which I think would be insurmountable; and that is, the

pride of your family. They treat me now in every respect as a menial, entirely beneath them in standing; and as your wife, I could not reasonably expect they would show me that respect which in that relation I should feel was my due.

"Excuse me, darling, but I think you have quite misunderstood my intentions. I asked you to become my own, and that you can do, without the services of a clergyman. You are leading a life of toil here, and hiding your glorious beauty in seclusion; but comply with my wishes, and splendidly-furnished apartments, elegant dresses, and a life of ease awaits you. Leaving your situation here upon some pretence, I will install you in a palace home, and my family never need know of this alliance."

During this villanous speech, Helen grew deadly pale; but summoning all her pride to her aid, she rose and confronted him with all the dignity of exalted virtue.

"You are right, sir—I have misunderstood your intentions; and as I never will comply with your base proposals, you will oblige me by leaving my presence instantly."

"Softly, my sweet one! you will think better of this by-and-by. I do not regret I have raised this little tempest of passion, for believe me—you look superbly now, with that erect form and flashing eye."

"Your insults are insufferable, and once for all, I assure you my decision is unalterable. I would rather live in the most humble apartment, and in the direst poverty, than in splendor with you, even though you saw fit to give me the name of wife. I have no words to express the utter loathing and contempt with which I regard you, and as you do not seem inclined to leave my presence, I shall leave yours."

"Stay, Helen Gardner—you shall hear this before you go! I am not wont to be thwarted in my plans, nor addressed in so haughty language, by a poor sewing-girl. You shall rue the day you dared to defy me, and mark my words! I will yet have a sweet revenge for all this."

"As you please, sir! But remember—whatever you do, there is a just God who rules all events, and who is the especial protector of the orphan."

Helen sought her chamber, and now that there was no longer any necessity for appearing calm, she sank into a chair and gave way to a violent burst of tears. But amid all her grief, she was deeply thankful that the true character of the man she had begun to regard with too much interest had thus early been revealed to her. She could not remain in the house where he was any longer, and rousing herself to action, she em-

ployed herself, the rest of the afternoon, in packing her trunk for her departure.

Early in the evening, the family returned from their ride, as Miss Isabel was going to a grand party. Helen, leaving her bonnet and shawl in the hall, rapped upon the parlor door, and requested to see Mrs. Hastings. That lady being busy just then, and seeing who it was, bade her enter, as she could as well hear what she had to say there, as to leave the room. Helen turned a shade paler at this summons, but nothing daunted, she entered the room. A gentleman who had been a frequent caller there of late, was sitting conversing with Isabel, and Edward was sitting at one of the windows apparently engaged in reading one of the evening papers. Advancing toward Mrs. Hastings, she said in a low tone:

"I have come to inform you, madam, that I cannot remain in your service any longer. I have made arrangements to leave to-night."

Mrs. Hastings replied in a voice so loud as to cause all eyes to be turned towards her:

"Upon my word, this is a cool transaction—to leave me without an hour's warning, and so much work as you will leave unfinished besides! I always require my servants to give me a week's warning of their intention of leaving."

"I know that is customary, but circumstances alter cases, and I have ample reason for leaving thus abruptly."

"Will you please state that reason? for certainly that is the least satisfaction you can give me."

"I know it, madam; but for all that, you must excuse me, if I decline to comply with your reasonable request."

"Let her go, and don't make any more words with her!" passionately exclaimed Isabel, from the other side of the room. "I heard of a capital seamstress this morning, and I think, mother, we shall gain, rather than lose, by the change."

"Very well, if I can obtain another in your place immediately, I must say I do not regret your leaving, for you have put on a great many unbecoming airs for a servant."

During this conversation, Edward left the room, and returned just as his mother finished speaking. He brushed rudely past Helen, so that one of his coat buttons caught in her dress, and he stopped at her side a moment to remove it. She caught one glimpse of his basilisk eyes, and a cold shudder passed over her, and she was glad to escape from the room. An hour after, she was sobbing out her trouble, as she had promised to do, on the faithful bosom of the only true friend she possessed—her old nurse Susan.

Mr. Somers, the gentleman who was making a call upon Isabel, soon took his departure, and that young lady immediately began to make preparations for the party. About an hour after, she rushed wildly into the room, exclaiming:

"Mother, have you seen anything of my new pearl bracelet? for it is gone out of my casket."

"No, I have not been in your room to-day. How long since you have missed it?"

"It was there when I returned from our ride, for I saw it, and thought what an appropriate ornament it would be to wear with this pearl-colored satin."

"Then it must have been stolen, that is certain. Now the question is—who is the thief?"

"Not a very knotty question to solve, I should think," cried Edward. "The abrupt departure of your lady seamstress, and the loss of your bracelet, are rather suspicious coincidences."

"Sure enough, my son. I have no doubt she is the thief, and you must go instantly and get an officer to search her and her trunk."

"That I can do, but perhaps the bird may have flown many miles from here ere this."

"The artful hussy!" said Isabel, as Edward departed on his errand; "who knows but what her trunk is filled with stolen articles? I warrant we shall miss a score of things."

"I have no doubt of it, and I am so impatient to hear the result of the search, I can scarcely wait."

The tears had scarcely dried upon Helen's cheeks, after relating her story to Susan, ere the door opened and a police officer entered the room, accompanied by a woman.

"Is that young girl sitting there named Helen Gardner?" said the officer, addressing Susan.

"That is my name," said Helen, answering him herself. "Have you any business with me?"

"I have, and I am sorry it is of so unpleasant a nature. A pearl bracelet, of great value, has been missed from the house you have just left, and I have come to search you and your trunk, to see if you have it in your possession. I will search your dress pocket myself, and if necessary, this woman will search your person. I assure you it is very unpleasant business, but as an officer of the law, I must do my duty."

"You can proceed in your search," said Helen, through her white lips, "but it will be useless, for I am not a thief, sir."

"I am sorry your words are so soon proved false," said the officer, as he drew the lost bracelet from her pocket and held it up to her horrified gaze. "How came this here, if you did not take it?"

Helen, although deadly pale, looked the officer steadily in the face, as she replied:

"I know not, sir. I am as ignorant as you are how it came there. I have never seen the bracelet before, except upon the arm of Miss Hastings. I assure you, sir, before Heaven, I am innocent of this crime."

"I believe you speak the truth, miss, but still, as the article was found on your person, I must arrest you for theft. I hope at your trial you will be able to furnish some proof of your innocence."

"O, my poor, poor Helen—have you got to be dragged off to jail?" sobbed Susan, who till now had stood almost petrified with horror. "O don't, sir—don't take her away to jail! She's as innocent as a babe unborn—it's some dreadful plot against her! Don't take her away, I beg of you!"

"Be calm, Susan," said Helen, soothingly. "I am not afraid of a prison, and conscious of my innocence, it will in the end be no disgrace. It looks dark before me now, but there may be a silver lining to the cloud."

Arranging herself in the bonnet and shawl she had not put away since her arrival, she told the officer she was ready, and amid the sobs of Susan, she took her departure, and soon found herself in one of the cells of the jail. As the bolt was drawn which fastened her in, she began to realize that she was indeed a prisoner, and sinking upon the floor, all the fortitude that had sustained her through her arrest gave way, and she lay a long time in a stupor of grief. At length, becoming more calm, she had the courage to look the perils of her situation in the face, and then came the blessed thought that there was one ear ever open to the cry of those who put their trust in Him. Kneeling upon the stone floor, she prayed fervently that in her extreme need God would be her support, and cause light to come out of all this darkness. As she rose, a sweet peace entered her soul, and she was soon calmly sleeping upon her prison couch.

The next morning the jailor's wife, a kind, benevolent-looking woman, entered the cell, and bid her a cheerful "good morning."

"The officer who brought you here last evening," she said, "commended you to my sympathy, believing, he said, that you were innocent of the crime laid to your charge. If you would like writing materials, and a few books to while away the time, I will furnish you with them with pleasure, for your trial will not take place for a number of days."

"Thank you, it would confer a great favor upon me if you would do so. I was thinking

how I should get through the long days here, with nothing to employ me, just before you came in."

The woman left the cell, and soon a writing-table, with books and stationary and a small chair, made their appearance. Helen arranged them in as favorable a position as possible, and as the morning sun streamed through the grated window, her prison home wore quite a cheerful appearance.

As she sat reading one of her books, a few days after, she was startled by the unbolting of her cell door by the jailor, who ushered in Mr. Edward Hastings. She started to her feet, and her eyes flashed, as she addressed him:

"How dare you seek my presence again, after what has passed between us?"

"Come, Helen, don't be in such a passion, if it does enhance your beauty! I have come as a friend, to relieve you from the unpleasant position you are in."

"Deliver me from *such* friends! I have no need of any service you can render me."

"I don't know about that! I think liberty would be as sweet to you as to any one else, and by simply accepting the offer I made you once before, and one which many a fair one would be glad of receiving, you can not only be restored to freedom, but live a life of splendid ease."

"Never, sir! I would rather these prison walls would enclose me forever."

"Have you reflected what will be the probable result of your trial? My sister's bracelet was found in your pocket, and you cannot prove you did not put it there. You will no doubt be found guilty, and have to suffer the penalty of the law. How can you ever expect, afterward, to get another situation?—for people are generally pretty cautious how they employ one who has been branded as a thief."

"I have viewed my situation in its worst light, and calmly await my trial. I did not take your sister's bracelet, and who put it into my pocket, I may never know; but that it was done by some one who wished to ruin me, I have not the slightest doubt. I would a thousand times rather be in my position than theirs, for I shall only be summoned before an earthly tribunal, while they will one day have to answer for the deed at the bar of Heaven. As your offer of friendship is entirely unappreciated by me, I will thank you to leave me."

"You are a strange specimen of womankind, to prefer this prison, and subsequent disgrace and toil, to the life I have offered you!"

"Then you must have associated with the most degraded of our sex; for no woman who

has the slightest regard for her honor, would listen to such base proposals. I have nothing further to say to you, and you will oblige me by never seeking another interview with me, for you can never number me among your victims."

"Perhaps not; but I shall have my revenge, as I said before. Farewell, sweet Helen! I wish you a pleasant time at your approaching trial. I shall be there to get one more glimpse of your regal form, ere it is robed in a convict's garb."

The day of the trial at length arrived, and Helen, in her mourning garments, pale and dignified, took her seat calmly in the prisoner's box. The faithful Susan sat as near to her as she was allowed, and the trial commenced.

Miss Isabel Hastings was the first witness, and testified to having seen the bracelet in her casket just before the tea-bell rang, and having missed it soon after the prisoner left the house. A servant girl also testified that on the afternoon of the day it was stolen, she saw it lying in the casket, as she was dusting the dressing-table.

Mrs. Hastings testified that she left the house in a great hurry, and absolutely refused to give any reason for so doing. And that the prisoner looked very pale, and appeared much agitated, as she was telling her that she intended leaving that night. The officer who arrested her testified to having found the bracelet in the pocket of the prisoner, and the counsel for the plaintiff, in a short plea, confirmed in the minds of nearly all present the guilt of the fair girl at the bar.

At this juncture of affairs, a man came pressing through the crowd, and wiping the perspiration from his brow, advanced to the bar and spoke a few words to the counsel whom the government had furnished for the prisoner. He informed the court that an important witness had just arrived, who could testify in behalf of the defendant; and accordingly Mr. Ernest Somers, much to the astonishment of Isabel Hastings, was put upon the stand.

In a clear voice, he said: "I was present in the room when Miss Gardner came to tell Mrs. Hastings she was about to leave. During their conversation, Mr. Edward Hastings left the room, and on his return brushed very rudely past Miss Gardner, and some portion of his clothing caught in her dress. They were standing beneath the chandelier, and as he was detaching his coat button, or whatever caught her dress, I distinctly saw him drop a bracelet in her pocket. I first had suspicions of foul play, but afterwards thought there might be a secret attachment between them, and he wished to make her in this way a parting present. I dismissed the circumstance from my mind, until I heard that Miss

Gardner had been put upon trial for the theft of the bracelet, and I have hurried here to give in my testimony, to save an innocent girl from becoming a victim to as foul a plot as ever was conceived."

Her counsel, after this testimony, made an eloquent plea in her behalf, and without leaving their seats, Helen was pronounced "not guilty!" by the jury. Edward Hastings and his mortified sister now left the court-room amid the jeers of the crowd, and their mother and her counsel followed. Tears of joy rolled down the wrinkled cheeks of Susan, as she grasped the hand of Helen, who stood almost stupefied at what she had just heard and the unlooked-for proof of her innocence. She was roused by a manly voice at her side, who said kindly:

"Miss Gardner, allow me to conduct you from this place, for you are now free, and you must be weary from your late excitement."

"Thank you, sir, I gratefully accept of your escort, for as you have said, I am very tired."

Arrived at her house, the grateful Susan pressed Mr. Somers—for he it was who had accompanied them—to enter and rest himself, after their long walk. He had become strangely interested in the fair girl beside him, and he was very glad to accept of the invitation. As he gazed upon her face, he found his mind wandering back to the days of his boyhood, when a sweet, golden-haired little girl was his constant playmate, and at length he asked, abruptly:

"If I am not too inquisitive, may I ask, Miss Gardner, if you ever lived in Ashton?"

"My father's country residence used to be there, and it is there I have spent some of my happiest hours."

"Then we were old playmates in childhood. Do you not remember Ernest Somers?"

"I do. I could not easily forget my champion and protector in all my little school difficulties. I did not dream that in later years you would render such a signal service, as you have done this morning. From my inmost heart I thank you for taking the trouble to give the testimony which proved my innocence, and restored me to freedom."

"Say no more about that. It was only a simple act of justice, for which I deserve no thanks. My mother will be delighted that I have found you. She has often regretted that by our long residence out West, she had lost all trace of her early friend, for our mothers, too, were schoolmates. We have purchased the old place again in sight of what was once your home, and I shall bring her to-morrow to see you, so I must now bid you good-morning until then."

"How strange everything has turned out," said Susan, as the door closed upon their visitor. "It seems like waking up, and finding that one great trouble we thought had happened to us was only a dream, after all."

"Yes, Susan, the darkness has indeed become light about us. I told you the cloud would have a silver lining."

The next morning, true to his promise, Mr. Somers again visited Helen, accompanied by his mother. The latter was delighted to find in the orphan girl the exact resemblance to her mother, and insisted upon taking her home with her. She also assured Susan that she would make her very useful and happy at Myrtle Lodge, and so the good old lady was induced to promise an immediate removal with Helen, to make it their permanent home there.

Restored to the place in which she was born, and which she was so fitted to adorn, Helen soon became the star of a brilliant circle. Once more she was the companion of Ernest Somers, and one evening, as she roamed with him through the grounds of her early home, which was now for sale, she promised to be the companion of his life journey.

Tears of joy filled her eyes, as a week later, he informed her that he had purchased her old home, and had made arrangements to have it refitted in the same style it used to wear in her father's time, and was to be their residence in the future.

The sun rose glorious over the hills and vales of Ashton on the bridal morning, and the little village was all astir, for a wedding there in church was a rare occurrence. Just before entering the carriage Ernest clasped upon the arm of Helen a magnificent bracelet.

"This is my wedding gift, dearest. To you it may suggest unpleasant recollections, but to me it will always be a reminder, that if it had not been for a bauble like this, I should not have found one, whom I prize above all the jewels in the world."

Nurse Susan was at the house, dressed in the veritable black silk gown, and wrought cap, that had been her holiday suit from time immemorial, and welcomed the bridal pair on their return from church. A full tide of joy filled the heart of Helen, as she stepped over the old familiar threshold, mistress of the dearest spot to her upon earth. And when she unclasped the pearl bracelet from her arm and gazed upon its pure gems, she murmured:

"Out of the darkest chapter in my life history has been evolved the glorious light which now gilds my pathway."

[ORIGINAL.]

**KEEP UP A CHEERFUL HEART.**

BY WILLIAM H. DAVIS.

Keep up a cheerful heart,  
 Though e'er so deep thy sorrow;  
 Its sting may soon depart.  
 And bring a bright to-morrow.  
 The darkest storms there be  
 Oft bring a day of brightness;  
 So may it be with thee,  
 Whose heart now sinks in darkness.

Then wear no saddened brow,  
 As though in deep distress,  
 When sorrows round thee throw  
 Their pang of bitterness.  
 Keep up a cheerful heart,  
 With hope's star in thy breast;  
 Act well on earth thy part,  
 And leave to God the rest!

[ORIGINAL.]

**DEAD SEA APPLES.**

BY A NEW CONTRIBUTOR.

THERE were no loud demonstrations of joy—no ringing of bells nor firing of cannon—no bonfires lighted nor wine drank—when an heir was born to the house of Calderwood. But the sun never shone on more happy and grateful hearts than theirs for the blessing which had been given them; and never did baby eyes meet more loving glances than were bestowed on the little Victor. The child's first years were spent in the soft and genial atmosphere of kindness. Not the injudicious kindness which becomes cruelty by enervating the body and denying the exercise needed to preserve a healthful tone—but that uniform gentleness and firmness which requires obedience and obtains it, and which brings a filial love and respect as its reward, that the ill-judging indulgence of many parents can never command.

Mr. Calderwood had married rather late in life, and his wife had passed the springtime of youth. Both had thought wisely and deeply upon the responsibilities of life—its cares, its hopes, its happiness, and the dangerous quicksands that sometimes wrecked its most richly-freighted harks. Well, indeed, might the wife take home these lessons to her heart; for, before Victor was five years old, Mr. Calderwood died. Patiently did the widow bear her sorrow—so patiently that only they who knew her best, knew how deeply the iron had entered her soul. One only hope remained to her, but it was a hope that bore many blossoms, and they all clustered around her son.

O, in this hollow world, what is there that can compare with the deep, lasting fervor of a mother's love? And when the object of that love is worthy, heaven is already begun in the household where it dwells. Where it is not worthy, the mother's love must be still more like that of the angels.

I loved Victor Calderwood like a brother. He was younger than myself, so much younger that I distinctly remembered the morning of his birth, and the gladness of my mother that her friend was blessed with a living child. As he grew up, my heart was twined with his, until we were one in the bonds of affection. We were educated at the same school and college, and in all respects were as brothers. My parents loved the fair, ingenuous youth, whom city temptations and college life were alike unable to spoil; and Mrs. Calderwood was my firm, unalterable friend. I linger over those days, because they were happier than any others I have known. Memory, like nature, has its green spots, its cool, silvery streams, its smooth, unruffled lakes. What wonder that we love to linger beside them all? And every day's, every hour's lingering there, draws some portion of the bitterness from my heart. I truly believe that

"The tears that from repentance flow,  
 In bright exhalation reach the skies."

Else, why am I permitted to have such peace as seems sometimes to flow into my heart? O, if repentance can atone, I have the record of years, in which tears of penitence and prayers for forgiveness have made up the sum of each day's experience. After we returned from college we entered into business as land agents and counselors. We were fortunate beyond our most sanguine hopes. We had apprehended a slow increase by unremitting attention; but we had an avalanche of business. We prospered—grew rich, in fact. We were courted, applauded, almost worshipped, because we were wealthy. We did not care for these things—Victor and I. We were young then, and worldly policy had not quite filled our hearts; so I need incur no charge of great vanity, if I say that scheming mothers and daughters sought the two retired and unsocial beings who never sought the latter in return. I do not think Mrs. Calderwood wished Victor to marry. She was content to receive all the love he had to bestow on woman, and grudged even the passing attentions which common courtesy demanded. Blame her not, ye who have many to love. Mrs. Calderwood had but one. What marvel then, if she dreaded to have another cross the bridge that united her to her son?

We were invited to a party one evening. Our host had recently removed to our town, and al-



though neither of us had called on him, we were glad to have an opportunity that had hitherto been denied us through want of time, to make his acquaintance. We liked Mr. De Wolf at first sight. His wife and sons were equally agreeable, and a pretty daughter, just coming out into society, was one whom either of us might have coveted for a sister. We went again and again. Maud talked of her former home, and dwelt long and lovingly upon her cousin Diana, who, she said was coming to pass the summer with the family. Her name became with us a household word, from hearing the little fairy Maud name it so often. Especially was awakened Victor's curiosity to see Maud's paragon; and scarce a night passed that he did not importune me to go to Mr. De Wolf's.

His interest was rewarded; for, on calling one evening, we met a carriage turning from the house, and inside the door we encountered a pile of trunks, carpet-bags, boxes and baskets that none but a woman would think of taking care of through a journey. A harp-case and guitar-case portended a long stay. We were shown into the parlor, where we found only Mr. De Wolf—his feminine, he said, having been so absorbed in Di's arrival, as to forget him and any chance company that might arrive. However, he insisted on enforcing the invitation sent down to us from his wife, to remain and take tea with her; and after half an hour's delay, Maud led in somebody whom she called Miss Allston, and who we supposed was the actual Diana herself.

We sat down to tea. If there was a single instant in which Victor took his eyes from her face, I should have known it, for I watched narrowly. Never until that night had I felt jealous of his apparent superiority over me in person and manners. Victor was handsome, and had a certain distinguished air that I could never attain. He attracted her attention at last by his obvious admiration, and self-possessed as she usually seemed, she was betrayed into a deep blush. I came in for my share, too. I had never seen so beautiful a woman as Diana Allston. Besides her beauty, which was almost marvellous in its shape and depth of coloring, there was an irresistible charm about all she said or did, that won the heart and kept it.

I was deeply, irrecoverably in love before I knew it; and what was more, Victor was the same. I was in agony lest he should suspect the state of my feelings, and he, on the contrary, was constantly betraying his openly. Not one spark of my brotherly attachment had abated for him, but an uneasiness had arisen towards him—a pity, for I believed Di Allston loved me.

They who have gone on without loving for years are apt to take it hastily and rashly. I could not wait to know my fate gradually. A series of visits and such scanty amusements as a town affords, had brought us near each other daily; and I had had the felicity of attending her on horseback several times, riding slowly through the woods, and talking such sentimentalism as lovers are apt to do. Yet I could not clearly ascertain how prosperous my own suit might be, when Victor was admitted to the same familiar companionship; and I resolved to ask her boldly to share my lot. Not in such terms as I had heard of young men using—high-flown and far-fetched—but in such simple yet earnest words as I might speak without blushing for if I was rejected.

"Rejected! Forbid it, destiny!" I said, almost aloud, in my chamber, as I took my hat and gloves preparatory to a walk to Mr. De Wolf's.

I found Diana in the garden, alone. Her raised color, and excited yet happy look, encouraged me. I believed they were caused by the sight of myself, and I was not long in unfolding my purpose. She was visibly confused, but gathered voice to thank me for my preference. Her heart, she said, had long acknowledged my worth, but her affections were not her own! I believe truly that the demon entered my soul at that moment. I was choked, suffocated—and a stream of blood issued from my lips. That was not strange, for I had frequently bled slightly when any powerful emotion possessed me; but it frightened her—so few women can behold blood unmoved. It was not the work of a moment to stop it, and to hide the drops which had stained my clothes; but it was nearly dark, and without another word, I was off upon the high road, regardless of the call which she sent after me, begging me to go into the house and have some advice.

To whom should I go in my bitter disappointment but to Victor? And shut up with him in his own room that night, I had opened my lips to tell him what man seldom tells another, when his glad and joyous manner arrested me. I know not what wild words I might have spoken, but I do know that when my brain ceased from its sharp quivering, Victor was telling me of his love for Diana Allston, and her acceptance; of his mother's reluctant acquiescence, and Mr. De Wolf's approbation.

I had a fever. No one knew what caused it—for Diana was too high-minded to expose me. I was reduced to a child's weakness, but there were feelings of wrath within me that were yet

strong as ever; and strongest, mightiest of all (that I should live to write it!) was the desire for Victor Calderwood's death! Through the frightfully hot nights in which I lay burning with fever, unable to raise my feeble hand to my head, I longed to strike him as he bent tenderly over me, and wept that I had not the strength to do it. Diana Allston's image was near me—her words in my ear, and they maddened me against him. I would not take medicine. I resisted the doctor and my mother, and bade them minister to the grinning fool at the head of my bed, as I called Victor. I could not, would not bear the sight of him. My mother comforted him with the thought that all delirious persons hated their friends during the paroxysm; and advised him to leave me. I turned my face to the wall and talked with the demons my disorder had called up; and each one that appeared, I called Victor Calderwood. I will not weary you with these wild vagaries. I recovered slowly. Victor came to see me again, and I treated him better. What was deficient in warmth of manner, he generously attributed to confused remembrances of my savageness towards him, and he tried to make me forget it.

"Come, Hal," he said to me, one delightful October day, when I had gained a little strength, "come out awhile with me. It will do you good."

I took his arm and went. O why did I go? Why was I permitted to go? Vain dreamer as I am, why do I perpetually question of things unknown? It is enough that I went.

Our destination was a spot where Victor and myself had often lingered. It was a charming retreat, beautiful for the fresh green foliage that still lingered on the trees, not one of which save the crimson maple had put on its autumnal hues. Below it was an ugly ravine, where a careless foot might too easily slip; a place of rocks, hidden by deceitful brambles, among which he who fell must be almost sure to be killed. He talked of Diana that day. She had gone home, he said, to prepare for marriage; and he paraded his hopes before me, and called upon me to rejoice in his happiness. O, how I hated him! We rose to go. I walked near the edge of that horrid place. He would have drawn me back, but I still went nearer.

"This would be a fine place for one who was weary of life," said I.

Victor shuddered. "Come away, dear Hal," he said. "I am sorry I brought you to this place. Let us return instantly." And he tried to wind his arm through mine. I turned round, appearing to yield, but when his foot was between me and the precipice, I suddenly tripped him.

He fell over without a struggle. That was the last I knew. It had exhausted the temporary strength I had, and I fainted on the edge of the abyss to which I had doomed him. I remember a shuddering horror that came upon me; a wish that I could save him, and the stretching forth of my arm. They who found us believed that he fell accidentally, and that I had attempted to rescue him from his fate. No one thought that the ravings of my subsequent sickness were really the promptings of a guilty spirit. I did not recover for months. The cold, dreary earth was covered with snow when I first walked out. What madness carried me to that very spot? I even looked over the perilous abyss, where Mrs. Calderwood had caused a strong iron fence to be erected, lest the accident that destroyed her son might be repeated in some one else. Poor lady! how she detailed to me the sad finding of her Victor, and wept when she paid tribute to the brotherly sympathy that had made me faint through terror at his danger! O, no rebuke is so hard to bear as undeserved praise.

I must not pause over the three years that followed. They were years in which conscience asserted her terrible rights. I had made use of my opportunities in those years. I was rich, honored and respected; not enough so, however, to make me insensible to the dreadful reaction which would take place in public estimation, were my crime suspected. When I was in good health, I managed to keep in good spirits, but when ill—and after that fever I was never strong—O God, what days and nights of agony I endured! And yet I had gained the prize for which I had sold my soul. Diana Allston was my wife. My apparent grief for Victor, my illness, and the care I took of Mrs. Calderwood had won her love and pity, and when time had softened her woe, she consented to marry me. There are times when I can scarce suppress the confession that trembles on my lips—yet why should I confess it? By so doing, I should not suffer any more than I have already—but they whom I love and who love me, and believe me incapable of wrong, would be punished through me immeasurably. Shall I then make them miserable, when too, it will deprive me of further space for repentance? I do not know what is right. That is the worst part of a sinful deed, that it destroys the power of judging what is right.

*Friday, May 10.*—This day a child was born to me. When the nurse brought it to me, I was about to kiss its forehead, but I instantly recoiled. She laughed heartily, supposing that I feared to

hurt the little creature. Alas! it was only because the child might one day be called the son of a murderer! Mrs. Calderwood has been with Diana all night, and she has proffered a request that the boy may be called Victor! I groaned in agony, and she hastened to recall her request. I will have it so, however. Let me accept every form of punishment. Yet how—O how can I ever pronounce his name?

I have been within the walls of a mad-house. No wonder! I must have uttered horrors, any one of which would have condemned me to death, unless I could have been proved insane. Poor souls! They look at me with such pitying eyes—Diana and Mrs. Calderwood and my little Victor. The boy is five years old, and I have never seen him since he was as many days, until three days ago, I was brought home, being pronounced well. But I am not well in frame, if I am in mind. My emotions, having tried so long to conceal them, have worn me out, as the waters wear the stone, or rather as the winds wear the sails of a ship. I wonder if they saw this horrible record of mine while I was mad? No. Such is the beautiful propriety and delicacy of Diana's mind, that she would shrink from the examination of even her husband's papers. I found them as I ever kept them, in the secret drawer of my desk.

My little Victor! I can bear now to hear his name pronounced; for I feel that my sin is forgiven. I have knelt for hours of each night, when all the household were buried in sleep, asking forgiveness of God; and nothing but the misery and disgrace which it would bring upon the innocent, keeps me from open confession. Earth has no tortures which I have not inwardly endured. My life is wretched; for all that should be joys, are but as Dead Sea apples to me. All that constitutes the sweetness of home ties, proves the very gall of bitterness in my cup. And still I wear a serene look, because I must not show what is passing within. And yet I feel, O God, that thou hast forgiven me! Spirit of my dead Victor, thou too hast forgiven me! Heaven does not deem me impenitent, because I dare not disgrace my child by telling the world that which concerns them not. Groping beneath the altar stairs, I can still raise my hand to God, and in the dimness I behold a line of heavenly light shining down, I doubt not from his throne, to show me, that though guilty of blood, he will not utterly cast me away. I do not seek to palliate my deed; but surely that terrible fever must have left something of insanity in my brain. I would think so of another. May I not give some small share of exculpation to myself?

My little Victor is calling me. He has begged from Mrs. Calderwood the miniature of her son, and now, regardless of his father's torture, he is dwelling with the minute observation of a child, upon the hair, the eyes, the bright red lips, that seem almost to live. And Diana, who has freighted all her hopes anew upon her husband and her child, answers his questions about him whom he calls his dead uncle with a serene face, as if his death were but an ordinary dispensation of providence, and not through the wrong of man.

#### MAHOMEDAN SERMONIZING.

One morning, Nassr-Eddyn-Effendi ascended into his pulpit to preach, and addressing his hearers, said:

"O, believers! know ye what I am going to talk to you about?"

They replied they did not.

"Well, then," rejoined he, "since you do not know, do you suppose that I am going to tell you?"

Another morning he again appeared in the pulpit, and said:

"O, believers! know ye not what I am going to tell you?"

They replied that they did.

"If you know it," said he, "I need not tell it to you." And he descended from the pulpit and went his way.

His auditors, puzzled what to do, at length agreed that if he again made his appearance, some of them would say that they knew, others that they did not.

And again Nassr-Eddyn-Effendi mounted into the pulpit, and said:

"O, Mussulmans! know ye what I am going to say to you?"

To which some replied, "We know;" others, "We know not."

"Good!" returned he; "let those who know tell those who do not."—*Mysteries of the Desert.*

#### THE JEWS OF SHIRAZ.

Away to Shiraz, ceaselessly travelling over plains and mountains, sleeping in the open air, amidst torrents of rain, and pursued by earthquakes. Wolff had been warned what he must expect in visiting the Jews at Shiraz, and the description of their misery had not been exaggerated. A Persian Mussulman, of whom he had inquired their condition some time before, had said: "First. Every house in Shiraz with a low, narrow entrance, is a Jew's house. Secondly. Every man with a dirty woolen or dirty camel's hair turban is a Jew. Thirdly. Every coat much torn and mended about the back, with worn sleeves, is a Jew's coat. Fourthly. Every one picking up old broken glass is a Jew. Fifthly. Every one searching dirty robes, and asking for old shoes and sandals, is a Jew. Sixthly. The house into which no quadruped but a goat will enter is a Jew's." All which things, of course, came into Wolff's mind, as, in company with two Armenians, he approached the street where the Jews resided.—*Rev. J. Wolff.*

## The Florist.

When once the sun sinks in the west,  
And dewdrops pearl the evening's breast:  
Almost as pale as moonbeams are,  
Or its companionable star,  
The evening primrose opens anew  
Its delicate blossom to the dew;  
And, hermit-like, shunning the light,  
Wastes its fair bloom upon the night,  
Who, blindfold to its fond cares,  
Knows not the beauty he possesses.—CLARE.

### Grafting the Camellia.

This is a delicate operation in floriculture. One of the modes of performing it, and which is generally practised in the autumn, is a kind of side grafting, or rather of inarching. It consists in cutting off a small portion of the bark of the stock, with very little wood attached, from the side of the stem, or one of the branches, leaving a leaf and bud above it; and then cutting the scion into a chisel-shape, so as to fit the wound in the stock exactly, and blinding the two together with a piece of bass matting, without using any other covering. As soon as the operation is finished, the pot containing the stock should be laid horizontally on a bed of dry and cold tan, or on a bed of dry moss, the branches lying on the surface and the pot being half buried in the tan or moss, the grafted part being covered with a bell-glass, and stuffed round the bottom with the tan or moss, so as to prevent a particle of air from entering. This close covering is kept on for a fortnight, three weeks or a month, according to the season, at the end of which time the graft will be found perfectly united to the stock. Air is then admitted to the graft by degrees, by first loosening and then removing the mass from the glass; then the glass, when the rot may be placed erect. The great points to be attended to in this mode of grafting, are giving the plants bottom heat, and covering them closely in the manner described.

### Calceolaria.

The great variety which now characterizes this family renders it a favorite, and half a dozen well chosen sorts are very attractive in the garden or greenhouse. They keep well in a cold frame during the winter, but do better in a greenhouse, where they will blossom finely. As soon as they have done flowering they should be re-potted in light soil, one third loam and two thirds peat, for if much excited they are apt to fade away. If you wish to propagate them, all the shoots taken off will take root readily; but as every root sends up its flower-stalk, they should be allowed to spread and fill a large-sized pot.

### Bossiaea.

This is one of the immense family of pea-flowering plants, requiring the same treatment as Botany Bay plants in general—growing best in one third loam and two-thirds peat. This, like almost other plants, must be checked while growing to make them stout and bushy.

### Holly.

This beautiful evergreen tree is found in America, Europe, Japan, and some other countries. It has shining, prickly leaves near the ground; smooth high ones. It blows white flowers, and its berries are of a scarlet color.

### American Laurel.

This is a North American genus. Its foliage is of a deep dark green, with beautiful flowers, crimson, red and peach-blossom color. The species are numerous, and it is sometimes called calico bush.

### Propagation of Roses.

Roses may be propagated in various ways. Cuttings placed in warm sandy soil, and covered with a window sash and frequently watered, will generally strike in a short time. The hardy kinds are more commonly increased by layers. In the early part of the summer select a young, well-ripened shoot, make a slit upward in it, about half way through, just below a bud; in the tongue thus formed insert a small chip, to prevent its closing up, then peg down the shoot in the soil three or four inches below the surface, fill up the hole, and cover the earth with moss, grass, or a flat stone. The extremity of the layer should be several inches above the ground, and be tied to a stake to prevent injury to the forming rootlets. Some cultivators increase their roses by budding and grafting, believing that feeble, low-growing varieties are improved by inserting them on vigorous stocks. This is an easy way of multiplying choice and rare plants.

### Aphelandra.

There are two of this family, *afrikana* and *aurantiaca*, both sub-shrubs—one growing three feet high, and bearing a spike of scarlet tubular flowers in August, and the other blooming orange-colored at the same time. They require a compost of loam and peat in equal quantities, shocking white young, and shifting from one sized pot to another as they fill with roots. If neglected, they will grow too tall to be handsome.

### Witch Hazel.

This is an American genus, which flowers in the autumn, and perfects its fruit in the next summer. The color of the flowers is yellow. The twigs of this plant have been used as divining-rods, to discover secret treasures and mines.

### Virgin's Bower—Clematis Viorna.

About thirty species of this genus are scattered over the world, several of which are indigenous to America. It is found in the Southern States. The root is perennial; its flowers are purple, though there is a variety with white flowers.

### Rosa Damascena.

The beautiful damask, or damascena rose was first brought from Asia into Greece, thence transplanted into Italy and France, and then to other countries. Its flowers are white and red.

### Coronilla.

A very old greenhouse plant, but of easy culture; a good winter bloomer, and bearing almost any amount of ill-usage. Its yellow pea-shaped blossom literally covers the plant in winter.

### Indigafera.

Several of these are in cultivation, but the proportion of flower to foliage is too small to please all. They are a pea-flowering shrub, and not remarkably beautiful.

### Coreopsis Arkansa.

This is an American genus of about thirty species. It flowers in June, and continues in flower until the autumn, bearing yellow flowers.

### Cardinal Flower, or Lobelia Cardinalis.

The flowers of this plant are of a bright scarlet. It is a native of North America, growing by the sides of rivers and ditches. It is a very beautiful flower.

## The Housewife.

### The Cuisine.

We hear from all quarters of the excellence and purity of Burnett's flavoring extracts, and can recommend them confidently to our readers for flavoring custards, pies, ice-creams, blanc-mange, jellies, sauces, etc. The list of flavors embraces lemon, orange, nutmeg, vanilla, peach, ginger, almond, cinnamon, rose, cloves, cherry and nectarine. They have all the freshness and flavor of the delicate fruits from which they are prepared, and are much less expensive, besides having the advantage of keeping for any length of time and in any climate. All respectable druggetts have these extracts for sale.

### Gum-Arabic Paste.

Take a common sized teaspoon of cold soft water, and dissolve in it a large teaspoonful of the best and cleanest powdered gum-Arabic. When the gum is entirely melted, stir in by degrees a tablespoonful of fine wheat flour, carefully pressing out all the lumps, and making it as smooth as possible. Keep it closely covered, and in a cool place. If, after a few days, it should appear spotted or mouldy on the top, remove the surface, and the paste beneath will still be fit for use. This is a good cement for artificial flowers, and for ornamental pasteboard work.

### A Fillet of Veal stewed white.

Add to one pint of water or gravy a little lemon-peel, mace, nutmeg, white pepper and salt; put a fillet in, stuffed as for roasting, and when it has stewed one hour and a half take it out, and strain the gravy; add two dozen oysters, half a pint of white wine, and butter rubbed in flour; put the veal in again, and stew it half an hour; just before serving stir in half a pint of cream. The gravy should be rather thick, and poured over the veal.

### An excellent Furniture Polish.

Into one pint of linseed oil put half a pound of treacle and a glass of gin; then, stirring well, apply sparingly with a linen rag, and if rubbed until quite dry with linen cloths, this mixture will produce a splendid gloss. Eating tables should be covered with oil-cloth or baize, to prevent staining, and be instantly rubbed when the dishes are removed.

### To keep off Mosquitoes and other Insects.

Camphor is a most powerful agent. A camphor bag hung up in an open chamber will prove an effectual barrier to their entrance. Camphorated spirit applied as perfume to the face and hands will act as an effectual preventive; but when bitten by them, aromatic vinegar is the best antidote.

### The Hoarseness of Singers.

A celebrated singer informed M. Diday that the greatest benefit is derived from taking, during five or six days, twice a day, five or six drops of nitric acid in a glass of sugared water. If from use the acid seems to lose its original efficacy, the dose may be increased to ten or eleven drops.

### To remove Corns from between the Toes.

These corns are generally more painful than any others, and are frequently so situated as to be almost inaccessible to the usual remedies. Wetting them several times a day with hartshorn will, in most cases, cure them. Try it.

### Painted Floor Carpets.

Floor-cloths may be cleaned with a mixture of magnesia, only milk-warm, followed by warm water, in the same manner that carpets are cleaned. They should be rubbed with a dry flannel till nearly dried, then again wet over with a sponge dipped in milk, and immediately dried and rubbed with a flannel till the polish is restored. This is a process much to be preferred to that of rubbing the cloth with wax, which leaves it sticky and liable to retain dust and dirt for a long time. Very hot water should never be used in cleaning floor-cloths, as it brings off the paint.

### Cleansing Sofa Coverings.

If the covers of sofas and chairs are dirty, they may be cleansed without being removed, by first washing them over with warm water and soap rubbed over them with a flannel; then, before they are dry, sponge them over with a strong solution of salt and water, in which a small quantity of gall has been mixed. The windows of the room should be opened, so as to secure a perfect drying, and the colors and the freshness of the articles will be restored.

### Mirrors.

Cleansing mirrors is an easy operation, when rightly understood. The greatest care should be taken in cleaning a mirror to use only the softest articles, lest the glass should be scratched. It should first be dusted with a feather-brush, then washed over with a sponge dipped in spirits, to remove the fly-spots; after this, it should be dusted with the powder-blue in a thin muslin bag, and finally polished with an old silk handkerchief.

### To clean Steel Articles.

Polished steel articles, if rubbed every morning with leather, will not become dull or rusty; but if rust has been suffered to gather, it must be immediately removed by covering the steel with sweet oil, and allowing it to remain on for two days; then sprinkle it over with finely-powdered unslaked lime, and rub it with polishing leather.

### To clean Whitewash Brushes.

Wash off with cold water the lime from the bristles of the brush, and scrub well with a hard scrubbing-brush the part where the bristles are fixed into the wood. This should be done at once, as soon as the whitewashing for that day is finished. It is far better than to let them soak all night.

### To remove Grease from a Stove-Hearth.

When oil or any other grease has been dropped on a stove hearth, immediately cover the place with very hot ashes. After awhile clear away the ashes, and if the grease has not quite disappeared, repeat the process.

### To remove the Odor from a Vial.

The odor of its last contents may be removed from a vial by filling it with cold water, and letting it stand in any airy place uncorked for three days, changing the water every day.

### Potatoe Pie.

One pound of boiled potatoes rolled fine, half a pound of butter, six eggs, eight spoonful of milk, the grated peel and juice of a lemon, sugar and salt to your taste. To be baked in deep plates.

### Excellent Vinegar.

Five gallons of water, half a gallon of molasses, half a gallon of common spirits; one pint of yeast; roll a sheet of paper in the yeast. Set it in a warm place to ferment.

## Curious Matters.

### A hard Bear-Fight.

The best story of the season is the following:—At Penman's Ranch, Cal., three hunters encountered a bear, which they wounded with six shots. The bear pursued and caught one of them, and while the others fled, the captured hunter had a hand to paw fight with the monster. Having nothing but a short dirk-knife, he seized the bear by the tongue and attempted to use the dirk, but the blade bent on the bear's ribs. Having dragged the animal's tongue through the corner of its mouth, the creature could use his paws only, with which the man was terribly torn, his scalp having been knocked off by the bear's claws. At length the exhausted hunter let go the tongue and the bear made off, but was killed the next day, and weighed 600 pounds. The man recovered.

### A singular Discovery.

The Ottawa (Canada) Citizen says:—"One day last week, while some laborers were removing stone from a quarry in this vicinity, they came upon a stone measuring between three and four feet in length, some eighteen inches in width, and about eight inches thick, bearing on its surface the unmistakable impress of two human feet, the largest that of an Indian's right and the smaller that of a squaw's moccasined foot, sunk about three-fourths of an inch in the solid stone. We have seen the stone and the strange impressions it bears, but have to leave the enigma to be explained by those better posted in things beneath the earth than ourselves."

### Queer Law Case.

A most extraordinary case has been submitted to the civil tribunal of Lyons:—A cobbler, a tinker, and a small tradesman pleaded each against the other to be declared sole owner of what they all described as the most marvellous discovery, namely, the placing of a lamp in the heel of a boot, with pipes running from it beneath the sole, so as to heat the foot! After examining the different pretensions of the parties, the tribunal declined to pronounce on the question of ownership, but condemned the cobbler and the trader to pay the tinker 150 francs for work done.

### Be careful.

A short time ago a man named Erret, of Hempfield township, Westmoreland county, died after a painful and lingering malady, produced, as is believed, by accidentally swallowing an insect while drinking at a spring, in which were dark insects having numerous feet. He said he had swallowed one of them, and felt great uneasiness and violent coughing, for which he could get no relief. A few days before his death he coughed up a worm of the color and description of those in the spring at the time he drank out of it.

### The Fuller Cradle.

A correspondent of the Middleboro' Gazette says:—"We saw while in Abington, at the house of Mr. F. L. Noyes, the ancient family cradle of Dr. Samuel Fuller, who came over in the Mayflower, and was one of the signers of the Social Compact. A tradition exists that this cradle was on board the Mayflower, and that it was used to rock Peregrine White, the first New Englander. It was made mostly of oak, framed together, and appears to have suffered but little in rocking seven or eight generations of the Fuller descent. It still remains in a branch of the Fuller family."

### Wonderful Phenomenon.

A curious story, authenticated by names and dates, is furnished to the New Haven Journal and Courier. It is, that a lady during a shower saw a distinct current of lightning pass from one window to another. She found in two places upon the carpet a substance burning with a bright white flame, and emitting a strong sulphurous odor. There being no fire in the house at the time, the fact seems conclusive that they were drops of the fluid which had fallen, or been ejected from the current in its passage through the apartment.

### Human Hair.

In 1899 a coffin was discovered in the abbey church of Romsey, England, which had originally contained the body of a female of the Norman period. The bones had entirely decayed, but the hair, with its characteristic indestructibility, was found entire, and appeared as if the skull had only recently been removed from it, and having plaited tails eighteen inches in length. It is still preserved in a glass case, lying upon the same block of oak which has been its pillow for centuries.

### Curious Fact.

Sir David Brewster, inquiring into the history of the stereoscope, finds that its fundamental principle was well known even to Euclid; that it was distinctly described by Galen 1600 years ago; and that Glambatiata Porta had, in 1599 given such a complete drawing of the two separate pictures as seen by each eye, and of the combined picture placed between them, that we recognise in it not only the principle but the construction of the stereoscope.

### A Humming-Bird's Nest.

The Marysville (Cal.) Journal thus describes a humming-bird's nest in the garden of William Hawley, in that town:—"The nest contained two of their young. It is about the size of a black walnut, of a very fine texture, almost white, much resembling woolen cloth, and firmly bound to the twig of a peach-tree within three feet of the ground. The young birds are not much larger than grains of coffee, and present a very singular appearance."

### A bearded Woman.

The Marysville (Ky.) Eagle gives an account of a bearded woman residing in Lewis county, in the same State. It is said she had no indications of beard until last September, when the hair commenced growing upon her face, growing very fast sometimes, as much as half an inch a week. She now has a heavy black beard, coarse like that of a man. A space of about an inch in width from the mouth over the chin to her neck is free from hair.

### A valuable Compass.

There has been lately invented a compass, which is so constructed and operated upon as to give at all times the specific leeway of a vessel. It may be placed on a table in the captain's cabin, and will inform of the least deviation from the course to which the vessel may be heading. It is claimed that it will work perfectly correct, no matter how much agitated by the motion of the vessel.

### Singular Place for a Nest.

A bird has built its nest in the letter-box at Sparham, England. Notwithstanding the postman's daily calls to take the letters deposited there, the bird is not disturbed. Sometimes he has taken the letters from the bird's back.

## Editor's Table.

MATURIN M. BALLOU, EDITOR AND PROPRIETOR.

### FIRESIDE TRAVELLERS.

For every man who gratifies his roving disposition by visiting Europe, there are a thousand who, for various good and sufficient reasons, never stir far away from home. But a very small proportion of those who do go abroad profit by their journeyings. We have just been reading a hand-book—and a very good one, by the way—which tells you how to do Europe, that is, England, Scotland, Ireland, France, Belgium, Germany and Italy in four months. Such a tour must of course be a very racy one, and it can be accomplished by a single man at an outlay of from 800 to 1200 dollars; if he is a good, generous fellow, and takes his wife with him, it will cost a little more than double, say from 2500 to 3000 dollars, that is, for travelling in first-rate style. Now what is the result of this race through Europe? Why, our traveller friend is able to say, with his hand on his heart, that he has been in Dublin, Cork, Edinboro', Glasgow, London, Paris, Brussels, Amsterdam, Rotterdam, Geneva, Rome, etc.; but how much has he really seen of those celebrated cities? You might as well expect a man who has been looking through a rapidly-revolving kaleidoscope for half an hour to have a distant recollection of all the brilliant combinations and figures of that curious instrument. In his memory all sort of scenes must be jumbled together, like toys in a child's play-room, and he must find it very difficult to locate properly even such bulky objects as churches, galleries and statues.

We have a great mind to write a hand-book of Europe for "fireside" travellers, forlorn members of the Can't-get-away Club. Accompanying the book should be a fine stereoscopic instrument, with four or five dozen slides. These wonderful stereoscopic views of European scenes, calmly and deliberately studied, actually give the observer a clearer notion of the scenes depicted than can be obtained by the hasty traveller who casts a hurried glance at them under unfavorable circumstances. He may be in a haste to catch a certain railroad train or a certain steamer, or in a worry about his baggage or passport, or thinking about the failure of a rascally banker with whom his funds were lodged; but no such annoyances disturb the equanimity of our tarry-at-

home traveller. Look at these pyramids and Sphinxes, the wonders of the Nile-land. The marvellous picture before you was painted by rays reflected from the very stones themselves. They must be correct, for Nature herself was the artist. Lo! the majestic dome of St. Peters! the cathedral of Notre Dame! the icy summit of Mt. Blanc! the "castled crags of Drachenfels!" Killarney, London, Paris! Two centuries ago, had photography been known, the operator would have been roasted at the stake for practising the black art. Really, what with books and stereoscopes, an idle or a poor man need not go to Europe to learn as much as he need to know about the old world.

What an economy of time and money! What an avoidance of seasickness, of the smell of oil and smoke, and bilge-water that adds to the nausea of the ocean-crossing voyager! Your fireside traveller needs no passport, no letters of introduction, no letters of credit. When he is tired of sight-seeing, he shuts up his box and returns to his normal condition. He can go from Venice to Amsterdam, from Syria to Scotland in the twinkling of an eye.

We do not profess to have originated the idea, however. Many books of travel have been written by persons who never left their native land. This is one of the tricks of the book-making trade, well understood by Grub-Street hacks. But waiving originality, we claim that our views are entitled to respectful consideration, as the diplomatists say.

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**PRIZE-FIGHTING.**—The New Hampshire legislature has passed a very severe law for the prevention of prize-fighting. The Granite State will henceforth be studiously avoided by the fancy.

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**A QUERY.**—Throw a piece of meat among bears, and a purse of gold among men, and which will behave most outrageously—the men or the beasts?

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**THE BEST LEGACY.**—No man can leave a better legacy to the world than a well-educated family.

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**THAT'S SO.**—The right thing in the wrong place is a love-letter written on a mourning sheet.

## THE FIRST STEAMBOAT.

So many steamboats now navigate our rivers, lakes and oceans, that it seems hard to realize there were none in the United States sixty years ago. When Robert Fulton built his first steamboat for the Hudson River, scarcely anybody thought it would move. The Commercial Bulletin tells a good story from the lips of an old captain at South Boston, who met this steamer as it was going down the river :

"Captain H—, at the time we speak of, commanded a sloop which plied as a regular packet between Boston and Albany. Besides himself there were the mate, two hands, and the cabin boy. The sloop was bound from Boston to Albany with a cargo of notions, and when about half way between New York and Albany the wind came round ahead, and the sloop was obliged to anchor, and all hands turned in to enjoy themselves in the cabin, hoping that with the turn of the tide there would come a change of wind. At about nine o'clock the captain sent the cabin boy on deck to get some water. He had hardly got upon the deck before he returned dashing down the companion-way head foremost, with terror depicted on his countenance. The captain hailed him in a rough voice to know what was the matter. As soon as the boy could sufficiently recover from his fright, he exclaimed :

" 'We are lost! we are lost! The evil one is coming for us!'

"No persuasion or threat could induce the boy to return on deck. The captain then sent one of the hands, but he returned more precipitately than the boy, and confirmed his opinion. The other man was sent, but with no better success. The mate, though he trembled in every joint, felt that the dignity of the profession must be maintained; and he followed up the companion-way; but after a pause of a minute or two, came down, and in solemn tones declared his belief that Beelzebub was let loose, and that their time had come. It was now the time for Captain H—; all hands looking to him as a kind of natural protector. So assuming a courage he by no means felt, he proceeded on deck, all hands following him; and sure enough, to use his own expression, 'there was a sight which made my blood curdle, and my hair stand on end.' Far away in the blackness of the night they saw a huge body coming down upon them, against wind and tide, vomiting out flame and smoke; they could hear the chains clank, and by the light of the furnace they could discern four men, begrimed with smoke, feeding the fire. It was terrible! On she came, puffing and blowing; the sound of the clanking chains was nearer and nearer. In the

agony of despair all hands fell to praying and confessing their sins. Still on she came; when, O, horrors! they feel the heat and smell the smoke! but she swiftly glided by them, and left them unharmed! They rose from their knees in mute astonishment. The tide and wind soon changed, and they weighed anchor and proceeded to Albany, fully convinced they had seen the arch enemy."

## LONDON UNDERGROUND RAILWAY.

The London Illustrated News lately gave a description of the tunnel now being built under the streets of London, for the purpose of connecting the city with the series of railways at the north of the Thames. To have a railway after the American fashion, passing through a densely populous district, and crossing on a level and over crowded thoroughfares, was considered out of the question. Therefore, the plan was resorted to of avoiding the surface altogether, leaving that to the ordinary local traffic and travel, and going entirely under the city with all the passenger and freight trains. The tunnel was constructed by making an open cut from the surface of the street down the distance required, building the archway, and then replacing the surface—a cheaper mode than tunnelling. The work is now in progress, the company engaged in it having a capital of four millions two hundred and fifty thousand dollars. To avoid annoyance from smoke or the combustion of fuel in the tunnel, the traffic is to be worked by light locomotives of a novel and ingenious construction. They have no fire-box, but will be charged with hot water and steam at a certain pressure, to be supplied by fixed boilers, at the termini, and will be furnished with a large heater to assist in maintaining the required temperature. It is believed that each locomotive can be supplied with power sufficient to run the whole tunnel distance. The tunnel is expected to be finished and in working order by 1862.

## THE NEW YORK SEVENTH REGIMENT.—

At the last inspection, this splendid regiment had 910 men under arms. Their expenses last year were \$56,000.

PATENTS.—About one hundred and twenty new patents, it is said, are issued every week from the patent-office in Washington.

THE COST OF SMOKE.—In one city alone, New York, cigar smoke costs over five million dollars a year—nearly as much as the bread eaten.



## ENGLISH YACHTS.

The universal interest just now felt in yachting, in this country, induces us to suppose that a few facts we have compiled in reference to aquatic sports on the other side of the water, may be acceptable to our readers. The British yacht-clubs include in their fleets cutters, schooners, brigs, sloops, luggers and yawls—even steamers. There are yachts on the Clyde and Mersey barely exceeding two tons each, while the "Brilliant" yacht, belonging to the commodore of the Victoria yacht-club, is of 480 tons. There are no fewer than twelve hundred yachts in the British seas and rivers. Many of them are of iron.

So far as a cruise is concerned, each yacht is a little commonwealth in itself, independent of all other yachts; but for the sake of regattas and racings, of certain privileges, and of general sociability, they are grouped into fleets, each belonging to a distinct club. The crack club of the whole is the Royal Yacht Squadron, whose head-quarters are at Cowes, in the Isle of Wight, with the Earl of Wilton for its commodore or chief yachtsman. There are a score of other large yacht-clubs and many more small ones; and as there are twelve hundred yachts now on the British list, a little school-boy arithmetic will lead us to the conclusion that the average number of yachts belonging to the former class, is about sixty—twenty fleets of sixty strong each. Nominally, but not really, this number is increased; for some of the yachts belong to two or more clubs. The clubs themselves are very like other clubs; the members are balloted for, and, if admitted, pay a certain admission fee, and a certain annual subscription. The admission fee varies from one guinea to fifteen guineas in different clubs, and the subscription fee from one guinea to eight guineas a year—the aristocratic "Royal Squadron" of Cowes being the most costly of all. About one-half of the clubs have club-houses, buildings owned or rented by them for holding their meetings; the others meet at hotels or other places, with the secretary's residence as a sort of official place of reference.

Some of the yachts make long voyages. We read of Lord Byron's yacht *Mazeppa*, a daring felucca-rigged thing of about a hundred and fifty tons, in which he went to Corsica and Sardinia; of Sir John Ross's tiny cutter of seven tons, in which, with only a boy to help him, he once came from Stockholm to England; of American cutters from twenty to forty tons each, which have more than once crossed the broad Atlantic; of the *Teazer*, of fourteen tons, which

went from England to Jamaica and back in 1852; and of many similar exploits. Then there have been many yacht-voyages which have been made the subject of volumes of peculiar interest. The *Nancy Dawson* penetrated through Behring's Strait into the Arctic Sea, and rendered aid to some of our navigators who were in search of Sir John Franklin. The yacht-voyage of the *Maria* to *Faroe* was full of interest; and still more so was Lord Dufferin's voyage in the *Foam*. The *Allen Gardiner*, a yacht built for one of the missionary societies, was placed, in 1857, under the command of Mr. Snow, who had previously distinguished himself in the Arctic regions; and in it he made a two years' cruise in the seas around Patagonia, Terra del Fuego, and the Auckland Islands. The late Robert Stephenson made many long voyages in his pet yacht *Titania*; and he lent it, together with its crew of sixteen men, to Professor Piazzi Smyth, for his remarkable voyage to *Teneriffe* for astronomical purposes. In order to facilitate the movements of these cruising yachts, a few privileges have been awarded by foreign governments to yachtsmen. An immense amount of money is expended in the building and sailing of these yachts.

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**DISBELIEVING A LAWYER.**—"May it please your honor," said a lawyer, addressing one of the city judges, "I brought the prisoner from jail on a *habeas corpus*." "Well," said a fellow in an undertone, who stood in the rear of the court, "these lawyers will say anything; I saw the man get out of a cab at the court door."

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**MILLINERS.**—Do the admirers of pretty milliners know why they are called so? Not one in a million. The name comes from Milan, the city from which Milan-ary goods were first imported into England.

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**CHANGEABLE.**—The *Webster Times* says a widow has just moved from that town who has, during her experience in housekeeping, removed from one locality to another twenty-four times.

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**AN EXCEPTION TO A RULE.**—Whenever a man exclaims that all mankind are villains, be assured that he contemplates an instant offer of himself as an exception.

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**A FOURTH OF JULY TOAST.**—Woman—To her virtue, we give our love; to her beauty, our admiration; and to her hoops, we give—way.

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**A NECESSITY.**—A man is obliged to keep his word, when nobody will take it.

**WITCHCRAFT.**

If we scan the history of the past, we must admit that the delusions of witchcraft were the most terrible in their results of any of those widespread errors which crazed the world in days of old. The fear of witchcraft was upon all classes; the wisest and best of men were carried away by the prevailing delusion, as well as the vulgar and the vicious. The charge of witchcraft was made with ease, but repelled with the utmost difficulty. The frenzy was so powerful, that people were known not only to admit, but to accuse themselves of the crime, and to die on a plea of guilty to a ridiculous and impossible offence!

From the earliest ages a dread of witchcraft haunted the human mind, and the popular superstition was frequently employed for the gratification of private vengeance, innocent persons being tortured and executed on the charge. At different periods a wholesale attack was made against witches—a crusade headed by witch-finders, and armed with the full powers of civil and ecclesiastical law. Charlemagne gave orders that all necromancers, astrologers and witches should be driven from his empire, and the exercise of every sort of magic was forbidden, on pain of death. Special exertions were used to hunt out all those to whom the slightest suspicion attached, but it was left for more recent times to carry out thoroughly the cruelty and injustice of these inquiries. In England, during the times of the Tudors and Stuarts, especially the latter—for James I. was wofully afraid of witches—the severest penalties were inflicted on those suspected of dealing in the Black Art. Sworn tormentors, known as witch-finders, were empowered to inquire into every alleged case, and to make journeys, like judges on circuit, through the country, holding in every town or village, if they pleased, their court of ordeal. The aged or afflicted were generally the objects of suspicion. Charged with blighting the corn, with bringing an epidemic among the cattle, with causing epileptic fits or the falling sickness, with being in league with Satan, with changing their form at pleasure, with keeping witches' Sabbaths—what reply could they make? Denial was useless, and they were expected to convict themselves. Every witch was supposed to bear a Satanic mark on some part of her person, and the method adopted to find this mark—which was supposed to be incapable of pain—was to stick sharp pins and needles into her flesh; if her sufferings were acute, it was regarded as a favorable sign, but the torture was generally continued till the miserable sufferer lost consciousness, or pleaded

guilty to the charge. The stake or the gallows were the penalties of conviction, but many wretched beings sought this as a happy deliverance from the tortures inflicted by the witch-finders. The laws of England, which were so severely directed against witchcraft, were adopted in the American colonies, and in 1645 the mania commenced, and several persons were tried for this supposed crime.

**A BOA CONSTRICTOR FIGHT.**

Two large rock boa constrictors, belonging to Wombwell's collection—at present at Plymouth, England—were, during the hours of exhibition, placed in a glass case for the purpose of being fed. A rabbit was put into the case, and one of the boas immediately made for the prey. The rabbit, however, eluded the fangs of its enemy by a sudden jump, and the enormous snake, instead of dealing its deadly blow on the poor rabbit, fastened on the other boa, which, finding itself assaulted, immediately assumed the defensive in the most determined manner. Boa number two struck boa number one, by which it had been assaulted, with its frightful fangs. The struggle was now fiercely maintained on both sides. The two monsters writhed and struggled in one another's grasp, and both seemed intent on pressing by its constructive coil the life out of his opponent. This struggle was at last terminated by the keepers, with the assistance of several gentlemen, but not before one of the combatants was so seriously wounded, that fears are entertained that the consequences may prove fatal.

**UNEXPECTED QUARTER.**—A young gentleman from the "rural districts" lately advertised for a wife through the papers, and got answers from eighteen husbands stating that he could have theirs.

**WOMAN.**—A Hindoo female recently said to a Christian lady: "Really, your Bible must have been written by a woman, it contains so many kind things about us. Our Shasters say nothing but what is hard and cruel of us."

**ACID FOOD.**—Acids in summer are important in promoting the separation of bile from the blood. Hence the craving for currants, and other fruits, is natural.

**PLAGIARISM.**—An English clergyman at Holloway, England, has been detected in preaching the sermons of Rev. Dr. Bushnell, of Hartford, from the published volumes in this country.

## A HIGHWAY ADVENTURE.

We had thought that the days of highwaymen, or, in classic Romany, "high tobymen," were passed and gone, like the days of chivalry which Edmund Burke lamented in melodious phrase, that Paul Cliffords existed only in the realms of fiction, and that the type of Claude Duval was utterly extinct. But a recent occurrence in California, not only revives all our reminiscences of the road in its palmy state, but furnishes a scene equal to any in the records of romantic rascality. We allude to the robbery of the money of Wells, Fargo & Co., some weeks ago, near Chico, Butte county.

Fancy the stage with five inside passengers, descending into a gulch, or canon. The driver is called upon to halt, and pulls up his team, thinking that some wagon has got stuck in the mud, and there is imminent danger of collision. But he is soon undeceived, for his eyes light on several men, masked, one of whom is levelling a double-barrelled gun. Another, masked and armed also, springs on the box.

"Throw down your reins," said he.

The driver obeyed.

"Give up your arms," said the robber to the express agent.

There was nothing to be done but to obey. The man handed his pistol to the robber.

"What!" cried the robber chief, reproachfully, as he looked at it, "cocked? O, Charley, there would have been sad work, if you had fired."

"Gentlemen," said he, to the passengers, putting his head inside the coach, "I intend you no harm, either in person or property, provided you make no resistance. Hold up your hands, to let me see whether you are armed."

Five pair of hands were instantly raised.

"Good," said the robber.

"Look here, stranger said one of the passengers, "just be good enough to ask your friend there to raise his piece, the barrel is on a level with our heads, and an awkward accident might happen—a nervous twitch of his forefinger, and—"

"Say no more," said the robber. "Present arms!"

And the double-barrelled gun of the rascal on the ground was brought to a poise.

"Now for the money-box," said the robber, and selecting it from the baggage he lifted it down to the roadside. Picking up a rock, he was about to smash the lid, when he suddenly paused.

"It would be a shame to destroy the company's property so," he muttered, "Charley, let's have the key."

"This is too bad," said "Charley," as he gave the robber the key.

"Not at all, my good fellow. You are doing a business on half a million of dollars capital, with enormous profits. You can't feel the loss of the fifteen thousand dollars in this box, while it will be a fortune to my 'boys.'"

With these words he unlocked the chest, and the contents soon found their way into the pockets of himself and his associate scoundrels. This done, he relocked the box, and tossed it back on the stage.

"Gentlemen," said he, as he mounted his horse, "you may now continue your journey, as soon as you are ready. (He had previously, we forgot to say, unharnessed the horses.) And I have the honor of wishing you a good day."

With a graceful salutation and wave of the hand, he touched his horse with his spur and disappeared, followed by his satellites. Now we call that a little bit of romance. We have given the story at second-hand, and from memory, but believe we have omitted no essential details. The second robbery of Lord Mauleverer, in Bulwer's "Paul Clifford," has nothing for this in coolness. The robber captain will doubtless perform other feats of the same description and end, like many a hero of the road by a "leap from a leafless tree."

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**THE OXYGENATED BITTERS.**—All persons in delicate health require a safe and effective tonic at this season of the year, but all those which combine in their preparation spirituous liquor should be carefully avoided. The Oxygenated Bitters are not only a mild and sure tonic, but one now universally conceded, is the remedy *par excellence* for dyspepsia, and the numerous diseases arising from a disordered state of the stomach and digestive organs, which are so generally prevalent. Prepared by S. W. Fowle & Co., Boston, and sold by druggists and agents everywhere.

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**A FRATERNAL INSULT.**—"Where shall I put this paper so as to be sure of seeing it to-morrow?" asked Mary Jones of her brother Charles. "On the looking glass, to be sure," was his very prompt reply.

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**BLONDIN.**—The "little Frenchman" now walks out on his rope at Niagara, and photographs the people who stand looking at him.

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**A CHANCE FOR BARNUM.**—A wild child is running loose somewhere in the forests of Iowa. It sleeps in the bushes and feeds on frogs.

## MEN OF BRASS.

No more fatal mistake can be committed than that of telling aspiring young men that the great secret of success in the world is to have plenty of brass; that an exterior of brass compensates for the lack of brain, and is more of a universal currency than the gold of intellect and heart. Brass goes to a certain extent; but there is a limit to its progress; gold circulates everywhere. It is the standard and measure of value. We are, of course, speaking metaphorically, and alluding to men of head and heart, and not men of money. A face of brass may impose upon the superficial for a time, and in a certain sphere, but the base quality of the metal is sure to be discovered sooner or later. The great trouble is that the man of brass imposes on himself to a much greater extent than he does on the world at large. He can never become great, because he can never learn anything. Self-sufficiency is the essence of this flaunting, self-assertion. The man of brass knows everything at the outset, or thinks he knows everything. He considers himself capable of leading an army, of building a steamship, of being president of the United States, and this without studying tactics, mechanics or politics. Sometimes he forces himself into a "bad eminence," and then his shortcomings are glaringly apparent, and he "falls like Lucifer, never to rise again;" an awful warning to the whole tribe of impostors.

Let us not be understood as condemning self-reliance, which is a very different thing from self-sufficiency. No man of capacity need despair of attaining any eminence provided he has the will to study and qualify himself for the position. But men of this stamp are not men of brass; they are modest men, sensible of what they lack, making acquisitions of knowledge by slow degrees, and at each step perceiving the many more which must be taken before arriving at the goal.

Modesty is the most marked characteristic of men of worth and genius in every time of life. It was one of the most striking features in the peerless character of Washington. Every one remembers how he found himself incapable of making a reply to the compliment paid him by the legislature of his native State. General Garibaldi, whom we need not blush to name in the same paragraph with Washington, though brave as his sword, is remarkable for his modesty. It is your heroes of melo-drama who strut and swagger, and use big words, and fulminate thundering speeches on every pretext; the heroes of real life resemble the knight of chivalry "meek in his port as any maid." We were acquainted with an officer who performed the most

signal services on our hardest-fought battle-fields, and yet who would absent himself from a public dinner when he was apprized that his bravery would be complimented. And another of our countrymen, who bore the stars and stripes into the very jaws of death, who is as much of a statesman as a soldier, is described by all his friends and acquaintances as "modest as a girl." Sir Walter Scott, one of the greatest literary men of this or any age, bore his honors meekly. We might multiply instances; but we should find it difficult to discover a single man of brass among the host of really great men, whose names adorn the muster-roll of time.

But among little men how many men of brass—small-beer politicians, rhymesters, penny-a-liners, quacks, pettifoggers, cowardly soldiers and sneaking dandies. That there are so many men of brass now-a-days only shows that there are few great men. Yet the very commonness of this brazen quality makes it cheap, and modesty actually attracts more attention, and is justly regarded as the sign of worth. So much so that some brazen varlets affect a virtue, if they have it not, and assume the guise of meekness as a passport of success. But it is as difficult for a brazen faced man to appear humble, as it is for a modest man to assume an air of effrontery, and he is forced to admit in the end that "honesty is the best policy."

WHAT BOSTON HAS DONE.—During the past fifteen years, the following sums have been contributed to charitable objects by the citizens of Boston: For religious objects, \$1,220,726 71; charitable objects, 1,482,726 43; purposes of education, \$2,055,709 46; monuments and statues, \$168,784 50. Miscellaneous—such as the contributions to Ireland, Fayal, etc., during famine—\$212,086 83; making a total, for the fifteen years, of \$5,140,033 93.

ABSURD.—Louis Napoleon's idea of burying the Bonapartes beside the bones of the old kings of France, in St. Denis. The Bourbons and their victors should not rest in the same grave.

ILLINOIS.—The population of this State has more than doubled in the last ten years. This is shown by the census just taken.

GAS.—Nearly every town of any considerable population in New England, will soon be lighted by gas.

CHEAP ENOUGH.—In Green Bay, Wisconsin, butter sells for only ten cents per pound!

## Foreign Miscellany.

The public income of Great Britain for the year ending June 30th was £71,416,000; expenditure, £70,504,000.

The London Lancet states that nervous and mental diseases have, of late years, fearfully increased in Great Britain among all classes.

The astronomer Herschell has predicted that England will this year be visited by a storm of violence unprecedented in the annals of the globe.

From 1753, the year of its foundation, to the 31st of March of the present year, the total expense of the British Museum to the nation has been £1,382,733 13s. 4d.

The English government has determined to despatch a complete set of telegraphic apparatus with wires to China, to be laid in the districts occupied by the British forces.

Sweden and Denmark, those old foes of old times, have come kindly together, and will act unitedly against any outrages the Germans may choose to attempt about the Holstein business.

The potato disease has been ravaging the fields of the entire southern coasts of Ireland. The only hope for the crop existed in the fact that the dry weather might yet preserve it from destruction.

Galignani states that at a sale of autographs on the 4th of July, a letter written, dated and signed by the hand of Mary Stuart, and addressed to her good and dear mother, Catherine de Medicis, was knocked down at 222 francs.

A letter from Gotha states that it has been decided to send an expedition to Africa, to ascertain the fate of Dr. Vovel, the traveller. Baron Steuglin, of Wurtemberg, will undertake the voyage.

Of the ravaged Syrian towns, Damascus has a population of 120,000 inhabitants, Zahleh, before it was sacked, contained 11,000 souls, Deir el Kamir, 7000 (of whom two thousand are said to have been slain), Hasbeya, 6000, and Rashaia, 2500.

The larch forests of Scotland are threatened with destruction; of twenty-eight millions of larches planted by four land owners within a century, scarcely any remain alive. The failure is important, as no other timber is so well adapted for sleepers on railways as the larch.

Prof. Owen, one of the most distinguished naturalists in Great Britain, is now engaged in delivering a course of lectures upon the *natural sciences*, before Queen Victoria, her family, and attendants. This is a noble example, and shows what kind of knowledge is considered most important at the head of the English nation.

The sale of an American library in England—that of Mr. E. A. Crowninshield—attracted great attention. Some of the prices obtained were very good. Epistola, Christoferi Columbi, consisting of four leaves, and thought to be the first printed document relative to America, £30 10s.; a collection of caricatures, £92; Caxton's Chronicle, 1480, £180; Hulsius's Collection of Early Travels to the East, 1598–1650, £33.

The Zouaves in the French army number 12,000 men, divided into three regiments.

An Irishman in Australia lately found a gold nugget weighing six hundred ounces.

Recent explorations has awakened the old interest in the sources of the Nile.

In England one person dies annually in every 45; in Russia, one in 28.

There are 20,000 Chinese coolies in Peru, and the demand continues.

The ancient copy of Virgil preserved in the Vatican at Rome is considered the finest illuminated manuscript in the world. It contains fifty paintings.

Volunteer enthusiasm has reached its climax in England, and at Hartlepool a corps of ladies is regularly drilled in light infantry tactics by a government sergeant.

One of the ordinary swans in the waters of St. James' Park, London, lately attacked an Australian black swan, and, after a quarter of an hour's fighting, killed it.

The receipts at the Paris theatres for the last three months have been over a million of dollars. The comedy of "Duke Job" has reached its 137th representation at one of them.

An old man in Sodus, New Jersey, who is owing his physician thirty dollars, and unable to pay it, has deeded to the doctor his body for dissection after his demise. The deed has been accepted, and a receipt given by the physician.

It is said on the authority of official statistics, that there are at present in Europe, 18,140 actors, 21,609 actresses, 1733 managers of theatres; and the number of persons attached in one way or another to dramatic establishments amount to 82,246.

The first public subscription concert in England was performed in Oxford, in 1665, and was attended by a great number of persons of rank and talent from every part of England. The first in London took place in 1768. Concerts soon afterwards became fashionable and frequent.

The *savans* of Paris are experimenting upon toads, which are to be enclosed in plaster of Paris for a series of years, in order to demonstrate beyond a doubt their extreme tenacity of life. Not so particularly pleasant for the toads as interesting for the *savans*.

The manufacturers of lace in France are now enjoying a remarkable season of prosperity, as there is an immense demand for the article. It is now employed on all articles of dress in Paris, and even parasols and sunshades have lace coverings.

A wealthy English girl on a visit to Paris with her mother, eloped with a most fascinating "count," who, as he was showing his bride the cathedral at Bordeaux, was recognized by the police as an escaped convict, arrested and returned to prison.

During last year, there were born in Great Britain above 2000 children a day—796,190 in the year; but death struck down above 1300 a day—503,003 in the year; thus reducing the natural increase of population to little more than 700 a day.

## Record of the Times.

A girl of 15 in Monson, Mass., has a husband 57 years of age.

Miss Dix estimates the proper subjects for lunatic asylums as 1 in 490.

The annual loss by the abrasion of coin is estimated to be 750,000 dollars.

The free use of ripe fruits not only prevents disease, but sometimes cures it.

Cincinnati has 165,000 inhabitants; St. Louis 145,000; Pittsburg 130,000 and Chicago 120,000.

Memphis, Tennessee, is probably growing more rapidly than any other western city.

It is estimated that 24,000,000 gallons of burning fluid and 6,000,000 gallons camphene are annually consumed in the United States.

Out of one family in Walworth county, Wis., within a few years, four of the brothers and two of the sisters have committed suicide.

The fish in Winnebago Lake are dying in great numbers. The shores in the vicinity of Neenah and Menasha are covered with them.

Two girls, cousins, aged 15 and 16, hung themselves in Jackson county, Iowa, recently, on account of loving the same man.

The graduates of our New England colleges are gaining a wide reputation for their excellent orations.

Of all the substances known, silver is the best conductor of electricity, and the diamond is the best insulated. Silver is also the best conductor of heat.

The famous "Dighton Rock," known far and wide for its mysterious inscriptions, has recently been sold to the Royal Society of North Antiquaries at Copenhagen in Denmark.

A bee tree has been found eight miles from Henderson, Texas, containing twelve feet of sealed honey-comb, weighing (after all the adjacent families had eaten thereof to their satisfaction) two hundred and sixty-seven pounds.

Such perfection has been reached in the manufacture of type that single machines will turn out from forty to sixty thousand per day, by the mere turning of a crank. The perfection of these machines is such that it is a matter of choice to run them either by hand or by steam power.

One of the oil wells at Titusville, Pa., has been discharging itself at the rate of a barrel an hour; but last week the proprietors sunk it deeper, in order to make a "pocket" for the accumulation of sand, when they struck another tremendous vein, which is now discharging at the rate of *two hundred barrels a day*. The cry is now for barrels, tubs, or anything else to put it in.

The four leading Western cities are now nearly about the same size, although ten years ago there was an extraordinary disparity between them. They now show about the following figures, as we learn from the Chicago Press and Tribune, and Pittsburg Dispatch: Cincinnati, 165,000; Pittsburg, 130,000; St. Louis, 145,000; Chicago, 120,000. These statements are not official or exact, and the estimates vary for each, but the cities all occupy about the same rank.

The State of Georgia boasts of an area of fifty-eight thousand square miles.

In childhood be modest, in youth temperate, in manhood just, in old age prudent.

Two handsome schooners have been recently built in Cleveland for parties in Boston.

The cost of constructing telegraph lines in this country is about \$62 a mile.

The web of the common spider is said to be an infallible remedy in certain fevers.

In some of the best academies of New York, military drill is used for gymnastics.

The total amount of guns now in store at the U. S. Arsenal, Springfield, is 160,000.

A steam shoe shop at Raynham Centre turns out four hundred pair of shoes a day.

The total length of the sewers in Philadelphia is estimated at 300 miles.

During the last year 659 agricultural articles were patented in this country.

Nicholas Longworth of Cincinnati is worth three millions five hundred thousand dollars.

The income of the Smithsonian Institute, at Washington, is \$38,000; expenditures, \$33,000.

The longest duration of a total eclipse of the sun is twelve minutes under the equator.

A valuable silver mine has been discovered about forty-five miles from Mound Lake in Carson Valley.

Of 1000 graduates of Middlebury College, Vermont, about one-half of those who have lived to a sufficient age have entered the ministry, and of these, thirty have been missionaries.

The number of Christians massacred in Syria, is said to reach from 7500 to 8000. One hundred and fifty-one villages have been destroyed, and sickening details of the barbarities inflicted on all ages and sexes are given.

The manufacture of heavy iron beams for buildings and other purposes, has been confined almost exclusively to this country, the iron men of Europe not being able to produce them. Large numbers are made at Philadelphia.

Danbury, the great hat-making town in Connecticut, has nearly half a million dollars invested in the hating business. The sales of hats there made amount to a million and a half of dollars, or about a dollar apiece for all the hats made. Thirteen hundred persons are employed in the work, chiefly men and boys.

Zinc nails are now extensively employed in the manufacture of boots and shoes, in place of wood or iron. It is said that zinc nails are also substituted for sewing in ladies' slippers. An iron last is employed, and the nails on being driven in, strike the last, and become headed or rivetted on the inside, thus forming a very secure fastening.

The Emperor of the French has authorized the formation of a national rifle association, like that in England. The person under whose direction it will be placed, is Jules Gerard, the famous lion-killer. It is expected that the National Guards, and such of the public as may join the association, will soon become under this training, expert sharpshooters.

## Merry-Making.

If a young lady has a *pain* in her side, can she relieve it by wearing a *sash*?

What throat is the best for a singer to reach high notes with? A *soar* throat.

We find self-made men very often, but self-unnamed ones a great deal oftener.

In China the natives call an Englishman "I say." A Yankee would be called "I guess."

Why is a ripe field of grain like a cross baby? Because both want the cradle.

How should Love come to the door? Certainly with a ring, but not without a rap.

Why should custom-house inspectors be patient waiters? Because they are *tied* waiters.

Who eat more—the black or the white people? The white; because there are more of them.

Mrs. Partington makes Shakspeare say—"Sweet are the uses of advertisements."

Among the curiosities in a late Dublin paper, are "Lines on the death of an unborn infant."

A hermit prefers always to be "left a loan," but as for us, we would rather be "left a fortune."

Why is a shop-boy who robs his master like a farmer? Because he is acquainted with *tillage*.

A great curiosity is the derrick with which the "enthusiasm of the meeting was raised to the highest pitch."

Why was Petrarch more barbarously treated by his mistress than any bard before or since his time? Because he was the poet *Laura-ate*.

We fear that some great men now lie in Westminster Abbey, who, in their lives, lied in Westminster Hall.

The transit across the English Channel is supposed to be the *sick transit* alluded to in the well-known Latin quotation.

A red-nosed gentleman asked a wit whether he believed in spirits. "Ay, sir," replied he, looking him full in the face, "I see too much evidence before me to doubt that!"

A man in Maine applied for two gallons of rum for "mechanical purposes." "For what mechanical purposes?" inquired the agent. "For raising a barn," was the reply.

A dilapidated wit observed on the morning after a debauch: "Had Leander practised swimming with half the perseverance of my head, he'd never have drowned!"

A Scotchman visiting a churchyard with a friend, pointing to a shady, quiet nook, said, "This is the spot where I intend being laid, if I'm spared."

A new mode of dispersing mobs has lately been discovered "Down East," and it is said to act "like a charm." The mode is to pass round a contribution box!

A married man, reading in the Press the other day, that there was a prospect of the plague visiting America, said, "Confound the plague! I've been living with one for ten years, and am quite used to it."

How many sleeves has a coat of arms?

Why is a fool like a needle? He has an eye, but no head.

It is proposed to bring Ireland over, as we have nearly all its population.

Unless offence is noble, why did Shakspeare say "th' offence is rank?"

Why are crows the most sensible of birds? Because they never complain without *caws*.

In southern California they bet a thousand head of cattle at once on a horae race.

Dogs are valuable to tanners on account of the immense quantity of bark they yield.

Why is John Smith like a badly-cooked buck-wheat cake? Because he isn't Brown.

Why does a sailor know there is a man in the moon? Because he has been to sea.

What would this world be without women? A perfect blank—like a sheet of paper, not even *ruled*!

Why had a man better lose his arm than a leg? Because, losing his leg he loses something "to boot."

Why are dentists naturally of a sad disposition? Because they are always looking down in the mouth!

Matrimonial history is a narrative of many words; but the story of love may be told in a few *etters*!

"Look at Plymouth Rock," said an eloquent stump orator in Mississippi, "down there in *old* Virginia, and weep!"

Wife (complainingly)—I haven't more than a third of the bed. Husband (triumphantly)—That's all the law allows you.

"How do you get that lovely perfume?" asked one young lady of another. "It's scent to me," replied the other.

Why is a certain editor of Louisville supposed not to have a thorough knowledge of his business? Because he's a *prentice*.

An Irishman once observed that mile-stones were kind enough to answer your questions without giving you the trouble to ask them.

There are two languages that are universal—the one of love and the other of money. The girls understand one, and the men the other, all the world over.

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THE DOLLAR MONTHLY and THE WELCOME GUEST are sent together for \$2.50 a year.

M. M. BALLOU, PUBLISHER,  
BOSTON.

# The Boating Experience of Tom Muggs.

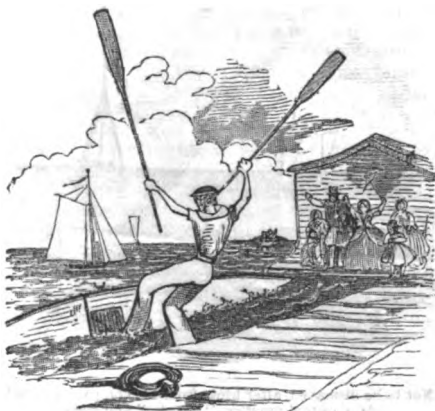
DESIGNED BY CHAMPNEY—ENGRAVED BY NICHOLS.



Young Muggs has concluded to row. Is so pleased with boating costume, he has a photograph taken in Messrs. Kilsby, Saxe & Co.'s highest style;



With which the home circle are delighted, and determine to witness his debut.



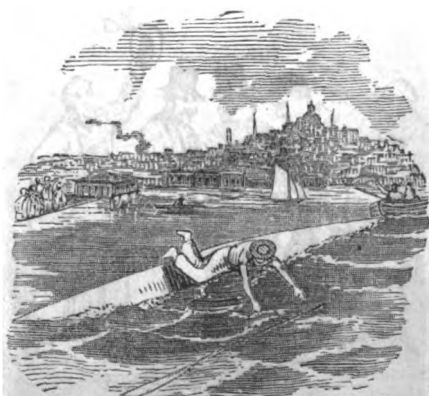
Owing to extreme lightness of shell, meets with a slight mishap.



But a friendly boatman helps him off.



Tom's friends think him suddenly taken with a fit—cries out of "police."

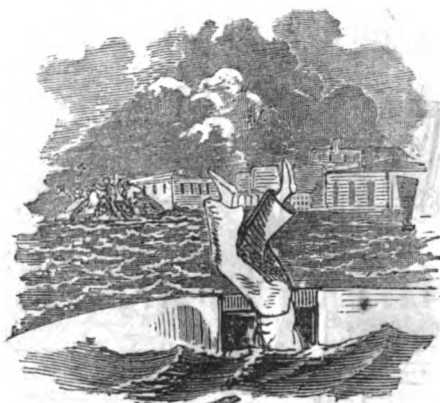


He quickly recovers, and endeavors to recover an oar—

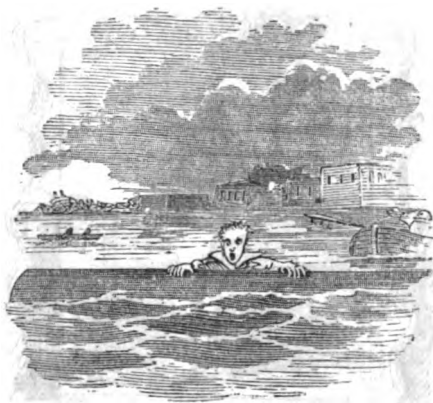


# BALLOU'S DOLLAR MONTHLY MAGAZINE.

THE CHEAPEST MAGAZINE IN THE WORLD.



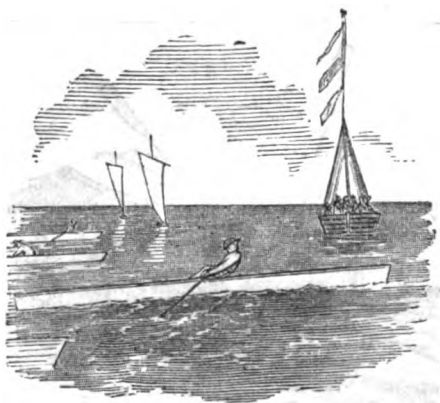
By which he goes o'er,



And compelled to remain in this unpleasant position



Until rescued and returned to his frantic family.



Not to be dismayed, after hints from his companions, and six months' practice, "goes in" and wins,



And receives the first reward.



Feeling dissatisfied with picture No. 1, the same artists "do" No. 2, whose astonishment and admiration are only equalled by his own. Vive la muscle!

# BALLOU'S DOLLAR MONTHLY MAGAZINE.

VOL. XII.—No. 5.

BOSTON, NOVEMBER, 1860.

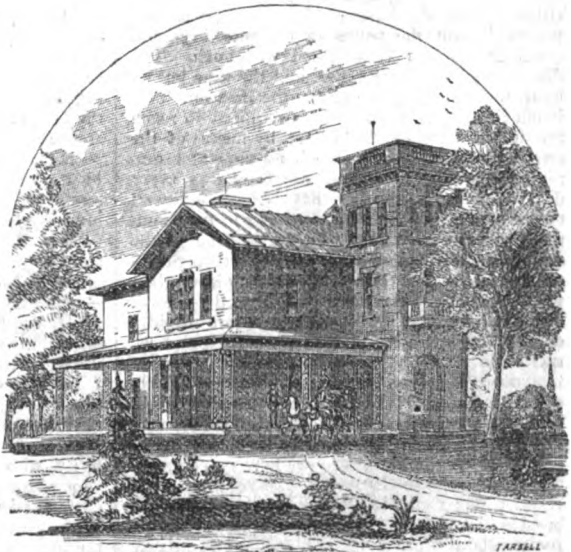
WHOLE No. 71.

## SKETCHES IN RAHWAY, NEW JERSEY.

WE have devoted, from time to time, a considerable portion of our Magazine to illustrated sketches of American towns and cities, and the favor with which these have been received has induced us to continue the series in the present number. We shall first turn our attention to Rahway, N. J. It is situated upon the Rahway River, about four miles from Staten Island Sound, and is about twenty miles from New York, by the New Jersey Railroad. The first house was erected about the year 1720, and the place was settled principally by persons from Elizabethtown. There appears to be some confusion regarding the origin of the name given to the village. On an old map published previous to the Revolution, we find it laid down as "Spank-town;" while others say that the name Rahway was derived from an Indian chief, who resided on the site occupied by the village, and whose name was Rahwack. A branch of the river divides the town into Upper and Lower Rahway; and the county line, running along that branch, places the upper portion in the new county of Union (formerly part of Essex), and the lower portion in Middlesex. Lower Rahway was settled principally by Friends, or Quakers, and was at one time called Bridgetown. We had heard that "Spanktown" was the cognomen given to the lower town, from the fact that a drunken cobbler, who quarrelled with his wife, had used a shingle as a means of corporeal punishment. To our surprise, however, in turning over the pages of Irving's "Washington," we found the map alluded to, on which the whole town is designated by that title, and the name Rahway ignored. The population of the whole town, including the suburbs of Milton, Leesville, etc., which are "part and parcel" of the whole, is somewhere about 10,000. The site of Rahway ranges from northeast to southeast, with the river running west to east, and the railroad, which runs north and south,

crosses the river, and entering Lower Rahway, leaves the upper town somewhat to the west of its track. Thus the depot is located in the lower town; and as the post-office, banks, etc., are all located here, the greater portion of the retail trade of the place concentrates in this vicinity. This gives rise to a jealousy of feeling between the two portions, which it is to be hoped the next legislature will effectually destroy by incorporating the whole into a city.

Of late years, Rahway has taken a start, which promises to place her side by side with her more populous sisters, Newark, Elizabeth and New Brunswick. The mill-dams, of which there were four in the precincts of the town, and which was supposed to be the prolific source of fever and ague, have been taken down at an expense to the tax-payers of nearly \$35,000. A company has been incorporated for the introduction of gas into the streets and dwellings, and other improvements



RESIDENCE OF J. R. SHOTWELL, ESQ., RAHWAY.



FIRST PRESBYTERIAN CHURCH, RAHWAY, N. J.

made and proposed, which will go far towards attracting the better class of the business men of New York to make their homes within her borders. Already there are large numbers of her citizens who do business in the "great emporium," and the trains in the mornings and evenings go and come filled with such. The distance is but twenty miles, and the time but an hour, including ferriage across the Hudson. This is but little more than what is required to reach the upper part of the island by means of the crowded and uncomfortable horse-cars and omnibuses; and business men are becoming every day more alive to the fact that they can enjoy all the pleasures and comforts of living in the country, free from the turmoil, dust and mud of the city, at the same time that they reach their places of business by the time they have finished their morning paper. So rapid has been the growth of the empire city, that warehouses are rapidly encroaching upon the private residences, and the merchant who builds his store upon the site of his house, is driven to find a home in the suburban towns and villages. Newark, Elizabeth, and a hundred others which we could name, have felt the influence of this exodus, and Rahway is receiving her share. There are here two Presbyterian, two Methodist, one Episcopal, one Baptist, one Catholic, and one colored church, besides Friends' meeting-houses, and an Unitarian society about organizing. Of public and private

schools there are quite a number. The "Rahway Library Association and Free Reading-Room" is an institution recently started by some of the enterprising citizens of the place.

Rahway is supported chiefly by its manufactures, the principal of which is carriage-making in all its branches. Vast numbers of carriages of every conceivable style and pattern are made here for the Southern market. A large amount of ready-made clothing also goes South from this place. There are foundries, potteries, saw and grist mills, machine shops, a factory for fulling cloth and making satinetts, etc., all of which are doing a good business, and afford employment to large numbers of the inhabitants. Abraham Clark, one of the signers of the Declaration of Independence, was born in the immediate neighborhood of Rahway, and lies buried in the cemetery of the First Presbyterian Church. A tall but plain shaft

marks the spot where rest his mortal remains. An artist correspondent of ours, writing from Rahway, in 1857, says:—"There is a ghost in every house, they say, and Rahway is not without its dark spot and blemish. I would that I could pass over the subject without mention; but feel compelled to call the attention of her citizens to the fact, that that which should prove her brightest honor, is made her lasting disgrace, for the lack of public spirit. I allude to the circumstance that one of America's noblest painters lies sepulchred in our midst, with no stone to mark his resting-place. It may be that I am oversensitive, professionally. It may be so; but I must confess that, when I was shown an humble mound in St. Paul's cemetery, without even a stake to designate it as the grave of some of the brightest hopes and the tomb of a lofty ambition—when I was told that beneath lay the remains of Henry Inman, I confess that the blood of indignation suffused my face, and words of evil import passed my lips. Not for his sake would I have the lofty marble erected. No, no; the towering shaft could add nothing to his fame—that is already world-wide, and lasting as time. But for our own honor, and for the sake of posterity, who will seek with anxious eyes for the spot where his form is enshrined, would I have it designated by an imposing monument. It will be the sorrow of a future age, and the disgrace of the present, that we knew not how to appreciate



genius such as his. The warrior, who slays his thousands, and is the cause of misery to countless myriads of the human race, is entombed beneath the magnificent architectural pile; while he, whose mission 'twas to soften the heart and enlighten the minds of his fellow-men by brilliant conceptions of the beautiful, and who faithfully performed that mission, lies buried like a dog. Alas, that it is so! I trust that our citizens may wash out this stain by a fitting monument to the memory of Henry Inman. Let them show to posterity that they knew how to appreciate him." We know not whether the wish of our artist friend has been gratified by the erection of a monument.

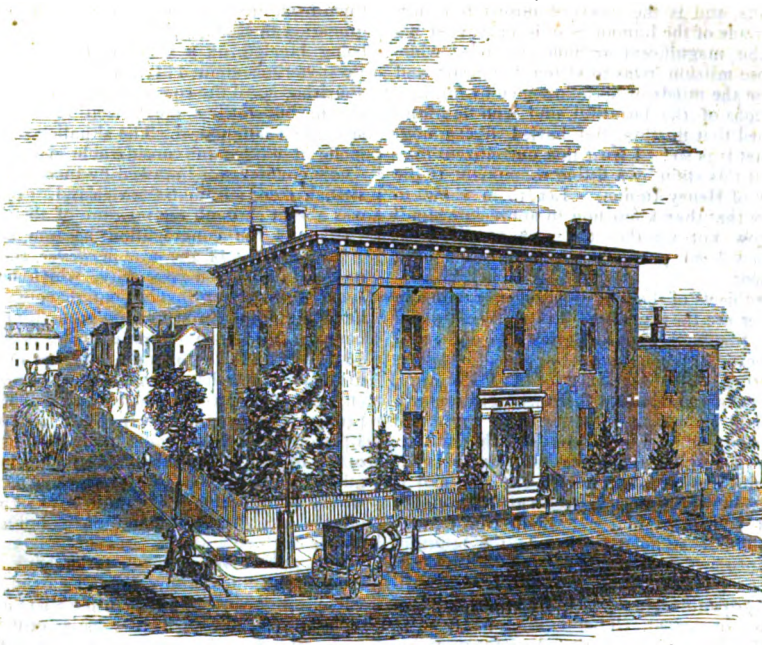
The subjects of the first and last engravings in this series are the residences of A. C. Watson and of J. R. Shotwell, Esquires, pretty specimens of the domestic architecture of the town of which we are treating. The residence of A. C. Watson, Esq., stands upon Milton Avenue, facing Fourth Street, and is encompassed by every variety of fruit and ornamental trees and shrubbery. Mr. Shotwell's residence, on the left; has been recently finished at an immense expense, and is probably one of the most complete and thoroughly finished residences in the State of New Jersey. His grounds have not yet assumed the beautiful appearance which time alone can give them, although he has devoted large sums in transplanting full grown deciduous trees for the benefit of shade and ornament. The building is of brick, stuccoed. The view of the First Presbyterian Church will be recognized at once by every citizen as well as by the casual visitor. Its spire is a landmark for miles around, and is the first,

most prominent object seen in approaching the town from any direction. This is the oldest congregation in Rahway, the first place of worship being erected by a union of Episcopalians and Presbyterians about 1742. The church grew and flourished until the commencement of the Revolution, but during the period of that severe struggle it languished. The situation of Rahway made it a post of considerable danger, as the whole country was harassed by incursions of the British troops from Staten Island. The pastor was absent through the pressure of the times for years, and the congregation became scattered. After the close of the war, however, the church resumed its wonted prosperity, which has never since departed. Several entire congregations have withdrawn from it, and yet in point of numbers it is full. The present edifice was erected in 1831, and such has been the increase in the congregation since that period, that it is proposed to enlarge it to accommodate the growth. Its present pastor is Rev. S. S. Shedden. The Episcopal Church (St. Paul's), is shown in another of our engravings. The rear view was taken for the purpose of showing the parsonage, which is opposite. The edifice is of comparatively recent erection, and the congregation a flourishing one.

We have given a view of the bank, it being among the "institutions" of Rahway, without which the town would be completely at a loss. A charter was granted by the legislature in 1828, for a capital of \$100,000, and the institution was re-chartered in 1845, with a capital increased to \$200,000. The neat and substantial building shown in the engraving serves the double purpose



EPISCOPAL CHURCH, RAHWAY, NEW JERSEY.



FARMERS' AND MECHANICS' BANK, RAHWAY, NEW JERSEY.

of a residence for the cashier and an office for banking purposes. Rahway is both a busy and a delightful place. Many of its private residences are beautiful, and the grounds about them laid out with exquisite taste. The Main street is a broad and commodious avenue, with well-built stores and houses on each side, and gives the stranger a very favorable impression of the character of the place.

#### LIVES OF RELIGIOUS REFORMERS.

No great man's biography requires so much aid from the graduated perspective and mellow shading which a distant stand-point affords the biographer, as that of a great religious reformer. None in his lifetime takes wider or stronger hold than he on the tempestuous passions of his time; none is more ardently glorified by his disciples, or more unscrupulously besmirched by his opponents; and it is not until somewhat of the harshness and exaggeration of the tumultuous elements in which he wrought as a living man has been blended and smoothed out by the creeping tide of centuries, that we can credit him with anything like his true balance of good and evil, or draw anything like a faithful outline of his moral and intellectual characteristics from the garbled portraiture handed down to us by contemporary friends or foes.—*Athenaeum*.

The ambition which aims too moderately, is quite as liable to defeat as that which aims too low. The eagle finds the sheep a better mark than he would the moth.—*Simms*.

#### THE HONEYMOON.

The origin of this word is so little known, and yet so highly and generally interesting, that we are constrained to give an account of it. It is traceable to a Teutonic origin. Among the Teutons was a favorite drink called *metheglin*. It was made of honey, and much like the present mead of the same name in European countries. The same beverage was in use among the Saxons, as well as another, *morat*, which was also made of honey, but flavored with mulberries. The honeyed drinks were used in great abundance at festivals. Among the nobility the marriage was celebrated a whole lunar month, which was called a moon, during which the festival board was well supplied with the honey drink. Hence this month of festival was called the *honah moon*, or honeymoon, which means a festival. The famous Alaric is said to have died on his wedding-night, from the effects of too much indulgence in *metheglin*.—*New York Day Book*.

#### A BUSY MAN.

The late Dr. Alexander, while pastor of a church in Charlotte county, Va., tells us the following was then his daily routine: Rise at 4, shower-bath, dress, shave, a walk or exercise in the garden, family prayers at six, breakfast quarter before 7, read Scriptures, a lesson in Hebrew, Greek Testament in course with commentaries, Old Testament with commentaries, cursory reading of Greek Testament, English Bible, preparation for sermons, theology, German; I have luncheon at 11, dinner at half-past 2; after dinner I expatiate, read everything, ride, walk, lie on the grass, etc.

### DISCOVERY OF PHOSPHORUS.

It is now nearly two centuries since Brandt, the Hamburgh alchemist, in his search for gold, accidentally discovered the elementary body phosphorus, named from its property of being luminous in the dark, from two Greek words—*phos*, light, and *phero*, I bear. Within two years of this discovery, or, in 1670, one Kraft brought a small piece of phosphorus to London, and showed it to Charles II. and his queen, the year after peace was concluded with Holland. The Hon. Robert Boyle afterwards discovered the process, which he described in the "Philosophical Transactions" for 1680, and in a small work which he published in the same year, entitled "The Aerial Noctiluca." Mr. Boyle instructed Mr. Godfrey Hankwitz, of London, how to procure phosphorus from urine, so that he was the first who made it for sale in England; and he is said to have supplied all Europe with it for many years. It continued long to be an expensive chemical; for in 1731, we find by the books of the Royal Society that for Dr. Probenias's experiments on the transmutation of phosphorus, exhibited before the Prince of Wales, the phosphorus used on the occasion, amounting to six ounces, cost ten guineas!—*Timbs's "Curiosities of Science."*

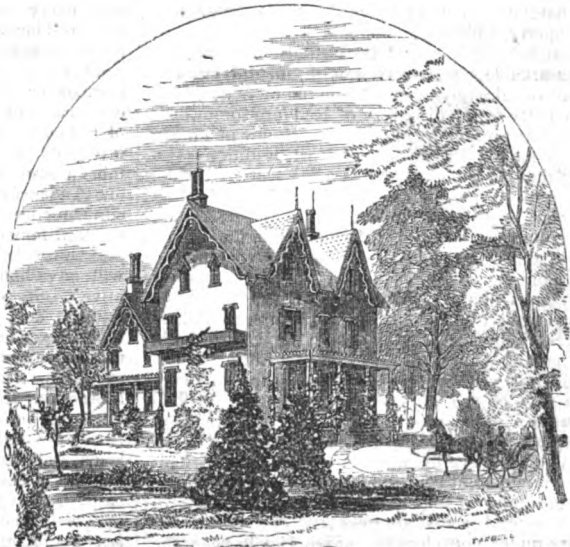
### VICTORIA BRIDGE AT MONTREAL.

The Victoria Bridge is one of the wonders of the world. It crosses the river from Point St. Charles to the south shore—a distance of two miles, less 150 feet. It is built on the tubular principle, and, while the railway trains pass through the tube, there is a balcony outside, with a footpath for passengers. The bridge consists of twenty-three spans of 242 feet each, and one in the centre of the river of 330 feet. The spans are approached on each side of the river by a causeway, each terminating in an abutment of solid masonry, 240 feet long, and 90 wide. The causeway from the north bank is 1400 feet long, that from the south bank is 700 feet. The tube is iron, 22 feet high, and 16 feet wide; at the extreme ends, 19 feet high, 16 feet wide. The contents of the masonry are three million cubic feet. This is necessary, as it is calculated that each buttress will have to bear the pressure of 70,000 tons of ice, when the winter breaks up, and large ice-fields come sweeping down the St. Lawrence, which have destroyed former bridges. The Grand Trunk Railway system now consists of a continuous line of nearly 1200 miles, between Chicago, the emporium of the West, and the Atlantic seaboard at Quebec and Portland.—*Boston Post.*

The richest endowments of the mind are temperance, prudence and fortitude. Prudence is a universal virtue, which enters into the composition of all the rest; and where she is not, fortitude loses its name and nature.

### A DEAD SHOT.

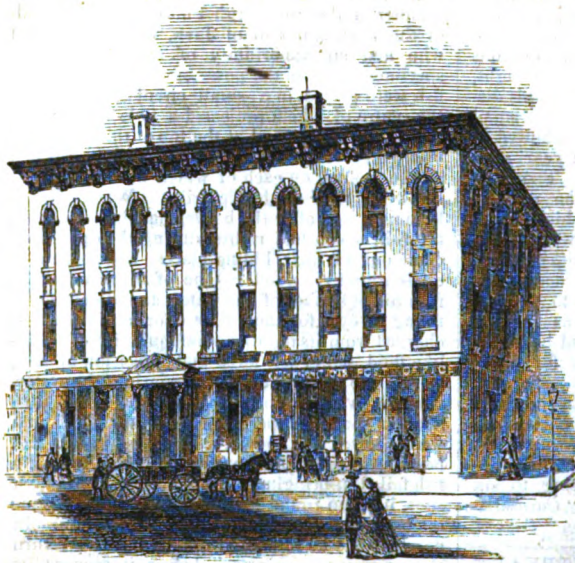
An interesting account is given in the eleventh number of the Edinburgh Philosophical Journal, of the Jaculator fish of Java, by a gentleman who had an opportunity of examining some specimens of it in the possession of a chief. The fish were placed in a small circular pond, from the centre of which projected a pole upwards of two feet in height and at the top of this pole were inserted several small pieces of wood, sharpened at the points, on each of which were transfixed some insects of the beetle tribe. When all had become quiet, after the beetles had been secured, the fish, which had retired during the operation, came out of their hiding-places, and began to circle round the pond. One of them at length rose to the surface of the water, and after steadily fixing its eyes for some time upon an insect, discharged from its mouth a small quantity of water-like fluid, with such force and precision of aim, as to drive the beetle off the twig into the water, where it was instantly swallowed. After this, another came and performed a similar feat, and was followed by the rest, till all the insects had been devoured. The writer observed, that if a fish failed in bringing down its prey at the first shot, it swam round the pond until it again came opposite the same object, and fired again. In one instance he remarked one of the fish return three times to the attack before it secured its prey; but in general they seemed to be very expert shot, bringing down the game at the very first discharge. The jaculator, in a state of nature, frequents the banks of rivers in search of food. When it spies a fly settling on the plants that grow in shallow water, it swims on to the distance of four or five feet off them, and then, with surprising dexterity, ejects from its tubular mouth a single drop of fluid, which rarely fails to strike the fly into the water, where it is immediately swallowed.—*Cuthbertson Fish and Fishing.*



RESIDENCE OF A. C. WATSON, ESQ., RAHWAY, N. J.



## SKETCHES IN DUBUQUE, IOWA.



POST-OFFICE AND ODD FELLOWS' HALL, DUBUQUE.

The city of Dubuque has become a place of so much importance within a few years, and its advantages, both natural and artificial, for becoming one of the principal cities of the United States are so great, that all our readers will probably be pleased with the series of faithful representations of some of its prominent features presented on the three pages now open before them. From the small mining hamlet of 1830, Dubuque has risen to be a city of nearly 20,000 inhabitants, owning upwards of \$10,000,000 of property, with fine public and private buildings, churches, schools, and institutions, indicating a remarkable progressive wealth, mental culture, and social enjoyment. Dubuque owes its origin as a city to the discovery of lead ore somewhere near its present locality by the squaw of an Indian named Peosta—so at least, tradition says. At that early period (1788) a few scattered white men dwelt upon the banks of the Mississippi, at intervals of several hundred miles apart. Among the first who received information of the discovery, and who availed himself of it, by commencing mining operations, was a Frenchman named Julien Dubuque. Dubuque derived his privilege from the Indians, over whom he obtained great influence, and by whom he was elected a chieftain, with the designation of "Little Night." In thirty years or so, subsequent to the discovery of lead on the Mississippi, the prestige of Dubuque's name was not lost, and the American settlers who arrived at the mines in 1830, designated the place by common consent, and without much apparent concert of action, as the Dubuque mines, and by this name the place was known for several years afterwards. The flourishing city under consideration appropriately bears the name of the most distinguished white settler. The view of the Odd Fellows' Hall, the first

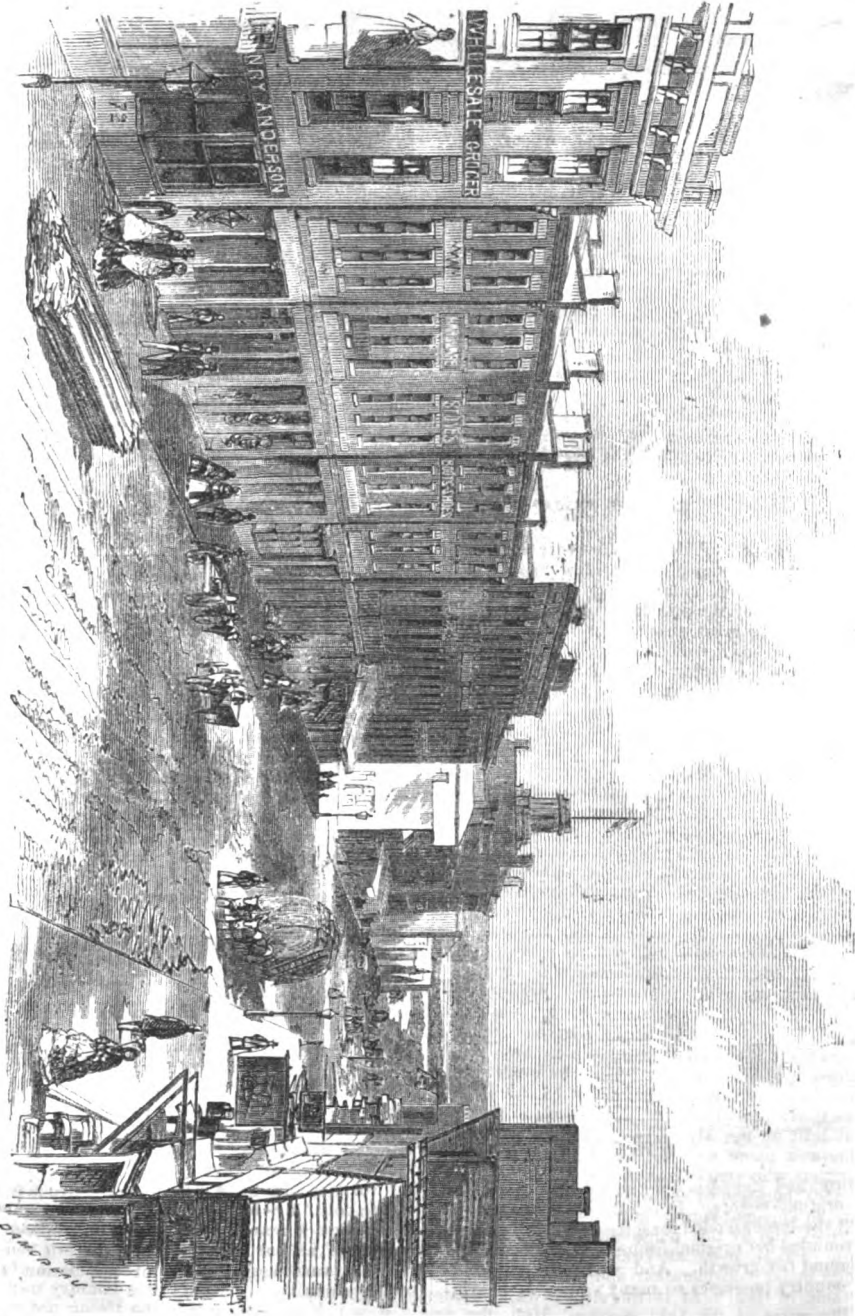
picture in our series, was drawn for us from a very beautiful daguerreotype, taken by Messrs. Frank Pickershell & Brother, superior artists and residents of Dubuque. The corner stone of this handsome hall was laid by the Grand Lodge I. O. O. F., in the month of October, 1855. The Odd Fellows' Hall Association was organized April, 1856, with a capital of \$100,000. The new hall is 110 feet in length, 96 feet in width, and three stories high above the basement. The lower story is occupied by four very handsome and commodious stores and by the post-office. The second story of the eastern half of the block is devoted to offices of various kinds, all the rooms being capacious and airy. Above these business rooms are the Odd Fellows' Hall, and Masonic Lodge Room, both of which are 30 by 50 feet, and 18 feet in height, in every way well adapted for the purposes to which they are devoted. The second story of the western half of the block has been fitted up in a magnificent style for theatrical

purposes, known as the People's Theatre. The stage is 64 feet wide and 40 deep, and the entire length of the theatre, 96 feet by 64, and 35 in height, with two tiers of boxes. The auditorium is fitted up with all the modern improvements. The two views of Main Street will give our readers a correct idea of the architecture as well as of the character and business movement of Dubuque. Our artist has faithfully copied the minutiae of the locality, showing the signs of the stores, and every particular of graphic detail. In the "up town" view, the building in the distance, surmounted by a flag, is a new hotel, which has been fitted up in the completest and costliest manner, rivalling similar establishments in the older cities of the east. The northern portion of the city, including the suburbs, has been rapidly built upon for several years past, and contains a large number of very desirable situations for residences. No stranger, visiting Dubuque either for pleasure or business, should fail to visit the lead mines. The mines are supposed to be inexhaustible, and when speculation in real estate will have come down to the ordinary remunerative profits yielded by other branches of industry, the lead mines will be resorted to as an unfailing source of profit. Dubuque needs but capital properly invested in industrial pursuits to make her a great city. Her situation on the Mississippi River, navigable for large steamboats during at least seven months of the year, gives her commercial access to St. Louis and New Orleans, and furnishes her merchants with a great channel of trade to supply the river counties of Northern Iowa, Wisconsin and Minnesota with the products of the South and her own and eastern manufactures. Her position as a railroad city will give her control of a country trade possessed by no other city in the Union, not even by

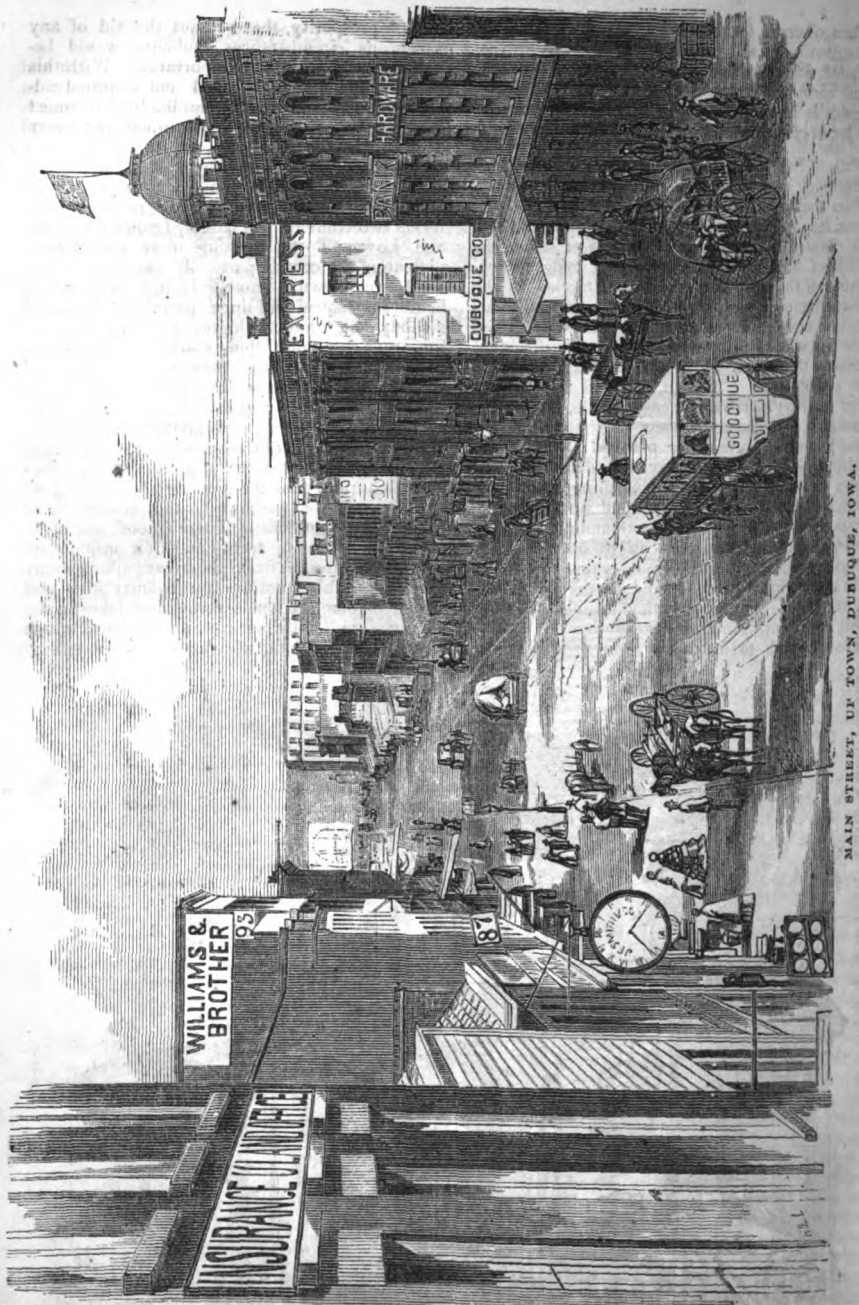
Chicago herself, for there is no such back country contributing to the prosperity of any city in the United States as that which extends westward and northward from Dubuque. Her mineral wealth is inestimably valuable, and this alone is to her so reliable a source of profit, so certain a

basis of prosperity, that without the aid of any extraneous circumstances Dubuque would become a city of no mean importance. With this resource, added to her natural and acquired advantages, what is Dubuque not likely to become! Progress has made its mark upon her every

MAIN STREET, DOWN TOWN, DUBUQUE, IOWA.







MAIN STREET, UP TOWN, DUBUQUE, IOWA.

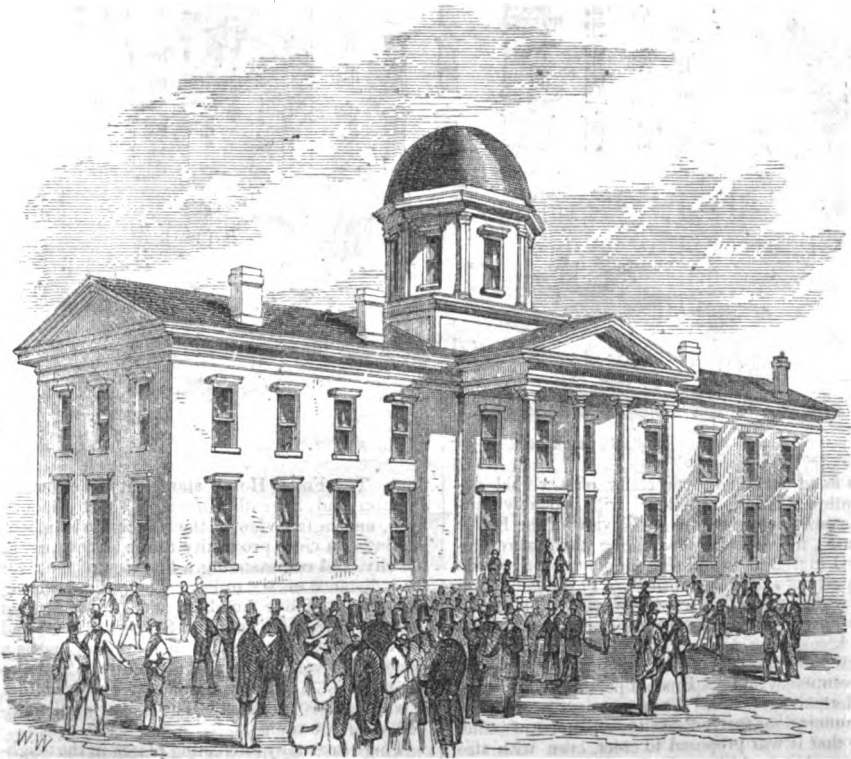
feature, and time has only added new charms to her original beauty. From the small hamlet of 1833 she has extended for miles; the bluffs which surrounded her original limits have not been able to bound her growth. And while the surrounding country possesses so many scenes of charm-

ing variety, and there are so many avenues of wealth opening for the enterprising, this city cannot but be a nucleus of power and influence. And so of all our western cities, the late census showing vast aggregations of population and social power.

SKETCHES IN ST. PAUL, MINNESOTA.

We present herewith a series of fine views drawn expressly for us, illustrating the flourishing city of St. Paul, the capital of Minnesota. St. Paul is pleasantly situated on the east bank of the Mississippi River, eight miles from the Falls of St. Anthony, and five miles from Fort Snelling; about two thousand and seventy miles from the mouth of the Mississippi River, and near its confluence with the Minnesota River, and is elevated about eight hundred feet above the Gulf of Mexico. It is near the geographical centre of the continent of North America, in the north temperate zone, and must eventually become a central nucleus for the business of one of the best watered, timbered, and most fertile countries on the globe. It is surrounded in the rear by a semi-circular plateau, elevated about forty feet above the town, of easy grade, and commanding a magnificent view of the river above and below. Nature never planned a spot better adapted to build up a showy and delightful display of architecture and gardening, than that natural terrace of hills. St. Paul occupies perhaps the most eligible and commanding, and also one of the most beautiful locations on the Upper Mississippi. Commercially, it is the key to all the vast region north of it, and, by the Minnesota River, to the immense valley drained through that important tributary to the Father of Waters. The approach to it by the river from below is

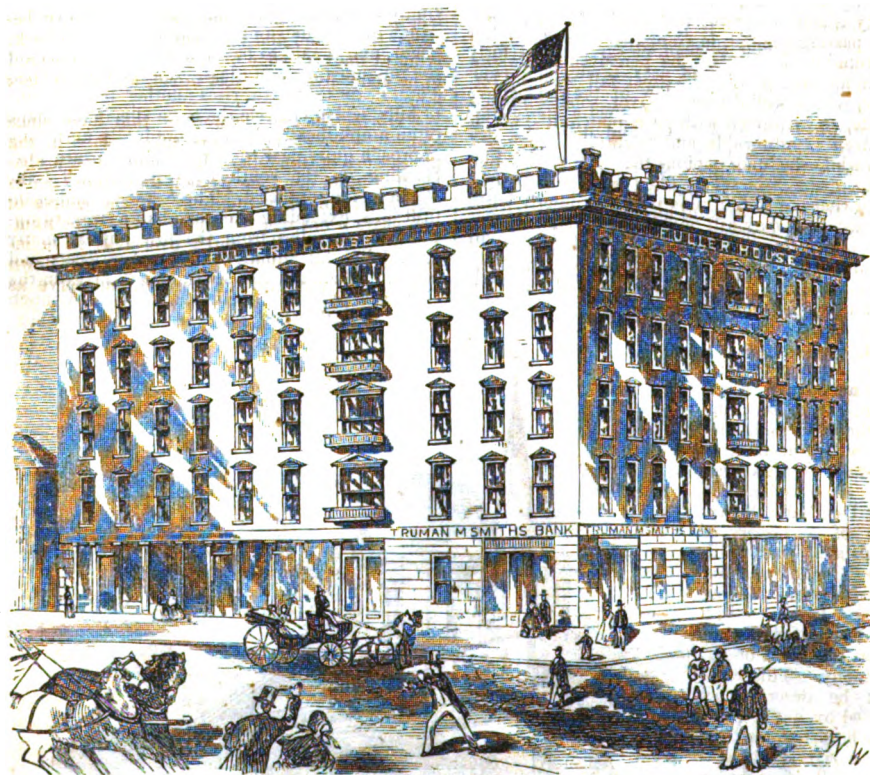
grand and imposing. The town site is high and conspicuous, being elevated from seventy to eighty feet above the water at common stages. The central part embraces an extensive level plateau, terminating along the Mississippi, in a precipitous bluff. This bluff, after running for some distance, recedes from the river on the east and west, and by assuming a gradual ascent, forms two commodious landings called the Upper and Lower Town, meeting upon the elevated plateau of the central part. The site upon which the Lower Town is mostly built, is several feet below the central and upper parts, and has quite a sandy soil, while the higher portions are on a limestone formation, lying above the sandstone. Much of the sandstone is nearly as white as loaf sugar, and is said to be of a superior quality for the manufacturing of glass. In the rear of St. Paul, or on the north, rises another bluff or line of hills, which encircle the town site, in the shape of an amphitheatre, bending gradually until they approach quite near the river again toward Fort Snelling on the southwest, and toward Lake Pepin on the southeast. These smooth and beautiful hills, extending from one-half a mile to upward of two miles from the town, afford many most delightful situations for country-seats and farms. There are also several small lakes in the vicinity supplied by springs, and situated much higher than St. Paul, which can be made to sup-



CAPITOL, ST. PAUL, MINNESOTA.

ply a large city with excellent water. Every day makes it clearer, that St. Paul is destined to more importance as a city than the most sanguine have dared to anticipate. Not only has it already become, in the few years of its existence, the emporium of trade for all that vast area of trade above it, extending from the shore of Lake Superior to the headwaters of the Missouri—a trade yet limited, to be sure, but hourly increasing, and which must soon become incalculably great. As a specimen of the church architecture, we have presented a view of the First Presbyterian Church, a very handsome structure. Another fine specimen of the architecture of St. Paul is the Capitol, the details of which are given with such minute-

in a measure, a public benefactor, and to proceed forthwith to the work of erecting a hotel building which, in regard to expense, durability, imposing appearance, comfort, and all the conveniences which go to make complete the most fashionable of modern hotels, has scarcely its equal in the Valley of the Upper Mississippi. The Fuller House has been leased to Stephen Long, Esq., who, assisted by his brother, E. H. Long, both gentlemen of experience, make it in every respect a first class hotel, vieing with the most celebrated establishments of the great cities on the Atlantic. Every comfort and elegance are provided, and the traveller here finds a most luxurious home, a hospitable table, and the best atten-



FULLER HOUSE, ST. PAUL, MINNESOTA.

ness as to obviate the necessity of a verbal description. Another picture will probably surprise our Eastern readers—the view of the Fuller House; for we fancy few among them were prepared to find an establishment of such magnitude in a city of such recent origin. This noble building was erected at a cost of \$100,000. This hotel was not erected on the usual principle of a joint stock company, but it was determined to raise a large bonus among the citizens, to be presented to competent and responsible persons who should undertake the work. There was no promise of remuneration, for years, in the character of building that it was proposed to erect, even with this bonus; but in Alpheus Fuller, Esq., the planners of the enterprise found a man willing to become,

tion. The Fuller House stands at the corner of Jackson and Seventh Streets, a short distance from, and in full view of the principal steamboat landings, in close proximity to the busiest part of the city, and commanding a fine view of the river for a distance of six miles. The main building has a front of one hundred and twenty-feet on Jackson Street, the same on Seventh Street, and is five stories in height. The main building is a quadrangle with an area in the centre. The dining-room is 70 feet by 40, and so arranged that it will seat 300 persons. The house in all, numbers over 200 rooms.

There are many interesting places in the neighborhood of St. Paul, one of the most attractive of which is the celebrated Falls of St. Anthony,

about eight miles distant. In the "Annals of the Minnesota Historical Society for 1856," we find the following interesting notice of these falls: "This fall was not named by a Jesuit, as Willard says in his History of the United States, but by a Franciscan of the Recollect order. He saw it while returning from Mille Lac, in the month of July, and named, after his patron saint, Anthony of Padua. In the last edition of his travels, the adventurous father says, 'navigation is interrupted by a fall which I called St. Anthony of Padua's, in gratitude for the favors done me by the Almighty through the intercession of that great saint, whom we had chosen patron and protector of all our enterprises. This fall is forty or fifty feet high, divided in the middle by a rocky island of pyramidal form.' As Hennepin was passing the fall, in company with a party of Dakota buffalo hunters, he perceived a Dakota up in an oak opposite the great fall weeping bitterly, with a well-dressed beaver robe, whitened inside, and trimmed with porcupine quills, which in itself is admirable and frightful. He heard him while shedding copious tears say, as he spoke to the great cataract: 'Thou who art a spirit, grant that our nation may pass her quietly without accident, may kill buffalo in abundance, conquer our enemies, and bring in slaves, some of whom we will put to death before thee; the Mes-senequz (to this day the Dakotas call the Fox Indians by this name) have killed our kindred, grant that we may avenge them.' The only other European, during the time of the French dominion, whose account of the falls is preserved, was Charleville. He told Du Pratz, the author of a history of Louisiana, that, with two Canadians and two Indians, in a birch canoe laden with goods, he proceeded as far as the Falls of St. Anthony. This cataract he describes as caused by a flat rock, which forms the bed of the river, and causing a fall of eight or ten feet. It was not far from a century after Hennepin saw the 'curling waters,' that it was gazed upon by a British subject. Jonathan Carver, a native of Connecticut, and captain of a provincial troop, was the Yankee who first looked on this valuable water-power, and began to make calculations for further settlement. His sketch of the falls was the first ever taken,

and was well engraved in London. He visited them in November, 1766, and his description of the surrounding scenery is very much the same as that given by modern writers: 'The country around is extremely beautiful. It is not an uninterrupted plain, where the eye finds no relief, but composed of many gentle ascents, which in the summer are covered with the finest verdure, and interspersed with little groves, that give a pleasing variety to the prospect. On the whole, when the falls are included, which may be seen at a distance of four miles, a more pleasing and picturesque view cannot, I believe, be found throughout the universe.' Carver, like Hennepin, speaks of a rocky island dividing the falls, and estimates its 'width about forty feet, and its length not much more, and about half way between this island and the eastern shore, is a rock, lying at the very edge of the fall, that appeared to be about five or six feet broad, and thirty feet long.'

"During the two generations that have since elapsed, some changes have taken place in the appearance of the falls. It is more than probable that in an age long passed, they were once in the vicinity of Fort Snelling. In the course of two years it has receded many feet. The number of pine logs that pitch over falls have increased the recession. As the logs float down they are driven into the fissures, and serve as



FIRST PRESBYTERIAN CHURCH, ST. PAUL, MINNESOTA.



levers, other logs and the water communicating the power, to wrench the limestone slabs from their localities. In time the falls will recede until they become nothing more than rapids. There are two islands of great beauty in the rapids above the falls. The first juts out some feet beyond the falls, and contains about fifteen acres. It is now generally known as Hennepin Island, in accordance with the following suggestion, in an address before the Historical Society of Minnesota, January 1st, 1850: 'As a town in the State of Illinois has already taken the name of Hennepin, which would have been so appropriate for the beautiful village of Saint Anthony, we take leave of the discoverer of these picturesque falls, which will always render that town attractive to the eye of the poet and capitalist, by suggesting that the island which divides the laughing water be called Hennepin.' A few yards above Hennepin is Nicollet Island, named after a distinguished man of science, who has done as much as any man in developing the resources of Minnesota. It contains about forty acres, and is one of the most delightful spots for a summer residence. About the middle of the island, 'a small bluff rises some ten or fifteen feet high,' with a slope rounded as if by the hand of art, which seems waiting for a handsome mansion. The little island once within, but now just below the falls, is called the Spirit Island. The Dakota legend saith, that in the mist of the morning, the spirit of an Indian wife, with a child clinging around her neck, is seen darting in a canoe through the spray, and that the sound of her death-song is heard moaning in the winds, and in the war of the waters."

There are two settlements here, one on the east side, named after the great cataract, and the other, Minneapolis, a thriving place, the seat of justice for the county of Hennepin, and the location of a United States land-office. Six miles from Minneapolis are the Falls of Ha-Ha, of which the authority just quoted says: "These, within a few months, have obtained a world-wide reputation, from the fact that 'a certain one of our own poets' has given the name of Minne-ha-ha to the wife of Hiawatha. Longfellow, in his vocabulary, says: 'Minne-ha-ha — Laughing water; a waterfall or a stream running into the Mississippi, between Fort Snelling and the Falls of St. Anthony.' All waterfalls in the Dakota tongue are called Ha-ha, *never* Minne-ha-ha. The 'h' has a strong guttural sound, and the word is applied because of the *curling* of the waters. The verb I-ha-ha primarily means to curl; secondarily to laugh, because of the curling motion of the mouth in laughter. The noise of Ha-ha is called by the Dakotas I-ha-ha, because of its resemblance to laughter."

Altogether the city of St. Paul is a most interesting place. In beauty of location it is scarcely surpassed, in attractiveness of surroundings it yields to none. The rapidity with which the elements of prosperity have been here developed is a guaranty of its future growth and greatness. Here are found all the comforts and luxuries of life—the interests of humanity, religion, education, are here fostered; here the press labors in its great mission, and the people, animated by a high spirit, press on to the realization of a splendid future for their beautiful city. Its prosperity and enlarged influence is a matter of certainty.



CITY HALL, ST. PAUL, MINNESOTA.

## DANISH COSTUMES.

The pictures we now publish represent some of the striking costumes of the peasants of Denmark. National costumes are always interesting, and it is much to be regretted that one consequence of the regular and rapid intercommunication between states and cities in modern times is to banish distinctive national costumes, and clothe all mankind in whatever garb the tailors and milliners of France see fit to sanc-

tion. We regret that the graceful garb of the Scottish Highlanders only survives in some of the regiments of the British army, while we are exceedingly obliged to King Otho of Greece for rendering the Albanian dress, that Lord Byron was so proud of, fashionable. Our illustrations of Danish costumes are from reliable authorities. Two of the figures wear peasants' dresses from Laso, an island situated in the Kattegat.



SUNDAY DRESS, FINIR.



EVERYDAY DRESS, LÄSO.

One is a Sunday dress, consisting of a cambric handkerchief as head-gear; a black velvet bodice, under which is a small waistcoat laced with a silver chain; the four large buttons on the bodice are also of silver—sometimes the two upper ones are even of gold. The skirt and apron are of rich brocade silk, the skirt generally of light blue, and the apron lilac, yellow or white. The other figure wears a week-day dress. The head-dress is larger, of home-made linen,

with fringe. The bodice is of blue cloth, the skirt of a green woolen stuff, made by the peasants themselves; and the apron is of gingham. The island of Kattegat is quite flat. As peculiarities may be named, every house has its own small windmill and high flag-stand, employed for signals. The houses are thatched with seaweed, from four to five feet thick; the top of the roof is flat, and is used as a look-out. The inhabitants live from fishing and shipwrecks; the

cultivation of land is not regarded, and principally attended to by the females. The third figure wears a Sunday dress from Finir, a small island in the Liim-Fjærd. The dress consists of home-made coarse cloth; the hair is worn long, but formerly the custom was to wear it much longer. The island is known in the old history of Denmark, and many fabulous tales about elves and fairies are connected with it, and still believed by the poorer classes. On the island is found an immense stone, with a hollow like an

entrance, whence the elves and fairies are said to come forth in the night. Fourthly is a bride from Fano, an island situated on the southwest coast of Jutland. Her dress is of black cloth, trimmed with gold and silver ribbons. It is remarkable that the females only on their wedding-day show their hair; it is considered a shame for a woman to show her hair to a man before or after that day; wherever they go, they always wear a tightly-bound handkerchief over their head, and even sleep with it.

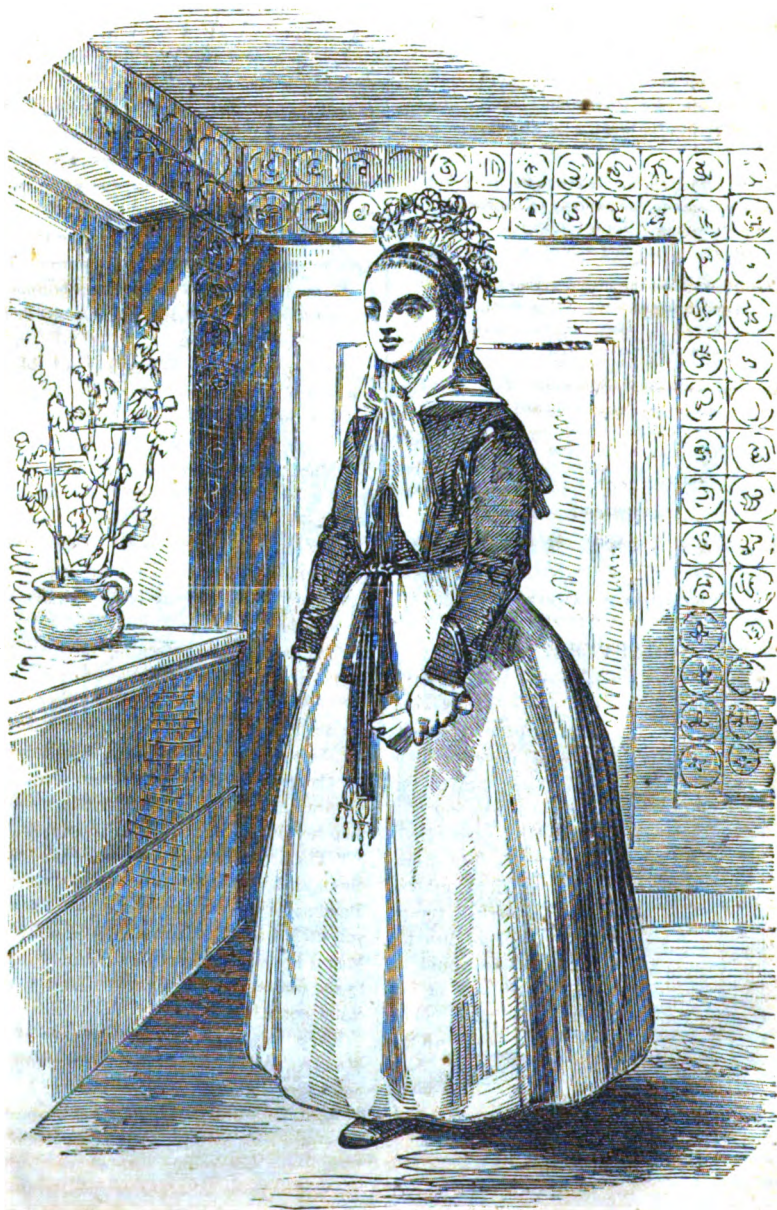


HOLIDAY DRESS, LÆSØ.



The island is flat; towards the German Ocean are the renowned sandhills (sandklitter). The peasants of the other parts of Denmark are an honest, hardy, cheerful race, with a plentiful sufficiency of Teutonic phlegm. They cling closely to old customs as well as to old costumes, and never ride in a railroad car when they can travel on a treckschuyt, or canal-boat—a covered boat, divided into two compartments. On the forward one baggage, butter, herrings and poor passengers are stowed; in the second are the

more aristocratic class who can pay more, where also are the helmsman and the pilot. At the extremity is a long rope drawn by a meagre horse carrying on his back a little fellow with a tin trumpet in the form of a hunting-horn. This simple craft makes some league and a half an hour. Denmark is full of interest to the traveller who desires to go a little out of the beaten track to see a people who, amidst the hurry of modern times, cling tenaciously to the traditions of the past.



BRIDAL DRESS, FANO.

[ORIGINAL.]

## JULIAN AND I.

BY MARY J. CROSMAN.

Mid gladness our life-path led onward,  
And none were so happy as we;  
Bright blossoms were nodding in beauty,  
And soft winds swept over the sea.

One time to our hearts came a sorrow,  
Which, thornlike, brought anguish and pain;  
But each wiped the brow of the other,  
And spake of true comfort again.

True love was the magic that lightened  
The burdens each pilgrim must bear;  
That sweetened the draught of the life-cup,  
And silvered the clouds of dull care.

But once when the glories of sunset  
Their beams on our pathway had thrown,  
"O Alice!" said he, "I must leave you  
To finish life's journey alone!"

Then thick closed the shadows around me,  
And nought could a ray of hope bring,  
Till I saw, mid the shadows of earth-land,  
The gleam of a heavenly wing.

And now, as I look o'er the river  
That borders the bright promised land,  
I fancy there waiteth to guide me  
A spotless, an unerring hand.

[ORIGINAL.]

## THE ARTIST MAIDEN.

BY GUSSEIN LAURIN.

## CHAPTER I.

IN Cordova, in the early part of the fifteenth century, in a humble cot, two happy parents were rejoicing over the advent of a little stranger. For many years of wedded life had this boon been denied. Madame Vodisco had long prayed for the "crown of woman's glory—the blessing of a child." At last her prayers had been answered, and a cherub daughter smiled upon her love. Two happy hearts were there in Cordova. Though their home was lowly, though a tyrant ruled the land, though their goods were heavily taxed, they were happy, for nowhere could be seen such a beautiful babe. Their cup of joy seemed full. Proud parents were they, when one sunny Sabbath morning they passed up the aisle of the little village church, to the baptismal font, and the father placed the smiling babe in the arms of Father Franchesco, who dedicated then and there to the service of the most high God, the little Onorata Vodisco. The child was of uncommon beauty. The seal of intellect seemed

set upon that baby brow, and the blue eyes ever wandered heavenward, as if receiving light therefrom.

Ferdinand, the only son of the haughty Lord De Castro, was a frequent visitor to the cottage of the Vodiscos, which was situated not far distant from the lofty castle of which he was sole heir. He never wearied of sounding the praises of Onorata, till at length his lady mother, out of curiosity, had ordered her coachman to set her down at the door of Carlos Vodisco. Ferdinand was delighted. Of a buoyant, loving disposition, he was ever ready for amusement, which he could never be contented to enjoy alone, and thus it was his mother must also know and love his sweet pet. Ferdinand was but six years of age, a manly little fellow, whose aristocratic features were brightened by sparkling eyes and shaded by clustering, jetty curls. The spirited horses had scarcely stopped, ere the footman had time to open the coach, the impatient lad had performed that office, and with a bounce was in the cottage, leaving Lady De Castro to find her way as best she might.

"Where's baby? Where's Ona? My mother has come to see her!" were the words which greeted the ear of Madame Vodisco, and full of confusion, she arose to receive her titled guest.

"You do me great honor, lady; please to have a seat." Saying which she wiped a chair with her apron, and passed it to Lady De Castro.

"My son is a little rude, I fear. He has insisted that I should come to see your little daughter. I cannot stay to sit. Allow me to see the wonder."

"My lady, Ona is sleeping now; if you will come this way, I can show her to you as she is."

She led the way into an adjoining room, where upon a low couch, smiling at her baby dreams, lay the tiniest, sweetest rosebud of a babe Lady De Castro thought she had ever seen. In mute admiration for a time she bent over the couch, then her delight found words to express itself.

"The little darling! precious little one! Ferdinand has not said half enough in your praise." Turning to the mother, "Do you know I envy you? I, Lady De Castro, envy you this treasure. May I hope to see it often? You will bring her to the castle, will you not? And I will sometimes come here."

Tears of gratitude filled the eyes of Madame Vodisco, as she stammered forth thanks for this condescension.

Ferdinand must needs have a look at Ona, so brushing past his mother, he imprinted a hearty kiss upon her plump little cheek. Ona's eyes opened wide at this liberty which the embryo

lord had so unceremoniously taken, and a faint cry of astonishment parted her tiny lips.

"My son, how rude! Dear little one, you are frightened, aren't you, darling?" And Ona's head was pillowed upon the folds of costly lace which covered the kind heart of Lady De Castro.

This elegantly apparelled lady, rocking that tiny babe to sleep as gently as if she were her own, humming a low, sweet melody; Ferdinand kneeling by her side, his bright face upturned; the mother standing near, with a corner of her apron to her eye, wiping the tears of joy—the curious blending in that lowly room of splendor and tidy poverty—all this formed a picture so beautiful and so strange that the eyes of Lord De Castro were dimmed with moisture, as standing in the outer room, he had been an interested spectator of the scene. He had followed his lady to the cottage, as he had business of importance to communicate to her. Ferdinand was the first on the move to discover the intruder.

"O, father, I am so glad you are come. I want you to see Ona. Come!"

"Willingly, my son."

He came and knelt on the other side of his lady, looked with eyes of love and admiration upon the babe and its aristocratic nurse. The picture had received a noble addition. Lady De Castro, seated with the babe upon her breast; Lord De Castro, gracefully kneeling on the right, his noble features all aglow with admiration; their handsome boy on the left, the midnight curls shading his face; Madame Vodiesco, with her happy face and matronly form, standing at a respectful distance; the low couch, with its snowy sheets; the open casement, through which the honeysuckle came peeping in, with its myriad blossoms, giving out delicious perfume; the morning sunlight, beautifying it all, formed a picture which the little Onorata's pencil immortalized years after, and which now hangs in the ancient castle of R——, which stands near where the Guadalquivir rushes to the embrace of the sea.

Lord and Lady De Castro never ceased to be the friends of Onorata, and valuable ones they proved to be. When, as the child grew in years, and they discovered her wonderful genius for painting, they employed for her the best masters to be found in Europe, and spared no expense to give her every advantage. At the age of sixteen, she lost both her parents by a fearful epidemic. Thus being left quite alone, her noble patrons offered her a home in the castle, where she divided her time with her masters and Ferdinand for two years. Being thus from early childhood much in each other's society, what wonder that

the two loved each other with all the strength of their natures! They dreamed of no obstacle, and thus blindly loved on. The promises of increased loveliness we have seen in their youth, were fulfilled. The young Lord Ferdinand and Signora Onorata were very beautiful.

## CHAPTER II.

ALL Cordova was alive with excitement, for in a few weeks there was to be a brilliant tournament and bullfight, under the direction of Marquis Gabrino Fandolo. It was the chief topic of conversation in castles and cottages; in doors and out, nothing was thought of but the coming festivities.

The marquis, who delighted in such sports, had made expensive preparations. On the first day there would be a tournament, in which the pride and flower of Spanish chivalry would strive to win the laurel wreath from the hands of the queen of beauty. Ferdinand was to take part, and his heart beat high, his blood flowed fiercely, as he, in imagination, should stand in the midst of that vast enclosure, sole victor of the day. Then would he take the wreath from the Countess Annie, of Saragossa, and placing it in the hands of his chosen queen of beauty, his Onorata, kneeling there, let her fair hands crown him with the wreath so fairly won.

The second day was to be the crowning feature of the festivities, the celebrated bullfight, upon which with intense interest would gaze the stalwart warrior and the tender maiden. Onorata looked forward to this day with feverish anxiety, for the Marquis Gabrino had engaged her to sketch the scene. Here would be a subject rich with incident, upon which, with all the gorgeousness of the style peculiar to herself, she could let her fancy play; now painting in fierce glow the burning eyes of the animal, then with a milder shade, the eyes of the beauties of Spain in the pavilion around.

At last the wished-for day arrived. The town was wild with excitement. From every housetop fluttered gay streamers, and across the streets were stretched fanciful arches, with patriotic mottoes, significant of the day. Young men were hurrying to and fro, with the colors of their lady-love fastened to their right arms; love charms they were to strengthen them in that day's combat.

At last the crowd had settled around a circular enclosure beneath pavilions hung with scarlet and gold. In a place commanding the best view, on a throne of crimson velvet, ornamented with gold fringe, sat Annie, Countess of Saragossa,

the maiden selected by the marquis as queen of the tournament. She was clothed in a light blue robe trimmed with ermine. Her fair neck and arms were sparkling with jewels. A tiara of diamonds rested like a glory upon her head. She was very beautiful, but a look of sadness dimmed her eye, for she had noticed with pain that the young Lord Ferdinand, whom she had long loved, had no eyes save for the artist maiden; that the fair Onorata held a place in his heart she would give the world to possess. The Marquis of Cordova, with his family, and the nobility of the country round occupied the seats on her right. The judges, who were to decide upon the affairs of the day, sat in grave silence on the left. Directly in front, in a place from whence she could sketch with the greatest advantage, with her easel before her, palette in hand, was Onorata. The fire of genius lighted her eye, as she rapidly noticed the objects of interest before her.

The heralds sounded the trumpets. A mounted horseman rode rapidly into the enclosure. He was clothed from head to heel in flexible mail, steel gauntlets upon his hands, sandals of the same material upon his feet. He carried a long spear in his right hand, and a shield upon his left arm, on which was written "Victory or Death." Firmly he sat in his saddle, gracefully he managed the powerful steel which was caparisoned like his rider in a full suit of mail. Riding once round the circle, he stopped before Annie, Countess of Saragossa, and bowed low before the queen of beauty. Then turning towards the centre, he espied a tall warrior of most perfect proportions, mounted upon a horse whose slender limbs, thin, arching neck, dilated nostrils, and quickly moving eye spoke of more speed than strength, but withal a power of endurance which might tire even the powerful charger so heavily loaded with mail. The latter knight carried no armor save a slender spear and spotless shield. He wore no coat of mail to protect his tender limbs from the assaults of his opponent, but a superb tunic of dark green velvet, bound about the waist by a heavy cord and tassels of the purest gold. From his helmet drooped to his shoulder a snowy plume. The saddle upon which he sat, was covered with crimson velvet, likewise adorned with a golden fringe and cumbersome tassels.

The horse and rider won the admiration of Onorata. Here no cumbersome mail marred the symmetry of their proportions, but free and light they stood in the full glare of the morning sun, ready to meet him of the shield entitled "Victory or Death."

The combatants exchanged salutations, then

prepared for conflict. He of the Shield bore fiercely down upon him of the White Plume, who lightly evaded the onslaught. For a while he contented himself with merely defending and evading, then gathering all the powers of his well-formed, elastic muscles, in a moment when least suspected by the Shield, he couched his lance, and rapidly rushed upon his opponent. An attack so sudden, of such a nature, from such a mere stripling, was wholly unexpected. And thus he was unhorsed. The White Plume quickly springing upon the ground, removed his visor, thus disclosing the features of Ferdinand to the gaze of the admiring crowd, and extended his ungloved hand to his fallen foe. He of the Shield rose sullen and crest-fallen, covered with dust, presenting a sorry contrast to the White Plume, and took with gauntleted hand the proffered one of his youthful conqueror, in token that he acknowledged the defeat. If he had refused thus to do, Ferdinand would have been obliged to have decided the affair by a hand-to-hand contest, in which case the one apparelled the lightest would have been likely to have been the victor. Thus Ferdinand would have stood a more than fair chance of being still the victorious party, and the shield, "Victory or Death," would have been more appropriate "Victory or Defeat."

Ferdinand, according to the custom, desired to challenge and meet any of the knights who might accept the challenge, but a wound, which in the heat of the battle he had not noticed, now commenced to bleed profusely, obliging him much against his will, to retire thus early in the day, before he had won the wreath of which he dreamed. All day the Spanish youths contended for the smiles of beauty and renown. Onorata, after the first combat, having sketched what she deemed necessary, retired to watch beside her dear Ferdinand, who was inconsolable at his misfortune.

"Onorata, mio cara, how kind in you, thus to leave the gayeties of the tournament to watch beside my couch! I was very sad till you came. O Ona, you are very, very necessary to my happiness."

"Ferdinand, could I stay away from you, knowing how great a disappointment this confinement is to you? That ugly wound, how sorry I am! Ferdinand, I was a proud maiden when the Shield went down."

"Fie, Ona, darling! proud for thy lover! Ona, I must speak with my honored parents soon, that they may consent to our union."

"I have many misgivings, lately, Ferdinand. A dark cloud seems hovering round my head. I

fear me thy noble parents will object to my plebeian birth."

"Foolish fears, my beautiful Ona. Have they ever treated you otherwise than with the utmost kindness and attention?"

"Nay, Ferdinand, but thy mother has ever kept before me the knowledge that a tacit understanding has long existed between the parents of the Countess Annie of Saragossa, and your father, that at some future time you should wed the fair Annie. I think it is the desire of your parents. And, dear Ferdinand, rather than displease my noble benefactors, I will give thee up, fly from this castle, under whose sheltering roof I have spent so many happy hours."

"Ona, darling, I do not like to hear you talk in that way. I know my parents tenderly love you, and that they cannot refuse the wish of my heart."

### CHAPTER III.

"Hark to the tramp, and the drum,  
And the mournful sound of the barbarous horn,  
And the flap of the banners, that flit as they are borne,  
And the neigh of the steed, and the multitude's hum.  
And the clash, and the shout, 'They come! they come!'"

THE next day Ferdinand was so far recovered that he was able to be present and witness the contest. As on the day previous, the splendid pavilions were filled with a gay and expectant crowd. Annie of Saragossa sat upon her throne, lovely and pensive as before, only, as if more befitting the wilder sports of the day, she had exchanged her robe of blue and ermine for one of green velvet embroidered with gold and precious stones, a suit which contrasted finely with the crimson tapestry around her. So thought the artist maiden, as she sat in dangerous proximity to the slight partition separating her from the arena.

Again the trumpets sounded. Again the heralds cried aloud, "Make ready for the combat." A deep stillness pervaded the vast assembly. Every eye was strained to catch the first glimpse of the animal so strangely admired by all classes in Spain. "They come, they come!" With a snort of rage, a bull of the largest size, sleek and smooth, gaily ornamented with tiny flags, and beautiful flowers, came bounding into the broad arena, then standing in mute astonishment, he reared his head, and looked around, first at the people, who were now shouting their loud huzzas, then at the bright tapestry of the color his lordship did so abominate. Six lads, noted for their swiftness and agility, stood in places of comparative safety, waving their banners upon the staves, on which were fastened slender spurs

with which to annoy his lordship still more, or in case he should prove too powerful for his adversary, to draw him away by turning his rage upon themselves. Amidst the blast of trumpets and the sound of martial music, Ivan, an artisan of manly proportions, mounted upon an iron gray charger of uncommon size, rode leisurely into the enclosure, and confronted the angry bull. This was a new object of interest for Jupiter, as the animal was familiarly called. A snort of derision sounded, he pawed the earth in fury, then lowering his head till the nostrils ploughed the ground, he bounded to meet Ivan, the lion-hearted. Calmly he sat in the saddle till just as all expected to see his horse tossed high in air on the horns of Jupiter, he lightly stepped aside, when the impetus carried the animal far beyond. Baffled, assailed on all sides by the pages, Jupiter was wild with rage. With rapid bounds, that made the earth to echo, he traversed the circumference of the circle.

The combat raged with redoubled fury. Ivan's horse was gored, and now he lay floundering in the sand in his death struggle. The courage of the lion-hearted was undaunted. Again and again did Jupiter assail and retreat. Alas, in his last, fair Onorata, heedless of the danger, leaning far out over the railing in her eagerness to note the dying struggles of the noble horse, caught the eye of the furious animal, who, seeing in the gentle maiden an object upon which to vent his rage, with a bound which cleared every obstacle, caught the light form of Ona upon his horns, ere Ivan could come to the rescue, and tossed her madly in the air.

"Ona, darling Ona!" shrieked Ferdinand, as heedless of his wounds, he leaped down beside the animal, and buried his sword deep in the heart of Jupiter, who sank with scarce a groan upon the ground. The wildest confusion reigned throughout the crowd. Ferdinand knelt beside the insensible maiden, took her in his arms, murmuring, "My life, my joy, come back to me, dear Ona, darling one!"

Friends crowded around. Lord De Castro chafed her hands with tender solicitude. Marquis Gabrino Fandolo, Lady De Castro, Countess Annie, all were there, sorrowing for the gifted maiden.

The scene was worthy the pencil of Angelo. In the centre of the arena, the iron gray charger, so recently full of life, lay quivering in the embrace of chilly death. Around the ground was wet with gore. Under the shadow of the throne where beauty had reigned supreme, the prostrate form of Jupiter, once so black and glossy, lay stiffened and cold, the tiny flags all soiled and

torn, the flowers blood-stained, the fierce eye dimmed with the film of death. Near, so near that her garments rested in a pool of the animal's heart's blood, reclined Ona, her glorious head supported so tenderly by the champion of yesterday's tournament, who was pale with bodily suffering, and the fear that Ona was dead. Kneeling beside was Lord De Castro, robed in an elegant uniform, the star of nobility glittering upon his breast, holding the delicate hand of the artist maiden. Marquis Gabrino supported the slender form of Lady De Castro, as faint with terror she gazed upon her foster child. All around were pitying, anxious faces.

The marquis caused the heralds to make proclamation, that the festivities were suspended for the present, and soon the pavilions were left vacant, and all of that vast crowd dispersed, save the group around the suffering maiden, who now moaned faintly, as in severe pain. Gently they bore her to the castle, where for many weeks she lay upon a couch of suffering.

#### CHAPTER IV.

"My noble lady, I have much to say to you. Art disposed to listen, Ina?"

"It is ever my greatest pleasure to listen to *mio cara sposa*."

"Ina, hast thou never dwelt upon the end of this intimacy of our son, heir to my title and estate, with fair Ona, daughter of the peasant Vodisco?"

"Ay, that I have, and with deep pain. Ona is a beautiful maiden. I love her like a daughter. From the time I first took her infant form in these arms, I have felt for her a deep interest. I would not willingly pain her."

"Nay, sweet wife, I too love the gentle maiden. I would she were in reality sister to our Ferdinand; but well as I love her, I would not see our son wedded to her for this right hand. Annie of Saragossa is every way worthy of our noble son. In her, high blood, rare beauty, great wealth are happily combined. O, 'twill be a happy day when this perplexity is overcome!"

A slight rustling of the tapestry attracted their attention, and looking up they beheld Ona, pale as death, standing before them.

"My child, this is a surprise! Seat yourself in this easy chair." Saying which, Lord De Castro gently led the maiden to the luxurious seat in which he had been seated, and carefully arranged the pillows to support her head.

A faint smile parted the thin lips of Ona, as she thanked the kindhearted lord. As soon as she had become sufficiently calm, she said:

"Dearest and best of friends, I have been an unwilling listener to your conversation about Ferdinand and myself. I sorrow that I have been the cause of pain to you who have been to me more than parents. That I love your noble son I will not deny. O, yes, I tenderly love him. On my heart is painted in indelible colors, the image of my noble lover, for, Lord and Lady De Castro, he loves me even as I do him. We have not intended to deceive, but openly, you must confess, have shown our preference for each other. Living in such an atmosphere of love, I forgot the stern realities of life, forgot that I was not nobly born as he. I see it all, now—the wide gulf between us. Kind friends, I will never see him more. He shall marry Annie, Countess of Saragossa, and his escutcheon remain untarnished. I will go to Madrid, where my pencil will support me, and in the pursuit of fame, find, at least, contentment. How could you think, for a moment, I would prove ungrateful? I could not be that."

Lady De Castro was weeping, and Lord De Castro was coughing violently. Pride struggled with affection, and at last it gained a temporary victory. Annie was a countess, Ona was a plebeian. So the countess was preferred to the maiden, whose mind was a wonderful storehouse of good and noble thoughts.

"Ona, darling, you distress me much. Stay with us, and be our own dear daughter. Love Ferdinand as a brother, that's a dear child," at length spake the lady.

"Do you think, that having loved Ferdinand since I was a child, with all the fervor of my nature, I could narrow down the broad channel of that love to a little stream of sisterly affection? Do you think I could stand by and see my Ferdinand giving the love which is now all my own, to any other than myself? Annie of Saragossa is lovely, and if I go far from here, in time, Ferdinand may think more kindly of her. Seek not to detain me. There's madness in detention. I go hence ere the morrow's sun shall have set behind the mountains in the west."

Rising, Ona pressed her lips reverently upon the brow of Lord De Castro, then winding her emaciated arms about the neck of the weeping Lady Ina, they mingled their tears in unison together. Soon, however, overmastering her emotion, she arose, and bade her foster parents a faltering adieu.

"Ona, Ona!" called the lady; but she was gone, and heard not the call.

Retiring to her room, Ona packed what few articles she thought she could carry in her hand; taking what money she had about her, she se-



creted it in the folds of her dress, being fully resolved to leave the castle that night. She had in her possession a key which would unlock the eastern gate of the courtyard, leading into the park. So at still midnight, when slumber had thrown her chains around the household, Onorata, pale and weak from recent illness, stole quietly out of the home rendered dear to her by tender recollections, stepped noiselessly over the pavements of the court, only disturbing in her way a few decayed leaves and broken twigs whose cracklings fell like the sound of artillery upon her strained ears, so nervous had she become. She opened the gate, and passed out into the dim old park, whose giant trees cast gloomy shadows all around, presenting to her feverish imagination phantoms grim and tall, goblins old and weird, which stood in grinning silence ready to clasp her in their chilly arms. A shudder thrilled her through; her strength was exhausted, and with a scream that woke the echoes all around, she fell upon the ground, damp with the dews of night.

That cry was heard by the watchful porter, who, calling his dogs, lantern in hand, sallied forth in the direction from whence the sound came. A low growl from one of the dogs drew his attention to some object upon the ground. Opening his lantern, so that the full blaze of light might render it visible, he started back with alarm, as he recognized what he thought to be the corpse of Ona. Wonder and astonishment filled his mind. How came she here? What should he do with her? The latter question he could answer, but the first was still a mystery. So taking the maiden in his arms, he bore her into his lodge, and laid her upon his own rude couch. Like a pale water lily looked Ona, as white and motionless she lay stretched upon the couch. Her golden hair rested upon the pillow like a halo of glory around her head, and the long eyelashes drooped like a silken fringe upon her marble cheek.

The porter's next thought was to arouse the household. So ringing the alarm bell loudly, he waited with impatience an answer to his summons. A sleepy footman, rubbing his eyes, soon appeared, and desired to know the cause of the uproar.

"Call your master, lazy bones!" demanded the porter.

"Eh, what?" yawned Carlos.

"Call your master!" thundered the now enraged old man.

Soon there was hurrying to and fro in the castle. In those quiet times to be aroused at that unseasonable hour was something extraor-

dinary. When Lord De Castro appeared at the porter's lodge, his looks plainly showed his inward anxiety, and hurriedly he demanded to know the cause of this disturbance.

"Indeed, my noble master, it is a strange affair. The young Signora Onorata—"

"Ona! what of her? tell me quickly."

"I fear, my lord, the beautiful signora is dead. I found —"

"Ona dead!" gasped Lord de Castro.

"Ona is not dead! Knave, it is false! Lead me to her," interposed Ferdinand, who had but just made his appearance.

"Would that it were false!" Saying which the aged porter led the way into his sleeping apartment, where they beheld the seemingly lifeless form of the artist girl.

"Blessed Virgin! how came she here?" ejaculated Lord de Castro.

Ferdinand gazed one moment upon the loved form, so beautiful in its cold rigidity, then laying his face close beside the white cheek of Ona, he murmured:

"Ona, precious Ona! my own sweet angel! my day-star! my only joy! come back to your unhappy Ferdinand! Or, if thou hast already joined thy sister angels, beseech the cruel messenger that took thee away to call thy Ferdinand, and he will gladly —"

"Ona is not dead!"

"Twas even so. Ona's eyes were opening slowly, as if the loved tones had power to recall the wandering spirit even from beyond the dark river of death.

## CHAPTER V.

"Thus lived—thus died she: nevermore on her  
Shall sorrow light, or shame. She was not made  
Through years or moons the inner weight to bear,  
Which colder hearts endure till they are laid  
By age in earth."

ANNIE, Countess of Saragossa, was dying.—Within a spacious chamber, in her old ancestral home, many leagues away from Cordova, where so lately she had reigned in all the pride of her youthful beauty, queen of the tournament, Annie was dying. Earth was losing what heaven was gaining. Costly and elegant were the surroundings in that stilly room. Her couch rested gracefully upon the backs of silver swans, around whose slender necks the white satin draperies fell in heavy folds. Curtains of the same material, lined with a pale rose tint, were looped far back by heavy cords of silver, to admit the cool night-air. Wealth cannot purchase health, neither can it happiness. The debt of nature must be paid by all, lowly or nobly born. An aged duenna wiped the death damp from the fair brow of the dying

countess, while tears filled her eyes as she thought how soon the grave would claim this flower so early blighted.

"Annie, dearest Annie, we are alone now as you have desired. I will listen to your words, darling."

"Marguerita, they say that I am dying—that ere the morning sunlight enters at the eastern window, my spirit shall have passed to the God who gave it. O, tell me, honest Marguerita, is it so?"

"Alas, my love, that it is so! I would not now deceive."

"O, 'tis hard to die, and I so young! I wonder if Ferdinand will mourn for me. O Marguerita! I love *him*." Tenderly, lingeringly she uttered that little word "*him*," yet the tone and word expressed a volume. She clasped the little crucifix more closely to her bosom, while her lips moved in prayer.

"Marguerita!"

"Here, love."

"Tell him that I prayed for him in dying—that Ona, though plebeian born, is worthy to be his bride. Give him my parting blessing."

Fainter grew the breathing, soft and low.—"Marguerita!" and the freed spirit, casting off that frail tenement of clay, soared to meet its God.

Annie, Countess of Saragossa, was an orphan of great wealth and respectability. The Marquis Gabrino Fandolo was her nearest relative, being the only brother of her departed mother. Ever of a delicate constitution, her unhappy love had probably hastened her end.

Though she could not awaken love in the heart of Ferdinand, who was of earth, earthy, the dark angel Azrael had conceived for her an all-absorbing passion. The maiden must be his, the bride of death, so he marked her for his own. One night he came and took sweet Aunie from her noble home, and in the ship Ereenia bore the gentle spirit to a fairer, nobler home in upper air.

A funeral at midnight! A procession of dark-robed men, bearing torches in their hands, followed the remains of the beautiful Countess of Saragossa to the gloomy tomb, wherein reposed so many of her ancestors. And the night-owl screeched, and the raven croaked, in unison with the hoarse chants of the priests, sounding dismally in the still night.

## CHAPTER VI.

"My lord, this is indeed sad news. Dear Annie seemed ever frail, yet I looked not for her early death."

"Very sad, my lady. I recognize in this sad event the hand of an all-wise Providence. Annie's last words, as related to us by Marguerita, seem to me a gentle reproof for our pride. Ina, I now wish to see my son united to our fair Ona-rata."

"Dear husband, you have but spoken the language of my heart. Here comes Ona. Shall we speak with her? Ona, love, we are glad to see you thus improved. And now let me chide my child for her foolish runaway. Where did my sweet Ona think to go all alone, on foot, in the dark night?"

"Nay, dear lady, do not chide me—I hardly knew myself; I thought to go to Madrid."

"Ha! ha! to Madrid! What—across to the Sierra Morena mountains, the Guadalquivir, which is now so swollen by the freshet? And then again to climb the steep Toledos, which only the antelope may expect to surmount? and yet another river—the beautiful Tagus? Did my darling expect to overcome all these difficulties on foot and alone?"

"My lord, you are pleased to jest with me. I thought not to perform the weary journey by land merely. I could have sailed down the Guadalquivir; from thence by sea to the mouth of the Tagus on the shores of Portugal, whence it would be an easy journey to Madrid."

"Little visionary! but listen, Ona, we have a boon to crave of thee."

"A boon! Speak—it shall be granted."

"We crave this little hand for our son Ferdinand in marriage."

"Have you forgotten —"

"Nay, Ona; we have not. Our pride has at last been conquered, and we now humbly ask that our foster child will be our own dear daughter. But here comes Ferdinand. He can plead more eloquently than we."

I need only say that not many moons after there were great rejoicings in Cordova, for the only son of Lord and Lady de Castro was about to espouse Onorata Vodisco, the gifted artist-maiden. In process of time Ona completed the sketches commenced at the tournament, and they now ornament the picture-gallery of the palace, now a splendid ruin, years ago occupied by the Marquis Gabrino Fandolo. She painted many pictures—some of wonderful beauty. A picture of her infancy was one of her best. It was a labor of love, so that the coloring received a deeper glow, and the figures of Lord and Lady de Castro are true to life. And thus we leave the artist-maiden, triumphing in her art, a loved and honored wife.



[ORIGINAL.]

## THERE'LL DAWN A BRIGHTER DAY.

BY WILLIE WARE.

The clouds are dark and murky  
That float above my head,  
And from my heart the sunshine  
And sweet content have fled.  
The earth looks dark and dreary,  
All, all is gloom profound;  
The autumn winds are scattering  
The withered leaves around,  
And yet I'm not despairing,  
I'll not give sorrow sway,  
For the sun will drive away the clouds—  
There'll dawn a brighter day.

'Tis vain to be repining  
And wrapt in gloom alway,  
For clouds will sometimes darken,  
And cheerless make our way,  
But then we know the sunshine  
Will come to us again:  
And it always seems the brighter  
After falling rain.  
Then let us still be hopeful,  
To sorrow ne'er give way,  
Remembering that, if cloudy,  
There'll dawn a brighter day.

[ORIGINAL.]

## THE QUEEN'S OWN.

BY MARY A. NOWELL.

"God's death! but this is a lad who will do honor to his kindred some of these days! Look up, Robert Devereux! Thy poor father who, as some say, has found his death by no fair means. Perhaps so, but it is no tale for a child's ears. In faith, boy, thou hast thy mother's beauty. No fairer maiden ever graced our court than Lettice Knollys."

The boy looked up not bashfully, but boldly, and yet with a graceful reverence in his look, as if he had been accustomed all his life to the presence chamber. His bearing was just what would be most likely to please Queen Elizabeth. Besides, she had loved his grandmother who was her own cousin—Lettice Knollys, the daughter of Anne Boleyn's sister Mary, the wife of William Cary; and from her, she had transferred her love to Lettice Knollys, the daughter of her cousin. Robert Devereux was therefore the grand-nephew of the queen.

Lettice Knollys the younger had married Walter, Earl of Essex. This lady's beauty attracted the notice of Robert Dudley, Earl of Leicester, while her husband still lived. There were dark hints of a slow poison being administered to

Essex, by the agents of Leicester. The unfortunate man died in Ireland in 1576, and before his death, he wrote to supplicate Elizabeth to take care of his beloved children.

Soon after his death, Leicester repudiated his wife, Douglas, Lady Sheffield, and privately married the widow of Essex; a marriage afterwards repeated in presence of her father, Sir Francis Knollys. Under such circumstances, it was no wonder that the little earl should become a favorite with the queen. Leicester's marriages had before offended her deeply; this one most of all. Twice, too, had Lettice Knollys committed what, to Elizabeth's mind, was almost unpardonable, viz., wedding with the flower of her own court, once with the gallant Essex, and again with him who perhaps had more deeply impressed the queen's heart than any other living man.

If ever, then, the feelings akin to maternal love animated her soul, it was when Robert Devereux came before her, worse than orphaned. She adopted him into her affections, and was true to her charge over him, except that she lavished too much upon him, inciting him to extravagance and profusion that brought him into strong disrepute. Lord Burleigh was appointed his guardian. He placed him in Trinity College, Cambridge, where he was continually surrounded by those who knew his favor with the queen, and who scrupled not to take advantage of his really generous spirit. His debts were enormous, at one time amounting to twenty-three thousand pounds.

He returned to court at the time when all Elizabeth's heart was engaged with the gallant Raleigh. He was handsome and accomplished, and had quick occasion to prove his bravery also; and even Raleigh himself was thrown into the shade by this new aspirant for favor. When Philip of Spain laid claim to the throne of England as the heir of the line of Lancaster, and Elizabeth rallied all her forces to contest her right at the cannon's mouth, she bestowed the post of captain general of the cavalry upon Essex, then scarcely more than twenty-one years of age. English bravery vanquished Spanish boasting, and when the queen made up the jewels of her brave army, she did not forget the beloved Essex. She made him Knight of the Garter and bestowed on him strong personal marks of her royal favor.

In 1589, when Don Antonio, titular king of Portugal, sailed with a gallant fleet from Plymouth to Lisbon, to demand his right upon the throne of his ancestors, many brave young Englishmen volunteered to accompany him. Among them Robert Devereux enrolled himself. Breaking away from the flower-wrought chains of courtly ease, he devoted himself to the high-

strung chivalry of the times, and saw no bar to winning the prize for the youthful Antonio.

Elizabeth was thunderstruck at his secret departure, and made haste to recall him, but too late. He had joined the fleet already, and it was far out at sea. The first man to the attack—the one too, to challenge the governor at the gates of Lisbon to single combat—was Robert Devereux. One would almost think him bound by the ties of blood to Henry VIII., instead of to his gentle and unfortunate queen.

He expected reproaches and perhaps punishment from Elizabeth, for thus deserting his office about her person, to take up service for a foreigner—but she was too happy to see him return unharmed by the pestilence which had decimated the army, taking away six thousand of the brave volunteers in this unsuccessful enterprise. In a moment of fondness, while loading him with caresses, she gave him a ring, pledging herself that, if he ever forfeited her favor, the sight of this ring sent back to her, should win pardon for his offence.

This ring was a sardonyx, with a cameo head of Elizabeth. The circlet was gold with engraved sides—the inside of blue enamel; the execution of the head was of a very high order, and the whole was a superb affair, doubtless, got up for the express purpose of presenting it to Essex. The jewel has descended in unbroken succession from the daughter of Essex, Lady Frances Devereux, for almost three centuries, until it has fallen into the possession of the present heir—Rev. Lord John Thynne—a proof of its material and its superior workmanship, as it has indisputably been worn by each successive possessor.

After this time, Elizabeth began to show that strange anomaly of her character, the strong desire of being beloved by those to whom, had she contracted matrimonial ties, she might have been grandmother. Essex had lost his character of protege, and was elevated into that of lover of the royal girl, who now began to look with eyes of ill-concealed jealousy upon the young and beautiful ladies of her court; among whom the Lady Mary Howard was the fairest and loveliest.

This damsel, full of the gaiety of youth and a certain graceful sauciness in her deportment, somewhat as might be expected in one in whose veins flowed the blood of all the Howards, frequently omitted her small duties to the queen. Elizabeth was not slow to remark every delinquency. She had once prohibited Lady Mary from wearing a costly velvet kirtle, and perhaps the affront was treasured deeply in the young

beauty's heart; for, as recorded by William Fenton, she had "refused to bear her mantle at the hour her majesty is wonted to air in the garden, and on small rebuke, did vent such unseemly answer as did breed great choler in her mistress," so that "she swore she would no more show her any countenance, but out with such ungracious, flouting wenchings."

But at the bottom of all the anger for the young lady's short-comings, there lay the bitter root of that jealousy which was engrafted deep in the nature of Elizabeth, and which the young and fair were perpetually in danger of disturbing. So cruelly did she often reproach her ladies for slight faults, that Elizabeth Fenton told her brother they would often cry aloud at her stinging words.

If Lady Mary Howard had indeed lain her young heart unasked, at the feet of Robert Devereux, it availed her nothing. His own heart worshipped at another shrine. The young and lovely daughter of Sir Francis Walsingham—the widow of the gallant Philip Sidney—loved and was beloved most truly by Essex. While the queen herself was harboring intentions towards him of a nature but little equivocal, and which did not stop short of elevation to the highest honors, Essex had already put it out of her power to fulfil them. Loyal to her, as his queen—respectful, nay, almost affectionate to her as a relation, and remembering her exceeding kindness to his boyhood, still nothing was further from his mind than the alliance she meditated. His whole soul would have revolted from it, nor could he have suffered himself to be bought, as the two French princes, Anjou and Alencon had submitted to be, by the title of king-consort. Afterwards, it is true, when the snares of the world had rubbed off the delicate bloom of generous youth, he was not so scrupulous; but now every thought was merged in the fair woman who, by giving him her hand, brought no dishonor upon the memory of her brave husband.

When the queen heard of the marriage, her rage exceeded all bounds. She refused Essex the command of the troops which she sent to Henry of Navarre, although, according to Eger-ton, he remained kneeling before her for hours, pleading to receive it. It was not until Henry himself desired her to send him with the additional force which she raised for his service, that she consented. In a letter to Henry, she begs him to see that the youth commits no rashness to peril his life—showing that she still regarded him with affection.

When Walter Devereux was killed in battle, she sent for his brother to return; but afterwards

yielded to his strong petitions to remain and sustain his reputation for bravery. When he returned, he had lost that beautiful resemblance to the dead husband of Lady Essex which had won her affection; and his heart was divided between her and court honors which only a semblance of devotion to the queen could obtain for him. And Elizabeth, grateful for not being annoyed by the praises of the neglected wife from her husband's lips, gave herself to the pleasing delusion that, notwithstanding her threescore years, she had made an impression on the young and handsome object of her affection. Like Leicester, who had been the fountain head for all favor and preferment, in his day of rule, Essex was continually besieged by place-seekers. As far as Elizabeth could give up to any one in court matters, she deferred to Essex.

Perhaps her love for him was never more conspicuous than when, after repeated attempts on the part of Essex to re-establish his mother in her good graces, she at length consented to a meeting after twenty years separation. This was nine years after the death of Leicester, and when Elizabeth might well have forgiven the transgression of the youthful Lettice for marrying him—for it was on this point and not on that of forsaking her husband, that the queen had showed enmity toward her. There was tenderness in her manner when they did meet; but Elizabeth's old obstinacy came up before it ended, and she denied her request to come again.

Meantime, through the reckless love of mischief which the sister of Essex, Lady Rich, delighted in, the favorite found his disgrace certain. She and her husband had opened a correspondence with the King of Scots, in which court gossip was conspicuous. In this correspondence, unintentional wrong was done to the frail lady's brother; for, under false names, it was represented that Essex was tired of his present situation, and longed for the queen's death. Burleigh had a spy in Scotland, who communicated various reports to him, and he was only too glad to carry them to Elizabeth.

A tempestuous scene, in which the favorite presumed too much upon his power, fully disgraced him. Contempt for the queen earned him the memorable box on the ear, and his own action of grasping his sword hilt, and his rash speech which ended in "a king in petticoats" completed his ruin. Some faint show of forgiveness was extended afterwards, but it died away. The queen's temper was completely soured; and its violence, instead of wearing out with her years, increased. Not even the clergy were exempted from her stern rebukes or sarcas-

tic retorts. Whitehead, Godwin, Vaughan, all came under the ban of her displeasure. Alexander Nowel, Dean of St. Paul's, preached before her in public, and happening to introduce a sentence not agreeable to her, she called out to him "Leave that ungodly digression and return to your text."

She was now sixty-six years old; just double the age of Essex; still wearing her neck uncovered, and dressing in white silk, with a profusion of jewels. It is to be doubted whether personal vanity or the love of power were her greatest passion.

The star of Essex had set. He was a prisoner, not being allowed to write to his wife, who had just given birth to an infant, and who was sorrowing that she could not see or hear from its father, although her mother, Lady Walsingham, besought the queen to permit a correspondence. Not even his own physician was allowed access to him when suffering from sickness. Lady Essex endeavored to propitiate her with jewels, but even these did not move her. In a moment of despair, the unhappy countess appeared at court, dressed in black, and implored Lady Huntington to prevail upon Elizabeth to allow her to visit her husband in his illness. She was contemptuously refused. When the tardy permission at length came, the affectionate wife found him but the shadow of the handsome and lordly Robert Devereux.

At length the sentence is gone forth from the hand that he might once have called his own. No weak, trembling, woman's handwriting is the fatal signature to the death warrant, but firm and steady, as if it were a love-letter to the man she had loved so well, or that famous letter which she once wrote to Henry of Navarre, bespeaking his care of the rash youth, Essex.

It may be that Elizabeth trusted to the return of the ring which she had given him in the first years of her attachment; that ring, bearing her own royal countenance, and which was to ensure his pardon, offend as he might. Essex trusted, too; but he did not dare send it by any of the persons about him. Early one morning, a boy craved admittance to the apartment of the Countess of Nottingham with a message from Essex, accompanying the ring, to be delivered to the queen. They were intended for her sister, Lady Scroope, who was friendly to Essex; but the innocent child had mistaken her sister of Nottingham for herself.

The countess carried the ring to her husband, the lord-admiral, and they decided that neither ring nor message should ever reach Elizabeth. If the queen waited for this mute pledge, she waited,

alas! in vain. No kindly hand brought the cherished jewel to remind her of forgiveness; and the offender's days were numbered. He who had overthrown the first man at the battle of Zutphen, crying "For the honor of England, my fellows, follow me!" warring bravely by the side of Philip Sidney—who did her good service in that conflict with the Spanish Armada, when

"Swift to east and swift to west,  
The warning radiance spread  
High on St. Michael's Mount it shone—  
It shone on Beachy Head;"

who was the foremost to leave the boats, wading to the shoulders, to reach the castle of Peniche, and the first to beat against the gates of Lisbon—who detected the plot of the Jew, Lopez, against the queen's life, and who challenged the governor of Rouen "to meet him on horse or foot, and by personal encounter, to decide which was the better man, fought in the better cause, or served the *fairest mistress*."

Yet all these things were forgotten or put beneath her royal will; and when the news of his execution was brought into the privy chamber, she continued playing upon the instrument with which she had all the morning amused herself!

But her people never forgave her the death of their idol, and her last days were full of regrets that came too late. The death of the Countess of Nottingham, who confessed on her dying bed, her deception concerning the ring, was only the precursor of her own. What emotions this confession called up, may be imagined; for she struck the expiring woman as she lay, shrieking out "God may forgive you, but I never can."

#### OLD MAIDS.

Many of the satirical aspersions cast upon old maids tell more to their credit than is generally imagined. Is a woman remarkably neat in her person, "she will certainly die an old maid." Is she frugal in her expenses and exact in her domestic concerns, "she is cut out for an old maid." And if she is kind and humane to the animals about her, nothing can save her from the appellation of "old maid." In short, we have always found that neatness, modesty, economy and humanity are the never-failing characteristics of an "old maid."—*Family Mirror*.

#### OATHS IN BRAZILIAN COURTS.

In the matter of swearing oaths, not only America but England might take a lesson from Brazil. Instead of a sleepy clerk, usher, or registrar mumbling over an oath, in a tone and terms irresistibly ludicrous, were they only audible, all the court—judge, officers and bar—and all the spectators rise and stand while the oath is solemnly administered, the witness swearing audibly with his hand on the Bible. All stand, also, when the jury leave or enter the court-room.—*Brazil and the Brazilians*.

[ORIGINAL.]

## ROBERT AND RUTH.—Their Loves.

BY MARY W. JANVEIN.

"RUTH—Ruthy Bell! why don't you come in here? I declare, I believe the child's deaf! Robert, go out and find the girl and bring her in to supper. Jest as likely's not, she's down by the pond looking arter lilies, or something jest as foolish." And the speaker, Mrs. Martin, came in from the door where she had been to call the girl, and rolling down her sleeves, took her seat at the supper-table, while Robert her son, a lad of about twelve, went in quest of his cousin Ruth.

"Well, mother, I expected Ruthy would trouble you some. She's a queer sort of a child—jest like her mother at her age." And Mr. Martin brushed away a tear at the remembrance of his sweet youngest sister, "the flower of the family," as she was always called. "Her mother was allers down by the pond gathering lilies at this season, and she'd come up to the house with a wreath round her party hair, looking like a rale picter;—and there, see, mother, there comes Ruthy, looking for all the world as her mother used to fifteen years ago!"

Mrs. Martin glanced up to her niece Ruth Bell, coming up the lane hand in hand with her son Robert, a happy expression on her face, and beautiful white water lilies twisted amid her dark locks. It soothed the irritated housewife, and she said, mildly, to her husband:

"Well, Nathan, I s'pose I am apt to speak sharp sometimes. I love the girl; she is to me almost as near as our own child Robert, for she is a pretty creature, with such winsome ways that a body couldn't help taking her to their heart, and she and Robert are a deal of company for each other. He never goes off by himself with his books in the woods, as he used to, to be gone all day, for Ruthy goes with him now, and they always come back together when she gets tired."

"It'll do the boy good," said the farmer, "for he liked to be alone too much for his own good, before Ruthy came here."

Just then Ruth and Robert came in. The girl's hair was decked with white lilies, which she had gathered at the pond, and she carried a large bunch in her hand. Her dark eyes were sparkling with mirth, as she exclaimed, quite out of breath:

"Look, aunt and uncle! do look at Robert! Doesn't he look comical?" And she laughingly drew him forward, crowned with a large wreath

of lilies, the long stems trailing down over his face."

"Come, children, to your suppers. It's time, Robert, for you to drive the cows up from the pastur, and Ruthy can go with you," said Mr. Martin, as he gazed smilingly on their happy faces. And after they had partaken of their supper, Robert and Ruth went gleefully out to drive up the lowing kine, to be milked by the busy housewife, Mrs. Martin.

Mr. Martin was a well-to-do farmer, and a more honest, upright man was not to be found in that section of the country where he lived. His wife, good woman, was a pattern of a thrifty, industrious housewife; and none around could vie with her in a carefully kept house or dairy. Her manner was a little sharp sometimes, but a kinder heart never beat than that in her breast. Their only child Robert, a lad of about twelve, with a dreamy look in his fine, dark eyes, possessed a taste for knowledge, which had caused his parents considerable anxiety, for it was their wish that he should remain at home and be a farmer; but the boy's thirst for knowledge was not to be quenched—in the district school he had outstripped both pupils and teacher, and now he was under the instruction of the minister at the village.

Over a year had elapsed, since by the death of Mr. Martin's youngest, widowed sister, little Ruthy Bell had come to dwell with them, to be a companion for Robert, and help make music in the old farmhouse. And their hearts had twined around the girl with almost the affection they felt for their own son. She was "a sweet, winsome child," as Mrs. Martin had said—with large, dark brown eyes, which only gave sunny looks and smiles, and hair of a chestnut hue, long, silken and wavy. What wonder then, that the farmer and his wife looked upon her almost as a child of their own—and Robert, too, gazed on her but to liken her to everything bright and beautiful.

And thus passed four years in childhood's joys and sorrows to the two children—in summer time rambling in the forest, playing by some frolicking brook, Robert culling the earliest flowers with which to deck Ruthy's hair, searching among the last year's dead leaves for the long, trailing pink and white arbutus, or gathering the early violet, and in the bright June days seeking lush-red strawberries among the meadow grass.

Then came a change. Robert went from home to attend college—and Ruth, too, went from the old farmhouse to a seminary some distance from home, and the farmer and wife were left alone for a time. Four years passed, and

Robert who had remained in school that period, save a visit home at the annual vacations, now came home at his graduation, to spend the summer, preparatory to commencing the study of law in a distant city. Ruthy was already at the farmhouse before him. They had both altered much in that time. Robert had attained a manly stature, and had a deeper look in his dreamy eyes, and a firmer carriage of his erect head; and Ruthy had grown a tall, graceful young lady, with the slight, girlish form just budding into womanhood. Her eyes had a graver look, and her hair a deeper shade.

That was a pleasant season to those two young beings—those long summer days spent in wandering in the dim old woods, to the music of the old brook waters; and it was there that the love which was born when they first wandered there as children, ripened beneath the soft blue skies. A knowledge of this soon came to their hearts, and one bright September eve preceding his departure from home, Robert told that love to Ruth, and she listened with bowed head and mantling blush—then, looking up with a new light in her brown eyes, put her hand in his. He needed no other answer. And that night, as they stood before the farmer and his wife and received their blessing, they were both happy.

The next morning Robert bade adieu to his parents and Ruthy for the scene of his legal studies, with high hopes and bright anticipations for the future; and Ruthy, standing in the doorway in the early dawn, with a new happiness in her heart and shining out through her beautiful eyes, bade her lover a tender farewell.

"You will write me, Ruth, often—all your heart—will you not?" said Robert, at leaving. And Ruth made answer that she would.

Thus passed three years—Robert going home only once in that time for a short visit, but feeling repaid for the months of hard, close study, in reading the long, tender letters which came weekly from Ruth.

"In the pleasant June," thus wrote Robert in closing his last letter to Ruth, "I shall come home for a short vacation, and with me a fellow-student, Philip Cheever, who is a Southerner from New Orleans. He has always had a strong desire to see life in a New England farmhouse, and thinks the pure country air will restore his health."

It was at the close of a balmy day in June, that Robert Martin arrived at the old farmhouse, and with him his friend Philip Cheever, who was heartily welcomed by the farmer and his wife. But as Robert presented him to his cousin Ruth,

and noticed the look of undisguised admiration with which he regarded her, a cloud came to his heart, which was yet to deepen and enshroud his whole being. As Ruth left the room, Philip exclaimed to him :

"Why, Robert Martin, man! how can you stay in the city poring over old musty law books, while your home possesses such attractions? I declare, I believe you are destitute of *le grande passion* which we Southerners possess in such a degree; for even the beautiful Julia Belmont, the belle of the city, found no favor in your eyes, though all knew that she tried every means to attract you to her—and now—"

A deep flush came to the broad brow of Robert, as he interrupted his friend, saying :

"Stop, my friend, you are mistaken! My cousin Ruth and myself are betrothed, and now you know why I was insensible to the favor of the fair Julia."

"Come, Robert," said Mr. Martin, just then entering. "Your friend must feel like taking some supper, after your long ride; and I hope that our good country air will bring the color to his pale cheeks again, and give him a good appetite."

They followed the farmer to the kitchen, where all the delicacies of the country were set before them. And Philip Cheever, by his sprightly conversation and graceful manner, soon completely won the hearts of Robert's father and mother. Later in the evening, while his friend conversed with the farmer and his wife, telling them of his Southern home—describing graphically life on a plantation, and the careless, happy negroes, Robert and Ruth were seated by the open window conversing in low tones, and Robert felt then, as he gazed on Ruth, that it would be wrong to doubt her love—that none could ever come between them—and he banished the suspicion which had crept into his heart, for was not his friend engaged to a beautiful Southern lady? Had he not seen her miniature in a costly setting? And now he would not wrong him by a suspicion.

The days passed quickly at the farmhouse—days of happiness to all. Good Mrs. Martin felt honored by her son's guest, and she placed at his disposal every luxury of the farmhouse. Farmer Martin liked nothing so well as to have youthful faces about him, and he took pride in his handsome son Robert; while Ruth and Robert were happy in each other's society, and Philip Cheever made himself at home from the first. But none knew that beneath that fair exterior, beat a heart devoid of principle—that Philip Cheever, handsome, graceful and fascinating, was also proud, passionate and unrelenting, when

once his eyes were fixed upon aught he would possess. Ruth Bell was a sweet wild flower, an early spring violet, and gazing upon her, his eyes burned with fiery glances, as the hot noon-day sun beats down on the unprotected flower. Ah, Robert Martin, better for thy peace and happiness, that thy friend had never crossed the threshold of thy home!

A month went by, and Robert and his friend were to return to the city on the morrow, when Philip said, at supper-time :

"Well, Mr. Martin, I like your place so well, that I shall beg leave to remain a few weeks longer. I do not feel as though I could study if I returned, for I should be thinking of the green fields and sparkling streams about here; and besides, I feel that I am not yet recovered from my illness, and the hot, stifling air of the city would not strengthen me overmuch. What say you, Robert?" turning to him. "Perhaps you could prevail on your good mother to keep me a little longer, and I'll promise not to be very troublesome to her."

"O stay, by all means! My parents will be very glad, and I have no doubt that the country air will do you good," said Robert.

And thus Robert Martin went forth from his home, from his cousin Ruth, and knew not that he had left a viper behind, in the home nest, that which would sting him to the heart's core.

The long summer days passed, and still Philip Cheever prolonged his stay. And was it to be wondered at, that the serpent charmed and fascinated Ruth Bell? That the wary Southerner taught her a new lesson, while telling her of his beautiful Louisianian home and of the luxuriance and beauty of all there? Was it to be wondered at, that, as together they trod the dim old woods in those soft summer days, and rested on the greensward—as he plucked for her the lilies she loved so well, and bound them on her brow, gazing on her the while with his ardent eyes, that her heart forgot her cousin Robert—that the pure love she had bestowed on him seemed tame in comparison to that she now experienced, and that she listened when Philip Cheever poured an impassioned tale into her ear hinting of her cousin's preference for the beautiful Julia Belmont, and that all that stood between their happiness was his early engagement with her, which he was too honorable to break? And so Ruth listened, and did not repulse him; and that night, as she sought her chamber, pacing back and forth with crimsoned face and flashing eyes, she exclaimed :

"Yes, yes, I will go with Philip Cheever! It is not wrong! Robert has ceased to love me,

and would wed another but for our engagement. He shall be free; and I—ah, yes, *I* shall be happy! Philip's love will not grow cold. We shall be married and go to sunny Italy. O, I shall be happy!" And she paused before the open window, looking out upon the night.

When the morning light came, Ruth was far away. The sun shone in at the window of a deserted chamber, and Farmer Martin and his wife sought in vain for their lost child. And Philip Cheever, where was he? He, too, had vanished. But a letter which Mrs. Martin found lying on Ruth's table told all:

"DEAR FATHER AND MOTHER—for such you have always been to me—I am about to leave my kind home for another. You will think it wrong, but know that I shall leave it honorably, as the wife of Philip Cheever, whom I love devotedly. Robert will forget me soon in the love of another. He *has* forgotten me already. I cannot write much, as I have little time. I go. Dear father and mother, God guard and keep you, as I pray he will. Your child, RUTH."

The farmer and wife read the note with weeping eyes and sorrow-stricken faces; then they immediately wrote to Robert, whom the next week brought to the farmhouse. But after reading Ruth's letter, he besought his parents to do or say nothing more, as it was her own choice; and stifling his great sorrow in his heart, he went back to his studies a changed man. "Philip Cheever has won her from me with a lie," he said, "but if *she* loves him, and he makes her happy, I am content."

Again three years went by—years of application to his profession to the young lawyer—and bringing no change to the old farmhouse. It was at the close of a sultry afternoon in August, and Farmer Martin was returning from the field, where he had been at his day's labor. With hot, flushed brow and weary step, he came toward the farmhouse, stopping by the pond a moment to rest and cool him.

"Why, bless me! what's that?" he ejaculated, as his eye caught sight of some white object lying on the opposite bank. "Why, it looks like a human being, a woman asleep! Maybe somebody's been in the woods after berries, and stopped to rest by the pond, and so fell asleep! But," he continued, "whoever it is, she hadn't oughter stay there long, and I'll jest step round and speak to her." He went around some little distance to the opposite side of the pond, but as he advanced near the prostrate form, and saw the white lilies twined amid the dark, dishevelled tresses, and bending down, caught a sight of the white face, he started tremblingly back, exclaiming:

"Yes, yes, 'tis she, my poor Ruthy! My poor broken lily—come back to die among the flowers she loved so well!" He raised her tenderly in his strong arms, as though she were but an infant in weight, and carried her to the house. As he was met in the doorway by his wife, with an alarmed look on her face, he cried:

"She has come back, mother—our poor Ruthy has come back to us! I've always said she'd come back to the old place again!" And he carried her to the room which was hers in childhood, laying her tenderly on the bed.

"She is dead, Nathan! See how pale she is!" exclaimed Mrs. Martin, bending over the still form. "O, Nathan, she came back to die at the very door, and we did not know it to soothe her last moments!"

"No, no, mother, she is not dead—she lives, her heart beats!" said her husband, taking the cold hand in his, feeling the pulse, and bending down his head to catch the feeble beat of the almost stilled heart. "She will revive—she must come to—our poor child! She will come to by rubbing and hot drink!" And the farmer and his wife saw, after half an hour's time, a faint color came to the pale cheeks, and a quickened beat of the heart.

But Ruth revived only to wander off in a wild, incoherent way. Rising in bed, and looking around the room, her eyes resting on her uncle and aunt, she muttered: "All, all a dream!—yes, yes, a dream! But Robert, where is he? We played together by the brook, he gathered these lilies for me!" her eyes resting on the crushed flowers in her hair. "Yes, he was very kind. We wandered together through the green woods, and rested by the cool waters—and he loved me—he told me so, there; and I loved him so well, too! Yes," she cried, "you needn't laugh and say 'twas false, standing there!" shaking her head at the farmer and his wife. "You know we were to be married, and that we loved each other! Robert—Robert, why don't you come to the wedding? See, I am all ready, the flowers are in my hair—the minister will come! Robert, where are you? Ah, I know," she continued, her voice taking a plaintive tone, "yes, you are in the city. There is a lady there, a beautiful lady, but I know who she is—Julia Belmont is her name. He told me—Philip Cheever told me that my Robert loved her—that he was proud and ambitious, and had got wearied of me. O, Philip Cheever!" she shrieked, starting up, "it wasn't true! Robert loved me all the time—you *knew* it, and you *lied* to me! O, Philip, you wooed me then in the old woods, and I fled with you. But, Philip, we were mar-

ried!" she went on. "Don't say it again, that it was not so—it will kill me! There *was* a minister," she continued, in a softer tone; "I remember his name was like mine—you said so then! that it was like mine—and his wife, *she* saw us married, too! You can't say 'twas false, Philip! O, Philip, you won't be so cruel! You can't be married again—'twill be wrong! Let me go!" she shrieked, as she struggled to get free from the farmer, who held her in bed. "I must tell her before it is too late! He will go and deceive her. He is *my* husband!" she exclaimed fiercely, turning her eyes on them. "Let me go—he mustn't marry her! But O, he has gone to a second wedding in his own sunny home he used to tell me about. Ha, ha!" And she laughed a wild, insane laugh, which thrilled through the hearts of those two by the bedside. "It'll be a gay wedding, for I wear the ring;" and she thrust out her hand. "This proud lady, Gertrude Harlow, can't have it!" And she hastily hid her hand under the bedclothes.

At length, completely exhausted, she sank into a broken slumber, and Mrs. Martin, who watched by her through the long night, said to her husband:

"She will be better when she wakes. But some wrong has been done, Nathan. She raves about facts. I believe you'd better write for Robert to come home, and he will get at the bottom of it."

Next day a letter was despatched for Robert to return. He was sitting in his office when the letter was brought, in the well-known handwriting of his father. He broke the seal, and as he read he grew fearfully pale, pressing his hand upon his heart, as if to check its rapid beating. A few minutes he sat thus, then springing from his chair, told his clerk he was going home for a few days, and went out; and making a few hasty arrangements, jumped aboard the train which swiftly bore him to his home.

He came, a sad, grave-looking man. In the three years that had elapsed since Ruth's disappearance, and Robert's great sorrow had come to him, he had become famed in his profession. Men far and near sought counsel of him in intricate cases, and his words were those of wisdom. He had changed much from the dreamy-eyed boy who used to dwell in the old farmhouse.

Six months had passed since the day Robert Martin received the letter calling him home, and in that time, Ruth had recovered from her illness, and yet remained at the old farmhouse with her uncle and aunt. Robert had stayed at home for a few days only, and then gone out to seek for

proofs of the marriage of his cousin Ruth with Philip Cheever.

In a Southern city, a brilliant party was assembled to witness the marriage of the beautiful heiress Gertrude Harlow, with Philip Cheever, who had just returned from Europe, where he had been travelling for the last three years. It was known that they had been long engaged, even before he went abroad—that on account of his health he had prolonged his stay; and now, on his return, the marriage was to be consummated. The guests were all assembled in the elegant drawing-rooms, brilliantly lighted with perfumed lamps. Noble, whole-souled Southern gentlemen—ladies, beautiful in tropic bloom, and clad in costly laces and flashing gems—but fairest of them all was Gertrude Harlow, as she entered with a train of bridesmaids, to trust her future life in the care of Philip Cheever. And he, as he advances to meet her as she enters—we see that three years have told lightly with him. There is the same look in the dark, fascinating eyes, the same ensnaring smile, a little more fullness of the figure, and a slightly foreign air, lending an additional dignity to him. And as they stood there, those two about to be united, a murmur of approbation ran around the room. All eyes were intent on the handsome pair; and none noticed the opening of the door, and the entrance of a tall figure, a stranger among them.

But, as the ceremony proceeded, and the minister looking around on those present, came to the words, "If any one can show just cause why these two shall not be joined in the holy bonds of wedlock, I pray him speak now, or ever after hold his peace!" As these words sounded forth, there came a response:

"Hold," cried a calm, deep voice, which startled all present, causing them to hold their breath, "I can show why the wedding should proceed no further!"

"You!—who are you?" exclaimed Philip Cheever, starting forward with haughty look and tone, supporting the half-fainting form of his (almost) bride on one arm, and instinctively placing his hand where he usually carried his pistols. "Who dares intrude here?" But when he had taken a second look at the face of the stranger, a livid pallor crept over his features, and his limbs shook beneath him.

"You recognize me, then, Philip Cheever? Three years have not made so great a change in me as you could wish, perhaps!" said that calm, thrilling voice. "You, too, are looking the same as when we visited my home three years ago—you, to creep like a serpent, as you were, not only into my home, but into the heart of my betrothed



filling her mind with base fabrications concerning me! You did your work well, Philip Cheever! Your tongue was smooth and oily, and under cover of illness, you remained when I went forth again, and then won my affianced. But, Philip Cheever, she was yours honorably—Ruth Bell was your wife—yet now you would seek to cast her off, putting her aside with a lie! But I have the *proofs* of that wedding, and therefore you stand here a perjured man!"

"This marriage cannot take place!" he said, turning again to the amazed minister. "If any further information is needed concerning the matter, it can be obtained by writing to Robert Martin, lawyer, at B——." And bowing low to the astonished company, he went out.

And while all eyes were fastened on the speaker, none had noticed that Philip Cheever also left the room. And in the confusion that followed, and the increasing darkness of the night, he made his escape from the Crescent City, leaving behind a stricken heart—that of Gertrude Harlow.

Two years more passed, and it was Christmas time. Within and about the farmhouse there was little change. Farmer Martin had grown somewhat stouter, but there were the same pleasant smile on the ruddy face, and the same merry glance of the twinkling blue eyes. The black, shining hair of Mrs. Martin was streaked with silver, and the forehead traced by the lapse of time. With Ruth the change was greater than when we saw her last; there were the same dark, dreamy eyes, with a saddened look in their depths, the same beautiful hair of her girlhood, and health was in her rounded form.

There were great preparations going on this Christmas, for Robert was expected home. It was his first visit for two years; as he had been called to Europe on an important case, and had but just returned, after winning both the case and fame in his absence; and no wonder that Mrs. Martin and Ruth had been more than ordinarily anxious for the expected one, who had not been with them for these two long years.

"Well, mother, here comes the stage—and here is Robert!" exclaimed Mr. Martin, as just then, the stage made its appearance down the turnpike.

A tall, handsome man was soon in the arms of his parents; then, turning to Ruth, he greeted her as in the days of their childhood. Robert Martin did not look so grave, as when he last set foot in the farmhouse. That was a happy Christmas time—the happiest which many a year had brought—and one which also brought back the

joy of the past, and bade it sit down with them at the festal board.

"Have you heard anything from Philip Cheever?" asked Robert of his father, the next day in conversation.

"Yes, yes; we saw his death in a Californy paper, over a year ago; and after that, a letter came to Ruthy from him, sent from Californy by the doctor who attended him in his last sickness. It was an affecting letter, Robert. He asked her forgiveness for the wrong he had done her, saying that he was dying of consumption, in a strange land, with no friend but the kind doctor who attended him—and begging her forgiveness for the past, adding that he could not die in peace unless she granted it. But she did not get the letter until after his death—poor fellow! The girl felt bad enough about it. He left her all his property at the South, 'to make amends for his unkindness,' he said. So our Ruthy's a rich woman now—though I know that won't change *your* feelings a mite, Robert."

The tender look which came to Robert's eyes, and lighted them with the same dreamy expression of his youth, was enough answer without the words which followed:

"And Ruth is free now? Cheever—poor fellow!—God knows I did not wish his death—but Ruth will be happier now, I believe."

In the springtime Robert came again to the farmhouse, and when he returned to his city home, he carried with him Ruth Cheever as his bride. They returned to the plighted faith of their youth, and the past was to them but a dimly remembered dream.

#### MR. SPURGEON AND THE NOBILITY.

At Abercarn, the other day, Mr. Spurgeon preached in a field to at least 20,000 people. Among those present were the Lord-Lieutenant of Monmouthshire and Mrs. H. Leigh; Lord Tredegar, Lady Tredegar, and the family; Lord Llanover, Lady Llanover, and the family; and a large number of the leading gentry of the country. Previous to commencing worship, it was represented to the preacher that it would be advisable for the large concourse of people to move aside, to enable the several carriages and four to approach near the platform; upon which he replied that he did not come there to preach to horses, but to men; four horses and carriages would occupy the ground of fifty people, and therefore the horses and carriages must remain where they were. After the service, the lord-lieutenant sent for Mr. Spurgeon and invited him to visit Pontypool; but Mr. Spurgeon replied that he was sorry he could not comply with his lordship's wish, as he had full engagements for the next two years.—*Cardiff Guardian*.

"Business is the salt of life." Very likely. But who wants salt for a perpetual diet?

[ORIGINAL.]

MY EARLY HOME.

BY A. W. BELLAW.

Long cherished roof of tender years,  
Sweet stage of childhood's scene,  
I hail thee with a pilgrim's tears,  
Though years have passed between.

Ah, weary years they've been to me,  
But I regret their loss;  
And ruthless years they've been to thee,  
Dim hid in velling moss.

I see Time peep from every rent,  
I see it on the door;  
The very air is indolent,  
That was so spry before.

How oft beneath this solemn porch  
Have I with pleasure played,  
When Life held boldly out his torch,  
When sunshine knew no shade.

The grass is green upon the lawn,  
But falling are the trees;  
O, see, ye spirits of the gone,  
Your lives decayed like these!

Dear Memory, feast your royal eye,  
For bounded is my stay;  
My heart's deep fountain has grown dry,  
And I must haste away.

Long cherished roof of tender years—  
My early home, farewell!  
I give to thee my pilgrim tears—  
It was for thee they fall.

[ORIGINAL.]

REVENGE AT LAST.

BY EDWARD FERHAM.

For time at last sets all things even;  
And if we do but mark the hour,  
There never yet was human power  
Which could evade, if unforgiven,  
The patient search and vigil long  
Of him who treasures up a wrong.

BYRON'S MAREPPA.

WHETHER it is right in all cases to forgive an unprovoked wrong done to us, we will leave for moral philosophers to debate; together with the question, whether repentance or atonement should be the conditions of pardon, and with that other important question, whether a readiness to excuse a malignant or dishonest act, does not encourage evil-doers? Does the Almighty teach us to pardon those who neither atone nor repent? It is not in human nature to suffer unjustly, without wishing retaliation upon the one who caused that suffering, knowingly and unprovoked. Magnanimity may overlook the smart, but strict justice may not demand such magnanimity; and virtue

may not frown at the satisfaction of all revenge.

When Adam Stanley, the father of our hero, was on his deathbed, Walter was but six years old. Conscious of the near approach of the dread summoner, he bade the boy call in their nearest neighbor, Mr. Tobias Luroy, who came, and was thus addressed by the dying man:

"I have lived in this miserable wooden hovel but a few months, as you are aware. Reverses of fortune compelled me; and since the death of my beloved wife, and all my children—save Walter the youngest—he has been my sole companion; for I have no kindred this side of the grave. But for him, I should be glad to go; and as my children have had slender frames, I think it will not be long before he will follow me. You are a stranger to me, but as my hour is at hand, I beg to intrust him to your care. You are reputed to be a man of some means, and you may find Walter of sufficient use to you as he grows up, to pay you for the trouble and expense of your support and guardianship. This bank book will place at your control a thousand dollars, the last remnant of my property; a sum which I reserved for his benefit in case I should be suddenly taken away. Take it, and use it in his behalf. Be kind to him. It is my dying prayer; and may the God of the helpless reward you in proportion to your goodness to him."

Tobias Luroy grasped the book and promised. And in a few moments Adam Stanley lay dead before his sobbing boy, and beneath the hard, cold gaze of his neighbor.

The funeral over, Walter Stanley was received into the house of Mr. Luroy. He had a pale face and a delicate frame, but he was a sweet-featured and a bright-eyed boy, and might easily have won his way into the affections of any stranger, had that stranger possessed a heart of ordinary softness. But Tobias Luroy, a sordid creature, whose wife had early died from companionship with his harsh and unsympathetic nature, was incapable of a tender or generous emotion. He was made of piratical stuff, as cruel and relentless as he was avaricious; and wishing that the thousand dollars were disburthened of the boy, he longed for him to die; and to that end became the constant tyrant, instead of protector. During four years of friendless wretchedness, the gentle, harmless stripling found his only home on earth a hell. Whatever inadvertent, childish error he committed was severely punished. His affectionate impulses were repelled; his kind actions unthanked for and unrewarded; and at times he was subjected to torment such as could not have been conceived or put into execution by any but a demoniac heart.

The child was half-starved, ill-clothed, uncared for in sickness, kicked and cuffed when he was comparatively well. No loving glance ever met his own when he looked up to the hard face of his brutish guardian. No playthings, such as all children long for, could he ever call his own. If he ventured out to sport awhile with others of his age, he was sure to be terrified with reprimands or a whipping for it, unless he contrived to do it by stealth; and even when undiscovered, play was almost no play to him, for he mixed in the pastimes with an aching heart, always apprehensive. There was a wild, almost hysteric sadness in his laugh, and the poor boy's face looked almost always frightened. In those games so necessary and so endeared to youth, whenever he thought of Mr. Luroy, his hand trembled at the marbles, or missed the flying ball, sent the arrow wide of the mark, his speed slackened in the race, or his heart and strength and liveliness failed in any boisterous game—he dreaded what might follow!

For trifling indulgences like these, or some ordinary mishap or natural mistake, he would sometimes be locked in a room alone for three days together, with scant bread and water to keep the miserable life within him. At other times his tyrant would take him into the cellar, where a rope and pulley had been rigged up for his especial torment, and after being hauled up to the ceiling, he would receive a merciless flogging, while hanging by the hands; or in that position be lowered and plunged repeatedly into a hog-head of water, till he was nearly drowned; and then be sent, exhausted, supperless and shivering to bed. So completely was he cowed by such treatment, that he dared not reveal it to any one.

"I will murder you, if you ever dare to tell, you young villain!" Luroy would exclaim. "Nobody would believe you, even if you did, poor, friendless wretch that you are, and you would be sure to suffer more. So mind you keep your lips closed, or worse will come to you."

The only real comfort which the poor boy had within doors, was the companionship of a pretty little child, Nelly Edgerly, like him an orphan, and the only offspring of the sister of Mr. Luroy, to whose mercies she had been committed after the death of her parents. Her gambols and prattle—she was two years his junior—and her secret whispers of sympathy caused his aching heart to warm towards her, for she was the only being who witnessed his sufferings, and showed that she was sorry for him. Of all the wide world, little Nellie Edgerly was the only one he could love. Thus God orders one ray of sun-

shine to illumine even the darkest dungeons of the heart.

At the age of ten, finding that Walter would not die, Luroy determined to get rid of the obdurate youth altogether. Who was to call him to account? He arranged for him to go to sea on a long voyage, as a cabin-boy. Walter had a horror of the sea. He had read in little books of shipwreck, pirates and drowning, and the thought of meeting the terrors of the ocean daily, face to face, nearly drove him mad. He begged not to be sent away; shrieked and cried and clung imploring to the knees of the delighted fiend, who became the more resolved he should go, the more he abhorred it. The captain, too, one John Hardiman, looked like a savage man to the timid, imaginative boy. A tyrant on shore was bad enough, thought Walter; but a tyrant on the lonely, desolate, treacherous, frightful sea—that was a horror he had never thought to have experienced.

"I don't care what you do with him," said the brutal Luroy, roughly, as they parted. "Flog him every day, throw him to the sharks, if you like. Only never bring him back to me again."

"Good-by, Nelly," said the sobbing boy, as they kissed each other's cheeks at parting. "I suppose we shall never see each other again."

"Good-by, Watty, but I hope we shall."

"And I hope not," growled Luroy, pulling her away. "I hope you'll meet the worst of fates," he added, scowling at Walter, "and be food for the fishes before the voyage is over."

The trembling boy of ten went aboard with dismal forebodings; but God who marks the fall of a sparrow, and tempers the wind to the shorn lamb and the slenderest flower, kept watch over the frightened orphan, and through the "dark cloud of heavy sorrow," from that time forth, poured the sunshine of his prospering love. Contrary to his expectation, Walter, in the course of instructions as to his duties as a cabin-boy, found Captain John Hardiman a kind man. He was a rough, bluff, good-hearted Jack tar, and when he heard the history of the boy's ill-treatment, since his father died, he was amazed at the atrocity, and resolved to take the boy under his especial protection, and advance him as fast as possible. Under his kind auspices, Walter soon became divested of all terror at the sea, became strong, hearty and confident; and accompanying the captain on repeated voyages, was made a thorough-bred sailor in every sense of the term, dividing his studies equally between nautical knowledge and the ordinary branches of a common school education, and evincing great powers of application and a rapid proficiency.

A rapid promotion followed, so that at the age of twenty he was placed through the powerful influence of his benefactor, in command of a merchant ship. In this capacity he had ample chances to show his enterprise in trading; and fortune smiling upon his speculation in foreign merchandize, at the age of twenty-two, he found himself a wealthy man. But through all the toils and trials of these years of nautical exile, Walter Stanley never forgot his old persecutor.

Wherever he went, the old scenes of agony were fresh in his memory. The scowling face of the tyrant of his youth was ever present to excite his revengeful hatred, and he determined to have a day of retribution yet. And, as if to keep alive and perpetuate the remembrance of the scenes which he had undergone, while his ship lay in an Italian port, he engaged a celebrated artist to portray upon canvass, at his dictation, several of those scenes which were most painfully recollected by him. The pictures were done to the life, and the tyrant and his victim, suffering and inflicting, were again visible in terrible reality. The unexampled series of portraits were brought home by Captain Stanley, on his last voyage before the time he had set for the consummation of his revenge.

For twelve years he had not visited the city from which he had gone forth a trembling outcast. He was now a strong, bold, handsome and wealthy man, whom even Luroy, who thought him dead by this time, would have failed to recognize. In pursuance of inquiries, he soon ascertained that Luroy still lived in the old house with his niece, who was now grown into the beauty of developed womanhood. But the tyrant had become poor through deserved reverses, and a neighbor informed Captain Stanley that he was about to force a marriage between his comely niece, over whom he exercised a complete domination, and a wealthy merchant to whom she was betrothed, though averse, and through whom Luroy expected, by the sacrifice of Nelly, an ample pecuniary reward.

"You are sure she does not love him?" asked Walter of his informant.

"You would say so, if you could see her pale, sad face," was the reply. "The man has a wolfish and brutal look and behaviour, and is old enough to be the father of the unhappy young lady."

Walter at once wrote to her, appointing time and place for an interview, and it was soon had. Each was amazed at the alteration in the other, and for a long time they dwelt upon the incidents of their youth. Walter recounted his adventures since they had parted, and told her how God had

favoured him since he had escaped the clutches of the merciless Luroy.

"But you have not escaped them yet, dear Nelly," continued he. "Yet you may, if it is your will to do so."

"It is indeed! O, how I long for a friend and protector who will save me from a marriage which will be like death to me," exclaimed Nelly, vehemently. "I have suffered the persecution of that fiend, till my heart is well nigh broken."

"You shall suffer it no longer, Nelly. Be mine—be my wife. You are of legal age to choose. And I will make you mine with a double joy, to think that in snatching you from his power and from future wretchedness, it will do much to pay off old scores."

Nelly Edgerly gave a joyful consent, and it was at once decided that the marriage should be solemnized on the following evening, at the house of a friend, and under peculiar circumstances.

The evening came. At midnight the ship of Captain Stanley was to set sail, with the bride and bridegroom on board, for a distant voyage. The move of Walter was a daring one. Darkness had scarcely settled upon the city, when he and four trusty men of his crew called at the house of Luroy, and were admitted by him. Seizing a good opportunity, they gagged, blindfolded, and bound him hand and foot, and lifting him into a carriage, conveyed him to the house where the marriage was to take place. What was his horror and astonishment, when he was placed in a chair and the bandage removed, to see before him Nelly Edgerly, attired as a bride, and clasping the hand of the stranger; the four sailors standing by as witnesses, and a clergyman in the act of performing the marriage ceremony! He struggled violently and strove to make an outcry, but the parties smiled, and he strove in vain. He was compelled to look, and listen to the rites which forever ruined his merciless and mercenary hopes, and which gave his persecuted niece to another than the man to whom he had thought to sacrifice her.

It was a terrible spectacle to him; but other torments were in store and at hand for him. The bride and the clergyman retired together, the latter, according to previous agreement, accompanying Mrs. Stanley on board the ship.

Walter Stanley now advanced and made himself known to the enraged and despairing, but powerless despot of his helpless childhood.

"Tobias Luroy, look well at me! I see you do not know me. I am Walter Stanley—the poor, scourged, terrified and feeble boy, whom after years of atrocious cruelty, you sent adrift to die, or live a miserable life, now stands before

you, grown to manhood, and blessed by rank, riches, and a woman's love. He has lived to foil your heart's most cherished plan. Lived to snatch another victim from your hateful grasp, and now to administer to you a bodily punishment such as you so often inflicted upon him, in cowardly and bloody secrecy. Look up, around these walls!" he added, pointing to the frightful pictures which depicted the old atrocities of Luroy, and which had been hung there for the occasion; "don't you recognize yourself and me in each of them? Are they not forcibly depicted? Your heart answers, yes. But here is that which will give force to the delineations. Men, strip the fiend at once, and flog him soundly; for it is my wedding night!"

The four sailors did his stern bidding with a will. Luroy was stripped and scourged with a ship's "cat," in such a prolonged and emphatic manner as caused him to remember to the end of a miserable existence, the kindred treatment he had inflicted upon the orphan boy.

"The hour of vengeance is over now," said Stanley, to the writhing knave, "and I am satisfied. Your disgrace is complete. I have saved an angel from your pitiless avarice, and I am fully revenged. We leave this place forever, Tobias Luroy, and may this hour never fade from your memory. Men, take him home to his vacant den again."

The justly punished wretch was borne to his dwelling accordingly. The pictures—unique memorials of childhood's days—were then borne aboard the ship, where a wedding collation was being enjoyed by the crew. The clergyman took his leave, and within an hour the gallant craft, her white wings spread to a propitious breeze, was bounding fast and far over the dancing waters. Walter Stanley was revenged at last; nor did the confounded spirit of Tobias Luroy ever lead him to seek from law that redress which would have given publicity to his crimes, and made him a scorned example before all the world.

#### THE FRENCH EMPRESS.

The family of Guzman (of which the French Empress is a descendant) is one of the most illustrious and historic houses in Europe; being the parent stock from which have sprung the Dukes of Medina de las Torres, the Dukes of Medina Sidonia, and the Counts and Dukes of Olivares, and the Marquises and Counts of Montijo, Counts of Theba, and Grandees of Spain. In addition to the name of Guzman, her majesty is entitled to that of Portocarrero, which recalls likewise great historical associations. The empress is not the first of her race who has been called to a throne; in 1663, Donna Louisa Francisca de Guzman married the King of Portugal, Don Juan IV of Braganza.—*Burke's Vicissitudes.*

#### TOBACCO AND ARSENIC.

A young lady in Hampshire fell into the mistake of eating a portion of arsenic, which had been prepared for the destruction of rats. Painful symptoms soon led to the discovery. An elderly lady then present advised that she should be made to vomit as soon as possible, and as the unfortunate victim had always exhibited a loathing for tobacco in any shape, that was suggested as a ready means of producing a desired end. A pipe was used, but this produced no nausea. A large portion of strong tobacco was then chewed and the juice swallowed; but even this produced no sensation of disgust. A strong decoction was then made with hot water; of this she drank a pint, without producing nausea or giddiness, or any emetic or cathartic action. The pains gradually subsided, and she began to feel well. On the arrival of physicians, an emetic was administered. The patient recovered, and no ill consequences were experienced. Another case occurred a few years subsequent at the same place, when tobacco was administered, and no other remedy. In this instance there was complete and perfect recovery. From this it may be reasonably concluded, that tobacco is an antidote of very safe and ready application in cases of poisoning by arsenic.—*M. C. Cooke.*

#### AN UNRELIABLE WITNESS.

There are some who are so unwilling to admit the truths of the Bible, as often to show great credulity in believing what they think will destroy the testimony of the Scriptures. A Mr. Leonard Horner has recently demonstrated, as he thought, from discoveries he made in Egypt, that man has existed on the earth for twenty thousand years. At the base of a statue in Memphis, of one of the Pharaohs, whom he supposed to have reigned about 1360 years before Christ, he found an accumulation of nine feet four inches of Nile mud; adding to that 1854, the date of his excavation, he has 3214 years for the accumulation, making the rate of increase three and a half inches a century. Making deeper excavations, he found, at the depth of thirty-nine feet, a piece of pottery, from which he and other learned men concluded that man must have existed 13,371 years before 1854. The London Literary Gazette, in demonstrating the fallacy of this assumption, states that this very statue was upright and uninjured only six centuries ago, being described by an Arab historian who visited it then; so that the sediment must have accumulated in less than six centuries, instead of more than thirty, and the other calculations based upon it fall to the ground.—*N. Y. World.*

#### To gather Perfume of Flowers.

Gather the flowers with as little stalk as possible, and place them in a jar, three parts full of olive or almond oil. After being in the oil twenty-four hours, put them into a coarse cloth and squeeze the oil from them. This process with fresh flowers is to be repeated according to the strength of the perfume desired. The oil, being thus thoroughly perfumed with the volatile principle of the flowers, is to be mixed up with an equal quantity of pure, rectified spirits, and shaken every day for a fortnight, when it may be poured off, ready for use.

[ORIGINAL.]

MY BOYHOOD'S HAUNTS.

BY WILL ALLEN.

Ah, here's the very tree, whose shade  
Spreads o'er the noisy rill;  
And here's the bridge that nature made,  
That touches just the hill.  
Beneath this tree, in bygone days,  
I sat and whiled away  
The hours that were so sunny then,  
So dear to me and gay.

And here's the rock, moss-grown and gray,  
I likened to a tower;  
The rock is just the same, and grass  
Sprouts at its base, and flowers.  
There below me, in the dingle,  
Where grow the daisies sweet,  
I'd hide myself, and dream away  
The hours that were so fleet.

The old mill-wheel, that flung the spray  
Like jewels all around,  
Is quiet now, and lying low  
Upon the weedy ground.  
The mill of stone is standing yet,  
But going to decay—  
The mill I used to love so well,  
And where I used to play.

The miller, now grown old and gray,  
Will soon sleep in the tomb,  
And flowers bright, and flowers rare,  
Shall o'er him sweetly bloom;  
For once I used to love him well.  
When young, and strong, and hale:  
He's neither hale, nor strong, nor young,  
He's old, and gray, and pale!

He scarce remembers now the boy  
That used to come each day,  
To chat with him, and laugh, and sing,  
And work, and call it play!  
He says I've grown so old since then,  
So changed in every way,  
He scarce believes I was the boy  
"That worked, and called it play!"

O boyhood hours, forever passed!  
Why flew ye by so swift?  
Ye never will return to me—  
Ne'er to return ye drift!  
I miss one who, in summer days,  
Would always come with me,  
And sing and laugh the time away,  
Here underneath this tree!

I miss him now—and O, he sleeps  
Down in a turfy bed.  
And daisies sweet, and harebells blue,  
Are sprouting o'er his head!  
O, by his side, when I am called  
To rest my weary feet,  
There lay my head where now they bloom—  
Harebells and daisies sweet!

[ORIGINAL.]

"O, DEAR!"

AND WHAT CAME OF IT.

BY MRS. M. T. CALDOR.

"O, DEAR!" The words came in a dreary, wistful tone, as though the speaker's heart were burdened with grief and care, and raising a slender white hand, fairer and softer than many a score of those who termed themselves the ladies of the town, in whose precincts he stood, the speaker brushed off with his delicate cambric handkerchief the great drops of perspiration on his forehead. Not, by the way, the beaded pearls of honest sweat, well-earned by manly toil; but the hot, steaming exhalations of inward feverish fretting.

"O, dear!" The words came again, heartily, with more and increasing pain. What inward grief could thus distress that fine, elegant-looking young man, leaning so listlessly against the trunk of the noble elm tree shading the entrance to one of those tasteful country retreats, so charming and refreshing alike to the eye of the stranger pedestrian passing by and the proud gaze of its wealthy city owner?

It was not sickness, surely. The manly form was gracefully upright, the complexion clear and pure, the lips full and rosy with the beauteous freshness of health. It was not poverty, for the whole apparel showed a lavish purse, and one needed not to follow the diamond-circled finger into the pocket to which it idly clung, to read in the bank books nestling there the goodly sums set down to the credit of Henry Ireson, Esq. Certainly the blighting effects of care and want had never reached him.

Neither did it seem possible it could be inward wickedness and sin that with ghostly reproaches kept the soul haunted by an unquiet distress. The dark blue eye had an honest clearness, the broad forehead an open ingenuousness, and the finely-shaped head betrayed too many noble characteristics.

Wherefore, then, the dissatisfied frown, and the impatient vexation his manner betrayed? Hark, he will explain himself. Idly brushing off with his cane the poor clover blossoms in the grass beside him, and watching a bright-eyed robin pecking cautiously at a branch of berries, and an earnest bee, keeping undeviatingly on his track of duty, he soliloquized aloud:

"O, dear!" everything and everybody is busy, and here am I, strong, lazy fellow that I am, without anything before me, from sunrise to sun-

set, day in and day out, actually sighing and groaning for some one to give a little work to do. What a life I lead! Beginning the day when thousands of happy fellows are half through a forenoon's work. Yawning over my pillow as long as possible, and then yawning over my breakfast, which I spin out so long, just for the sake of whiling away time, that impatient waiters and my own digestive organs alike groan at the protracted demand. Then a cigar, maybe two, and a stroll somewhere, round the garden with sister Belle, or over the park with her husband. Perhaps I get up a little interest in one or the other, and would like right well to take hold in good earnest with my own hands at some suggested improvement. But no, that would be interfering with Mr. Gardener's privilege, and haven't I seen, times enough, the look of injured dignity he can assume, mingled with a contemptuous pity for my ignorance, that makes me long to show him I understand the art of boxing thoroughly, if nothing else? Well, to go on with the ennobling routine. Then I have the horse brought round. I do enjoy that daily drive, every minute of it. There is a keen delight following after my noble Sultan's flying feet. But at length I have mercy on him, and send him back to the stable. Next dressing up for dinner, and dinner itself, a proscribed, formal, tiresome affair—even if there are stranger guests, they are sure to be just such puny, good-for-nothings as myself, and the talk will be stupid and dull, and everybody will be immensely relieved when it is over. Then another cigar, maybe a nap on the arbor lounge, or else in the drawing-room, trying to entertain myself, and a set of foolish walking bales of silks, laces and jewelry, yclept fashionable ladies, who sit gazing at each other, or thrumming the piano, instead of having sensible work to make the time fly swiftly, and the conversation sparkle off naturally and cheerfully. And the day finishes off at the opera, or some crowded levee, or party. That's fashionable life! Not a good deed done, not a useful act performed, not an ennobling virtue acquired. Good Heavens, it is monstrous, it is wicked! I despise myself. Better far throw the legacy of my father into the fire, so that the imperative necessity for bread and butter shall force me to be a man. Ah, see, there goes a happy fellow. His dinner pail on his arm, he's off for a day's work. A carpenter, I judge. I think I saw him at work yesterday at Emmerton's new building. What a manly-looking fellow he is—such broad shoulders and brawny arms. Well may he hold up his head so proudly. He fills his place in the world worthily, and when he dies

will be mourned and missed. Heigh-ho!"

The carpenter, a tall, intelligent looking man, came along the roadside toward the tree where the young man stood. Just then a clear, childish voice rang out behind him:

"Papa! Papa!"

Turning at once with a suddenly kindling smile that did not escape the notice of Henry Ireson, he called out:

"Why, Susie, you elf, have you followed me all this way? Run back again, child. Mother will be frightened."

A blue-eyed, curly-headed cherub of six or seven years clung to his knees, half-laughing with the joy of reaching him, half-crying at the fancied slight.

"O, papa, you didn't kiss Susie. Susie wants her kiss."

"Silly puss." And the child, crowing with delight, was swung far above his head in those strong arms, and two or three hearty kisses bestowed on the sweet roe-bud lips. "There, Susie, now run back, and keep on the side of the street."

"How soon will you come back, papa? You said you'd fix my garden for me, and Auntie Mary's flowers; but you haven't."

"I know it, darling, but you see poor papa is busy at work all the time to get the bread and butter for his little chickies. I'll try and get a chance to do a little to-night." A shade of care crossed his face, and he repeated discontentedly, "There's always so much to be done when I can get a minute. If I only had a few days to myself! 'O, dear!'"

The tone revealed a host of toilsome, wearying exertions. He sighed again, dismally, "O, dear!"

A mellow laugh startled him, and turning about he perceived, for the first time, the young gentleman beneath the elm tree, his handsome face dimpled with smiles, while he said, bowing respectfully:

"I beg your pardon, sir; but the coincidence was rather amusing, and provoked a laugh from me. Here was I just now giving just as forlorn and doleful an 'O, dear' as yours, because I had nothing in the world to do; while your trouble seems to lie in the opposite direction."

The mechanic recognized a true gentleman in the friendly bearing of the stranger, and gave a friendly smile in return.

"I think I would like to try your case a little while. It is soonest mended," he answered readily.

Young Ireson smiled bitterly. "Mayhap, mayhap, yet Heaven knows it were folly for you

to wish for so pitiful an estate as mine. Be happy, man. You should know how I envied you as I saw your eager, earnest face coming along the street."

After a moment's curious gaze into the speaker's face, the carpenter seemed intuitively to divine his thoughts.

"Ay," he said, gravely, "you are right. I should always be happy, and there's many a blessing any man might rejoice to possess."

While he spoke he glanced back at the white-walled cottage peeping forth from a distant line of trees, and then at the rosy, childish face brimming with so much love and sweetness.

"I am almost always gay as a lark, and it is only now and then I get discouraged, seeing so much ahead that needs tending to. But it's all right. Plenty of work keeps off gloom and mischief both, and if there's work ahead, so is there time, too. But the latter commodity is precious with me, as you know, therefore I must bid you good-morning. Run along home, Susie."

"Stay, suppose we try and relieve each other. What was it little Susie wanted. Can't I help her a little?"

It was a doubtful smile Carleton the mechanic gave, as his eye glanced at the glossy broadcloth coat, and the white hands of the questioner. A flush mounted to the young gentleman's forehead.

"Nay, nay, my friend," he said, half humbly, half defiantly, "there are muscles under the skin, if it is delicate and womanish. One of these days it may become an arm not to be despised. At all events, from this hour I am fully resolved its energies shall not wither away for want of exercise. Will you take me for little Susie's apprentice?"

"Ay, ay," was the hearty answer, "you're one of the right sort to succeed in anything when you once undertake it. I can safely predict Susie's flower-bed will eclipse all the rest of the garden. Do you understand, Susie, this kind gentleman is ready to work for you?"

Little Susie did understand, and with one bright, shy glance nestled her hand confidently in his, and led merrily toward her home. Highly entertained at this sudden turn of affairs, Henry Ireson followed his prattling guide into the wide garden behind the cosy nest of a cottage, nor was he dismayed when the little one pointed gleefully to a neglected bed, where tall flaunting weeds and luxuriant clover quite overawed and crowded out the pale and sickly flower-roots.

"Only see," cried Susie, after a hasty run into the house to inform "mother" of the unexpected gardener she had found, "the naughty weeds

keep growing, growing, so greedy, just like selfish boys and girls, papa says, and they eat up all the sunshine, and drink away all the dew from my poor little flowers, so they are all starving."

And Susie prattled, and Henry worked. With a right good will he threw off the warm coat, and grasped the spade, and though his fair forehead crimsoned, and broad blisters gathered on his tender hands, he did not desist from his work until a nicely spaded bed was prepared, and the flower-roots carefully transplanted. Then he paused, and taking out his repeater discovered the hour.

"So late!" cried he; "is it possible?"

Susie had heard a well-known whistle. "Jamie has come," cried she, and rushed away. She re-appeared in a moment, followed by her mother.

"Would the gentleman please come in for a luncheon? Please do, please do!" she cried, clapping her tiny hands in delight.

Only a moment Henry Ireson hesitated, then he followed quietly, smiling inwardly at his novel position, when he found himself seated at the little table spread with snowy bread, crumbly cake, golden butter and delicious strawberries and cream, little Susie on one side, and bright, intelligent Jamie on the other.

Mrs. Carleton was busy with her babe in an adjoining room, but occasionally her gentle, refined-looking face peeped in at the door to see if anything was needed.

"This is sensible new," soliloquized Ireson. "What an appetite one can get up when there's not a score of dishes to sicken one with satiety before the meal has fairly commenced. When have I eaten so heartily as this?"

Here a shout of delight from Jamie, and a rush of Susie's toward the door startled him. "Mary's come, Mary's come," cried their united voices.

Turning to the door to see who Mary might be, actually, the refined, travelled, elegant Henry Ireson blushed like an awkward rustic before the apparition standing there. And yet it was only a slight, girlish form, arrayed in some light muslin, with a little sprig of blue meandering over its clear white folds. A beautiful face, to be sure, set off by glossy bands of rich brown hair, and brightened by a pair of large, wonderfully soft dark eyes. She came in with lady-like ease and self-possession, bowing courteously to the stranger, and softly returning the ardent caresses lavished upon her. Mrs. Carleton, hearing the tumultuous glee of the children, came in at once.

"Ah, you are home early. My sister Mary, sir," she said, introducingly.



"I beg your pardon, madam," returned the young gentleman with a bow of recovered ease. "I am ashamed I have not informed you before, my name is Ireson, and I am a brother of your nearest neighbor, Mrs. Greenwood."

A free and lively conversation ensued, wherein Susie and her flower-bed received prominent attention, and the young gentleman was alike charmed by the arch vivacity and varied intelligence of the village schoolmistress, as to his unbounded astonishment he soon discovered the new comer to be.

Before he made his adieu, quite an extensive programme had been arranged. Choice plants had been voluntarily promised them, and Susie was nearly wild with delight at the prospect of a summer house, and an arbor for her own exclusive use. One could scarcely tell which was the brighter, her little face, or the animated countenance of her unsalaried workman, as he sauntered along toward the Greenwood estate, with a light, buoyant step, humming a gay snatch of song, so utterly unlike the moody, irritable youth who had left the avenue that morning.

"Who would believe a little hard work can have such magical effect?" ruminated he. "And to think I have been so dull and stupid all this time, and that charming family so near. I'll make up for lost time now. A famous place they shall have there by-and-by; if I choose to spend labor and money both, who has the right to find fault? I could see how fond of books that charming Mary was. She shall have plenty, now, on some pretence. Well, well, I wonder what would Bell say if she knew all this?"

Bell was his sister, Mrs. Greenwood, the fashionable mistress of the stately mansion. She met him in the hall, adorned with an airy profusion of silk, gauze, ribbons and flounces.

"Why, Harry, how disordered and warm you look! Pray hurry away to your room. Did you know Miss Morton had arrived? Ah, she is as graceful and lovely as a Venus. Just the *parti* for you. Such a rare opportunity as you will have. Be particular about your toilet for dinner, and hurry away, or you'll not be in season. But, bless me, what ails your hands? What horrible blisters—how shocking!"

Her brother laughed at her consternation, and gazing down affectionately into the swollen, scarlet streaked palms, said proudly:

"You would scarcely understand, Bell, so there's no use in my telling you; never hero was prouder of scars won bravely in battle than I of these selfsame blisters. Never mind, don't fret, sister mine. I'll be in season for dinner and Miss Morton both."

So he was. Smiling, handsome and gentlemanly, the beautiful belle of the neighboring city gave him undivided attention while he handed her out to the dining-room, and exerted herself to the utmost to please and charm him. Yet, notwithstanding her brilliant conversation, her dazzling beauty and elegant toilet, there would occasionally an absent, pre-occupied look come over his face that piqued and annoyed her. So also, when he followed her to the drawing-room, in answer to his sister's whispered entreaty, and turned the music leaves, while her white, gem-decked fingers wandered with swift dexterity over the piano keys, she could not resist giving many a furtive glance over her shoulder, to see if it were real, or only existed in her imagination, his air of lofty disdain for the trifling employment.

When Mrs. Greenwood descended the staircase the next morning, she met her brother again in the hall, looking as bright and rosy as if he had just quaffed an exhilarating draught from Aurora's radiant fingers. And so he had. Firm in his new resolutions, when he first awoke, instead of settling himself more comfortably on his pillow, he had sprang up from bed, dressed, and hurried out into the fresh air. Nay, even more, he walked briskly down the avenue, along the roadside toward the white cottage of Carpenter Carleton. A snowy-wreathed column of smoke was rising from the little chimney, and mingling with the fleecy morning clouds, while from the garden plot came the sound of the quick, even strokes of a hoe, and through the lilac hedge he caught a glimpse of a pink cambric dress.

Then said the young gentleman, inwardly, "Ah, there is Carleton at work there. I will go and have a chat with him." Not a word to be hinted, with that suddenly leaping pulse, of the supposition he might have arrived at, concerning the pink cambric dress.

Therefore, he looked delighted, surprised, when pretty Mary Carleton was discovered by her brother's side, actually filling a basket with the weeds he had dug away. She looked up rather startled, yet in smiling welcome.

"Good-morning, sir," said Mr. Carleton. "Mary and I are trying to get our garden bed along so Susie's shall not shame it. You, too, are enjoying this splendid morning air. I fancy you worked pretty steadily yesterday, and I was half inclined to mistrust that one experiment would satisfy you for the present."

"By no means. I am exceedingly anxious to continue, and I walked in to get some directions from you. Consider me an apprentice, if you

please, and tell me what I shall do next. I want to build a little summer-house in the corner there, to cover over with climbing roses for Susie and Jamie. Ah, Miss Carleton, you, too, are an early riser. You see I am like the bad penny, soon returned."

Carleton looked a little embarrassed. He scarcely liked to receive such a favor from a stranger to whom he could make no little return, and he did not wish to seem ill-natured in refusing, but the young gentleman divined his feelings, and said frankly:

"I beg you will not think there is any obligation about the affair, except on my part. Positively, it is for my own personal enjoyment that I proposed it. I am spending the few months previous to the date fixed for my departure on an European tour, with my sister, Mrs. Greenwood, and thus far the time has dragged heavily on my hands. Moreover, I am sick and disgusted with fashionable life, and ashamed of my own puerile uselessness in the world. Give me the opportunity to commence instructing myself, and allow me to be the means of assistance to some one, for the first time in my life. For Susie's sake you must not refuse me."

"No," said Mary Carleton, suddenly, her dark eye kindling, and her whole speaking face illumined with the flush of a noble sentiment, "my brother shall not refuse you. So praiseworthy a resolution must not be checked. A man has no right to be indolent and useless in a world so full of work as this. I shall answer for my brother, and myself install you as our head gardener."

"Thank you," returned Henry, enthusiastically, "I accept the situation from your hands. Remember, you are my employer, now."

"I'll not interfere with that arrangement," laughed her brother. "So, then, Mary, Mr. Ireson must look to you for the remuneration for his services."

"Ay," repeated Henry, with an arch glance into her blushing face, "remember, I shall look to you for remuneration."

She laughed away the momentary confusion. "I promise you there shall be work enough to keep you busy. I shall have a perfect bower of blossoms, and mayhap occasionally give you less romantic work; for instance, the large gate yonder is too heavy and awkward. I have been teasing my brother this long time to make two of it, so as to swing easily at the touch. Now that I have a journeyman always at my call, the improvements I shall plan will be endless."

How lovely she looked! so sweet and fair, and artless, yet with all mingled such pure, womanly dignity. The neat cambric dress in its simplici-

ty setting off the slender figure as prettily as the broad hat the glossy wealth of tresses parted smoothly away from the open forehead.

Henry wondered to see the neat pink folds unstained by the dew, until he noticed how carefully Carleton threw the weeds out upon the gravelled walk, so she need not approach the dampness, and the thoughtfulness of the one little act showed plainly the tenderness of the tie that bound the brother to his sweet little sister. When the children came out, fresh and rosy from the bath, Henry had a dozen opportunities for remarking the quiet, playful tact of the pretty school teacher, keeping them so happy and contented at their play, without a single jarring discord. The moment she perceived their presence was likely to be troublesome where their father and Mr. Ireson were marking off the arbor plan, without any allusion to that fact, she pointed out a robin's tiny nest in the fir tree, and away they flew to examine it.

So, too, she managed to draw Mr. Ireson into the house without his being at all aware of the motive. Would he fasten the rose on the piazza where she could not reach it? and then would he tend to another little errand in the house? And so he was led triumphantly to the snowily draped table, upon which was steaming a plate of fine large perch, browned to a charm, with the crisp fried potatoes by its side, and a roll of foam-white bread, and a cup of fragrant coffee.

"Don't I mistrust that genteel breakfast hours are scarcely compatible with the appetite of my journeyman?" was her gay response to his hesitating look. "Sister Martha, yonder, has a wonderful gift at cooking the fish, which I am just as dexterous in catching."

"You—are these the trophies of your angling skill?"

"Yes, I must plead guilty to a love of the sport. Just imagine how nonplussed I was, a little while ago, while lecturing a group of my school children on the wickedness of stoning the dear old robins that build their nest near us, to hear a bright, smart little fellow say, 'Please, marm, don't the fish love to live just as well as the birds? and missis had a whole basket full the other day.'"

A hearty laugh all around removed any restraint Henry might have felt at trespassing again on their hospitality, and such a breakfast as that, thought he, would never be eaten again, except in Utopia. Then when the young lady took down her hat and satchel, declaring it was school time, and she must be away, young Ireson discovered that his sister would be exceedingly alarmed, if he should not appear at the morning

meal, and accompanied her as far as the Greenwood mansion. His fair companion glanced admiringly up the avenue.

"It is a lovely place, I have always admired it."

He looked to see if there was any envious glances, and longing hopes; but no, the clear dark eye shone hopefully, and a genial smile illuminated the whole face.

"Good-morning," he said, thoughtfully. "I shall take a peep at the school house some day."

She lifted the satchel roguishly. "There is a ferele here."

He waited till the straw hat disappeared behind the hedge of bushes ere he turned up the avenue. As I have said, in the hall of the house he met his sister, pale, languid and sleepy still, just descended from her chamber.

"Well, Harry, what do you think of her? Isn't she charming?"

"Charming indeed," he answered, warmly, and then stammered, "Stay, of whom were you speaking?"

"Miss Morton, Annie Morton, of course."

"O!" Just a shade of comical smile about the well-formed lips.

"Yes, of course you admire her, every one does. She remains with us several days, and if you are wise, you will improve so favorable an opportunity."

She was interrupted by the lady herself. In a soft, emerald-hued morning robe, richly trimmed, and giving a dainty glimpse of rare French embroidery beneath, Miss Morton languidly descended the stairs. Greeting them with a gracious smile she glided toward the verandah, remarking on the fineness of the morning. Henry followed, roguishly inquiring how she ascertained the fact.

"From my chamber window, of course," was the gay reply, "have you any better authority?"

"Indeed, I have; full three hours of this freshest and most invigorating air makes me competent to pronounce it a delightful day."

"Indeed, I was not aware you were such an early riser. How do you busy yourself so long before other people are away from their beds?"

He smiled—such a sparkling, happy smile, the lady instantly determined to ascertain if possible where and how his mornings were spent—and answered evasively:

"I assure you, I have scarcely known happier, rosier-winged hours in all my life than the three just flown away. But let me escort you to the breakfast-room; and how is it about the ride I promised you to-day?"

The rest of the day was devoted to the com-

pany in the house, more especially, the fair lady guest of his sister. She was a showy, brilliant girl, and had she arrived a fortnight sooner, I am not sure by that time she might not have worn the diamond circlet that heralds the less showy but more enduring wedding ring, proclaiming to the world Mrs. Henry Ireson. But now— Well, upon their ride that afternoon, they passed a little brown school house, shaded by a fine grove of oak and elm trees. Just then, at the open window, they had a glimpse of a slight figure, robed in pale pink cambric, and could see distinctly the glossy brown braids and spotless linen collar, as well as the small book held in her outstretched hand, while a monotonous, sing-song humming proclaimed that some hopeful urchin was reciting a well-conned lesson.

Miss Morton raised a delicately gloved hand to throw back the elegant lace veil, and follow his eager eye to the school house window.

"Poor little schoolmistress! how I pity her, immured in that steaming room this warm day," said she. "What a hard life it must be—so trying and wearisome—wearing away one's life and health, and disposition. After all, it is a terrible thing to be poor!"

Henry Ireson was bending out, looking back at the school house, so he only answered indifferently, "Do you think so?" which his companion decidedly resented, inasmuch as she had congratulated herself on a pretty and effective speech. How should she be able to guess the emptiness of her words, to one who had that very morning beheld the bright face, and witnessed the unceasing cheerfulness and general usefulness of the identical teacher who had called forth her pitying sympathy?

Thus week after week slipped away, and Henry Ireson, between his hours of earnest labor at the Carletons, and the assiduous attentions required by Miss Morton, who still lingered a guest at the house, found little opportunity for dullness or ennui, and certainly his eye had never sparkled before with such joyous brightness, or his step acquired such elastic buoyancy. Once in a while his sister would say, pettishly:

"I don't see where you are, or what you are about so much of the time when you are missing here. Annie Morton fancies there is a lady attraction, but I don't see how that can be. One thing, I know you have a queer way about you, and very odd ideas, lately, and you are getting brown as a gipseey."

"Do I look any the worse for a little healthy tanning?" asked he, gaily brushing away a mass of curly hair, and peeping saucily into her face, looking so handsome as he did so, that spite of

her vexation, she smiled upon him with proud affection.

"Well, but, Henry, somehow I don't feel easy about you. You don't seem to like Annie Morton as well as I expected—you disappoint me. What has come over you lately?" she asked, complainingly.

"Like her? Why, I've no antipathy against Miss Morton. I think she is a fine girl. Indeed, I like her very much."

"Like her! Ah, yes, but that is not exactly what I mean. How pleasant it would be for you to take a bride with you to Europe, Harry!"

He gave a long, low whistle. "Well, sure enough, perhaps it would. Thank you for a new idea, sister Bell."

That very afternoon he said to Miss Morton, while assisting her to cut the flowers for her evening bouquet:

"My sister proposes a new idea, Miss Morton, that I should take a companion with me to Europe. What think you?"

A slight flush tinged the delicate cheek of the high-bred lady, but she answered composedly, with a coquettish air of indifference:

"Indeed, you yourself are the best judge of that. European tours are usually entertaining, though I scarcely think I could be very enthusiastic concerning one."

He handed her a last spray of heliotrope, and said no more. Later, while the fashionable belle was busy with her dressing-maid, preparing for the evening party at a neighboring hall, he stood with little Mary Carleton and Jamie beneath the tasteful arbor he had framed, within the garden his labor and purse too had beautified and adorned. A welcome and valued friend he had become, beloved and respected by every one, without a thought of his superior rank and wealth.

"Did you ever imagine you would like traveling in the other hemisphere, Mary, or are you a home-bird that would never sally far from the parent nest? Do you know how soon I shall be on my way to the grand old scenes of historic renown?"

Her soul-lit eyes were fixed dreamily on the full moon passing silently and majestically on her pathway through the ether blue. Something of the glorious effulgence of the silvery light that flooded the scene, kindled on her face, the cheek flushed, the eye glowed, the fresh lips trembled with eagerness.

"I? Ah, has it not been the goal of my fondest desires ever since I was a tiny child and could trace out the different countries on my map? The grand old ocean, the famous cities,

the majestic rivers, the towering mountains! Such unspeakable delight as takes away my breath even to imagine. O, Mr. Ireson, you will see them all; how I congratulate you!" she said, enthusiastically.

Henry Ireson smiled with an eager, joyful meaning she scarcely comprehended.

"Jamie, my boy," said he, with some heartfelt emotion lending a quiver to his mellow voice, "run in and see if mother isn't calling you."

And then—ah, such scenes were never meant for a careless pen or heedless ear—be content, dear reader, to know, a few days afterward, Henry Ireson entered his sister's boudoir, with an odd look of embarrassment and confusion on his face. He made an assault upon her worsted basket for the first moment, twisting together the bright-hued skeins until she quietly withdrew the basket from his mischievous fingers. Then he began disinterring from their velvet beds the jewels in her casket, and when these were also removed, attacked a perfume box, rattling together the crystal flasks until his sister, wincing nervously, exclaimed:

"Have mercy upon my bijouterie, Harry. I never saw you behave so strangely. What is the matter with you?"

He laughed away the awkward confusion, and said boldly:

"I may as well out with it at once. You see, Bell, all this time I've been trying to find a good way to give you a good piece of news. So, then, here it is. I have concluded to accept your advice, and take a bride with me to Europe."

"Is it possible? Ah, that's a dear good fellow, Harry! That sly little Annie never liased a word of it. I must run and scold her while I congratulate you."

"For a very good reason she said nothing, my dear sister, she is not yet aware of the fact."

"How—what? I don't understand."

"How should you understand, if you do not ask the name of my fair betrothed?"

"I supposed, of course, it was Annie Morton. Who else should it be?"

"It happens to be another person. Perhaps you have heard of Miss Mary Carleton?"

"A daughter of Judge Carleton, of H——?"

His voice grew hurried and excited. He knew very well what was coming.

"Quite another family, Bell. Have you ever noticed the teacher of the village school. She passes here every day!"

Alarm and consternation swept away her previous surprise, but he was too much interested to laugh at her comically rueful face.

"You don't mean—it can't be—O, Henry Ireson, that low-bred, ignorant schoolmistress is not to be your wife, *my sister*?"

Now that the crisis was at hand he grew wonderfully cool and calm.

"No, Bell, it is not possible that any one low-bred or ignorant will be my wife, consequently your sister. Mary Carleton is neither; but she is my betrothed wife. Stop, stop, Bell, spare me that burst of indignation and reproach, and listen to me. First, then, as you know, I am fortunately dependent upon no one, and consequently can act my own will. Secondly, the most insolent tirade from you cannot move me a single inch from my unbounded love and admiration for so sweet, and refined, and lovely a girl as she; and finally, I can assure you it is my solemn belief that when I return from Europe with Mrs. Ireson, you will be even more proud of her grace and beauty than I myself. Now what do you say? You understand the case perfectly. We are all that is left of a numerous family, it would be sad to have coldness and alienation come between us, nevertheless, I will bear no cool treatment toward my wife that is to be. Come, come, Bell, be a sensible woman, and acquiesce gracefully where it is folly to rebel."

She gave a long drawn sigh, a searching glance into his resolute face, and burst into tears. Nevertheless, not quite a year from that time, Mrs. Greenwood gave a grand party at her town residence, in honor of the return to their native land, of Mr. and Mrs. Ireson, and most loving and attentive and admiring was her demeanor toward the latter, of whom, by the way, many a rumor had come back to her native land, reporting the flattering attentions her graceful dignity and unusual loveliness had received from foreign dignitaries, all of which lost nothing of their importance when repeated by Mrs. Greenwood to her fashionable friends. It was "my charming Mary," "my beautiful sister," now, not a word about the "low-bred, ignorant schoolmistress."

Miss Morton, still unmarried, was at that same levee. When she paid her next visit to her friend's country seat, a palatial residence had been erected between the Carleton's cottage and the Greenwood estate, to which she received many a cordial invitation, but strange to tell, she always refused; perhaps because with high-bred contempt she noticed the extreme intimacy of the two households—the humble cottage and the grand country seat.

"And all this," said Mr. Carleton, a dozen times to his smiling wife, "all this has come from that sultry morning, and my lugubrious exclamation, 'O, DEAR!'"

#### THE VALUE OF 'OZONE.'

What people have done instinctively, science seems to confirm; for going to the seashore and to the hill countries, they go where ozone is most abundant. This word ozone is perhaps a puzzler to many of our readers, and requires some explanation. Shortly, it is the term applied to a recently discovered principle, existing in greater or less intensity in the atmosphere—in greater, in those situations, as on the seashore or on lofty mountains, where the air is most pure—in less, where, as in large cities, it is less pure. It seems more than probable that this ozone is the oxygen gas of the atmosphere in a peculiar condition; but whether it is so or no, its existence in greater or less proportion is evidently closely connected with health. As we are digressing into this scientific explanation, we may as well embrace the opportunity to impress upon our readers how greatly health is influenced for good, especially in the feeble, by free exposure, not only to good air, but to the diffused light of day. This is not the place to discuss the subject, or to bring proofs of what is an undoubted fact, so pray take it upon our testimony—pray act upon it; we know not, even yet, how much the chemical rays of sunlight influence our well-being, so pray, reader, remember when we talk of fresh air, we mean plenty of sunlight as well.—*Dr. Thompson's Health Resorts.*

#### A REAL RELISHER OF A JOKE.

A man lately received twenty lashes, well laid on, at the whipping-post in an English town. The culprit, instead of bellowing when the constable applied the lash, laughed immoderately, which made the angry officer lay on with harder force. On giving him his twentieth, blow, the angry officer could stand it no longer.

"Well, look here, mister," said the offended officer, "I've done my duty, and I can lick ye no more, but I'd like to know what it is that's so funny?"

"Funny!" roared the other; "why, it's excellent. *You've got the wrong Smith!* I aint the man that was to be whipped! It's the other one. Now you'll have to go it all over again! Really, it's too good! You must lick the other man! Ha, ha!"—*London Punch.*

#### LOVE OF ORNAMENT.

The love of ornament creeps slowly but surely into the female heart. A girl who twines the lily in her tresses, and looks at herself in the clear stream, will soon wish that the lily were fadeless and the stream a mirror. We say, let the young girl seek to adorn her beauty, if she be taught also to adorn her mind and heart, that she may have wisdom to direct her love of ornament in due moderation.—*Ladies' Book.*

#### REVENGE.

My revenge  
Was born in laughter (as our highest delights  
Of bluish at first through tears); but 'twill endure,  
Like oaks which, born in May, seem slight and weak,  
But having a score of winters on their heads,  
Grow strong and rugged—so doth my revenge!  
Nought shall impoverish it. The bounteous years  
Shall lend their seasons and apparel it;  
And, lest its roots should e'er be loosed by pity,  
We'll water it well with blood!—*BARRY CORNWALL.*

[ORIGINAL.]

## The Trials of a Near-Sighted Man.

BY CLARA AUGUSTA.

I AM near-sighted; and when I have written that, I have confided to you the chief difficulty of my life. Near-sightedness is to me the root of all evil. I have nothing to say against the honored proverb that declares money to be that root; I know nothing in favor, or against that assertion, having never been possessed of a sufficient quantity of that particular "root," to satisfy myself of its nature. And here, permit me to introduce myself to the reader. My name is Jehoiakim Wilson; but people having a dislike to use their vocal organs unnecessarily, have abbreviated my cognomen, and I am generally known as Hoke Wilson. A decided improvement over my baptismal title, I think.

At the early age of fifteen, I began to be near-sighted. Whether this infirmity was caused by disease of the visual organ, or by the practice of reading novels by twilight—to which I was addicted—I cannot say, but I think these after sunset readings had the greater share in producing the unfortunate result. And here, young people, allow me to warn you one and all, to let books alone at all hours when the light is dim, or the air thick and cloudy. If you are blest with eyes, take care of them, for if your life extends to the half of fourscore, you will find that good eyesight is worth more than a knowledge of all the novels in creation. I'd rather a son of mine would have the full power of his eyes, than be versed in all the foreign tongues that made Babel horrible.

The first that I discovered of my affliction, was one evening when I went out to walk by moonlight; for at that period, I was romantic. Almost every one has a touch of that feeling at some time of his life—it comes as naturally as the whooping-cough or measles—but it soon wears away before the stern, grinding realities that press their hard surfaces against him at every step. Yes, I went out to walk in the moonlight, and absorbed in the contemplation of her serene highness—the queen of night—I ceased to take an interest in things mundane, and in consequence I suddenly found myself introduced to the charming inhabitants of a deep drain, nearly filled with muddy water. The bath ruined my clean shirt, my mother's morning work at the ironing-table, and left perceptible impressions on my buff vest and Websterian coat. I tried to convince myself that if I had been looking at things earthly, I should have seen the abominable obstacle to

my further progress, but I know now, that this accident was only the first result of my *bane*. That night I awoke from sleep with a start. The old clock was striking the hour of midnight. The white moonlight filled the room with almost noonday radiance, and there by the window, horrible to perceive! was a tall figure, robed in white, with a fearful head, black as the pillars which support the dome of Erebus!

The cold sweat started out from every pore! I shivered like an autumn leaf, if not more so, and hid my face in the counterpane. By-and-by I ventured to look forth once more—still the gaunt presence kept its station, not a fold of its ghastly robe moving, not a feature of its black countenance relaxing! There it stood immovable, stern, and terrible as fate itself! I gave a desperate turn to my courage—it was screwed to the sticking point. I resolved on addressing my fearful guest. I had heard it remarked, that if, when visited by a ghost, you could speak to it and demand its errand, it would acknowledge the courtesy by unfolding its business and taking leave. I plucked off my nightcap, that all my senses might be acute; and unbuttoned my shirt-collar, for somehow I felt dreadfully the need of more air.

"Who, and what art thou, unnatural visitant?"

I used just the same tone of voice in making the address, that old Elder Blake generally employed in giving out the benediction.

There was no answer. The wind rustled the vines against the window, and bellowed fiercely down the chimney. Every separate hair on my scalp stood erect, like the quills of Shakspeare's porcupine.

"What dost thou here at this hour of the night? Why dost thou wander from thy grave, disturbing honest men?"

I say I was but fifteen years old then, but I had begun to scrape my upper lip with one of my father's cast-away razors, and consequently felt myself honestly entitled to the name of man.

Still, my visitor made no reply. O, how the cold shudders crept over me! I know exactly how the fever and ague affects one, though I have never been further west than Troy, in New York. I lay down again, and enveloped myself in the blanket. With the warmth of the bedding, I was reassured. I began to think that I was acting a very cowardly part. What would Angelica Brown say if she knew that I laid with my head covered up, afraid of somebody dressed in white? The thought gave me fresh courage, for Angelica was a particular flame of mine. What if I should arise and lay hands on the spectre, and force him to evacuate the premises, or explain his

right to remain? Wouldn't it be a deed to relate to my children's grandchildren? Wouldn't an admiring posterity, years hence, point to my grave with pride, and say:

"There lies one who feared neither mortal nor immortal! The man who talked with ghosts—who communed with spectres—the renowned and brave Hoke Wilson, Esquire!"

Yes, I would perform the action (that is, if my courage did not ooze out in the showers of perspiration that ran down my body. I put one foot cautiously out of bed—then the other. Then I down with both together, and landed on the floor. Cautiously and breathlessly I crept towards the window; my heart was in my throat, and my eyes starting from their sockets! My knees knocked together like two dramsticks, animal heat had departed—I was cold as a block of ice! I neared the frightful apparition—I reached out my hand and grasped its garments! Humph! It was nothing more nor less than my white linen coat, which was spread over the back of the black stuffed rocking-chair!

So much for being near-sighted.

As time fled on, the accidents that I met with from being near-sighted were legion. I was continually stooping after imaginary pins and needles that proved nothing but straws. The figure of the carpet had a score of times deceived me into the belief that there was a buttercup littering the floor; I bumped my head against cupboard doors and clothes poles innumerable; I mistook the salt for sugar, and the boiled pork (which I abhorred) for the spotted cheese. At a neighbor's, I astonished the good woman by asking for a spoonful of blackberries and cream—it was in the month of January—and come to find out, I had mistaken a bowl of grey beans for the summer luxury of blackberries!

I could not tell the time of day by the town clock, if it had been to save the city; and I should not have recognized my own grandmother across the room. People with whom I was acquainted, began to call me haughty and "stuck up,"—I would meet them in the street, they said, and pass them by as though they had been so many lamp-posts! Good, well meaning souls; I did not recognize them from Adam! All this was, of course, very mortifying to me, and many a practical joke did I have played upon me by my pretended friends.

Near me lived the Widow Grey, a fine-looking, blooming woman of thirty-five. I was quite a frequent visitor at the widow's. My excuse for going there so often was that I was practising singing with the widow, who was a superior vocalist—but this was very far indeed from the

truth. I went expressly to see the widow's daughter Mary! And this same Mary was as pretty a black-eyed lass of sixteen, as Hillville could boast. The widow was very young-looking herself, and persisted in keeping Mary in ridiculously short dresses, which gave the beaux of the village the idea that the mother considered herself still very marriageable.

One balmy October night (I was just nineteen then) I dropped in on the Greys, to assist the widow in singing a new adaptation of "Am I not fondly Thine Own?" The widow presided at the piano; we were alone in the parlor, Mary having gone out with some young friends. I stood behind the pianist, at her left hand—but the composition was entirely new to me, and at my distance from the music, I could not discern a single note. The base might commence with a crotchet, a quaver, or a semi-quaver—how was I to know? I did my best, however, keeping up with the accompaniment, and effectually drowning the widow's fine contralto voice.

"O mercy!" cried the fair one, dropping her fat, white hand on the keys with a hard clatter, "that note was staccato, and you sang it as though there was a hold over it!"

I tried again, but with no better success.

"Goodness, Heke!" screamed she, "what has got into you, I'd like to know? You call it sol, and it's do—low G—and a full swell! Don't you see?"

No, I certainly did not see, but I told her I did, and asked her pardon for my inattention. I will inform the reader, in confidence, that I had a great and over-mastering fear of having it known that I was near-sighted. I leaned down over the music, so low that my hair (it was worn in Byronic locks) touched her forehead. I rather think she liked that, for she stretched her long neck slightly upward, and lifted her eyes to my face. Well, how it happened I do not exactly know, but in some part of the music that required a little extra eyesight to dissect one quaver from another, I bent lower, and my lips came in direct contact with the widow's cheek! She quit playing in a moment, and shrieked out:

"Why, Mr. Wilson, how could you? Aren't you ashamed of yourself?"

"I don't know as I am," said I, "I did the best I could with it. The base seems to be all mixed up with the tenor."

"Base, indeed!" ejaculated she. "Why, sir, do you pretend to deny that you kissed me?" Her face was as red as a full-blown peony, and her round blue eyes really expressed unlimited astonishment.

"Why, really, I—I—I beg your pardon!"

"No, I'll never pardon you, Hoky—no, never!" pouted she, half-covering her face with her hand, and inclining her head towards me.

"Madam, I never intended to kiss you! The touch was an accident!"

How I ever found courage to make the explanation, I do not know, but it was worth while to see Mrs. Grey when I had spoken. Never did I behold so irate a countenance on a female before!

"Hoke Wilson," said she, with terrible calmness, "it is a lie, sir! A false-faced bare hood! I mean a bare-faced falsehood! And I'll have you arrested for a breach of promise, see if I don't. You've visited here for more'n two years, and we'll see if a fellow's to be attentive to a lone widow for two whole years, and then have the effrontery to declare that he never intended to kiss her! Yes, we'll see! I'll go this instant to Squire Hill, and have the writ made out."

She stood up before me, pale, stern and resolute—a determined Nemesis. I have a holy horror of the law, and the bare mention of a writ made me shake with terror. Was there any harm in employing a little policy to assuage the widow's wounded pride, and save myself? No, no, I said, not the least.

"My dearest Mrs. Grey," I began, "I had never thought of kissing you, because it was something that I dared not do. Your well-known virtue and modesty would have deterred me. I should have lost your favor, without which I could not exist. And, my dear madam, cannot we settle this little matter without recourse to a third person? I should die of shame to hear your pure name brought into a disolute court!"

Well, I am not going to tell you all I said to the widow; but I gave her my handsome gold watch, and received her pardon. She hoped that our slight misunderstanding might not affect our friendship, and I said, "Assuredly not."

But do you think I ever ventured inside Sally Gray's door again? If you do, you are mistaken.

The time came when I left home for Boston, where I engaged in the practice of my profession; for I had studied medicine at Bowdoin. I soon obtained patronage, for I flatter myself that my skill was of no common order. But I made sad mistakes in the houses of my patients. I fell over poodle dogs; trod on cat's inviolable tails; knocked down diminutive flower-pots; entered wrong chambers, and fell down whole flights of stairs, by tripping my toes into loose pieces of carpeting.

In the street it was even worse. I knew nobody, of course; and I could not tell the Dock Square from the Hanover Street omnibus. No

doubt my friends thought me very green, but I could not help it; near-sightedness, not verdancy, was my besetting curse.

I had a wonderful way of going into the wrong shops and places of business. I dumfounded more than one dainty milliner by entering her establishment and requesting to be shaved; and on one occasion I visited a stove warehouse to purchase a bonnet for my sister Georgia. The sign at the door deceived me. I thought it read—"Millinery and Bonnet Store,"—whereas, it read thus:—"Pottery and Iron Ware."

One day I concluded to visit home and surprise everybody. I had not had a letter from Hillville for a long ten weeks, and I thought it would be charming to drop in upon the dear ones at home, without warning. So I paid calls to all my patients, packed my valise, took a ticket for Hillville, and consigned myself to the rail-cars. Arrived at my destination, I walked briskly out towards my father's cottage in the suburbs. I reached the gate leading into the front yard, Georgia my sister was standing in the door. I cleared the fence with a bound, sprang up the walk, flung away my valise, clasped the dear girl in my arms, and nearly drowned her with kisses. Instead of returning my caresses, she kicked, struggled and screamed, "Murder! help!" at the top of her lungs. Her cries brought a tall, black-whiskered man from the back yard, armed with a hoe-handle, and of all the drubbings that ever one poor fellow received, I got the worst. I was black and blue for a fortnight. Soon as I could speak, I informed the black avenger that I was Mr. Wilson who had formerly resided there; that I was near-sighted, and that I had supposed the lady who was standing in the doorway at the time of my arrival, to be my sister Georgia. The gentleman looked puzzled for a moment, then he burst into a loud ha, ha, ha! It was no laughing matter for me, I assure you. I didn't understand what he could see so amusing.

"Ah, the Wilsons have removed from here to a stone front on Merton Street. I am Mr. Graham, the present proprietor of this cottage. The lady whom you mistook for your sister was my wife."

To do the Grahams justice, they tried hard to atone for the wrongs done me, and pressed me hard to stay all night. Mrs. Graham was a very pretty woman, but her husband had a jealous look, and I declined remaining. Mr. Graham then very kindly sent me over to my friends in his carriage.

Delighted with being at home, I entered with-



out ringing, hurried through the hall and into the parlor, which was vacant. I seated myself in what I took for a light-cushioned arm-chair (it was early twilight), but, goodness, gracious! my seat sprang up with a scream, and fled from the room! It was a young lady dressed in buff muslin! Slightly out of temper with my continued ill-fortune, I groped my way through a dark passage, towards a light that streamed dimly from somewhere. The apartment that I entered was the kitchen, and intent on exploring it, and discovering its inhabitants, I did not observe a large tub of soft soap which obstructed my passage. Consequently I walked directly through it, or attempted to, but my foot caught in the handle, I tripped and fell my whole length on the hearth, where Sarah, our ancient domestic, was busied in stirring more soap. It was evidently soft-soap day at my father's. Sarah uttered the inimitable female scream, and fled from the house. I arose, and to vent my wrath some way, I kicked the unoffending skillet of soap into the fire!

Just then, Georgia appeared at the door. Dear girl—what a welcome I received! I was put into a hot bath, and then into bed, and nursed up with good eatables and drinkables to my heart's content. The next morning, I found on the stand by my bedside a pair of spectacles that made the world seem a new one to me. I have worn them ever since. The young lady in whose lap I had so unceremoniously quartered myself the previous evening, was Mabel Luther, Georgia's school-chum, and sometime—well, perhaps I shall be a married man yet, in spite of my infirmity.

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#### TOBACCO USERS.

It has become very common to invest chewing tobacco and snuff in lead foil. Herr Hockel examined some snuff from a quantity, part of which had been used by a patient who was laboring under a severe attack of lead poisoning, and found that it contained two and a half per cent. of metallic lead. The tobacco near the corners of the package, being more perfectly enclosed by the foil, contained the most lead, which is decomposed by dampness, and remains in the tobacco or snuff in the form of carbonate of lead, which is the white lead paint of commerce, which inflicts such horrible sufferings on many of those whose business compels them to work in it. The slaves of the disgusting "weed" would do well to make a note of this, and either abandon the inexcusable filthiness, or avoid using any that is enveloped with lead foil.—*Hints on Tobacco Using.*

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#### IRRESOLUTION.

I am a heavy stone.  
Rolled up a hill by a weak child; I move  
A little up, and tumble back again.—W. RIDER.

[ORIGINAL.]

## THE NIGHT ATTACK.

### A MOUNTAIN STORY.

BY JOHN ROSS DIX.

A FEW weeks ago, while on a ramble in the Pyrenees, I came towards evening to a small *auberge* or inn. Hungry and tired, I was welcomed by a young woman, extremely good-looking. Goat's flesh, cheese and milk soon satisfied the cravings of nature, and I sat down to enjoy my pipe. My hostess seemed to be cheerful, but not gay. Her husband, she told me, was out on the hills, along with a lad who assisted him in the management of the little spot of ground attached to their residence. By the time the shades of evening had fallen in, I observed my hostess begin to show signs of impatience. Ever and anon she went to the door, looked around, returning each time with signs of anxiety visibly depicted in her countenance. At length I asked :

"Is there a storm at hand? or do you fear any harm?"

"O, sir!" she replied, "I am only a little distressed that Miguel—my husband—should be out so long. It will soon be dark."

"Is there any danger?—has the neighborhood a bad name?" I inquired.

"O, no, sir; the country is thought now to be quite safe, and I am perhaps foolish to be uneasy; but it was once so very unsafe, and we suffered so much from it in consequence, that I cannot rid myself of fear at times."

She bent down her head at times, as she spoke, and appeared to lose for a moment the sense of present weariness in the revived recollections of the past.

At this instant the door opened, and a tall, strapping, sunburnt fellow entered, whom I immediately conjectured to be the husband, from his being followed by a young peasant. My hostess had sprung to her feet, and I thought it augured well for her husband's marital tenderness, that he at once noticed her to have been discomposed, and exclaimed :

"What, Inez—at thy old terrors!"

Then noticing me for the first time in the growing dusk, he continued :

"And strangers with thee, too!"

He then saluted me civilly, and we were soon engaged in conversation.

I staid two days with Miguel and his wife, and became excellent friends with them. I found an opportunity to gratify my curiosity, by inquiring

into the misfortunes which my hostess had alluded to as having arisen from the former insecurity of the country, and I heard the whole story from her. I now present it to the reader.

"But a few years ago," said Inez, which was my hostess's name, "my father was the tenant of this house where we now live. Here I was born, and here I had the misfortune to lose my mother in my youth; in short, all my days have been spent here. When I was about eighteen, I first became acquainted with Miguel, who had hired himself as conductor of a wagon that passed regularly by on this road from one part of the mountain to another. The wagon always stopped at night here as it passed, and Miguel and I began to love each other. Nor was it long before both of us were aware that this was the case. My father saw the state of our affections as well as we did, and he was not averse to our union, for he was growing old, and even at the best he always required a lad to assist him with the little farm, upon which our support depended much more than on the visit of travellers to the house. It was at length settled that Miguel and I should be married as soon as he had completed his term in his present situation.

"When this arrangement was made, Miguel had but three journeys backward and forward to perform. These were long journeys, to be sure, and what was worse, there were reports of recent robberies at no great distance, which rendered travelling dangerous. The first journey, however, was performed in safety. When Miguel came to us on his way over the mountains a second time, some circumstances took place which after events caused us to remember.

"A traveller had come to our house that day, before Miguel reached us with his wagon. That traveller was a dark, active looking man, dressed in the ordinary Spanish fashion, and seemingly in the prime of life. Before Miguel arrived, this stranger addressed himself to me in such a manner as was very disagreeable to me. I at first, indeed, paid little attention to his words, for my thoughts that day were occupied with another subject. When at length — encouraged, it may be, by my silence — he would have carried his freedoms further, I repelled him civilly, but firmly, and told him my affections and hand were engaged to another. The dark, malignant smile which came over his face as I told him this, gave new and unpleasing ideas of our guest. He did not alter his conduct, nor even when Miguel came did he desist from annoying me.

"This gave me much alarm, for I saw Miguel's eye darken as he observed his behaviour. Nor was my alarm groundless, for on the traveller's

seizing and holding me by the arm as I passed him, Miguel sprang up and threw him violently to the further end of the room, where he fell heavily on the floor. In an instant the man was on his feet, had his long knife drawn from his belt, and seemed about to spring upon Miguel. But my father chanced to enter at that moment, and the traveller uttering a violent threat hastily left the house. Though he had spoken of resting all night he did not return.

"On being informed of what had passed, my father, who had been in a weak state of health for some time, said to Miguel :

" 'I grow weaker and weaker every day, my son. It is time that you were here to protect Inez, and myself also. Heaven help me! Had you not been accidentally here just now, we might have been exposed to any insult from such a rude visitor as this.'

"Miguel replied :

" 'You are right ; I ought to be here to guard those whose lives are so dear to me ; and I *will* be here without delay, if I can get a trusty substitute to perform the rest of the journey for me when I reach the town of Ai.'

"We talked long on these subjects before going to rest. Little rest, indeed, fell to my lot that night, for the dark looks and dagger of the man whom Miguel had made an enemy for my sake, came ever between me and slumber.

"In the morning Miguel departed with his wagon, under the promise to return soon, if it was in his power. I had, before, never felt so much anxiety at his departure, though when I told him so, he smiled at my fears on his account, and showed me his double-barrelled gun, which he called his sure protector. Nothing occurred for two days afterward, though during that interval many fears came over me relative to the possible return of the traveller.

"Our household at this time, it is to be understood, consisted of my father, a lad who assisted him out of doors, and myself. This lad went away first to rest, my father next, and I last. After they had both retired, on the second night from Miguel's departure, I closed the door, and went into my own little room to seek repose. But I had not yet undressed myself, when I heard a voice seemingly on the outside of the house. I listened, and heard it repeated, nearer at hand, as it appeared to me. Though much disturbed, I resolved to satisfy myself there was true cause for alarm before I called father. With this view, I took up my light, and went into the kitchen, when I saw a sight which rooted me to the spot. The under part of the window had been raised, and a man having got in with his feet foremost,

was in the act of extricating his head and shoulders from the window. I screamed and fled in the direction of my father's sleeping-place, but before I had gone a few steps was in the grasp of the man who dragged me back to the kitchen.

"It was the traveller, who gave me a look of such triumphant malice, mingled with more hateful feelings, as made me shudder. Meanwhile, one man after another entered rapidly by the window, to the number of six, as it seemed to my confused senses. I then became insensible.

"How long I lay in this condition I cannot tell. On my recovery I found my father hanging over me in the state in which he had been dragged by the ruffians from his bed. The poor youth who lived with us was there in the same condition. Besides, the wretches had had time to discover and seize the little money and valuables—the fruit of my father's long toils.

"'Divide, divide!' said the chief of the robbers, 'for me, I will take nothing; this is my prize;' at the same time laying his hand on my shoulder.

"'O, Miguel! Miguel!' I thought, 'little knowest thou what Inez is now suffering!'

"Look at that open space, sir," said my hostess, at this part of her story, pointing at the same time to the end wall of her kitchen, where we were sitting. A portion of the space above the level of the side walls was open, being evidently an entrance into a hayloft that lay over the stable of the auberge, and which stable was continuous with the building, the whole being of one story.

"As I thought of Miguel at that awful moment," continued Inez, "my eyes were raised to that space, and there I beheld the head of Miguel. It struck me at first my excited fancy had conjured up an illusion, and I closed my eyes for a moment. Again I opened my eyes, and saw not only that Miguel was really there, but that he was about to attempt something for our delivery, for his gun was stretched out before him. He motioned to me with his hand, and I understood his intention and his purpose—his terrible, but necessary purpose. I bowed my head low, and in another second of time a sound as of thunder filled the room, followed by groans and curses. Another reverberation almost instantly followed, and amid the smoke that filled the room I saw nothing, though I heard my Miguel leap down into the chamber, shouting (doubtless, to deceive the robbers), 'Here, this way, my friends—down with the robbers!' I beheld some of the latter escaping from the room by the way they had entered, and all was ere long quiet.

"What a scene this place where we now sit, sir, presented, after that awful struggle. Two men, killed by one ball, lay prostrate on the floor, and another beside them mortally wounded. Miguel's first thought was to close the door more carefully for the night. He then informed us, that having procured a faithful substitute at the town of Ai, he had rapidly retraced his steps on foot, being apprehensive with fears for us.

"Next morning the bodies of the traveller and his comrades (the wounded one died after confessing that the former was captain of the gang) were removed. Miguel received the thanks of the whole country. My father lived long enough to see Miguel and me united. Thus you see, sir, that it is little wonder I should sometimes tremble, when Miguel is abroad at night on these lonely hills."

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### TOMATOES.

This is one of the most healthful as well as the most universally liked of all vegetables; its healthful qualities do not depend on the mode of preparation for the table; it may be eaten thrice a day, cold or hot, cooked or raw, alone, or with salt, pepper, or vinegar, or altogether, to a like advantage and to the utmost that can be taken with an appetite. Its healthful quality arises from its slight acidity, in this, making it as valuable perhaps as berries, cherries, currants and similar articles; it is also highly nutritious, but its chief virtue consists in its tendency to keep the bowels free, owing to the seeds which it contains, they acting as mechanical irritants to the inner coating of the bowels, causing them to throw out a larger amount of fluid matter than would otherwise have been done, to the effect of keeping the mucous surfaces lubricated, and securing a greater solubility of the intestinal contents, precisely on the principle that figs and white mustard seeds are so frequently efficient in removing constipation in certain forms of disease. The tomato season ends with the frost. If the vines are pulled up before the frost comes, and are hung up in a well-ventilated cellar with the tomatoes hanging to them, the "Love-Apple" will continue ripening until Christmas. The cellar should not be too dry nor too warm. The knowledge of this may be improved to great practical advantage for the benefit of many who are invalids and who are fond of the tomato.—*Hull's Journal of Health.*

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### Photography and Dentistry.

No art, excepting that of photography, has progressed and improved so rapidly as that of dentistry. Forty years ago it was not a distinct profession, for all doctors then officiated as tooth-pullers, with turnkey levers of the most rude description; and as for supplying the place of old teeth with new ones, it was never done at all. In 1820 there were only thirty practising dentists in the United States; in 1850 there were 2923; at present there are about 5000. The invention of artificial teeth has given a wonderful impetus to this most useful and beneficial art.

[ORIGINAL.]

## A BIT OF SENTIMENT.

BY MRS. E. B. EDSON.

In a little brown cottage just over the way,  
Are two lovers coquetting the hours away;  
O, beautiful pictures in love's fairy loom  
Are woven in manhood's and maiden's young bloom.

The wind floated in with a gentle caress,  
Just rustling the folds of her snowy dress,  
And the sun, darling fellow, was certainly bold,  
To weave in her tresses such pictures of gold!

And I know quite as well as if I had heard,  
That he whispered just now some passionate word,  
For the rosy tide ripples, and ebbs, and flows,  
O'er her bosom, more fair than the drifted snows.

This bewitching and beautiful daughter of Eve  
Ne'er meant such a thing—of course, I believe;  
But it looked like a challenge, I'm bound to confess,  
When she kissed her pet dove with such loving caress.

I don't think him, do you? so deserving of blame,  
For trying to do very much the same;  
Sure the veriest cynic, or anchorite cold,  
Would yield to her roces and tresses of gold

So it was not so strange that the passion of youth  
Caught a flame from the altar of beauty and truth;  
For the beauty of Eden, the freshness of May,  
Are paled by the brightness of love's summer day.

[ORIGINAL.]

## The Romance of Hope Weston's Life.

BY GEORGIN C. LYMAN.

"My dear girl," said my cousin Hope, bringing her quiet, cheerful face into my room one day, "how forlorn you look! What is the matter?"

"O, nothing more serious than that I have a story to write, and send out by this evening's mail, and have n't the first idea to begin on," I replied, drearily.

"Well, poor child, don't look so doleful about it. Let me see what I can do to help you. How would 'The Romance of Hope Weston's Life' do for a title?"

"Very well."

"Then, now for the story. Listen.

"I was just sixteen—a petted, delicately-reared young girl, when my mother died. I left my native village, and went alone to New York to earn my living. Such a desolate young heart as I carried into the great city! But I could not stop to weep. I must work hard and steadily, and a long time must elapse before either hands or brain could rest. The large sum of money

needed to pay the expenses of my mother's long illness must be earned, and a respectable living procured for myself, meanwhile. This I calculated would take me all summer, perhaps through the fall, and then, once clear of debt, I could commence the long-cherished plan of educating myself for a writer. I was sure that this was my true vocation—the one for which I was best fitted by nature, and should succeed in. There was so much in my heart which could not be told in any other way—so much that I could say to none but the great world, and would never have uttered in confidence to the dearest friend living. No false ambition for fame, or adventitious spirit, led me to this path. I believed fictitious writing to be useful, and as necessary a part of literature as flowers are of the vegetable creation, and was influenced only by sincere and earnest promptings to obey nature, and do what little good I might. And so I wrote; at first very simply and briefly, but receiving encouragement, I ventured a step further, and in a short time becoming a regular correspondent to several weekly journals, received suitable remuneration for my articles. Until my mother's death, I had written only when in the mood for writing, carrying the fresh enthusiasm of the hour into my productions; and when I planned to make authorship my means of support I did not realize how necessary this natural impulse was to my success. Once the thought occurred to me, but I said to myself, crushing down a sigh:

"'Where there is a will there is a way;' I must not fail."

"When I stepped upon the crowded platform of the depot at New York, I stood for a moment bewildered by the rush and tumult. Some one touched my arm.

"'Carriage, ma'am?'"

"'Yes!' I replied, turning to a hack-driver with a feeling of relief, and he led the way to the street. I had one acquaintance in the city, a gentleman who had once resided in my native place, and to whom I went for instructions where to find a boarding-place. He directed me to a large brick house, on the corner of a street, and facing a common, green and shady with trees. The mistress of the establishment, a spare, black-eyed little woman, with movements so sudden and quick that she made me constantly apprehensive and nervous, received me with voluble cordiality, after reading the note of introduction which I had brought from my friend, and went chatting up the stairs, requesting me to follow.

"'You had better look at the unoccupied rooms now, and select one, Miss Weston,' she said. 'What kind of a room do you want?'"

" 'I should like two apartments,' I replied ; 'one to be used as a sitting-room, the other as a bedroom.'

"She paused in apparent surprise, and looked me over from head to foot.

" 'Two rooms?' she repeated. 'My lady boarders seldom require but one.'

" 'Yes, ma'am ; I require two.'

"Perhaps I spoke a little shortly, for I was annoyed by her manner, which seemed to imply a doubt of my being able to pay for an extra apartment.

" 'You are a teacher?' she asked, after a pause, as we walked along the neatly carpeted halls.

" 'No, ma'am.'

" 'Ah, a pupil. I have several of the high school scholars boarding with me at present.'

" 'I do not attend school,' was my brief reply.

"It it had been necessary for her to know what my occupation was, I should have told her ; but coming to her as I did, with a note of recommendation from a respectable person, her motive in wishing to know my business was no higher one than a vulgar, personal curiosity, and I was not in the mood to satisfy it. She pursued her inquiries no further, after my last unsatisfactory answer, and when I had selected my rooms, and paid for them in advance, according to the rule of the house, she left me.

"The apartments were of good size and neatly furnished, and having arranged my clothes in the wardrobe, unpacked my books, and hung the few choice pictures I possessed upon the walls, the place put on quite a home look.

"The next morning I went to work. There were some drawbacks—the constant noise in the streets, so different from the dreamy stillness of the country, annoyed me very much—but I met with as good success at the beginning as I had dared to hope. But after a while I found that the confinement was wearing upon me ; that the face which looked out from the carved frame of my bedroom mirror, grew daily paler and thinner. I began to be anxious about my health. I had never thought of *that* failing me. The long days of loneliness wore upon my spirits, and I grew nervous and unhappy ; for I had no companions. There was no congeniality between me and the gay, high-spirited, showily-dressed girls, whom I met at table twice a day, and I never spoke to them. There was but one of their number whom I even knew by name. She was a tall, dark, handsome girl, the niece of my boarding-mistress, and they called her Kate De Kalb. Her room was opposite mine, and she sat

next me during meals, and though I liked her even less than I did many of the others, we sometimes exchanged a few words. The gentlemen boarders I seldom saw, for they took their meals half an hour earlier in the morning, and an hour later at noon and night than I did.

"One afternoon, in coming from my publisher's office, I was caught in a shower, and when I reached the house went round to the basement door, fearing that my wet boots would make marks upon the neat carpet of the front hall. But as soon as I entered the yard, I stopped involuntarily. Such a pretty, laughable sight ! A little child stood upon the steps of the entrance, his flushed cheeks dashed with water, his golden hair hanging drenched over his shoulders, his pretty head thrown back, and his rosy mouth stretched to its widest extent to catch the rain-drops. I could not help laughing aloud.

"The little one started, cast a quick glance over his shoulder at the door, and then stood looking shyly at me as I advanced.

" 'You little Cupid, what is your name ?' I asked, stooping to kiss him.

" 'Archie Winchester,' he replied, in his pretty, baby English.

" 'What will your mother say ?—see how wet you are,' I said.

" 'She wont say anything, 'cos she's dead, but Sallie 'll shake me,' he replied, gravely.

"I was amused by his coolness.

" 'Did n't you know that you would get punished for coming out ?' I asked.

" 'Yes ; but I'd rather play out in the rain and take a shaking, than to stay in the house and not,' he answered, and, laughing, I led my dripping little philosopher into the kitchen.

"A stout, red-armed Irish girl, sitting by the fire, sprang up as we entered, and, catching the child by the arm, shook him most vigorously.

" 'Ye little haythen !' she cried, in her strong brogue, 'you'll be the death of me yit. Faix, but it's enough to put patience out uv a saint. Lak at him, Ann ; dthripping from head to foot !'

"A girl engaged in ironing at a table looked around, and burst into a loud laugh.

" 'Och ! you'll have to sthrip him,' she cried.

"And stripped the child was in a twinkling, and left standing before the fire in his little shirt. He had not uttered a cry or a word.

"When the girl had procured dry clothes, arrayed him in them, and made his beautiful hair into glossy curls by winding it about her fingers, she thumped him into a chair, with the command to stay there until supper time !

"The little fellow sat quietly enough until her back was turned towards him, and then he slid

down and stole over to me as I sat by the stove, drying my feet, for there was no fire in my room.

"Take me," he whispered, reaching up his arms, and laughing till his cheeks were dimpled all over; and after a moment's hesitation, I took him upon my lap. He did not talk much, only answered my questions in his quiet, old-fashioned way, and lay still in my arms, with his golden head against my shoulder.

"After a while I told him I must go to my room, and attempted to put him down.

"Let me go with you; please let me go," he pleaded, clinging to my dress with his little, fair hands. 'I will be good.'

"A little timidly, for I did not know how my request would be received, I went over to where the child's nurse stood at a window.

"I should like to have your charge come to my room with me a little while, if you are willing," I said.

"Certainly, mum;" and stooping down to the child, she jerked his clothes in order with a force that spoke well for the strength of the thread with which they were made.

"Don't be a throuble to the leddy, Archie!" she called after him.

"I was delighted with my success, and bore the child off to my lonely rooms in triumph. Little sunbeam! how he brightened the place with his sweet face and golden hair! I rocked him in my arms, and told him stories, and sung him songs, till the tea bell rang, when Sallie came for him.

"I don't want my supper, and I want you to put me to bed!" he cried, clinging to my neck, and resisting her attempts to take him. I interposed, expressing my willingness to undress the child, and, apparently willing to be rid of the trouble, the girl brought me his night-clothes, and left him to my care.

"When robed in his little white night-dress, I carried him to a room at the further end of the hall, which he said was his chamber. It was a tasteful, airy, spacious apartment, with graceful furniture of a light color, a delicately tinted carpet, and white window shades, with drab tassels.

"Do you sleep here alone, Archie?" I asked.

"No," he replied. 'Papa sleeps with me. See, here is his other room!' and he bounded forward, and flung open a door.

"I held my breath in involuntary admiration. Never in my life, I thought, had I seen anything half so beautiful as the mossy carpet, with its velvet roses and lilies, which covered the floor of that wonderful room. The elegant sofas, lux-

urious arm-chairs, and mahogany book-case, with its long doers of gleaming plate-glass, were miracles of beauty to me. A dainty lounge covered with violet velvet, was drawn up beside a marble-topped table, upon which was a cigar-case, an open book, and a showy vase of Parian marble, holding a spray of crimson roses. The walls were hung with delicate engravings of lovely female faces, and fine oil-paintings, full of mellow lights and shadows, and about the room were niches artificially made for choice cream-white statuary. My first glance was one of delight, my next of apprehension. But the apartment was unoccupied. Over the arm of a sofa I noticed a gentleman's dressing-gown, and upon a gracefully carved side table was a stained goblet of water, a kid glove, and a withered water lily, but the owner of that regal room was not present. I lingered a moment longer, and then drew back.

"Come, Archie—come out and shut the door. We must not go in," I said to the child, who was running back and forth over the carpet with his little bare feet. He obeyed me instantly. I taught him a little prayer, and kissing him good night, entered my own rooms with the happiest heart I had carried for weeks.

"After that, it became a regular practice for me to put the little one to bed at night. I was a little timid at first about entering the child's room so freely, fearing that I might meet his father, but I never did. Sometimes my heart would bound suddenly when I opened the door of the chamber, and heard a slight noise which seemed to come from the adjoining apartment; but long as I might listen, nothing more could I hear, and so I would enter. But I was apprehensive and watchful all the time Archie knelt at my knee, and when his little prayer was said, I would lift him into the bed, and hurry away.

The summer days grew long and hot, and I became weary, mentally and physically. I could not write, try as I might, I was so tired and heart-sore. My publishers complained that my stories lacked interest, and lessened the remuneration. For a while I was roused by desperation, and wrote, but with beating temples and hot, unsteady hands. Then again I sank back into the old nerveless, despairing state. I could not work at anything else, or read, or weep—only bow my pale face upon my hands, and repeat again and again, 'What can I do?'

"One sultry, stifling afternoon, I lay stretched upon my bed, trying to sleep, that I might ease the throbbing pain in my head. I had just fallen into a light, uneasy slumber, when a light noise in the adjoining apartment aroused me, and thinking Archie was there, for he stole away to

me whenever he could, I called. There was no reply, only a quick step, and then I heard the door shut. I arose and went out. O, life and hope! how my heart bounded as my eyes rested on the table. A whole summer's sweetness and sunshine seemed nestled in the deep, fragrant hearts of the flowers, which some one had left there. There were golden-hearted lilies, rich, wine-hued English pansies, blood-red and milk-white roses, carnations, passion-flowers, azure-tinted hyacinths, and creamy japonicas. With a satisfied heart, I knelt down beside them, and pressed my lips to them. I clasped my reverent hands over them, and wept all the darkness and bitterness out of my soul. They were what I needed. I wanted nothing more. I could work then. Their fragrant breath had in it the old dreamy fancies. They thronged into my brain, and made my heart fresh and tender. Yes, I could write, and as in the old time.

"It is strange, but I gave but one thought to the donor of the gift. I did not care from whence they came; the thought that they were mine crowded down as insignificant every other idea. I was satisfied, blest, calmly happy. The little sketch that I wrote the next day, sitting by the table, with the sweet eyes of the blossoms watching me, received extraordinary praise. Alas, on the third day my treasures began to droop their dear heads, as if their mission was ended, and I wept and prayed that they might not leave me. But I did not see them die. They were gone one night when I returned to my room after tea, and others as fair and sweet and fresher, occupied their place. And in turn others succeeded them, coming as silently and strangely as their predecessors. At last my curiosity was aroused, but I racked my brain uselessly to untangle the mystery. I was forced to be satisfied, and rest content in my bewilderment.

"One evening when the summer was almost through—indeed, I think it was the first of September—I went down to tea with one of the spicy tube roses upon my bosom. Its rich fragrance attracted the attention of Kate De Kalb, and as we passed into the hall together after the meal was finished, she said, smiling, 'A love gift, Miss Weston?'

"'I hope so,' I replied, not heeding what I was saying, as I stooped to lift Archie in my arms, as he sprang towards me. There was a gentleman at the foot of the stairs—I did not at first notice whom—and as I was about to pass up with the child, he held out his arm to him. I glanced at him, saw that it was Mr. Winchester (I knew him by sight), and reached Archie towards him. The little fellow put out his right

arm to his father, while he clung with the other to my neck, and then, as the gentleman bent forward, and before I realized what he was about, he drew us both towards him. Mr. Winchester's bearded lips touched my cheek; could I think it accidental? I shook myself clear of the child's embrace, and sprang up the stairs, giving but one glance back. But that look showed me two pairs of eyes following my motions. One was clear, brown, and smiling, the other, glittering, black, and evil.

"I had it in my mind to reprove my pet for what he had done, when he came to be undressed, but the look on his face, when he came to me an hour later, silenced me. The warm flush had gone from his cheeks, and his violet eyes were heavy and languid. He pressed his little hands against his forehead, and said it ached.

"I bathed his head with cold water, rocked him in my arms till it was dark, and then, still wide awake, he asked me to take him to bed. I hesitated.

"'Where is your father, Archie?'

"'Gone down town,' he replied.

"'Did you see him go?'

"'Yes,' he said.

"I carried him to his room and laid him on the bed, but he clung to me with his little, hot hands.

"'Please stay a little while,' he pleaded.

"Thinking that he would soon fall asleep, I sat down upon the side of the bedstead, and rested my face upon the pillow beside him. He put his arms about my neck, and lay quiet. I did not know that I was drowsy, but my position was an easy one. I was weary with working all day, and before I realized that I was falling asleep, I was insensible.

"I was suddenly awakened by the sound of the city clocks striking ten, and at the same moment I heard a door open, and a light flashed upon my bewildered eyes. I leaped to my feet, and stood a moment confounded. Then murmuring something, I did not know what, I sprang past Mr. Winchester, and rushed into the hall. In the darkness I ran against some one who seemed to be standing there, but too confused and frightened to care who it was, I did not pause until I had locked myself in my own room. I was almost wild for a time with shame, fear, and apprehension, and had not closed my eyes in sleep when the morning came. I pleaded illness as an excuse for my non-attendance at breakfast, and, indeed, I was almost blind with a terrible headache. I was so confused that I could not determine what course I ought to pursue, and the more I thought of the matter, the more I was

troubled. I fretted myself almost into a fever before night, and went down to tea, sick and loathing food, though I forced myself to eat, fearing that my manner would attract attention. As I rose from the table, Kate De Kalb made some trifling allusion to roses, and fixed her sneering eyes on my face. I could see no hidden meaning in her words, but the peculiar look she gave me haunted me long after I returned to my room. It was scarcely dark, when a servant came and informed me that Mrs. Maynard, my boarding-mistress, wished to see me in the back parlor. With my face flushed and my heart beating heavily, I obeyed the summons. I hardly knew what I dreaded, though I was shivering with fear as I entered the room. My anxiety and unhappiness had been caused by the fear of what Mr. Winchester would think of me. I had never once thought of his betraying me, but as I met the severe expression of Mrs. Maynard's face, and the sneering smile of her niece, I apprehended with a sudden faintness what was coming.

"Miss Weston," began Mrs. Maynard, motioning me to a seat, "I have requested this interview for the purpose of advising you never to attempt again to impose upon persons of respectability by assuming a character which is not your own, for your success will be but of short duration. You have played your part with good success until now, but after a young lady is seen coming from a gentleman's room at ten o'clock at night!"

"Mrs. Maynard!" I gasped, my lips white and stiff.

"O, don't attempt that," interrupted Kate De Kalb, with a short, scornful laugh, "for it wont avail you in the least. Miss Weston, you are a shameless creature. I saw you come from Mr. Winchester's room last night. For a long time I have noticed your manoeuvres to attract his attention, but I never suspected that you were so degraded. I have thought you artful and unwomanly, but I have always given you credit for respectability. Mr. Winches—"

"The folding-doors behind her were thrown back suddenly, and the owner of the name which was upon her lips strode into the room. With his dark eyes flashing, he faced her.

"Hush, you evil-minded, heartless woman!" he exclaimed, and then turned to her aunt:

"Mrs. Maynard, you know me to be a man of good character, and will not doubt my word, when I tell you that the motive which induced Miss Weston to visit my chamber last night, was one which an angel might be proud of. When I assure you of this, it will be unnecessary for the

young lady to say more unless she wishes to do so."

"The room was as still as death as his clear, rich voice ceased. Mrs. Maynard looked bewildered, her niece became crimson. I rose from my chair, and turned towards the door.

"Miss Weston—" began the confused lady of the house, but I hurried from the sound of her voice, as if it had been a pestilence. In the second hall I paused at my door. There was a step behind me. I tried to look up at Mr. Winchester and speak, but my lids would not be raised, my lips were rigid. I could only hold out my hand. He took it in both his warm, strong palms.

"He did not speak for a moment, but searched my face with his deep eyes silently. Then he said, 'Good night, dear child!' gently, and turned away. He took but three steps, and immediately retraced them.

"Hope," he said—how well I liked my name when he pronounced it—"you are like a timid, defenceless little dove, in a nest of serpents. Will you let me shield you, and take care of you through life? For I love you, dear one, best of all the world. See, I can hold you so that harm can never reach you. Look up; answer me."

"I did look up, but did not speak, and he was satisfied. And he is the dearest husband in the world!"

No need to have told me that, dear little woman. She jumped up from the low seat at my feet, laughing and blushing as if she were ashamed of having made the assertion, and ran away from my voice, as I sang, "And they lived in peace," etc., leaving me to write her story.

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#### PRIDE AND EXCLUSIVENESS.

It is reported of the proud Duke of Somerset that he never stooped to speak to a servant, but signified his wants by signs. His children were not allowed to sit in his presence. In his afternoon nap, one of his daughters was required to stand by him as he slept. Lady Charlotte Seymour, having once, when very tired, violated this etiquette, he left her in his will £20,000 less than her sister. His second wife once gave him an affectionate and familiar tap with her fan. "My first duchess," said the august noble, drawing himself haughtily up, "was a Percy, and she never would have taken such a liberty."—*Anecdotes of English Aristocracy.*

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#### A CONSTANT SOLDIER.

Ay, still he loves  
The lion-tressed Bellona, like a bride;  
Wooes her with blows; and when his limbs all sweat  
With struggling through the iron ranks of war,  
Down doth he tumble on the tired ground,  
Wipes his red forehead; cries, "How brave is this!"  
And dreams all night of bloody victory!



[ORIGINAL.]

## O, FOR A FAITHFUL HEART!

BY WILLIAM WAIT.

O, for a heart on which to lean,  
When weak, and worn, and faint;  
O, for a breast on which to weep,  
When sad, without restraint;  
O, for a gentle hand to rest  
Mid my neglected hair,  
To soothe my brow, and leave the touch  
Of loving comfort there!

O, for a voice to whisper faith,  
In accents soft and low;  
To chase with kindness grief away—  
Dispel the shades of woe!  
To hush my doubts to sweetest rest,  
And calm my anguished fears;  
To stay my sighs, and dry with love  
My often falling tears!

O, for a loving eye,  
Beaming with kindly light,  
Irradiant with a flood of peace,  
With tender feelings bright!  
Methinks, beneath its soothing ray  
Sweet happiness would come,  
And heavenly sunshine rest upon  
My lone and dreary home!

O, for one hour of rest,  
To throw all care away,  
And feel that not a duty calls  
The whole long, tranquil day;  
To lean in sweet oblivion  
On some protecting breast,  
And be in love's dear presence  
For one short hour blest!

Why should I murmur thus?  
God's ways are always right!  
Against Him I would not rebel,  
Though wrapt in blackest night.  
Aid me, thou great Jehovah!  
Let these poisonous thoughts depart;  
Help me to labor on through life  
With an unrepining heart!

[ORIGINAL.]

## THE GRAVE OF ONONTAWA.

BY GIACOMO S. CAMPANA.

To the lover of the picturesque, the mountain ranges of Western Virginia are one vast, unworked mine of beauty. In saying *Western Virginia*, I adopt the customary phraseology, though a large part of the mountains of Virginia are near the centre of the State. For a long time this region has been a *terra incognita* for the people of the United States in general; but of late years the mineral springs, which are no-

where more numerous, have drawn attention somewhat to the unrivalled scenery.

My daughters had long been urging me to make a summer tour through this portion of our native State, and a few years ago I consented, and spent the whole of the warm season among the watering places, and the magnificent mountain scenery among which they lie.

As I am always reluctant to leave home, however, the thing would hardly have been done, if it had not been for the sake of our governess, the teacher and friend of my motherless girls. Always pale and languid, she had for a year past shown symptoms of declining health calculated to give us much uneasiness; and it was the hope of benefiting her, more than anything else, which eventually sent me forth among the mountains.

Mrs. Andrews had been with us several years, and was highly esteemed by us all. Her own daughter, now about sixteen years of age, was one of our party, and her ever ready laugh and exuberant joyousness were in striking contrast to the patient, unobtrusive, but painfully apparent melancholy of the mother. We knew little or nothing of the cause of this. Indeed, we were almost entirely ignorant of her history, and we had no disposition to pry into that about which she had evidently no wish to be communicative. The daughter was apparently no better informed on the subject than ourselves.

We had reached the extreme limit prescribed for our journey, and were now on our way home again. Some sixteen or eighteen miles to one side of our intended route, lay an extremely picturesque valley, of which we had heard, but which we had no intention at that time, of visiting, as it was an isolated, secluded, out-of-the-way spot, and rather difficult of access.

But, very much to our surprise, Mrs. Andrews expressed a wish to see the valley, and I at once resolved to give her an opportunity of doing so. It was so very rare a thing for her to express a wish of any sort, that no one of us would have hesitated a moment about doing all that was possible with the view of gratifying her, and I least of all.

We were well rewarded for the trouble it cost us to reach the mountain-girt solitude, both by the remarkable quality of the scenery, and by the evident interest taken in it by our invalid friend. She was so much absorbed and excited, indeed, that I sometimes felt afraid that ill consequences might follow.

One evening, in particular, Mrs. Andrews's emotion overcame her so that we were forced to stop and rest sooner than we had intended. The

nearest house, indeed the only one for a great distance, was a cottage, all embowered in verdure, and built upon a site the most beautiful I had ever beheld. The place was now in the hands of a rude, rustic tenant; but it was easy to see that the builder and former inhabitant must have been a person of no ordinary degree of taste and refinement. The man in charge had never seen the proprietor, who had not visited that part of the country, he said, for a number of years, and left everything in the hands of a lawyer, who lived in Lynchburg.

We spent the night with the farmer, and listened to his account of some of the marvellous hunting exploits performed in that Alpine locality. He also told us of a sort of wild man, who had been seen among the mountains, by himself and others; but where he lived, or who he was, or what he did, or where he came from, nobody could tell. Whether he was a real live man or not, was also a matter of doubt, some rather believing him to be a "sperrit."

The next morning we started, on horseback, up the neighboring mountain, which rose just back of our host's orchard. Our ultimate destination was a cave, where a gigantic skeleton had been found by the first settlers of the valley. These bones, and the place of their discovery, were regarded with superstitious veneration by the aborigines, who looked upon them as the remains of a sort of traditional demi-god, whom they called Onontawa.

The cave itself was known to them as the "Grave of Onontawa," and the superstitious feeling with which it was regarded had been in a good degree communicated to the white settlers, very few of whom would on any account go near it; this same feeling had been handed down from generation to generation, till the present day.

For this reason we found it impossible to get any one to go to the cave with us. The farmer's eldest son, however, accompanied us as far as the route was accessible on horseback, and undertook the care of the animals till our return. Though we started soon after sunrise, it was nearly ten o'clock before we reached this spot, so frequently were we lured from the path by the magnificent scenery which everywhere surrounded us. The distance, in a direct line, was but trifling.

We found the Grave of Onontawa to be a cave with a high but narrow entrance, inconsiderable in point of size, and with nothing remarkable about it, that we could discover. There were still a few bones of wild animals there, but no human ones. Our young people were soon satisfied with their explorations, and began to look

for berries, on the outside, leaving Mrs. Andrews and myself to rest quietly within the cavern.

Seeing some rather rare minerals just at the entrance, I went to look at them, and spent some time in getting a few small specimens. When I had secured them, I returned to the place where I had left Mrs. Andrews, but, to my extreme astonishment I found her no longer there.

I called her, but she did not answer; I searched in every nook and corner, but she was nowhere to be seen. She could not possibly have left the cave without my noticing it, for at the point where I had been standing, her dress must have touched me as she passed out.

Surprise now began to be mingled with alarm. The thing was so utterly strange and unaccountable, that my mind would, in spite of me, revert to the evil reputation of the place, while a feeling very much akin to superstitious awe stole over me, the existence of which I was hardly willing to acknowledge, even to myself. The cave was not large, and it was tolerably well lighted, the entrance, as I have stated, being quite a lofty one.

After the lapse of three or four minutes, I instituted a second search, going carefully round the whole place; but my success was no better than before. There were of course cracks, and crevices, and inequalities in the walls, and pretty deep fissure in the rocks in some places; but no cavity, that I could find, where anything larger than a cat could have lain concealed. But even if there had been such a place, why should Mrs. Andrews act in such an extraordinary manner as to conceal herself there? Why indeed? It was a mystery which only grew darker the more I endeavored to throw light upon it.

I dreaded every moment to hear the merry voices of the girls returning to seek us. What could I say to that sweet child when she should come to me, all trembling with apprehension, and ask me where her mother was? The very idea was torture to me. I went to the mouth of the cave, to see if they were near, and was gratified to perceive that they were all out of sight, and apparently very busy enjoying themselves. I could just hear their voices through the bushes.

Entering the cave again, I had not taken more than half a dozen steps, when I saw Mrs. Andrews, reclining on a heap of leaves, in the same attitude, and on the very same spot in which I had left her when I went to look at the minerals near the entrance!

"O, let us go back," said she, beseechingly, as soon as she saw me.

She looked so feeble, wan, and wretched, that

I controlled my curiosity, and asked her if she would not rest awhile first.

"O, no! Do let us leave this place without delay—this very instant." And as she said this she gazed wildly about her, as if she was afraid of seeing some horrible spectre, if she should remain there.

I gave her my arm, without any further remark, and we left the cave together. A few yards only from its mouth, we came suddenly upon a stranger, who had just stepped out of a dense pine thicket. He was a tall person, with the air and look of a gentleman, pale, and thin to emaciation, with dark hair, and a long black beard considerably streaked with gray.

The moment he saw Mrs. Andrews, he started back, as if he had been stabbed, and would probably have fallen to the ground if a tree against which he staggered had not sustained him. In a few seconds, however, he recovered, and immediately darted into the cavern. At the same instant, Mrs. Andrews bore so heavily upon my arm that all my attention was transferred to her. She had fainted outright.

Half believing that there was, after all, some demoniacal influence about the Grave of Onontawa, I allowed the lady to slip gently down upon the grass, and applied myself to the task of restoring her to consciousness. After a while, she opened her eyes, shuddered, gazed wildly around her, and then begged that I would take her away. The girls were already calling to us from the spot where we left the horses. With some difficulty she managed to get thither, to mount, and ride back to the cottage without particularly attracting the attention of the others. When she reached it, however, she was forced to retire to her bed immediately.

As the lady could not then be questioned, I determined to seek the individual who had produced such an extraordinary impression upon her. After a frugal dinner, I took the farmer's rifle, and other shooting implements, and hastened back to the cave, thinking it probable that I should find him there or somewhere thereabouts.

Sure enough, just as I emerged from the bushes, near the mouth of the cave, I saw him, within a few yards of it. His back was towards me. He was evidently making for the cave, and in half a minute he entered it. I pushed on after him, and in two minutes, perhaps, was within the entrance, and looking about eagerly for the stranger. But, like Mrs. Andrews, he had vanished!

"Come, come," said I to myself, "people don't carry the fern-seed of invisibility in this age or country; I must find the secret way out

of this place. If others can get out I can."

It is possible I might have done so if I had tried long enough and hard enough; but half an hour more of diligent scrutiny proving fruitless, I gave up the search. I found everything precisely as it was when I made my examination in the morning. There was surely no visible outlet, and no large hole, anywhere, except an excavation in the floor, close to the southern wall, which I had already examined. It was several feet deep, but upon trying it with a ramrod, I found that it did not extend back, under the wall, more than two or three feet. The means of egress, if it existed, must be a secret one. How then did Mrs. Andrews find it out?

I stood for some time, thinking the thing over, and while I was thus occupied, to my excessive astonishment, the man I was looking for stepped out of that very hole which I had just found to be only about three feet and a half deep, and which extended into the wall certainly less than three feet. He seemed a little surprised to see me there, but he advanced without hesitation, and the light from the entrance fell full upon his face as he did so. It was a face painful to behold. He seemed hardly more than forty years of age, but sickness, or sorrow, or some such thing, had ploughed his wan visage with the furrows of three-score, and stamped upon it an expression which might well have been translated by the famous inscription in Dante's *Inferno*, "No hope enters here."

"Sir," said I, "I trust you will attribute to something more important than mere curiosity the motive which induces me to beg of you some explanation of the extraordinary influence produced by your presence upon Mrs. Andrews, who is a valued member of my family."

"Mrs. who?"

"Mrs. Andrews."

"A member of your family, is she?"

"Yes."

"Then I advise you to get rid of her as soon as possible." And with these words he turned quickly upon his heel, and prepared to leave the cavern.

"But you have not answered my question," said I, interrupting him.

After gazing at me a minute or two, he said, "Why do you not ask *her* for an explanation?"

"Because she is not in a condition to give it. She was hardly able to ride to a place of shelter, and is now in bed."

"Humph! May I ask what position Mrs.—A.—Mrs. Andrews occupies in your family?"

"She is my daughters' governess."

"Then, sir, content yourself with the solemn

assurance of a truthful man, that she is, in a moral point of view, unfit for such a position; and do you get rid of her as soon as you can."

"Pardon me, sir, but you have not answered my question, and I think it is your duty to give me further information."

"You will not dismiss your governess without proof of what I have asserted?"

"Certainly not; nor do I think that anything you are likely to tell me will induce me to take such a step."

The stranger appeared to reflect for a short time, and then said:

"I will tell you what I know of that woman's history, and then you will do as you please. Follow me."

As he said this he advanced to the wall of the cavern farthest from the entrance, and stepping into the hole from which he had emerged, almost immediately disappeared. I followed his example, and when I had stooped down, I found that I could pass under the rocky wall, where it came down nearly to the level of the floor. The excavation which I have described gave me room to stoop under it, and pressing close against the rock where I had touched it with the ramrod, I found that there was room enough for me to rise into an upright posture, and stand between that rock and the wall, in such a position that an observer in the cavern would have been able to see my legs only.

By putting out my hands, I now found that there was room to move only in one direction—the right. Just as I ascertained this fact, my predecessor took hold of my hand, and led me away in that direction, telling me at the same time to look well to my feet. The caution was not unnecessary, for the very first step I took was an ascent of eight or ten inches. A few more steps, still ascending to the right, brought us to a level place, where the two rocks, between which we were, retreated from each other, so as to give us plenty of room in every direction. There was a dim light, too, coming from a fissure far above our heads.

From this point the passage turned, so as to lead us nearly at right angles to our former course, and away from the cave we had just left. This passage was perhaps fifteen or twenty feet in length, and terminated in another excavation made by nature's hands, which was much larger than the Grave of Onontawa. No hall or temple of human construction would bear comparison for a moment with this splendid apartment.

The ceiling was of immense height, reaching to the very summit of one of the highest peaks of the mountains, and from a great rift in the vast

rocky dome sending down a flood of light upon a mazy wilderness of stalactites, assuming thousands of shapes of strange, fantastic beauty. I had but little time, however, to note the wonders of the place, for my conductor hurried me on, through this Aladdin's palace, then into another passage, and by this time to a third cave, smaller than either of the others, but perfectly dry, and fitted up with furniture, which must all have been introduced piecemeal, through the narrow passage, but which was nevertheless convenient, elegant, and almost luxurious. And here also was a skylight, formed by the same fissure, running across the rocky pinnacle, at a point where human foot had never trodden.

Without giving me time even to wonder at the marvels which I was encountering at every step, the stranger motioned me to a seat, threw himself into another, and commenced the following narrative of a portion of his own history:—

—The events which I am about to relate have never spoken of to any one—never thought of doing so. But it seems necessary that I should make an exception in your case. I will be as brief as possible.

I am a native of Virginia, but not of this part of the State. I was born in the tide-water section, the sole offspring of a wealthy planter. Both of my parents died before I was old enough to know them, and having no near relatives in the United States, I was brought up by a guardian, who gave himself very little trouble about me. My property was well managed, but my moral and mental culture was left pretty much to take care of itself.

When I came into possession of my estate, my mind was certainly not the best regulated one in the world, nor my character perhaps as well settled and as steadfast as it ought to have been. I was wayward and impulsive; but I was at least truthful and sincere, and gross vice and dissipation had never any charms for me. Meanness and falsehood in every shape I detested. My character was open and transparent to a fault, and anything like deceit or double-dealing thoroughly disgusted me.

Such were my peculiarities when, at about twenty-two years of age, I completed a course of medical study, and received a diploma. The summer of that year I spent in roving among the mountains and watering places of my native State. One evening, while ascending the Valley, towards Staunton, I stopped for the night in Harrisonburg, Rockingham county. A magnificent sunset was just fading out in the west as I left the hotel for an evening stroll, shaping my course in an easterly direction.

The southern end of the Massanutten Mountain, where it terminates abruptly, and seems suddenly to sink into the plain, attracted my attention, and I walked slowly forward, with my eyes fixed upon it, as it lay before me, somewhat to the right of my path.

I soon found myself without the village, and ascending a rising ground, known from the color of the soil, as Red Hill. Within a few rods of a white house which crowns the summit of the hill, a pair of runaway horses, attached to a travelling carriage, containing two ladies and a gentleman, came thundering down at full speed. I had heard the noise for some minutes, but supposing it to be a wagon, and paying no attention to it, the horses were almost on me before I noticed them.

It was too late to throw myself in front of them. After a moment's thought, I watched my opportunity, pressed close to the flying animals, allowed them to pass, and as the carriage flitted before my eyes, leaped on behind it. In an instant I clambered to the front, and snatched the reins from the hands of an old gentleman who was grasping them steadily but feebly. He had thus far kept the frightened horses in the centre of the road; but his hands were trembling, and his strength was fast giving way.

By exerting all the force I could muster, together with some degree of address, I soon managed to check the panic-stricken animals, and finally drove them into the village at a moderate trot. The destination of the party, for the night, was the same hotel at which I was stopping, and in a few minutes we reached it.

One of the ladies had fainted. I took her up in my arms, carried her into the house, and laid her on a sofa. Her looks, her touch, her helpless condition, her long, dark-golden hair streaming over her snowy shoulders, her long, dark eyelashes resting on a skin as pure as alabaster—all these things, and more besides, conspired to produce upon me an impression which was no less novel than delicious.

I informed the old gentleman of my professional character, and continued my efforts to call back to life this beautiful statue, until the landlady arrived. By that time her bosom was beginning to heave, and her eyelids opened heavily. As soon as her eyes met mine, she evidently recognized me as the person who had stopped the horses, and a bright smile and a rosy flush gave that animation to her pallid face which was all her exquisite beauty needed to carry it to perfection. From that moment I was enthralled, captivated, heart and soul.

She was led away to her room by the landlady,

and I then learned that her name was Ada Minden, that she was a resident of the city of Baltimore, and that, like myself, she was making a summer tour in Virginia, in company with her friend, Miss Roane, and her friend's uncle, Mr. Roane. They had their own carriage and horses; for travelling facilities, and travellers themselves, indeed, were far from being numerous in Virginia at that day.

The incident I have mentioned was the means of establishing a very intimate acquaintance on my part with the little party of travellers. I remained in their company the whole season, and we visited together many beautiful spots, and among others this wild mountain solitude, which was then much wilder and more solitary than it is now.

In the month of October I accompanied them to Baltimore. From the first moment of our meeting I had loved Ada Minden with all the ardor of my passionate, fiery nature. Like myself she was an orphan. She was living with a distant relative, on a patrimony barely sufficient for the supply of her necessary wants. Early in November we were married.

Before I left Virginia, I had purchased two thousand acres of land in this valley, and as soon as we reached Baltimore I sent thither competent persons to build the cottage you have seen and lay out the grounds. The death of an uncle in England—my last surviving relative—had added largely to my income. I therefore gave my architect *carte blanche*, merely restricting him to the general outlines of a plan which I had sketched for the principal features of the establishment. Our house could not well be ready before the spring. We therefore spent the winter in Europe, and reached Virginia again in the early days of May. Our agents had proved themselves intelligent and faithful in carrying out my designs for the creation and embellishment of a desirable home in this mountain wilderness, and had done all that art, in that time, could have done, to heighten the very extraordinary natural beauties of the place.

Here we spent three swiftly-gliding years, in a paradise such as few since Adam's fall have ever enjoyed on earth. In the course of our frequent rides through our domain, we often visited the outer cave, and one day, by accident, I discovered these inner ones. Until to-day, no one, I believe, has ever entered them but Ada and myself. No one here, indeed, ever visits even the outer cave, the country people all shunning it as an accursed spot—which indeed it is, though not more so than many other spots in this vicinity, which have never had any special evil reputation.

All the articles you see around you were conveyed hither by myself, by night, and with no little difficulty; and I spared no pains nor expense in fitting it up as a pleasant retreat, where our privacy was in no danger of ever being invaded. It is because of this, because of the solitude which it secures to me, that I inhabit it now, and endure the painful thoughts which memory and association evoke from these silent walls. During the second summer of our residence in this valley, a little daughter was born to us, and my cup of happiness, brimful before, now ran over. It was a felicity too perfect for creatures of a sinful, fallen race, and a vague apprehension of the fact caused its very intensity to make me tremble.

One day, when our little girl was about ten months old, I returned home from a visit to this cave, where I had been reading and writing, and found a man seated on the verandah, and holding the child in his arms. This person was the only visitor we ever had from a distance, and he did not come very often, for I gave him little encouragement to do so. He professed to be a distant relation of my wife's. I disliked the man, and had more than once suspected him of annoying her with impertinent attentions; but she made no complaint, and I curbed my temper as well as I could, though he could not but see that I had no desire for his company.

It affected my nerves most unpleasantly to see this fellow fondling the baby, and I snatched her away abruptly, and placed her in her mother's arms. Scott (that was his name) appeared to take no notice of my ill-humor, but remained with us till after dinner, when he asked me to take a walk with him. I assented, and we walked in this direction, and eventually reached the outer cave, entered it and sat down to rest. After a silence of some minutes' duration, he said to me:

"Dr. Envile, I have a painful duty to perform. I have been hesitating about it ever since your marriage, and I am now resolved to hesitate no longer. You know Mrs. Envile's hand-writing, do you not?"

"That is a very strange question, sir," replied I. "Of course I know it."

"It is a peculiar hand, isn't it—one that would be very difficult to counterfeit?"

"Yes, it is. But what business is it of yours?"

"Excuse me, you will know in a moment. I will ask only one more question. Do me the favor to look at that, and tell me if it is her writing—yes or no."

"Yes—it is her writing."

"You have no doubt about it whatever?"

"None whatever. It is not possible that there should be any. But what is the meaning of this catechizing? What is your object? I demand an answer."

"My object is merely to deliver to you these letters. They came accidentally into my possession, and I felt it to be my duty to place them in your hands. Having done so, my business with you is ended, and I have only to wish you a very good evening."

There was a peculiar, ironical emphasis in the man's words, and a sneering devil in his eye, as he turned and left me, which gave a significance to his adieu beyond its literal meaning. Though I had never been actually jealous of this person, I had certainly been annoyed at the familiarity which he assumed in his intercourse with my wife under cover of his alleged relationship, and had always felt an antipathy to him not unlike that which one feels towards a sneaking, venomous reptile. He had handed me two entire letters, and three fragments. They were all addressed to a man—a man I had never before heard of. With a chill of apprehension, and an involuntary sinking of the heart, I took up the first that came to hand, and opened it.

No hellish torture, contrived to palsy the heart and sear the eyeballs of its victims, could have done its work more quickly or effectually than did the first few lines of that accursed letter. In three minutes fate's lightning had flashed forth from its terrible page, the scathing thunderbolt had fallen upon eye, brain and heart together, and I was the wretched, ruined, heart-broken man you see before you. It needed but the first half-dozen lines to fix my destiny forever; but the damning characters seemed to fascinate me, and I read without stopping every line and word the letters contained. All was written in my wife's singularly beautiful and elaborate Italian hand, which I well knew no human skill could counterfeit; and they breathed in every sentence the most ardent, devoted, passionate, burning love which human heart can feel, or human pen express. One letter, solemnly vowing a love "truer than steel and stronger than death," was dated but thirteen months anterior to our first interview, at Harrisonburg.

There was, alas, no possible room to doubt that I had been the facile dupe of a designing, artful, hypocritical, and perhaps radically wicked woman! It was a matter beyond dispute that she had wilfully deceived me—that she had plighted to me her maiden troth, while her bosom was yet glowing with the amorous fires which another had kindled, and which had been very recently, if at all, extinguished. And worst of

all, she had deliberately perjured herself; volunteering the solemn assurance that no thought, even of love for another, had ever agitated her virgin breast. With the fresh poison of this lifelong misery rankling in my heart, I returned to my beautiful home, which could be home to me no more, and immediately sought the presence of my wife. My agitation had by that time subsided, and given place to the ice-cold calmness of despair. I quietly showed her the letters, and asked her if she wrote them.

Struck with confusion, pale and trembling, she nevertheless denied all knowledge of them, or the person to whom they were addressed. It was enough. If she had confessed the truth, or given any proof of repentance, I would at least have pitied her; but as it was, I turned and left her without another word.

As I passed out of the house, I saw the little girl that ever since her birth had been a fountain of delight to my love-thirsty heart. I could not think of tearing her from her mother's arms, and the father's soul within me yearned in agonizing tenderness towards the beautiful babe. But even while I gazed upon her, the conviction fastened itself upon me that there was no shadow of a resemblance in those infant features to my own, and a mocking fiend seemed to whisper in my ear: "It is no child of thine!" And for once, I fear, the devil told the truth. At all events, another arrow had entered my soul, there to fester, a fount of ceaseless agony, as long as memory remains. On my love for Ada I had staked my all. That lost, there remained no earthly thing worth living for; and so hateful had the dull current of existence become, that for long years all that preserved it from utter stagnation was a daily battle with conscience for the privilege of self-murder.

I went immediately to Europe, there to endure "life's fitful fever" as I could, till the mighty physician death should cure it forever. But the unrest which moral tortures like mine must necessarily engender, has driven me onward, like the "Wandering Jew," through every quarter of the globe, savage or civilized, and has eventually forced me to return to this valley, where, like the senseless moth, I flutter round the spot where my heart was so scorched and scathed as almost to have lost the impress of humanity. You now know my reason for speaking to you as I did. I have done my duty, and the responsibility now rests with you alone.

Thus ended the narrative of Dr. Enville. He rose immediately and left the cave. I followed him mechanically, and when we reached the

open air he bowed, silently, and disappeared among the trees.

What I had heard disconcerted and annoyed me more than I can express. Mrs. Andrews, as I still continued to call her, had established a character with me and my daughters which it would require very strong evidence indeed to tarnish. But was not the evidence just placed before me as strong as it could well be? It did certainly seem so, but it nevertheless was far from satisfying me of the lady's unworthiness. I knew not how to gainsay it; my reason assented to it, but my heart absolutely refused to admit it.

At the first opportunity, I stated frankly and fully to Mrs. Andrews what I had heard, and from whom I had heard it. With a voice choked by sobs and bitter tears, she described to me the parting interview with her husband, and with a passionate appeal to Heaven to attest the truth of her assertion, she solemnly affirmed her utter ignorance of everything connected with these fatal letters, declaring that she had never written them, never seen them till they were shown to her by her husband, and that she knew no more of the person to whom they were addressed than did the child unborn. That the handwriting and even the style of the letters was so marvellously like her own that she could not distinguish them from others that were her own, she freely admitted; but for all that they were *not* hers, for the contents were as strange to her as they could possibly be to any one else.

When her husband left her, her friend Mr. Roane had been dead more than a year, and his niece was married and gone to live in the far West, she knew not where. Dr. Enville had left funds sufficient for her support, and she continued to live in Virginia some five or six years after his departure. At the end of that time, however, by an unfortunate investment, she lost nearly every dollar she possessed. She then removed to Alabama, partly to get rid of her disagreeable cousin (the man who had exhibited the fatal letters, who was a rejected suitor, and who still annoyed her with his attentions), and partly in search of employment by which she might support herself. She finally obtained a situation as a teacher, and continued to reside in the far South until she left it to take up her abode with me.

Her feelings upon now revisiting the scene of her former happiness, and her desire to behold once more the cottage and the grounds, and the cave, of which she alone, besides her husband, possessed the secret, will be readily understood and appreciated. The more this mysterious affair was inquired into, the darker it became. But

still my confidence in the much-stricken lady whom it so nearly concerned, was steadfast and unshaken. I felt satisfied that her husband had judged her too hastily, and as I thought time would show, too harshly also. Nor did I think that her emotion at the first sight of the letters was any certain proof of either falsehood or duplicity.

The morning after my conference with her, I sought and obtained another interview with her husband, and urged him to take some steps with a view to clearing up the mystery which hung over this affair. He replied that he did not believe any mystery existed. The letters were his wife's; and though she denied the fact, it would be as easy to prove that white was black, as to make that denial good. He then spoke of obtaining a divorce, and I soon discovered that I was doing more harm than good, and consequently beat a precipitate retreat; being resolved, however, to do all I could to probe to the bottom what seemed to me to be so strangely and so mischievously inexplicable.

The next day we left the valley; but not till I had put in execution a project which I had conceived during my visit to the cave. With the mother's permission I took aside the daughter, Alice, a sweet and lovely girl, and told her the whole story. She was greatly shocked, and for a time violently agitated, but when she grew calmer I communicated to her my project, to which she agreed at once. It was simply this; that she should remain at the cottage, and pass for a relative of the farmer, on a visit. It was my hope that Enville might be attracted towards her, without knowing, of course, who she really was. We gave the farmer a liberal fee and left him. My plan eventually succeeded beyond my expectations. Alice soon found means to throw herself in her father's way, and in a short time they became every-day companions. It was not long before the morose and melancholy man began to respond to her filial attentions, though suspecting nothing of her real personality; and she eventually exercised upon him an influence of a most salutary character, and prepared the way for what I hoped would finally prove a reunion of long-sundered hearts.

In the meantime, I undertook to discover, if possible, some one who was well acquainted with the early history of Ada Minden, which might, I thought, throw some light on the one great and fatal mystery of her life, which, I felt convinced, was no less a mystery to her than it was to me. In this purpose I was successful, and in a quarter where I had not anticipated it.

Harmon Scott, the man who had exhibited

the letters to Dr. Enville, was the only person I knew of who was likely to possess the information I was seeking. But could he be induced to communicate it? I feared not. Such a thing was highly improbable. Suddenly a thought struck me, and as soon as I succeeded in finding the man, I put my idea in practice. I had resolved to obtain by moral force what I felt sure "moral suasion" would be very unlikely to accomplish. Choosing well my time, therefore, I so worked upon the fears of this base poltroon, that he told me the whole truth, and enabled me to clear up the mystery to my entire satisfaction, without any additional research, further than I thought desirable for the corroboration of his own statement, and for the more certain enlightenment of the prejudiced and skeptical husband. The history of this affair involved a singular physiological, or rather pathological phenomenon, which, though of rare occurrence, is, nevertheless a well authenticated and established fact. While still very young, Ada Minden's love had been won by a young gentleman of great worth, and singularly attractive both in mind and person; and after their solemn betrothal, she did not hesitate to lavish upon him a wealth of affection, which, though pure as the virgin snows, was nevertheless all glowing with the warmth of an unusually ardent, passionate temperament, and a tender, susceptible heart. It may well be imagined what fervid letters would spring from such a love. The wedding day was fixed, and the bridal party assembled; but the long-expected bridegroom never came. Instead of a merry marriage peal, the old church bell rang out the knell of a departed soul, and for the gay and brilliant epithalamium was substituted a funeral dirge. Ada's lover was thrown violently from his horse but a few minutes after leaving his father's door, and was borne back into the house a mangled and bloody corpse.

The terrible news was communicated to Ada with ill-advised abruptness, and its effects were fearful to behold. It seemed to set her brain on fire. Fever, delirium, frenzy of the most alarming character speedily followed, and raged with unabated violence for many days. Finally it left her, but so weak, so utterly prostrated in both mind and body, that no one dared to believe it possible that she could ever recover. She did, however, and by slow degrees rose up from the very jaws of the grave, already open to receive her.

After many weary months of tedious convalescence her health was fully restored, and her shattered mind renovated, except that everything connected with her illness, even in the most re-



mote degree, was utterly blotted out of her memory, and was as if it had never been. Not only the letters she had written to her lover, and his subsequent death, but even the very existence of such a person were steeped in some mysterious Lethe and made to fade away forever. It was a curious case, but by no means without a parallel in the annals of medical science. Fearing some unfortunate result of a contrary procedure, the physician earnestly enjoined it upon all who had become acquainted with the circumstances (and there were not many such in Baltimore) to never, on any account, allude to them in conversation with her, or in her presence. Her few friends and associates rigidly complied with this injunction, and it was not strange that the facts had never come to the ears of Dr. Envile during his brief courtship.

The moment I became possessed of these facts, I hurried home, and in company with the hardly-used and much afflicted lady hastened to the romantic valley, the scene of her short-lived happiness. There I was fortunate enough to find her husband still lingering, detained by the gently soothing ministrations of his unknown daughter. When I had told him all, I found my task a much easier one than I had anticipated. As a medical man he was prepared to acknowledge as truth what many persons, not so well-informed, would have received with scorn and ridicule. His intercourse with Alice, too, had done much to smooth down his stubborn misanthropy, and when, after listening to my story, he was finally assured that the sweet girl was his long-estranged daughter, his self-hardened heart melted in a flood of tears, while he bitterly accused himself of brutal precipitation, cruelty and injustice towards the gentle-hearted woman who had given him so many proofs of the truest, most self-sacrificing affection.

The bitter cynic, the pitiless man-hater, wept as if his heart would break, and his loud sobs were heard in the adjoining cavern, and brought thence his wife and daughter, with streaming eyes, and hearts overflowing with gratitude to Heaven. Let us drop the curtain on a scene too sacred to be intruded upon, even if an adequate description were within the scope of our feeble abilities. Suffice it to say that all the gloomy past was forgiven and forgotten, and that there were few happier hearts that day in Virginia than those which beat in the wild mountain cave by the GRAVE OF ONONTAWA.

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#### LOOKS.

Thy mild looks are all eloquent,  
Thy bright ones free and glad;  
Like glances from a placid sea,  
Thy sad ones sweetly sad.—ROBERT MORRIS.

#### THE END OF GREATNESS.

Alexander, after having climbed to the dizzy heights of ambition, and, with his temples bound with chaplets dipped in the blood of countless nations, looked down upon a conquered world, and wept that there was not another city for him to conquer, set a city on fire, and died in a scene of debauch.

Hannibal, after having, to the astonishment and consternation of Rome, passed the Alps, after having put to flight the armies of the mistress of the world, and stripped three bushels of gold rings from the fingers of her slaughtered knights, and made her foundation quake—fled from his country, being chased by one of those who exultingly united his name to that of God, and called him Hanni Baal—died at last by poison administered by his own hand, unlamented, unwept, in a foreign land.

Cæsar, after having conquered eight hundred cities, and dyed his clothes in the blood of one million of his foes; after having pursued to death the only rival he had on earth, was miserably assassinated by those he considered his nearest friends, and in that very place, the attainment of which had been his greatest ambition.

Bonaparte, whose mandate kings and emperors obeyed, after having filled the earth with the terror of his name, deluged it with blood, and clothed the world with sackcloth, closed his days in lonely banishment—almost literally exiled from the world, yet where he could sometimes see his country's banner waving over the deep, but could not, or would not bring him aid.

Thus, four great men, who, from the peculiar situation of their portraits, seemed to stand the representatives of all the world calls great—those four, who each in turn made the world tremble to its centre by their simple tread, severally died—one by intoxication, or some suppose, by poison mingled in wine; one a suicide; one murdered by his friends, and one in lonely exile.—*Providence Herald*.

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#### COAL GAS ON PLANTS.

A collection of exotic plants in a greenhouse, in Philadelphia, was, through the breakage of the city "mains," and the consequent leakage of a large amount of gas, exposed to its deleterious influence. The plants, numbering nearly three thousand, were almost entirely ruined. Those in leaf did not suffer, nor did a row of maple trees immediately over the leak; the injury sustained being entirely through their breathing organs. The general sympathy known to exist between the genera of the same natural order, extends to the action of this deleterious substance upon them. The beautiful *Amantiacæ* were so keenly sensitive to the poison, that even large old specimens were stripped at once. The floor was covered with leaves, and oranges and lemons in all stages of growth, from first fruit formed to that fully matured. The trees by careful pruning and nursing, were somewhat restored. *Camellias* were in bloom in about 120 varieties; not a leaf, bud, or flower remained upon the largest and the finest plants.—*Timbs's Curiosities of Science*.

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Corkscrews have sunk more people than cork jackets will ever keep up.

[ORIGINAL.]

## HIGHER, STILL HIGHER.

BY LIKEN MORSE.

The moon from the east, in her glimmering car,  
 Urgeth her steeds towards the keen zenith star;  
 And her spokes and her tires dash silvery spray  
 Down the cool silent air, in her radiant way,  
 As she goadeth her team, with an eager desire  
 To wheel up the skies, "O, higher, still higher!"

And the wild eagle, feeding her clamorous young,  
 Shakes off the dews that cool o'er her clung,  
 And springs from her home on the old mountain high,  
 And spreads her wings darkly along on the sky,  
 Till her plumes seem to burn in the blazing fire—  
 Yet exulting she screams, "O, higher, still higher!"

And the billows draw on their frothing white shrouds,  
 And beat their bald heads on the low-flying clouds,  
 As thin they would burst the dim, murky pall  
 That hangs on the wing of the swift-flying squall,  
 And plunge in the lights that over them flame,  
 And hungering, "Higher, O, higher!" the same.

And the century oak, that defied all the blasts,  
 For ages, of lightnings that harmless it passed,  
 And beat 'gainst the stars through all the night long,  
 Catching low bars of their triumphal song—  
 Yet still now it moans, in each quivering lyre—  
 "Upward and onward—O, higher, still higher!"

The lark in the grass by her dew-lighted nest,  
 Smooths o'er the plumes on her song-swelling breast,  
 When amber flames rain o'er the eastern skies,  
 And the purple air parts, while singing she flies—  
 Her chant growing wilder, and her wings never tire,  
 As she floats like a star, "O, higher, still higher!"

And thus, O man, thou likenest them all!  
 Like meteors they rise, like meteors they fall;  
 Though you blaze like a rocket along on the sky,  
 Yet prone in the earth you darkly must lie.  
 Then pray that thy spirit, with a holy desire,  
 Shall wing in the skies, "O, higher, still higher!"

[ORIGINAL.]

## How Kitty Forrester was tamed.

BY M. M. HAVEN.

It was in the freshness and beauty of June in the country—when the birds were abroad from dawn till sunset, when the fragrance of the faded apple blossoms yet lingered in the air, when the grass was tender and bright in its early growth, and when the mighty old trees around Kitty Forrester's home were massive domes of lustrous green, swaying in the summer wind, and throwing soft shadows upon the turf—shadows which were now long and dark, for it was late in the afternoon.

It was Saturday afternoon, too, when, in New

England farm-houses, the week's work is all "done up," and the cool, quiet apartments wear a look as if nothing was to be done in them again forevermore; the wind coming in at the open windows gently stirs the drooping asparagus boughs that fill the fireplace—the only visible motion—and the sharp, positive click of the tall clock in the corner is the only sound heard. Saturday afternoon! Suggestive of long rows of pies, with crisp, flaky crusts, huge loaves of bread, snowy wheaten and golden brown, and joints of meat of a most appetizing odor—delightful foretastes of the Sunday dinner.

Looking into Mrs. Grimes's pantry, and seeing all these toothsome delicacies nicely arranged along the white shelves, you would have sympathized with the satisfaction which irradiated the good old lady's countenance, as she surveyed these results of her own and her daughter's skill. Ruth, the daughter, was moving quietly about in the large, pleasant kitchen, deftly arranging the table for tea. She is a comely, rosy-cheeked girl, and there is a handiness in all her movements, that pleases the eye. Ruth is a model housewife, no doubt. Dorcas, the elder daughter, is sitting by the window, sewing, pausing now and then to throw a glance out over the fields and up the road. She is not so pretty as Ruth, you would say. Mrs. Grimes has come out of the pantry now, and stands at a side table, cutting slices from the wheaten loaf. The soft clink of the dishes goes on under Ruth's skilful hands, not loud enough to drown the talk.

"Do you see anything of him yet, Dorcas?" questions Mrs. Grimes; and Ruth steps back from the table, so as to come within range of the window.

"No, mother, there's no one in sight yet," was Dorcas's reply.

"Where's Kitty?" asks Mrs. Grimes, presently.

"She is up stairs, I guess," answered Ruth. "She has been arranging some flowers to put in his room."

"I don't think the minister will thank her for her pains," remarked Dorcas. "I trust he is occupied with more solemn things. And as for Kitty, she had better be making shirts for the heathen."

"I suppose she will come down pretty soon, with her hair looking like a fright, and her dress tumbled up and stained all over. She *would* sit right down on the grass," chimed in Ruth.

Just then there was a breezy rush along the passage way, a tripping of light feet, and Kitty Forrester burst into the room, dropping the corner of her apron in her effort to shut the door, and letting fall, as she did so, a shower of blos-

soms and leaves and stems, that gave the spotless floor a sadly littered appearance.

"Now, Kitty Forrester, what *does* possess you?" exclaimed Mrs. Grimes, in a distressed tone. "You do beat anything I ever see—and just look at her dress, girls! Did you ever?"

"I told you so, Kitty," said Ruth, by way of consolation.

"You ought not to let her wear such things," remarked Dorcas. "What is the use of white muslin for such a romp as she is? Now that dress would make over beautifully for the poor little Sandwich Island babies."

"But they won't get it though!" murmured Kitty, in a vexed tone; and pushing back her short curls, she stooped down to repair the disorder she had made.

But the curls *would* fall into her eyes, and the eyes *would* fill with tears, and the awkward little hands made small progress, for all the while Aunt Abigail stood watching her like an avenging Fate. The tidy lady lost all patience, at last.

"There, you might as well go away, you careless, wicked girl! You only make it worse. Go and get me the broom. I'll tell you what, Kitty Forrester," continued Mrs. Grimes, emphasizing her words by vigorous sweeps with the broom aforesaid, "if you don't turn over a new leaf, and set about doing something, and leave off kiltering all over the fields like a wild cat, I'll get the minister to take you in hand. I've talked and talked till I'm tired of it."

"I don't care if you do!" sobbed Kitty, in a burst of passionate tears. "I don't care anything about the minister. I never mean to speak to him—*so*!" And the naughty little gipsy rushed out of the room and away down through the lane, as if all the graduating class of the theological seminary were in full chase.

While Kitty is gone, and Aunt Abigail and her girls condole with each other over their "trial," we will talk a little about her. You know we naturally fall to talking of our friends as soon as their backs are turned. If a quiet family were to take a comet to board, the erratic guest would not whisk about and overturn and upset things generally with more celerity than did Kitty Forrester when she made her advent into the family of sober Deacon Grimes.

Such a staid, order-loving household it was! such a clockwork nicety pervaded all its arrangements! And to have all this method and system annihilated by Kitty Forrester! No wonder Mrs. Grimes declared it was a "trial;" no wonder housewifely Ruth and prim Dorcas echoed the complaint, and played upon it with variations, till even the easy, good-natured dea-

con groaned in spirit that he had been born her uncle. How he rued the day that young Harry Forrester, in one of his college vacations, found his way up into the country village and wooed and won sweet Mary Grimes, in the beauty of her budding girlhood—the fair promise of a rich maturity which was never to be fulfilled, for the third summer the violets bent over the grave of the child-wife. And when, ere many years, Harry Forrester came to Bingley, to wander listlessly about through a weary summer of illness and depression, and at last lay down to a peaceful sleep under the falling leaves, it was in a temporary softening of the heart that Mr. Grimes adopted the orphan into his family—a generosity which Kitty's freaks made him almost or quite repent of.

Schoolmaster and schoolmistress alike bore testimony to her incorrigible wildness. Was a piece of mischief done? Who could be at the bottom of it but Kitty Forrester? Many a time did Kitty get the credit of some roguish prank that she was as innocent of as a lamb; and the poor little puss had been tried, condemned, and almost executed so many times, upon circumstantial evidence, that she had grown impatient of even the slightest reproof.

And yet everybody loved Kitty—at least everybody except the deacon's family. If she *was* quick-tempered, she was so warm-hearted and generous, her tears flowed so freely for another's sorrows, she had such a blithe spirit and such arch, captivating ways—who could help loving her? A few wiser, kinder persons than the rest, hinted at the bad system of repression which the child had grown up under, talked about the free, nature-loving tastes that drew her out into the woods and fields, and suggested that those large capacities would richly repay a careful nurture; but these whispers never came to the ears that might have profited by them—and so Kitty was seventeen and not yet tamed, had not a single web of linen spun, nor a calico quilt pieced up, did not know dimity from huckabuck, and never turned a cheese in her life.

It was nothing that she knew by heart whole books of poetry, and could tell you the name of every flower that grew within ten miles of Bingley—she was an ignorant little goose for all that, and would never make a good farmer's wife in the world. Not so, however, thought Charlie Brown, a tall young farmer who came every Saturday evening and sat two hours in the "front room" in a state of singular embarrassment as to his hands and feet, and glowing with admiration for the wild little Kit. An eye for beauty had Charlie Brown, if not for thrift.

She had such a piquant little face, so fresh and bright, with sunny, golden-brown curls and such sweet, blue eyes! As for teeth, lips, arms—throw in pearls, coral and ivory, *ad libitum*, and you have the picture. But you cannot paint the winsome ways, the saucy shrug of the round shoulder, and the defiant toss of the pretty head.

The atmosphere has cooled again, after the passion burst, the tea is all ready, and Miss Dorcas, looking up the road, sees a coming vehicle, and the expected clerical guest seated therein.

"This is pleasant!" soliloquized the Reverend Henry Oxford, as he opened the gate and passed up the walk under the shadow of the elms. "Now for a realization of my ideals—now for embodying my day dreams. I shall like the green fields and these great trees. I wonder if that is my room, where the woodbine runs over the window!"

They were all in the portico to receive him—all but Kitty; the deacon with his blue frock replaced by a clean linen coat, Aunt Abigail in her best cap, Ruth smoothing down her braids with a fluttering hand, and Dorcas, erect and prim.

The welcome was cordial and kind, and the young minister, taking in at a glance the fresh, sweet air of the chamber to which he was conducted, resumed his self-congratulations.

"Did ever another poor, toil-worn student find such a home as this?" And he gazed with a loving eye out upon the June landscape, and then turned again to the fragrant blossoms upon his table.

How Aunt Abigail's face assumed another shade of complacency, while she listened to the praises Henry Oxford knew would be grateful.

"Really, Mrs. Grimes, I haven't tasted any such bread since I was a boy. It is like that my mother used to make."

"This is Ruth's making," replied Mrs. Grimes, giving her cap-strings a little pull, "but I don't think she had quite so good luck as usual—did you, Ruth?"

"No, mother. The yeast wasn't quite lively enough," said Ruth, modestly.

"Nothing could be nicer," remarked the young minister, testifying his appreciation by accepting a second slice; "and with this sweet butter, it is really delicious."

"Ruth is a good hand to make butter," returned Mrs. Grimes. "I sometimes think she has a better knack at making it come waxy than I ever had, though folks *did* use to praise my butter."

"Mr. Oxford," put in Dorcas, in her turn, "is there any recent news from the mission at Borriboola Gha?"

There was just the faintest suggestion of a smile in Henry Oxford's eyes, as he answered:

"Indeed I cannot tell. I must refer you to the Herald. For myself," he continued, more earnestly, "though I am eager to forward the work of our Master abroad, I have been more particularly interested, of late, in the effort to reclaim the vicious and degraded of our own large cities. It is a work that needs doing."

"Dorcas thinks so, too," chimed in the deacon, meekly.

"By the way, Mrs. Grimes," said the minister, presently, "it was a real deed of charity to place those flowers in my room. I am very grateful for it." And he glanced at Ruth.

"O, that's only Kitty Forrester's work!" replied Mrs. Grimes. "The child's head is full of such nonsense. She's such a trial!" And a sigh closed the sentence—sigh the second from Miss Dorcas—sigh the third from Miss Ruth.

The robins were chanting their matins when, the next morning, Henry Oxford threw up the window and looked out upon the woodbine, wet with dew. O the beauty, the sweet repose of a Sabbath morning in the country! The young minister had a heart and a will to join in the great hymn which goes up to God at such times, and now he longed to be abroad where the harmony would rush over his soul in grander sweeps; so he stole softly down stairs, undid the old-fashioned bolt, and was abroad in the June air. He wandered on the lane, across the pastures, gathering the violets as he went, and then into a wood whose cathedral trees arched above him more majestically than any minister of man's making could do, and where the birds sang His praises as no human voices can. Trees are mighty teachers, and there is no orator so eloquent as the forest silence.

Henry Oxford bared his head reverently in that lofty presence—and who shall say that the earnest aspirations which struggled heavenward in the morning prayer at the village church, were not inspired by communion with the voiceless woods? After a time, Mr. Oxford thought he distinguished the tinkling of waters in the distance, and lured on by the music, he threaded the winding forest path and presently came to a small stream restricted to a narrow channel and leaping over obstructing rocks with a resolute, cheerful vigor of purpose that made one's heart glad. The brook was lovely; and perchance the young minister might have found volumes therein, had not another vision dawned upon him, effectually putting to flight all his previous fancies. It was a charming vision—a young maiden with floating curls and dimpled cheeks,

one foot daintily poised on a stepping-stone, her hat ribbons trailing in the water, and both hands full of flowers. It was a comical picture, too.

"Are you the Naiad of the stream? Have you been seeking pearls to sprinkle your locks withal?" he said in a roguish, yet respectful way.

"No, sir. I am only Kitty Forrester, been to gather violets," said the little gipsy, demurely.

And this was Kitty Forrester's introduction to the minister.

The leafy glory of June had ripened into the luxuriance of midsummer, the violets were gone, save here and there a tardy loiterer, the leaves had fallen from the roses, and the west wind blowing softly across the dewy field was sweet with the scent of the new-mown hay.

Henry Oxford was quite at home in Bingley already. His genial, popular manners preposessed the people in his favor, and the real earnestness of purpose and loftiness of aim which they found in him, strengthened his hold upon their affections. His sympathy for the poor and neglected was no shallow sentiment. He found out the untaught and uncared-for, who lark in the outskirts of every country village, and became their friend and adviser. The worldly-minded farmers were interested by his simplicity and sincerity, and unfamiliar faces began to be seen in the church. His power of winning affection was almost marvellous. There were no limits to his popularity. There was only one thing that the minister needed; all agreed that if this defect was supplied, Mr. Oxford would be a model minister, and Bingley the most fortunate of parishes. The parsonage was all ready—a most charming place, too—a cottage half hidden by shrubbery and climbing roses—a perfect gem of a parsonage it was! What more could be wanted but a bird to put in the cage? How the kind matrons pitied poor Henry Oxford's bachelor condition, and how unweariedly they strove to rescue him from his gloomy celibacy!

How faithfully Miss Dorcas learned the Herald by heart, and how industriously she worked on the garments for the heathen! With what careful solicitude Ruth compounded her pastry, and tended the dairy! I think the minister should have been very grateful for such disinterested sympathy.

As for wild Kitty Forrester—nobody minded her. Aunt Abigail, indeed, thought it was very kind in Mr. Oxford to take so much interest in the careless girl, and united with Dorcas and Ruth in hoping that Kitty would be tamed. There was the more reason to hope for this, since Kitty was altogether more respectful in her behaviour toward Mr. Oxford than they had ex-

pected, and condescended to listen to his advice, and even reproofs, without pouting her rosy lips.

Kitty herself did not know what to make of the minister. His manner toward her was a mingling of command and deference, softened by gentleness so peculiar, that the little puss was quite bewildered. He gave her *carte blanche* to the shelves of his library with the air of a man asking a favor; but if she selected a volume not to his liking, he took it away unceremoniously, and bade her go for another. One thing Kitty was sure of—he was not stupid; and all the *pious* people whom she had ever known had been—O, so stupid! that the two were inseparably associated in her mind. In every way, then, Henry Oxford was a new revelation to her. You have seen the wild rose, growing alone in tangled luxuriance, and sending forth its shoots after its own wayward will, till sometimes it offends the eye by its want of symmetry; but take it into your garden, trim it a little here, and straighten its branches there, let in the sun upon this side, and give it a support upon that, round off the angles of Nature into the shapely curves of Art; and it becomes your most beautiful shrub, never losing its own native grace, but discovering daily new harmony of proportions, and blossoming all over into beauty and fragrance. So with Kitty. She did not lose her frolicsome, kitten-like ways all at once, but by-and-by there was a wiser, deeper look in her eyes, and a graver cadence in her voice; her gayety was softened by a quiet thoughtfulness, her abrupt manner grew more gentle, and now in the dawn of womanhood, just beginning to catch a glimpse of its great mysteries, and looking back half wistfully upon the free, childish life which was every day becoming more and more a thing of the past, Kitty Forrester was more winning than ever.

No one would have suspected that so great a change was being wrought in the young girl. You can never tell when the buds become blossoms—it is the work of a summer morning; but for many a week the petals have been getting ready to expand, and a little sunshine unfolds them. And Kitty, living in the light of Henry Oxford's presence, developed with wonderful quickness the capacities that many a summer had nurtured. Now and then, however, upon some extraordinary provocation, her impulsive nature broke forth in the old, impetuous way.

Meantime Charlie Brown presented himself in the deacon's front room as regularly as Saturday night came round, on which occasions Kitty sat silent by the window, gazing out into the darkness, and listening with supreme contempt

to Charlie's very original remarks, which were generally to the effect that he "guessed we was a goin' ter hev a dry spell," or that "the taters needed hillin' up awful bad." No wonder Kitty hated labor, since it was to her synonymous with coarseness and uncouthness.

One of the hardest of Kitty's trials was that Aunt Abigail always spoke as if she belonged as a matter of course to Charlie Brown; and many a time did she run away into the woods, or up garret, to escape this infliction, which was especially distasteful when the minister was by to hear. One evening, after an escapade of this kind, Kitty was gliding softly in at the front door, hoping to reach her chamber unnoticed, when her own name, pronounced by Mrs. Grimes, checked her steps a moment.

"It'll be a good match for the child," Aunt Abigail was saying; "an' I'm sorry she don't take to it no better. I wish you'd advise her, Mr. Oxford. She might pay some attention to what you'd say."

"I will, my dear madam—I will advise her as I think is for her good."

Kitty's sense of honor compelled her to retreat, but the old staircase creaked fearfully, and her dread of being betrayed retarded her movements; and so the rest of the conversation came to her ear.

"So do, Mr. Oxford," said Mrs. Grimes, in a gratified tone. "If your influence could make something of Kitty, I should bless the day you came to Bingley, for mercy knows what a trial she's been!"

"Never you fear, Mrs. Grimes," replied the minister. "I'll tame her—yes, I'll tame Kitty."

This climax was too much for the little puss. She reached her own room in a rage.

"He will advise me, will he? He will tame me! See if I ever read another book of his! I'll never speak to him again—never!" And she broke down into a sob. "And he wants me to marry Charlie Brown—a great, ignorant booby! I never will—never—if they kill me. And for him to take sides with them—it's too bad—it's shameful!" And the sobs quite vanquished her this time.

I do not know whether any of Kitty's air-castles were blown down in this tempest. You must watch closely, if you find out the secrets that lie wrapped up in the rosebuds, and after all, they may die and never speak. I only know that she was very cool towards the minister after that, assuming an air of dignity that was charmingly comical; and the next Saturday evening, when Charlie Brown came, she absolutely had the audacity to refuse to go down.

Henry Oxford could find no opportunity to give her the advice he had promised, though he sought for it earnestly—for of course he meant to keep his word with Aunt Abigail. But fortune favors the brave, and one moonlight night he caught Miss Kitty in the garden, and the frightened little thing could not escape.

"Now, Kitty Forrester, what new freak is this? What is the matter, Kitty?"

"Nothing, sir." And Kitty retreated to the further end of the rustic bench, and looked imploringly up into the old elm, as if she meditated a flight in that direction.

"Nothing! Precisely what I expected. Kitty," continued Mr. Oxford, laying aside his jesting tone for a very grave one, "Kitty, I promised your aunt I would give you some advice, and—"

He did not finish the sentence, for Kitty turned towards him, quite crimson with anger, and burst forth impetuously:

"I don't want any advice—I wont take any—and you needn't call me Kitty any more—my name is Katherine Forrester!"

"Katherine Forrester," said Mr. Oxford, perfectly unmoved, "your aunt wishes you to marry Charlie Brown—"

"I wont marry Charlie Brown—never—and it is very cruel in you to say anything about it," interrupted Kitty, with flashing eyes, but with a great tremble in her voice. "I will never marry anybody!"

"But, Katherine Forrester, Charlie Brown loves you!"

"I don't care if he does."

"And you love him."

"No, I don't—I hate him!" with a burst of tears.

"I am truly rejoiced to hear it," said the minister.

Kitty stopped crying, too much amazed to go on.

"Because, Kitty," said Henry Oxford, speaking very low, "I love you, and I want you to love me, and be my wife!"

If the great elm had broken loose from its moorings and sailed away into the sky, Kitty could not have been more astonished. But of course she was properly indignant—for hadn't she just told him she would never marry anybody? And now to think of such assurance!

Of course she let him know, speedily, that she wasn't going to be whiffled about in that way, and change her mind in a minute—not she. I suppose she told him so—only how does it happen that Kitty Forrester writes her name "Mrs. Henry Oxford," and resides at Bingley parsonage?

[ORIGINAL.]

## THE SCHOOLMASTER'S BLUNDER.

BY JOHN D. ROBINSON.

ROBERT ELLIS and his brother James were about as striking examples of the dissimilarities which frequently exist in the same family as can well be imagined. Robert was a fine, frank-hearted fellow, with a ruddy countenance, open as the day. James was mean and miserly. Shriveled, shrunk, squalid in aspect, he looked what he was. His pinching parsimony, it was said, had broken his wife's heart, and had driven his son, his only child, from the door. These latter matters, however, had occurred years before the date of our story.

Though James Ellis had amassed much property, he lived in the meanest and most wretched way, keeping house, or rather hovel, alone, and denying himself even the necessaries of life. Most unlike this was Robert's method of living. He had been in business, and had earned for himself a comfortable competency, and he enjoyed it in comfort. Robert had never been married, but he was not, therefore, without a family; for he had taken to his home and heart a poor widowed sister. And this sister had a daughter who had become the apple of old Robert's eye. She had come to his care as a child, and each succeeding year had ripened in the old man's love.

"Ah, Luce," he would say, after making her some present, "I am just giving thee a staff to break my own head. Thou lookest so handsome now with that bonnet, and those ribbons, that all the young sparks must fall in love with thee. And what would thy poor old Uncle Robert do without thee, girl?"

But the worthy old man fell ill, became sick almost unto death. Illness was a thing Robert had scarcely known in his lifetime, and this attack reminded him forcibly of what health too often makes men forget, namely, the necessity of arranging his affairs so that things might go as he wished after his death. His property lay chiefly in houses, and he wished to give his sister a life tenure of that property, and to constitute his niece ultimate heir to all. Without a will, this disposition of the property could not be made, as Robert's brother, who was heir-at-law, would otherwise be entitled to all.

To accomplish this making of the will, the village schoolmaster's talents were put in requisition, for the schoolmaster was a will-maker in general, at least had often acted in that capacity,

and thought himself very perfect in the calling. He had one form for all cases; and accordingly when Robert Ellis communicated his wishes to him, the schoolmaster drew up a will agreeably to this form. According to his friend's wish, the schoolmaster himself was named executor, a post which he held in nine out of ten will cases with which he had to do.

When the schoolmaster came to old Robert's bedside with the will to have it signed and witnessed, Lucy sat near her kind uncle. Her mother was also in the room engaged in knitting. Neither she nor Lucy knew of the commission which Robert had given to the schoolmaster, and when it was communicated to them they were moved to tears, partly of gratitude and partly of affectionate anxiety.

"O, dear uncle," said Lucy, "you will be spared to us yet."

"A little while, perhaps, but not long; not long now. The blow has been given, and the first high wind will bring down the tree," said the old man, calmly.

The invalid signed the will, and under the direction of the schoolmaster Lucy and her mother signed their names to it, along with his own, as witnesses.

After the completion of this deed, Robert lived several weeks in tolerable health. But a second attack of the same nature as the first, terminated his days. For the first time for many years, James Ellis entered his brother's house on the occasion of the burial. He had become more squalid and haggard than ever, and though evidently verging rapidly to the grave, still grasped at wealth with as keen a hand as ever. Some thought they observed on his countenance gleams of wild eagerness breaking at times, as if unconsciously, through the show of gravity he wore as he followed his brother to the tomb. Certain it is that his disappointment was obvious to every one present when the will of the deceased was read. The countenance of the miser fell when he heard the deed gone over. His limbs shook, and he glanced with his dark, cunning eyes at the innocent inheritors, as if they had robbed him of his treasure. He had so much self-restraint as not to break out into abuse, but he would partake of nothing with the other friends of the family, and left the house with a drooping head, and with mutterings on his lips. His character and peculiarities were too well-known to his sister and his niece for them to feel surprise at his behaviour.

About a week after the funeral, the schoolmaster in his capacity of executor waited on Lucy's mother, and informed her it would be

necessary to prove the will in the proper court, and proposed that she and Lucy should go with him to a friend of his, an attorney, in order to get the matter completed. Of course the proposal was immediately acceded to.

On reaching the lawyer's office the special will of Robert Ellis, drawn up and signed as already mentioned, was shown to the legal practitioner. He had not looked at it a few minutes, when he discovered it to be totally useless and invalid. By law every devise in such a will, to an *attesting witness*, is void, and of no avail. Lucy and her mother were placed in this position through the consummate ignorance of the person who had undertaken to be their guide in the matter. When the attorney with a grave face, but kindly tone intimated this sad error, the heart of the poor widow sank within her, as she looked at her daughter, and as the recollection of the heir-at-law's character came across her mind. And as for the schoolmaster, who was really a kind, worthy man, his self-accusations were exceedingly bitter. But he tried to reassure himself and his friends with the hope that the flaw would never be known, and that if it were known, James Ellis could not be so cruel and unjust as to take away what it was undeniably his dead brother's wish to give to those who now had it.

The attorney shook his head at the latter observation of the schoolmaster, and said that secrecy, to say the least of it, was the better security of the two. To the preservation of silence on the subject he at once pledged himself, and trusted that the flaw might not be heard of. The schoolmaster then departed with Lucy and her mother, all three, it must be confessed, much depressed in spirits.

Alas, evil news spreads fast. Whether James Ellis had himself observed the circumstance of the signatures at the reading of the will, or whether some other person had detected the error, and promulgated it, we are unable to say. But the flaw did come to the notice of James Ellis. The attorney candidly told him that he believed all men would allow the intentions of the testator to be represented by the will, but those intentions most certainly had not been made good in such a way as to stand a contest in a court. Lucy and her mother returned to their home, and the cheerful girl for a living took in needlework.

There let us leave them, cheerful and resigned, and turn to the miser. This day he has added another half at least to his wealth, and he is still in his wretched old hovel. Though the night is one of winter he has no fire, but he lies in bed with his clothes on, and all the rags in his pos-

session heaped upon him to keep him warm. Yet this night all will not do, for he shivers incessantly. Ever and anon, however, the thought of his newly-acquired wealth sends something like a glow through him. Lying in bed saves candles—this was also a part of his creed. Has he no remorse for turning a sister and her child to the door? It is hard to say what are his thoughts, but latterly he has seemed excited, but apparently more with joy than any other feeling. But hark! there is a tap at his door. It is unheeded, and is repeated again and again. At last the miser cries:

"Who is there?"

"It is I—I am seeking shelter—do you not know me?"

"You can get no shelter here, whoever you are," cried the miser.

"Father, do you not know me? It is I, Charles Ellis, your son!"

There was silence for a time within, until the same words were repeated, when the miser growled:

"Go away, I do not believe you!"

"Father, I am very cold, and I am in want of shelter. You surely know my voice; open the door and you will see that I am Charles."

"Whoever you are, go away," cried the inmate, in still huskier tones, "you can get nothing here."

After a few more words the colloquy ended, and all was again silent.

On the following morning, a young man, genteelly dressed, and with his handsome face deeply browned by sun and air, called at the dwelling of the widow and her daughter. As soon as the latter saw the stranger, a glow of surprise rushed over her cheeks, and she sprang forward a step, but checked herself. The stranger, however, made the rest of the advance, and caught her in his arms and kissed her.

"Cousin Charles!" exclaimed Lucy.

"Ay, ay, Luce," cried the young man, "you used to say you would know me a mile off when we were children, but I think you had some doubts just now."

Warm was the welcome which the young man received from his aunt and Lucy, for when a boy he had always been a great favorite with them. He told them his story—he had been to the West Indies and had been prosperous.

He himself was the first to enter on the disagreeable subject of his father's conduct, which had been detailed to him by the landlord of the inn where he had slept. His visit to his father at night was also described to them. He had gone, he said, to try if his father would permit



him to be a son to him; but he found his heart to be as cold and as hard as ever.

"But fear not, Cousin Luce," said he, "thou shalt have all I have, though it is not much, after all, but you and your mother shall be comfortable. And who knows, when he sees me in the light of day, the old man may relent after all."

He did not relent. Things were so ordered that it could not be. When the old woman who had brought him a light every morning for more than ten years, entered his abode, the morning after the occurrence related, the miserable miser was dead—cold as ice—he had been literally frozen to death.

His death turned the fortune of his kind old brother once more into the right channel. Charles married his cousin Lucy. We are happy to add, also, another fact of importance. The worthy schoolmaster suffered so much in mind from his share of the misfortune, that he resolutely declined will-making in future. Let all like him avoid meddling with what they do not understand. It is not always that the mischiefs incident on such mistakes, are thus happily obviated.

#### HEALTHY CHILDREN.

"What makes the children in England so healthy and ruddy?"

"They are fed on good bread, bannocks and milk."

"Do they not give them any pies, hot cakes and preserves?" said Lizzie.

"No, child, except on special occasions, and then quite sparingly."

"I would not like to live there."

"Would you not like to have red cheeks, bright eyes, and blooming health?"

"O, yes! but what have these to do with cakes, pies and puddings?"

"Much every way," said auntie.

"Did you not feel a little feverish yesterday afternoon?"

"Yes, my head ached so bad, and my heart beat dreadfully, and I was so hot."

"So I thought. It was the pound-cake and brandy-peaches that did the mischief."

"But mother says I am so delicate, that I need something to help me."

"Yes, child, you need much to help you, but not in the way of such delicacies; these only make the matter worse."

"But I like them so much!"

"This is because you have pampered your appetite. Only try for a week plain, simple food, and you will like it better. Warm biscuit, mince-pies, doughnuts and hot coffee, would try the digestive organs of an anaconda. Boys who run in the open air, and play at foot-ball and take it roughly, may stand such diet; but girls wilt and waste away under it."—*The Gem*.

The sun,  
God's crest upon his azure shield, the heavens.—*BAILEY*.

#### INGRATITUDE TO PARENTS.

There is a proverb that "a father can more easily maintain six children, than six children one father." Luther relates this story: There was once a father who gave up everything to his children—his house, his fields and goods—and expected for this his children would support him. But after he had been some time with his son, the latter grew tired of him, and said to him, "Father, I have had a son born to me this night, and there, where your arm chair stands, the cradle must come; will you not, perhaps, go to my brother, who has a large room?" After he had been some time with the second son, he also grew tired of him, and said, "Father, you like a warm room, and that hurts my head. Wont you go to my brother, the baker?" The father went, and after he had been some time with the third son, he also found him troublesome, and said to him, "Father, the people run in and out here all day, as if it were a pigeon-house, and you cannot have your noon-day sleep; would you not be better off at my sister Kate's near the town wall?" The old man remarked to himself how the wind blew, and said to himself, "Yes, I will do so; I will go and try it with my daughter. Women have softer hearts." But after he had spent some time with his daughter, she grew weary of him, and said she was always so fearful, when her father went to church or anywhere else, and was obliged to descend the steep stairs, and at her sister Elizabeth's there were no stairs to descend, as she lived on the ground floor. For the sake of peace the old man assented, and went to his other daughter. But after some time, she too was tired of him, and told him by a third person, that her house near the water was too damp for a man who suffered with gout, and her sister, the grave-digger's wife, at St. John's, had much drier lodgings. The old man himself thought she was right, and went outside the gate to his youngest daughter, Helen. But after he had been three days with her, her little son said to his grandfather, "Mother said yesterday to Cousin Elizabeth that there was no better chamber for you, than such a one as father digs." These words broke the old man's heart, so that he sank back in his chair and died.—*The Home Educator*.

#### A CLERICAL EXPERIENCE.

One of our contributors relates the following incident at a marriage service: "I was once called upon to marry a couple, who, to use the phrase of a New York editor, were 'as black as the ace of spades on a rainy midnight in a dark cellar.' After I got to the house, the bridegroom went out to get a witness for the ceremony. When he returned he brought two—a man and a large dog. At their entrance I was standing leaning against a mantel-piece, and two cats were upon the floor near me. At the sight of the dog one of the cats ran under a bed that was in the room, and the other ran up my back, between my coat and my vest, where I let her remain until the dog was put out, when I removed her." Of course the want of harmony between cats and dogs did not, on this festive occasion suggest any thoughts respecting what possibly might be the experience of the married couple.—*Transcript*.

## YOUTH.

BY THOMAS MOORE.

Smoothly flowing through verdant vales,  
Gentle river, thy current runs,  
Sheltered safe from winter gales,  
Shaded cool from summer suns.  
Thus our youth's sweet moments glide,  
Fenced with flowery shelter round;  
No rude tempest wakes the tide,  
All its path is fairy ground.

But, fair river, the day will come,  
When, wooed by whispering groves in vain,  
Thou 'lt leave those banks, thy shaded home,  
To mingle with the stormy main.  
And thou, sweet youth, too soon wilt pass  
Into the world's unsheltered sea,  
Where once thy wave hath mixed, alas,  
All hope of peace is lost for thee!

(ORIGINAL.)

## ISADORE, THE IDEAL.

## A REMINISCENCE OF PARIS.

BY JAMES FRANKLIN FITTS.

DURING my stay in the French metropolis—it was in 183—, I believe—much of my time was engrossed in visiting artistic exhibitions and galleries. One, in particular, in which I rarely missed passing an hour daily, was entirely a private collection, thrown open gratuitously to public inspection, by the generosity of the proprietor. This was the generally-received opinion; although the reader who follows me to the end of my sketch, will discover another and very different motive.

There could be but one opinion as to the taste of the owner of this collection; and that, that it was highly-cultivated. So fine a gallery of pictures, both of the old and new schools, and in every conceivable style of art, and upon such a happy diversity of subjects, is not of frequent occurrence, even in public institutions; and indeed the fact that these paintings should be private property, was an agreeable novelty to me. I became anxious to see the man to whom I had become indebted for so many past and prospective hours of pleasure; and expressing the wish to a friend with whom I was one day promenading, he replied:

“Well, *mon ami*, you may have that pleasure immediately. Monsieur Earnest Durant, to whom you refer, is at this moment seated in yonder cabriolet.”

I had thus a good opportunity to observe, without attracting attention, the individual whom I wished to see. I recognized him immediately,

as one whom I had often noticed in his gallery, although of course unknown to me, as he must have been to the great majority of those who attended it. He was a person of perhaps thirty-five, handsome, agreeable when he chose to be, with great, dreamy eyes, profuse black hair, and a moustache which is exactly fac-similed in that of the present French emperor. What was more particularly noticeable about him, was his careless, not to say slovenly appearance, as well as the general abandon of his dress, and the unchangeable abstraction of his air. Yet he was evidently a man of wealth and education, as well as of luxurious habits, and therefore, in view of what I have just said concerning him, an anomaly. With deeply increased interest, as we passed on, I asked my friend for an explanation.

“Remind me to tell you about it some other time,” he said, in reply. “It’s too long a story for the street. Your own observation has probably shown you that he has some absorbing pursuit which engrosses his time and thoughts. This much everybody knows, although very few are conversant with the real cause of his melancholy habits.”

I, of course, promised myself the gratification of soon learning the history of M. Durant; but before an occasion had fairly offered for me to remind my friend of his promise, I had learned all that I wished to know, in a much more interesting way.

It so happened that upon the following morning, I dropped into the gallery to which I have alluded, intending to remain but a few moments. Quite a number were present notwithstanding the earliness of the hour; and as fate would have it, M. Durant came strolling in, with his usual careless gait, alone; and I at once determined to watch him. Nobody seemed to recognize him, and it was soon apparent that no person present was honored by his acquaintance. And it may be remarked here, that I say *honored*, because I mean it, speaking not at all frivolously. M. Durant walked slowly down the gallery, towards where I stood, and it was observable that he scrutinized the face of every lady as he passed; this, of course, not rudely, or in a manner at all marked, but respectfully, and in such a way that even the most fastidious could not have taken offence. Finally, after passing all the spectators, he took his stand very near me, and at once occupied himself with gazing at a picture. Approaching behind him, I immediately remembered to have seen him pause before no other painting than this, upon whatever occasion I might have seen him in the gallery; and I now examined the picture more attentively than I had yet done.

It was, in fact, a most exquisite production—the representation of a young girl, a brunette, black-haired, and with the most liquid, dreamy black eyes. The beauty of the features was of the most perfect model; but above this, the spectator was interested by the mysterious *inner beauty*, which was neither of one feature nor of another, but which looked out from the countenance as clearly as though the artist had produced the shadow of the soul itself in his work. It was, in short, just such a picture as an enthusiast might linger over for hours, and then leave unsatisfied.

Whether some comment, such as are made above, unconsciously dropped from my lips, I am unable to say; but M. Durant suddenly turned his head and discovered me at his back. There was a pleasant look upon his face as he pointed to the painting, and said, with an excellent English accent:

“You like it?”

“Exceedingly, monsieur,” was my reply.

“Give me your opinion of it in brief, if I may trouble you.”

“With pleasure. It is a beautiful piece of work, excellently finished. More than this, it is the triumph of fancy, a wonderful trick of the imagination, and the production of some person who must succeed just as often as he surrenders his will to his redundant ideality.”

“Ha! you talk like an artist; you are an acute critic! What if I should tell you that it is a portrait?”

“A portrait?” was my incredulous rejoinder, as I ran my eye over it again. “Impossible, monsieur; sitters are not so readily forthcoming for a portrait like this! We do not see faces like this in the street. I have not seen one since my arrival in the city, now some weeks past. No—it is not a portrait; I will wager what artistic reputation I have on the fact.”

My words seemed to create a sudden enthusiasm in M. Durant. Narrowly watching the expression of my face while I was speaking, when I had concluded, he grasped my hand cordially, exclaiming:

“Monsieur, I like you immensely. You are a person of quick discrimination and great taste! You have discovered at a glance, what I have been investigating for years, and am hardly assured of yet. Let us throw aside all ceremony. I am M. Ernest Durant, the proprietor of these galleries.

Returning the hearty pressure of his hand, I bowed and mentioned my name.

“An Englishman?”

“Not quite—but an American.”

“Ah—so much the better,” he replied, betray-

ing an alacrity which seemed new to him. “You Americans are apt to be sympathetic and warm-hearted, and if I mistake not, I shall find an abundance of both qualities in you.”

Acknowledging the compliment, I observed that it must be a very fine thing to own so many fine pictures.

“It would to any other than myself,” he dejectedly replied. “But as for me, there is but one thing particularly desirable, and that, long experience has taught me is an impossibility. But, my dear monsieur, I have forced my acquaintance upon you so abruptly, because you have betrayed such an artistic taste, and have received my advances with such good-humored courtesy, that I feel sure of your sympathy and condolence with my misfortunes. Have I your permission to occupy your time for a very few moments—just long enough to make you acquainted with the story of this painting, as it is unhappily connected with my life?”

“As long as you please, monsieur—nothing would give me more pleasure.”

“Thanks—thanks. Well, then—here is a chair—pray be seated. We shall not be interrupted here.”

The morning hour of exhibition had, in fact, expired, and we were now alone in the gallery.

“To proceed,” M. Durant resumed, “my life, for the past ten years, has been a huge misery, an enormous anxiety. There is an expression which has become stereotyped on my lips. I repeat it every ten minutes. Let me give you a sample.”

Pressing his hands upon his sides, the speaker rolled up his eyes, drew down his visage till it had reached a Quixotic elongation, and in the most dismally doleful and lugubrious voice imaginable, sighed forth the words:

“*Mon Dieu*, how unfortunate!”

I was instantly convulsed with irresistible laughter, while Durant satisfied himself with a smile. It quickly occurred to me that I had heard precisely this phrase from him on several different occasions; although, of course, rendered with less exaggeration. When I could sufficiently control myself, I suggested that none but a Frenchman would ever find food for merriment in his own misfortunes.

“Perhaps not,” was his reply; “but it is certainly more humane than to gather it from the ills of others. However, it is a luxury which I do not often indulge in. But without further preliminaries, let me relate my story. It will necessarily be brief.”

“It is ten years this present summer, since Adolphe Regnault came to visit me and Paris.

His family resided at Lyons, and they had been for many years upon terms of close intimacy with mine. Latterly, however, this intimacy had subsided, from no particular cause, other than the distance between our respective places of residence; and it so happened that I had seen neither Adolphe nor his sisters, since we played together as children. I was heartily glad, therefore to see my friend, and for several days devoted myself closely to his pleasure—to say nothing of nights.

"One afternoon, while sitting together in the parlor of my hotel, Adolphe uttered a sudden exclamation, and ran up to his chamber. Returning in a moment, he brought with him a case, such as pictures are usually packed in.

"'Strange that I should be so forgetful,' he said. 'This, Ernest, is for you; my mother and sisters joined in sending it to you—although Isadore pouted a little about it.'

"'My sincere thanks. But why did the fair Isadore pout her beautiful lips, may I ask?'

"'You shall know in a moment.—Hang these nails—will they never come out? There, *mon cher* Ernest, what think you of that?'

"I had expected to see a rural landscape, done in a very rural style, by a rural artist; but imagine my surprise and gratification when this picture before us was produced. I recognized it as a gem from the hand of some master of his profession, and my expressions of thanks and gratification to Adolphe were profuse. Still, I had not the slightest idea that it was intended for anything more than a fancy sketch; and I jumped bolt upright, when Adolphe added to my praises;

"'Yes, it is all you say of it, and a most faithful copy of the original!'

"'Original!' I ejaculated. 'Adolphe Regnault, do you tell me that this is a *portrait*?'

"'I have not, as yet; but I do now. This picture, Ernest, is generally conceded to be a most lifelike representation of my sister Isadore!'

"'But are you not jesting, my dear fellow? I am not able to conceive how a woman can be so incomparably beautiful! There is some flattery of the artist, I suppose—some additions after the picture was finished, to give it a romantic effect.'

"'Allow me to say, Monsieur Ernest Durant, the romance is all in your own head,' Adolphe indignantly replied. 'I tell you now, a second time, that the portrait is Isadore herself, just as she is—and a lovelier woman you cannot find in France. Are you satisfied?'

"'Excuse my incredulity, my dear fellow; I am assured.' And for some minutes I continued to devour the picture with my eyes.

"'But I say, my dear Adolphe,' I cried, 'has Isadore any lovers?' I actually trembled for his answer.

"'Aha, my boy—trapped?' he smilingly observed. 'No, Ernest—none that she favors.'

"'Then I'll enter the lists myself! Don't smile—I was never more serious in my life. I tell you I am passionately in love with the original of that picture!'

"'Bravo!—I wish you success!' Adolphe replied, quite in earnest. 'And I don't know, Ernest, why you cannot win her. You shall return with me, and I promise you a fair field.'

"In my delirium of ecstasy I hugged Adolphe, called him my brother, and perpetrated a hundred other absurdities. Nor would my impatience permit me to wait until my proposed visit to Lyons, for the accomplishment of the great object which now lay next to my heart. My miniature was forwarded post-haste to Isadore Regnault, accompanied by an epistle, which, if it was not a declaration of love, was as certainly not a declaration of war. To madame, her mother, I also addressed the most respectful of letters, delicately reminding her of the pleasant intimacy which had subsisted between our families in times past, hinting at the strange and positively ridiculous fact, that this intimacy had never been more closely cemented by an intermarriage; and finally requesting her permission to me, to address Mademoiselle Isadore upon the subject of matrimony.

"You smile, my friend; but my conduct upon this occasion, only serves to illustrate the extravagant lengths to which men will go, when a woman happens to be in the case. I had no reason to complain, however, of the effect of my letters. From madame, I quickly received a very gracious reply, granting the permission asked, with evident satisfaction; while from Isadore herself, came a dainty epistle, filled with wit and sentiment such as really charmed me. It was doubly gratifying to ascertain that my idol was refined and educated; that the beauty of her face was matched by that of her mind. Other letters passed between us, until, to be brief, when Adolphe and myself were ready to start for Lyons, I was the accepted lover of the peerless Isadore Regnault!

"My heart was full to overflowing; my exaltation knew no bounds; reversing the wish of the Roman tyrant, I could have clasped the whole world in my fraternal embrace. During our journey, Adolphe was constantly employed in repressing the exuberance of my spirits; and I finally left the diligence at Lyons, with the air of a Cæsar. We were received with open arms

by madame and her daughters—but Isadore was announced as absent, in the city, on a visit. She would return, however, in the evening. And until evening I was tortured every moment with the suspense. I could do nothing, be nothing, until I had seen the object of my affections; and as I so frankly declared, madame excused my abstraction and applauded my fidelity.

"Finally Isadore returned; and with a painfully palpitating heart, I was presented to her. My eyes had no sooner rested on her face, than I started back in anger and sickened disappointment.

"This Isadore Regnault—this? *Juste ciel!*"

"I must have pronounced the words loud enough to be heard by every person in the room; but in the desperation of my disappointment, I was utterly careless. Taking her hand, I actually held her from me and scrutinized her. There she stood, blushing in the vexation of maidenly modesty, a handsome brunette—and that was all! None of those bright shades of finer beauty which the treacherous artist had so cunningly employed; none of that deep soul-beauty which *dreamed* on the countenance of the pictured Isadore—all, all was delusion. And here was the woman who had been represented to me as the original of that wonder, that miracle of art! *She*, forsooth! Though undoubtedly beautiful, she bore the same relation to that work of art, as the unwrought marble bears to the delicately chiselled figure. It was a bitter, bitter disappointment—the more bitter since the blow was entirely unexpected. *Mon Dieu, how unfortunate!*"

I could have smiled at the words, though uttered in real misery, had it not been for the tears which trickled down his cheeks. Impatiently dashing them away, he continued:

"These tears proclaim my weakness; but they are not so many, nor so bitter as those I shed in my privacy that fatal night. Ah, it was fearful—to build up such an idol as I had built in my heart, only to have it thus rudely dashed down. It was like the breaking of the heart itself.

"But to resume. I made no efforts to conceal my real feelings; in a matter which touched my heart so deeply, I could practise no deception. Therefore, seizing my hat, I abruptly quitted the room and the mansion. I had no reason to suppose that I should hear no more of the affair, and in an hour Adolphe encountered me in the street, pale with fury, and with epithets none of the mildest, demanded an explanation. I endeavored to retain my composure, but the course of our colloquy rendered this impossible; and at last, losing all patience, I abruptly charged the

presentation of the picture as an atrocious cheat, an artful deception, and other equally reprehensible asseverations. Language such as this could of course admit of but one settlement; and that was resorted to, with the assistance of small-swords and seconds, the next morning. To be brief, I inflicted an ugly puncture just beneath Adolphe's shoulder-blade, from which, in some miraculous manner, he managed to recover. Nevertheless, it consumed some six months, and threw the family into a terrible panic. *Mon Dieu*, it was immensely unfortunate, especially for him!

"Nothing remained for me, but to return to Paris; so I returned. Everything seemed distasteful to me, save my picture, and I often gazed upon it by the hour, until finally a happy idea visited my mind. Why should there not be an Isadore somewhere, of whom this should be the true representation? Was this artist's skill so wonderful, that he could conjure up an image more lovely than all the forms of loveliness which people this wide world? Obeying the impulse, I frequented public places; I haunted the streets, I travelled, but all to no purpose. Many beautiful faces I saw, but none to rival, none to compare with this! Weary of all this vain labor, I gathered the choicest of my paintings into these rooms, and opened them for free, public exhibition. I solemnly declare to you, my friend, that my sole motive in so doing, was to discover, if possible, among the crowds which daily flock here, the counterpart of this picture. What an extravagant idea—what a vain labor! I am at last beginning to think very much so. Pshaw! what faces do I see here daily! In fact, I think I am becoming skeptical upon the subject of human beauty. My standard is this picture, and all below it must be set down as spurious.

"Some months ago, I chanced to see, unobserved, Isadore among the spectators. *Quantum mutatus ab illa!* Imagine a portly dame of two hundred, avoirdupois, leaning on the arm of a man quite as gross-looking, and followed by four noisy children! I gave a sigh of relief, thanked the fates, ordered the servant to remove my darling picture until their departure—and prudently kept out of the way myself.

"But I must not conclude, without relating a most interesting incident which occurred to me the other day. You observe that the name of the artist is in the corner of the picture—Franz Kepler. Becoming lately aware of the presence in Paris of an artist of that name, I sent an invitation to him to visit my gallery, in company with myself. He gladly complied; and I found him to be a German, with a fine intellectual head, the true artist's eye, and a certain indescribable

something in his *tout ensemble*, which assured me that I had discovered the painter of my picture; at least, I should have chosen him from a hundred to execute such a work. But to reduce the matter to certainty, we had no sooner entered the gallery, than I led him straight to the picture.

"Are you not the artist of this, monsieur?" I asked.

"He immediately recognized his work, and a moment later recalled the circumstances, the time, and the place of its execution. He was continuing to descant upon its merits, when I stopped him.

"Monsieur," I gravely observed, 'you, by this unhappy picture, have ruined me forever!'

"The astonished artist stared with wonder—and with my heart swelling with grief, I narrated to him what you have just heard. His sense of the ludicrous was several times evidently affected as I proceeded; but sympathizing with my unhappiness, he restrained his mirth. When I had finished, he frankly said:

"I see, monsieur, that you regard me as a skillful knave of the brush—a kind of quack in portraiture, who flatters with his colors those who are vain enough to be deceived. You do me injustice, monsieur. Had I a particle of such knavery in my composition, I would throw my palette and brushes into the Seine to-morrow, and forswear art forever. The truth is, monsieur, my ideality is so great, that it betrays me into extravagance whenever I take up a brush. I find it impossible to reduce myself to plain truth; it is so severe that my fancy will get the uppermost. And so, when a plain country dame comes for her portrait, I make her a paragon of beauty; when the proprietor of some dilapidated estate wishes a picture of his possessions, I astonish him with an Eden. Both are delighted, and I receive five times my usual charge. This is a fact, monsieur, and I pray you believe it. The fault is natural—inborn, and I can never hope to conquer it.'

"This statement, so frankly made, disarmed my hostility, and left me to communicate still further with the artist, upon the picture.

"Did you, M. Kepler," I said, 'ever meet with a human face as lovely as that you have delineated upon the canvass yonder?'

"In good sooth, I never did," he unhesitatingly replied, gazing upon the canvass.

"Do you think, M. Kepler, that there is in the world a face as beautiful as that?'

"My dear monsieur, vanity aside, and to speak candidly, I do not. Such faces, let me assure you, are born only in the brain, and exist only in the colors of Franz Kepler! Ah, no—

they are sadly unreal! I have worshipped my own pictures more than you have ever worshipped this: and although I never sought their originals about the world, yet I think I should know what course to pursue, should I meet one of them at any time—the counterpart of this, for instance!'

"You would woo her for me, noble Kepler," I enthusiastically exclaimed. 'You would tell her of my devotion and of my romantic love, and—'

"Tush," laughed the artist. 'Yes, I should assuredly woo her, but it would as certainly be for myself!'

"*Mon Dieu*—how unfortunate!' was all that I could say.

"Thus, you see, my friend," Durant continued, "what have been my toils and struggles, my weariness of heart and mind, while pursuing this phantom—this ideal Isadore. And now you will ask, 'Do you really believe in the existence of the reality of what you so faithfully seek?' My friend, I sincerely do believe it—somewhere in this wide world my ideal Isadore, my glorious creation, is awaiting my coming! I must seek her until the day of my death—it is my destiny! Why not in America?'

"There are marvellously beautiful women in my native land, but I must confess, I find too much attraction in women of undoubted substance, to admit of my seeking after ideals!'

"Ah, you are skeptical! But perhaps I shall meet you in America in the course of a year or two. Adieu, for the present! *Mon Dieu*, how extremely unfortunate!" We parted with a cordial shake of the hand, and as it so happened that I was suddenly called away from Paris a few days later, and returned home without revisiting it, it also happened that my first and last meetings with M. Durant were identical. I never saw him again. The friend mentioned in the first portion of this veritable narrative, sent me, quite lately, a paper, containing a detailed account of M. Durant's death. During the long interval of years, between the date of my meeting with him, and that of his death, he had continued to haunt his picture-gallery, stubbornly intent on the same purpose, growing weak and pale as he grew older, until he could with difficulty totter about. When upon his death-bed, he ordered the picture which had been the source of his destruction, to be hung before him, and he actually died with his eyes rivetted upon it, and with the words upon his lips—" *Mon Dieu*, how unfortunate!"

#### NATURAL MELODY.

Harp of the winds! What music can compare  
With thy wild gush of melody?—or where  
Mid this world's discords may we hope to meet  
Tones like to thine—so soothing and so sweet!

A. A. WATTS.

(ORIGINAL.)

## A REFRAIN.

BY EDWIN S. LISCOMB.

That sound—that sound—it comes afar  
 From chambers of the past;  
 No other song shall ever mar,  
 Or to that strain a sweetness cast.  
 Its single thrill of melody  
 All down life's pathway shall bestow  
 Haunts of the music said to be,  
 Where chastened hearts no sorrows know.  
 Its tender echoes strangely tell  
 Of sinful thoughts all swept away;  
 Of fresher tears, which gently fell,  
 When with that sound came fresher day.

How may I speak enough the love  
 Of Him who touched my wayward heart  
 By tones akin to those above,  
 A heavenward yearning to impart?  
 How can enough my spirit soar,  
 To seek a glimpse of joys beyond,  
 Until from earth's bleak tempest-shore  
 A saviour's hand shall break the bond?

(ORIGINAL.)

## MARY.

BY ALICE C. BENTON.

"Loop up this sleeve a little higher, Mary. Why do you lag so, child? The company will be here before I am half dressed. Why, you are crying, as I live! One would think you were half-envious of me. Never mind—some day you may be married, too. But, alas, poor girl, you will never have a Richard Angell!"

"God forbid that I should!" said the young girl, hastily, wiping away the drops that had gathered in her eyes.

"Nay, now you are too bad, Mary. It is a poor joke, if you mean it as such, and a wicked thing, if you do it to annoy and vex me."

"I do it for neither, Alice. I would not jest about it for the world; and God knows, my poor girl, you have vexation and disappointment in store, enough to make you old before your time. I will not add to the load, believe me."

"Ah, you have some foolish story in your head about Richard's taking a social glass at a wedding. He has explained all about it to me, and I am perfectly satisfied."

A tap at the door, and a rich, musical voice calling, "Alice, dear, are you almost ready?" stayed the answer that was rising to the sister's lips, and Alice ran to open the door. The figure that stood there, leaning against the doorpost, was one that might have captivated the imagina-

tion of a stronger minded woman than Alice Phillips. He was somewhat taller than the middle height, was of fair complexion, had bright, laughing blue eyes, and auburn hair which curled in tight, crisp rings close to a head which would have been beautiful as that of Antinous, had not the sensual characteristics predominated somewhat over the intellectual. To-night he is perfectly radiant with his new happiness and the delight of seeing Alice so very beautiful.

Richard's tendencies were all selfish. It was not so much that he cared to see beautiful women—but then, Alice was about to belong to *him*, and he loved to think of showing her in public. I am not sure that he would not have had a similar feeling in regard to a fine animal, were it his property. He had once offered his hand to Mary Phillips. She had heard of his love for wine, and, although she was certainly dazzled not a little by his exterior, and the worldly advantages of fortune and position which he possessed, yet her refusal was peremptory and decided. It was, therefore, with great pain that she saw him daily gaining ground with Alice, to whom he had lightly transferred his affections.

In vain she had represented to her father and mother that he was not a person with whom one so light and volatile as Alice should be trusted—that he was one with whom her happiness must surely be wrecked. They laughed at her fears, declared she was an envious old maid, and insisted that she should not spoil her sister's good luck by her croakings.

Misapprehended on every side, Mary had nothing but to fall back upon silence; yet, at the last moment, she did suffer another word to tell her strong disapprobation of Richard's habits, although she knew it was too late to alter her destiny. The foolish story to which Alice referred, was this:

Richard Angell, hitherto a sober youth, undicted to any of the excesses of the age, had been coaxed by a young bride to take wine at her wedding. It was contrary to his habits and his principles. The very selfishness that was inherent in his nature pointed away from this sin; but the fair bride prevailed. The wine was swallowed—and thenceforth Richard Angell never saw the red wine sparkling in the cup that he did not quaff it to the bottom.

When his father and mother went down to the grave, the hardest part of death to them was the thought that Richard was fast becoming a thing for scorn to point at; but still they had some faint hope that a good wife might come to the rescue, and save him from utter ruin. Had he married Mary Phillips, she might have done so; but for

Alice—God pity her, though she wilfully shut her eyes to the coming destruction.

In vain Alice had entreated Mary to accompany them to town, where Richard had engaged a fine house, and had launched into great outlays for its furnishing and decorations. She firmly resisted, notwithstanding the childish complaint of Alice that "Mary could not bear to see anybody happy." Richard asked her; but she could see that he was not ungratified at her refusal. Perhaps he dreaded her lynx-eyed sagacity at discovering his little foibles.

A round of visiting brought them into contact with gay and fashionable people, with whom the glass was, as a matter of course, indispensable. As a matter of course, too, Richard prided himself upon fine wines, and seldom bought any but those that were expensive. Alice acquired a love for these costly luxuries, and headache and lassitude were her mornings' experiences. Soon it began to work on her beauty. Her delicate complexion grew coarse, and harsh lines settled in her once smooth forehead; while—it shocks us to speak it—but her nose actually blushed in imitation of the ruby tint which each day she allowed to pass her lips. Richard saw it all, but he held his peace, conscious that his own example and urging had brought on this change in his idol.

One year had passed away, in which Richard's outward affairs had but little changed. It takes some time to undermine a noble property so that the ravages become visible. It is not so with the person. That shows the slightest outrage which strong drink makes. To one of his sanguine complexion and temperament, it discovers itself quickly in the added color that spreads itself over and beyond the cheeks and extends to the throat and temples, and even to the roots of that hair so nearly bordering upon red as to be scarcely distinguishable from the red face. About this time Alice was ill, and sent for her mother to be with her. Mr. Phillips had been far from well and did not like to have her leave him. He suggested that Mary could better be spared from home; and Mary, fearing to worry and annoy her parents, decided upon going.

She arrived half an hour after Alice had given birth to a son. Richard was in high spirits, distributing wine in abundance to every person who had any place in his household, so that the servants were in the most amiable moods imaginable. Mary hastened to Alice, sick at heart of the sight and smell of liquors which stood in bottle array all over the house. Alice welcomed her, and she took her place as assistant nurse; for unhappily the principal was already over-

come with the generous hospitality of the exultant father. When she went to tea, Richard's manner towards her was marked by an almost foolish familiarity, which she could not at once repel.

"You ought to have been that boy's mother, Mary," he said, as she poured his tea. "Alice is a good girl, but then, you know 'First love'—what is it, Mary? O, I know—'First love will with the heart remain' when it spells—spells—never mind," he continued, winking most offensively at her, "the worst has been your own. You might have been sitting opposite me as my wife instead of my sister—"

"Mr. Angell, you insult me. If you do not instantly cease, I will leave the table."

"No, indeed, Mary, you shall do no such thing," he answered, suddenly becoming sober at her visible anger. "I did not mean anything; but I am so elated with the coming of my boy, and so happy at Alice's being so much better than I apprehended, that you must excuse my levity."

"I am quite ready to do so, Richard," she rejoined, more gently, "but let me beg you not to resort to anything that will induce artificial spirits, since you seem already to be sufficiently elevated."

"Bless your soul, Mary, I am the most temperate man living! I have often laughed at your refusal of me for indulging in a glass of wine. Now, I assure you, I do not care for it in the least."

Mary was displeased at this statement, knowing it to be false, and escaped as soon as possible to her sister's chamber, where she found the old nurse asleep in the great chair, with the baby just dropping from her arms. She caught the child, but turned away her head as the strong odor of spirits came from the little one.

"Good heavens!" she exclaimed, "has this woman been dragging this child?"

"Pooh, Mary!" said Alice, who had seen nothing of the state of either child or nurse, "baby was in pain, and nurse gave it some cordial. Don't be a fool!"

"But look at the woman herself, Alice."

"O well, I dare say she was up with some sick person last night, and this warm room has made her sleepy."

Mary made no answer, but she inwardly resolved to watch and if possible, to prevent the little creature from being drugged again. Her scrutiny offended the nurse, and she said to Alice:

"I shall feel obliged to go away, ma'am, if Miss Phillips chooses to stay here. Her and me is so different in taking care of childr'n."



Alice was terrified, and begged the two, separately, to give way to each other's fancies about the child. But the nurse declared she would not stay to be watched, and accordingly took her leave. Mary walked miles to find another nurse, and succeeded in obtaining a mild, gentle-looking woman, whose judicious management of the child recommended her even to Richard himself.

The next three years made it quite visible that things were going behindhand with the Angells. Alice had now four children, two of whom were twins. She took no care of her household, and Mary, when she visited her, which she did for the children's sake, was grieved to see her falling into a low-spirited, miserable way that required constant stimulants to overcome temporarily. Richard was reduced to the condition of an actual drunkard. He was cross, morose and ill-tempered in the morning; foolish and maudlin at noon, and sunk into utter insensibility at night. Mary persuaded Alice to go home and visit their old father and mother, who now felt keenly their own share in this unhappy marriage. Alice complied, to change the scene, as she said, but really to get rid of her husband. The love that had seemed so warm, had faded into mere indifference. Her feelings were not strong enough for hate.

When she returned to his house, Mary begged to keep little Richard. He was now old enough to know what his father's habits were, and Mary dreaded the contagion. Alice gladly consented; for her troop of lazy, ill managed servants were not fit to take care of children. Her husband ridiculed her when she returned without the boy, and let fall some offensive expressions about the "old maid." But he had not spirit enough to recall him.

The wreck of a fine property was, at length, all that was left to the miserable family, and Mr. Phillips was obliged to take them all home. The tribe of idle servants was discharged; the house and grounds, which were found to be deeply mortgaged, were let in order to pay off the interest, and there was nothing else left. Richard Angell scoffed at the narrow economy which the Phillips were absolutely obliged to practise, now that they were so heavily burdened with his family—and he was a prey to ill-temper because his stimulants were so wholly cut off. Everything was done to rouse him into action; but it required some great shock to waken him from his contemptible indolence. It came to him at last—that terrible shock which would have had effect upon one not so sunken as himself. The cholera of 1832 had made ravages in almost every home, and that of Mr. Phillips was not

exempted. Alice and the twins were taken first. He saw them die—and the next hour he was helplessly intoxicated with the stimulants that had been used to allay their sufferings. Alternately weeping at his loss and clamoring for wine and brandy to cure the sickness which he declared was already upon him, he fell into a state which precluded his attendance at the funeral. It was with difficulty that they made him understand that Alice was dead, although he had been conscious of it at the time.

Mary was all that a mother could be to his children—more than Alice ever could have been. For their sakes she bore with their father; and when at last the body which he had so wronged and outraged with strong drink, was sinking into its last slumber, she had her reward in knowing that he was sensible of her kindness and repented of his worse than useless life.

Little Richard is a man now—a good, upright, honest and temperate man. He knows that he owes it to his Aunt Mary that he is so; and the tender care that he bestows on her old age is beautiful to behold. As she sits and gazes upon him from the recesses of her easy chair, she thinks that so might his father have become, had his childhood been so watched as Richard's had been. And, as she cherishes that thought, her remembrance of the elder Richard grows more tender and forgiving, for he is now in the hands of Him who judges human frailty and imperfection in a different way perhaps from mortals.

#### A SWISS PENALTY.

In some parts of Switzerland, singular judicial penalties are still in force. A few days ago, one Hug, of Stanz, was convicted by the tribunal of Unterwald, for having, while in a state of intoxication in a public house, employed offensive language respecting the Pope, and he was condemned to twenty blows with a stick, to be administered in private, a fortnight's imprisonment in the hospital, a week's retirement to be passed in religious exercises in the monastery of the Capuchins, to occupy a separate place at church for the space of two years, and during that time to attend morning and evening service and the class of catechism, to be deprived for an indefinite period of his civil rights, and finally to pay all the costs.—*Paris Moniteur*.

#### GRAVES AT SEBASTOPOL.

It appears by a letter of Mr. Gowen, the American engineer, who is engaged in raising the sunken Russian vessels in the harbor of Sebastopol, that the graveyards of the allies number three hundred, and that they cover twenty square miles of territory. Considering that the siege lasted less than two years, and that these graves comprise the dead of but one side, such a war, if continued, would in time have decimated the nations engaged.—*New York Express*.

## The Florist.

Out at sea the island wooded,  
Silver birches golden-hooded,  
Set with maples crimson-blooded,  
White sea-foam and sand-hills gray,  
Stretch away, far away,  
Dim and dreary, over-brooded  
By the hazy autumn day.—J. G. WHITTIER.

### Lawns and Gravel-Walks.

The grass-plot and lawns in gardens generally have a melancholy appearance at this time of the year. In some places they are rough with wormeats, and in others bare from the shade of trees, or the constant passing of feet. Laying down fresh sods is the usual remedy, but it is very troublesome, and oftentimes affords only a temporary relief. The best way of renovating a grass-plot is, therefore, not to lay down fresh sods, but to sow a few seeds; and to render these more effectual, the surface should be scratched over with an iron rake before the seeds are sown, and rolled afterwards. Dutch clover, and what are called mixed grass seeds, are best; and the thinner the seeds are sown so as to cover the ground, the more likely they are to come up. When dug ground is to be sown with grass seeds, so as to make a grass-plot without laying down sods, the proportion may be about five bushels to the acre. Gravel-walks at this season are also apt to look poor and neglected, and they should be either relaid entirely with fresh gravel, or they may be stirred, and a thin layer of gravel laid on top, and afterwards firmly rolled. When the gravel is loose, it ought to be mixed with gravel of an adhesive nature.

### Roses.

Roses are such general favorites, that a few remarks may be acceptable. There are many roses which, if carefully removed from the borders, will continue to bloom all the winter with very little trouble. The crimson and blush China rose, the Crimson Perpetual, or *Rose du Roi*, are all very beautiful profuse bloomers, and of a neat, compact habit of growth. There are some roses which seem especially adapted for pot-culture, from their graceful, neat form and persistent blooming—almost all the monthly roses have that reputation. The soil for roses should be two-thirds loam from rotted turf and one-third cow-mazure, or the soil from an old hotbed; and the size of the pot should be dependent upon the root, which may be trimmed a little, but not much.

### Hoya Carnosa.

A fine thick-leaved climbing plant, bearing many bunches of small star-formed blossoms. Grow in a compost of one part loam, two parts peat, and one part dung. Shift from time to time, and support the plant as it grows. It trains well up a rafter, or on a wall; and if healthy and luxuriant, will have from thirty to forty blossoms upon it at a time. Cuttings can be struck, and even its thick leaves.

### Gloxinia.

These plants are remarkable for their splendid leaves, which are like so many shades of green velvet. They die down after blooming, and rest all the winter; in the spring shake out all the old soil, and re-pot them in rich loam. Keep them near the light, but be careful to shade the flowers from the sun. These plants will soon be covered with beautiful flowers in great profusion.

### Hyacinths and Narcissus in Pots.

Hyacinths, polyanthus and jonquils make a beautiful appearance during the winter in the house. Bulbs intended for blooming in the winter should be potted in October or November, and left out until it begins to freeze, and then placed in a warm room. They will want occasionally a little water until they begin to grow; then they should have both air and sun, and plenty of water from the saucers or pans beneath the pots. Those bulbs, as hyacinths, etc., which are designed to flower in glasses, should be placed in them towards the end of November, the glasses being first filled with rain-water, so that the bulbs may come in contact with it. Then put them in a dark place for a few days, to promote the shooting of roots, after which they are to be exposed to the air and sun. The water must be changed as often as it becomes impure, and never be allowed to freeze.

### Skill of Japanese Gardeners.

The botany of the island of Japan is more varied than that of any country of the same area, as it comprises the flora of the tropics and of the antarctic regions. The Japanese possess the art of dwarfing and of magnifying vegetable products in an extraordinary manner. A recent traveller states that he saw a plum tree, a cherry tree and a fig tree growing in a small box, not more than six inches long, the plum tree being in blossom; while, on the other hand, cabbages are grown of such a size, that one is much as a man can lift. The Japanese horticulturists also have the power of concentrating the vigor of a fruit-tree in a single branch, which will thus bear blossoms and fruit much greater than the common size.

### Pompones Crysanthemums.

The miniature or daisy flowered crysanthemums are yearly becoming greater favorites both in the garden and for the house, and we are glad of it. We hope the taste for them will continue to extend. For pot culture the pompones are considered superior to any other kinds yet introduced, and are easily propagated. Strong healthy cuttings should be used, placing each cutting singly in a pot. The pots should be kept warm and moist. When well rooted they may be given more sun and air, and be re-potted into four-inch pots and treated as before, keeping them rather close for ten days; this will promote their growth very materially. When well rooted they should be shifted for the last time into a larger pot.

### Polygala.

Common greenhouse plants, of which we should not care to have more than one. They require only common greenhouse treatment; but to prevent its being bushy, the plant must be checked while young, and the checking must be persevered in for some time. The flowers are purple and abundant.

### Sensitive Plant.

This, though a native of the East and West Indies, and South America, is often successfully cultivated in New England. There are several species. The flowers are pale purple, contracting at night, and also when touched by the hand.

### Faxonia Pannatistipula.

A plant nearly allied to the *passiflora*, and blooming very much like one. The plant will only do well trained to rafters; in fact, it is fit only for a conservatory.

## The Housewife.

### Tooth-Powders.

Prepared chalk, finely levigated, three drachms; Spanish soap, one drachm; Florentine iris root, one drachm; carbonate of soda, one drachm. If the teeth are constantly brushed once or twice a day with this powder, they are kept free from tartar.—2. Powder of Krameria, two drachms; myrrh, in powder, one drachm; camphor, four drachms; charcoal, one ounce; spirit of wine, ten minims. Rub the whole into a fine powder.—3. Red bark and Armenian bole, of each half an ounce; powdered cinnamon and bicarbonate of soda, of each, quarter of an ounce; oil of cinnamon, one or two drops; all in fine powder; mix.

### Apple Jelly.

Cut in quarters six dozen good apples, take out all the cores, put them in a pan, just cover them with cold water and place them on the fire. Let them boil until quite soft, then drain upon a sieve, catching the liquor in a basin, which passes through a clean jelly bag; weigh out one pound of sugar to every pint of liquor; boil the sugar separately until it is almost candy, then mix the liquor with it, and boil, keeping it skimmed until the jelly falls from the skimmer in thin sheets; then take it from the fire, put it into small jars, and let it stand a day until quite cold, then put paper over and put by till wanted.

### Compote of Peach.

Pare half a dozen ripe peaches, and stew them very softly from eighteen to twenty minutes, keeping them often turned in a light syrup, made with five ounces of sugar and half a pint of water boiled together for ten minutes. Dish the fruit; reduce the syrup by quick boiling, pour it over the peaches, and serve them hot for a second dish, or cold, for dessert. They should be quite ripe, and will be found delicious dressed thus. A little lemon-juice may be added to the syrup, and the blanched kernels of two or three peach or apricot stones.

### Hop Ale.

Three quarters of a pound of the best hops to ten gallons of water, and one pound of white sugar to each gallon, boiled together for half an hour; then run it through a sieve into an open tub, to work for three, four, or five days, a little barm being put to it as soon as cool; put the clear liquor into a barrel, and bung it up; in a fortnight it will be ready to drink; in a week after put a few of the spent hops to float at the top of the barrel, when it is to be stopped up.

### How to clean old Silver Coins.

Take four ounces of polishers' putty, four ounces of burnt hartshorn, and eight ounces of prepared chalk; mix them well together, and with this composition rub the coins, and in a short time they will become, to all appearance, equal to new. Or, wash them well with soap and water and a soft nail-brush; when dry, rub them with wash leather, or a soft brush used for cleaning plate, but not too roughly, or they may be injured.

### How to detect Chalk in Milk.

Dilute the milk with water, and set it aside for a few hours; the chalk, if there be any, will be found precipitated to the bottom, which may be sufficiently identified by its appearance and its effervescing with an acid.

### Dried Herbs.

All herbs which are to be dried should be washed, separated and carefully picked over, then spread on coarse paper, and kept in a room until perfectly dry. Those which are intended for cooking should be stripped from the stems and rubbed very fine; then put them in bottles, and cork tightly. Put those which are intended for medicinal purposes into paper bags, and keep them in a dry place.

### Cherry Marmalade.

Remove the stones and stalks from the cherries, and rub the cherries through a sieve; add to this result a little currant juice, say half a pint to every three pounds of cherry; put the whole over the fire, stirring into it three-quarters of a pound of fine white sugar to every pound of the fruit, and boil it until it becomes a thick jelly; pour it into jars or moulds.

### Hoarseness.

Take one drachm of freshly-scraped horseradish root, to be infused with four ounces of water in a close vessel for two hours, and made into a syrup with double its quantity of vinegar. It is an improved remedy for hoarseness; a teaspoonful has often proved effectual. A few teaspoonfuls, it is said, have never been known to fail in removing hoarseness.

### Bitters.

Take half an ounce of the yolk of fresh eggs, carefully separated from the white, half an ounce of gentian root, one and a half drachm of Seville orange peel, and one pint of boiling water. Pour the water hot upon the above ingredients, and let them steep in it for two hours; then strain, and bottle for use.

### Italian Lemonade.

Pare and press two dozen lemons, pour the juice on the peels, and let it remain on them all night; in the morning add two pounds of loaf sugar, a quart of good sherry, and three quarts of boiling water. Mix well, add a quart of boiling milk, and strain it through a jelly-bag till clear.

### To detect Copper in Pickles or Green Tea.

Put a few leaves of the tea, or some of the pickle, cut small, into a phial with two or three drachms of liquid ammonia, diluted with one half the quantity of water. Shake the phial, when, if the most minute portion of copper be present, the liquid will assume a fine blue color.

### Bites and Stings.

Apply instantly with a soft rag, moist freely, spirits of hartshorn. The venom of stings being an acid, the alkali nullifies them. Fresh wood ashes, moistened with water, and made into a poultice, frequently renewed, is an excellent substitute, or soda or saleratus, all being alkalies.

### To seal Preserves.

Beat the white of an egg; take good white paper, tissue is best, cut it the size you require, and dip it in the egg, wetting both sides. Cover your jars or tumblers, carefully pressing down the edges of the paper. When dry, it will be as tight as a drumhead.

### To destroy Worms in Garden Walks.

Pour into the worm-holes a strong lye made of wood-ashes, lime and water. Or, if more convenient, use for this purpose strong salt and water.

### Roses.

Put some powdered charcoal around the roots of your roses. It will improve their color.

**Tomato Catsup.**

As the time is here for enjoying this favorite sauce, the following is a very good receipt for preparing it for future table use:—To half a bushel of skinned tomatoes add one quart of good vinegar, one pound of salt, a quarter of a pound of black pepper, two ounces of African cayenne, a quarter of a pound of allspice, six good onions, one ounce of cloves, and two pounds of brown sugar. Boil this mass for three hours, constantly stirring it to keep it from burning. When cool, strain it through a fine sieve or coarse cloth, and bottle it for use. Many persons omit the vinegar in this preparation.

**To make Grease Balls.**

Shave down half a pound of white soap, and mix it with three ounces of fullers' earth powdered; then mix together three ounces of ox-gall and two ounces of spirits of turpentine; with this moisten the soap and fullers' earth till you have a stiff paste. Mix it thoroughly, and beat it well. Make it into balls with your hands, and place the balls where they will dry slowly. To use it, scrape down a sufficiency, and spread it on the grease spot. Let it rest awhile; then brush it off, and scrape and apply some more. A few applications will generally remove the grease.

**A good Blackberry Wine,**

To make a wine equal in value to port take ripe blackberries, press the juice from them, let it stand thirty-six hours to ferment (lightly covered), and skim off whatever rises to the top; then to every gallon of the juice add one quart of water and three pounds of sugar (brown will do); let it stand in an open vessel for twenty-four hours; skim and strain it, then barrel it. Let it stand eight or nine months, when it should be racked off, and bottled and corked close; age improves it.

**Ginger Lemonade.**

Boil twelve pounds and a half of lump sugar for twenty minutes in ten gallons of water; clear it with the whites of six eggs. Bruise half a pound of common ginger, boil with the liquor, and then pour it upon ten lemons pared. When quite cold put it in a cask, with two table-spoonsful of yeast, the lemons sliced, and half an ounce of isinglass. Bung up the cask the next day; it will be ready in two weeks.

**Snake Bites.**

Turpentine is said to be a sure cure for the bite of a snake. It should be put in a bottle, and the mouth being placed over the spot, the liquid brought directly in contact with the wound by inverting the bottle, which should be held there until relief is obtained. A complete alleviation of pain has been known to ensue in less than a quarter of an hour. An important discovery.

**Stye on the Eyelid.**

Put a teaspoonful of tea in a small bag; pour on it just enough boiling water to moisten it; then put it on the eye pretty warm. Keep it on all night, and in the morning the stye will most likely be gone; if not, a second application is sure to remove it.

**Cup Cakes.**

Take twelve eggs, whites and yolks beaten separately, two cups of butter, four of sugar, one of sour milk, one teaspoonful of soda, five cups of flour; season with anything you choose, and bake in a slow oven.

**Boiling Potatoes.**

Let the potatoes lie in cold water six or eight hours before boiling—twelve hours for very old ones is not too long. Then put them into boiling water a little salted, and the water should be kept at a moderate boll till they are done, which should be tested with a fork; then pour off the water, and let them stand in the pot till dry. Great care should be taken not to let them cool a moment after they are done, as it will render them watery. An excellent plan to make potatoes mealy, is to turn them into a cloth and slightly press them. The large potatoes should be put into the pot before smaller ones, that they may be equally done. It requires from forty to fifty minutes. New ones will take about half that time.

**Home-made Buns.**

One and one-fourth cup of sugar, one-half pint of new milk, one cup of yeast, one-half cup of butter, add flour enough to make a thin batter, and let it rise. When sufficiently raised, add fruit, a tablespoonful of lemon or rose-water, with flour enough to mix into a firm dough. Cut into rounds, place in pans, and when again raised, it is ready for baking. Soon after they are taken from the oven the tops should be moistened with a little milk and molasses.

**Relief for a Sprained Ankle.**

Wash the ankle very frequently with cold salt and water, which is far better than warm vinegar, or decoctions of herbs. Keep your foot as cool as possible to prevent inflammation, and sit with it elevated on a high cushion. Live on very low diet, and take every day some cooling medicine—for instance, Epsom salts. By observing these directions only, a sprained ankle has been cured in a few days.

**Seed of small Fruit.**

Save the seeds of the small fruits—strawberries, raspberries, blackberries, etc.—as they ripen, and sow them so as to produce new and superior varieties. If you wish to produce earlier kinds, save seeds that ripen first; if late kinds, those that ripen later. It is probable that fruit adapted to all localities can be best originated in the places designed for them.

**To get rid of Mosquitoes.**

Mosquitoes, says somebody, love beef blood better than they do any that flows in the veins of human kind. Just put a couple of generous pieces on plates near your bed at night, and you will sleep untroubled by these pests. In the morning you will find them full and stupid with the beef blood, and the meat sucked as dry as a cork.

**Useful Receipt.**

The Scientific American advises the ladies, when they wish to wash fine and elegant colors, to boil some bran in rain water, and use the liquid cold. Nothing, it is said, can equal it for cleaning cloth, and for revivifying effects upon colors. Try it, ladies.

**Chloric Ether.**

Chloric ether is made by mixing one part of chloroform with six parts of rectified alcoholic spirits. It is excellent for outward applications in neuralgia and toothache.

**A good Baking-Powder.**

A good baking-powder is composed of nine ounces of bicarbonate of soda, eight ounces of tartaric acid, and ten ounces of rice or fine wheat flour.

## Curious Matters.

### Singular Preservation of a Child.

The late English papers tell a story of a remarkable character, to the following effect:—In one of the interior towns of England two gentlemen, on an exploring expedition, were peering down a well, said to be a hundred feet deep, when one of them distinguished the voice of a child in distress. After satisfying themselves that there was indeed some one in the well, they procured aid, and a boy, stimulated by the promise of a handsome reward, consented to descend, and was lowered to the bottom. He found there a living child of a few months old, who was brought to the surface, and found not to be seriously injured, though nearly famished for want of food. A young woman of the neighborhood is suspected of having lowered this child by a cord to the bottom of the well, and left it there to perish. It is thought that it had been there for nearly two days when it was discovered.

### A Church-going Dog.

They boast of a remarkable dog down in Alabama. He is a small dog, but for three years, with only three or four exceptions, rain or shine, hot or cold, with company or without, he has not failed to attend divine service every Sabbath at the neighboring church. He seems to know instinctively when the time comes. It happened once that the dog had gone in the early part of the week to spend a few days at a house some miles from home. When Saturday evening came, however, he went home, and as usual on the next morning presented himself at church. It makes no difference whether any of the family go to church or not, he is always at his post. Moreover, when there he behaves himself as a good dog should. He stations himself near the door, and if any profane hog or cow comes rambling too near, he as noiselessly as possible drives them away.

### An anxious Applicant.

Recently a gentleman rushed into the police office in London, in great perturbation of spirits, desiring the aid of a detective in recovering two bank notes, one of £100, and one of £30. He stated, that while standing at the counter of a bank, they were snatched from before him, and that he could form no opinion as to whom the robber was. He was confident, however, that the notes must have been taken from his hand. Just as he was leaving the office, in a rather dejected state of mind, one of the officers saw that he carried an umbrella, and asked him if he had looked inside that. The victim of the robbery laughed in derision, but concluded to look, and there the money was indeed found. The heart of the finder grew light, and he rewarded the astute official with £5 of the recovered treasure.

### A curious old Cannon.

The citizens of Brockport, Ill., have clubbed their funds and purchased an old cannon to be used for firing salutes on public occasions, and by political parties to celebrate their victories. The Brockport Republican gives its history:—It was cast at a government arsenal of Prussia at Berlin; was taken from the Prussians by the English during a battle in the year 1778; was subsequently taken from the English by the Americans during the war of 1812. It is 10½ feet long, has a 4½ inch bore, carries a 12 pound ball, and requires 2½ pounds of powder to charge it to its proper capacity. The gun weighs over 2000 pounds, aside from the carriage, which weighs as much more.

### Strange Accident.

A very singular accident, anatomically considered, occurred lately in Otsego county, New York. A little child five or six years old, while at play, fell in such manner as to strike the larynx, or upper part of the windpipe, upon the upper edge of the rocker of a small chair with such force as to break through the larynx, though the skin was not wounded; and although she did not at first seem much hurt, yet she began to cry, and the air came rushing out with fearful rapidity—and as there was no external opening, it passed into the cellular texture and was driven on under the skin, obliterating every natural feature of her countenance, closing her eyes, elevating the scalp, and then passing down, nearly surrounded the chest and upper abdominal integuments. Relief, however, was eventually afforded by physicians, and the child is now out of danger.

### Singular Precocity.

In 1791 a child was born at Lubeck named Henri Heinekem, whose precocity was miraculous. At ten months of age he spoke distinctly, at twelve learnt the Pentateuch by rote, and at fourteen months was perfectly acquainted with the Old and New Testament. At two years of age he was as familiar with ancient history as the most erudite authors of antiquity. Sanson and Danville only could compete with him in geographical knowledge; Cicero would have thought him an "alter ego," on hearing him converse in Latin; and in the modern languages he was equally proficient. This wonderful child was unfortunately carried off in his fourth year. According to a popular proverb, "the sword wore out the sheath."

### A Monomaniac.

A few weeks ago an eccentric old man died in Cleveland, and upon his deathbed he told his son-in-law, a resident of Erie, that in a certain place on Scranton's Flats a large sum of money was buried. He minutely described the spot, but did not tell who buried the treasure, or why it was buried. The son-in-law, at last accounts, has been digging for the money for several nights, assisted by several able-bodied men. He has found no money yet, but is sanguine of success, and will continue to dig. His friends regard him as an eligible candidate for some retired lunatic asylum, but he does not heed them. He says the old man would have told who buried the money had he lived a few moments longer, and feels confident that he will yet recover it.

### Ornithological Curiosity.

A *Rosen Journal* relates a curious incident—One of the inhabitants of Sainneville, near that city, possesses a large cat, which for some time was in the habit of attacking the nests of swallows beneath the cornice, and devouring the birds. A few days ago she was basking in the sun in the open air, when a number of swallows, uttering piercing cries, attacked her, striking her with their beaks. The cat at first endeavored to catch some of them, but failed, and at last was forced to retreat, so violent was the attack of her irritated assailants.

### Singular Cause of Death.

A young boy died in Newburyport a few days since from internal inflammation, and a post mortem examination proved that he had swallowed the hull of an rat or some grain, which, lodging in the intestines, had gathered matter and caused death. But a short time before he had swallowed a cent, from which no injury resulted.

### A Convention of Toads.

A gentleman who observed the right states, that about ten days ago, along one of the main roads near Forge Village, in Westford, Conn., he observed the most marvelous collection of toads he ever witnessed or heard of. In the road, for as many as a hundred rods, the ground was so covered with them that one could not put his hand down without putting it upon a toad. An estimate was made, and it determined that there were at least as many as twelve toads to the square foot. The sides of the road and field were not examined, but for the distance we have named there were toads innumerable. Another fact not a little singular is, that they were all apparently the same size—being about half an inch high, or in length, and in color and appearance seemed to be precisely alike, and all were sprightly, and seemed as if very much at home. The question is, where did they come from?

### Curious.

The discovery of a "perfect mine of antique art treasures" in some mounds outside the old Armeno-Assyrian city of Van is described in several of our foreign exchanges. A couple of pea-ants were engaged in digging out some loose stones from the mounds in question, when they came, first upon one, and then a second bronze plate, thickly embossed with cuneiform inscriptions, interspersed with rude, angular figures of men and animals. The pasha then despatched a party of explorers to the mounds, and the result of a few days' search was the discovery of a splendid bronze human-headed bull, about three-quarters life size, a large winged eagle, and two elaborately carved serpents, all in the purest bronze.

### Mathematical Prodigy.

They have a mathematical wonder at San Francisco, in the person of a gardener employed by a gentleman of that city. Without having enjoyed any of the ordinary advantages of education, he is able, with scarcely a moment's reflection, to answer correctly difficult problems extending into the most distant calculations. Take, for instance, a given sum, say \$1369; require the interest compounded for seventy-nine years, at 8-7-8 per cent. per month. He will immediately give the answer, and slower computers will find, after elaborate figuring, that he is absolutely correct. The ordinary results of multiplication, subtraction and division, he attains by intuition, no matter how complicated the sum.

### Curious Violation of Law.

The Tribunal of Soissons, in France, has just condemned a farmer of Acy, near that town, for a singular offence against the game laws. It appears that recently the man, when rolling a field, found a hare caught by the roller, and picked it up in the presence of several persons. Afterward, thinking he had infringed the law, he threw the hare into a field. The tribunal decided that the offence of illegally killing game was proved, and condemned the man to pay a fine of fifty francs.

### Singular Will.

A person of Florence, just deceased, has left a singular will. It declares that the greater part of his fortune shall go to the man with the largest hump on his back in all Tuscany, and the persons entrusted with selecting him shall be twelve hunchbacks! To compensate the latter for their trouble, he directs that, in addition to travelling expenses, each shall be presented with a gold medal bearing the effigy of *Æeop*, their prototype.

### Singular Case.

Thirteen years ago a Mr. Whitehead, now of Clinton, O. W., but then living in Scotland, had the misfortune to run a needle into his heel, which broke, leaving the point-half so firmly fixed therein as to baffle the efforts of a physician to withdraw it. He continued lame for some time, but eventually all pain left him, and he felt no inconvenience from the intruder until last month, when he experienced a sharp pain in his side under the arm-pit, which so annoyed him, that he had the spot examined by Mrs. W., who, after a little effort, succeeded in dislodging with her unaided fingers the identical piece of needle which had so baffled the doctor, armed and aided as he was with his probes and lances, so many years before.

### Not Inquisitive.

The Paris (Ky.) Citizen has found a woman who is not inquisitive. She has not seen the market-house for thirty-five years, although she lives within two squares of it; and she has never seen the railroad, and has no curiosity to see it. She says she did get a glimpse of the cars once from the street in front of her house as they passed over the bridge, but she "paid no attention to them." She has not been to church for forty years, and the reason she gives is, that people now-a-days go to church to look at each other's fine clothes and show their own, whereas when she was young they went there to pray and hear preaching.

### A queer Nobleman.

There lately died at Milan a nobleman named Caldevara, who left his whole fortune, amounting to six millions of francs, as a legacy to the principal hospital at Milan. His favorite maxim was evidently a reversal of the old adage, "A fat kitchen makes a lean will;" for his sole food had for many years consisted of half-starved rabbits. About a hundred of these animals were discovered running wild about the house in which he died.

### An odd Lawsuit.

A novel suit has been brought in Casnovia, Michigan, against a resident for obstructing the plaintiff's view of Casnovia Lake, by planting willow trees on the shore of the lake. The defendant's residence is on the lake shore, and he has built out into the natural waters by filling in with earth and planting rees, which the plaintiff contends he has no right to do. Much interest is felt in the result.

### Learned Dog.

"Leo," a favorite Newfoundland dog, owned by Cyrus Robinson & Sons, of East Concord, N. H., died a few days since. His acquiring powers were of an order seldom found in the canine race, and his death seems worthy of mention. He would go, day after day, about one-third of a mile, and return with a pail of milk, with more regularity and faithfulness than many boys; also go to and from the post-office with letters, and perform many other similar services.

### Remarkable Family.

According to the census returns, says the New Bedford Mercury, there is now residing in the north part of the city a family consisting of fourteen persons. The father of the family is 46 years of age, the mother 41, and their twelve children, all of the same parentage, are from 1 to 21 years of age, all of them remarkable for their quick intelligence. There has been no death nor sickness in the family.

## Editor's Table.

MATURIN M. BALLOU, EDITOR AND PROPRIETOR.

### PRESENTIMENT.

A strange case of presentiment is recorded at Cambridge Valley, N. Y., by the Register of that place, as having recently occurred. A little boy of thirteen, son of Mr. Calver, had made arrangements to attend a balloon ascension at Saratoga, but his mother, having dreamed that her little son had suddenly died, had fears that he might meet with some accident in the crowd, and would not permit his attendance. By way of compensation, she permitted him to go berrying in the fields with some other children. He fell into a pond before his return, the same afternoon, and was drowned! How strongly this recalls to mind Leigh Hunt's poem of "The Inevitable," in which a man, afraid of death in a particular locality, wishes Solomon, the "Lord of the Magic Ring," to send him, by his magic power, elsewhere. He does so, and the man is killed in the removal. Shelley has an idea, too, of a soldier in battle, standing in a particular spot, seeing a shell approaching, springing six feet away to escape it, and landing in the very spot where one of the fragments of the shell strikes and blows him to pieces. Scott tells a story of a fisherman of whom it was predicted that he would be drowned on a certain day. His wife kept him at home, but he was taken with a fit and drowned by falling forward with his face in a basin of water in which he was washing.

**IMPORTANT, IF TRUE.**—A bald-headed gentleman in England has realized a beautiful crop of down, which bids fair to become hair, if it continues to grow, from the application of plaster of Paris, for the purpose of taking a cast of his features. The artist, a well-known maker of busts, vouches for the fact.

**A PRECOCIOUS CHILD.**—The heir of Spain, the Prince of the Asturias, has made his appearance in public life, at the mature age of *two and a half* years.

**HUNGARIAN PATRIOTS.**—It is reported that Kossuth, Teleki and Klapka are somewhere in Switzerland, conspiring against Austria.

**A LARGE MAIL.**—A recent overland mail stage left San Francisco with 6902 letters.

### A BISHOP IN A FIX.

An Episcopal bishop, well known and well beloved in New York, had occasion, a short time since, to hold confirmation in a church in Westchester county, N. Y. Not knowing the exact locality of the building, he hailed some one by the way, and inquiring for Mr. D——'s church, received his directions, and rode on. Arrived, he alighted, and not readily finding the usual robing-room, inquired: "Where's your vestry?" "There is none in the church," was the reply. The bishop shrugged his shoulders, and retiring as modestly as was possible to the extreme corner of the church, doffed his outer habiliments, and loosening the carefully tied bundle, drew forth its contents, and prepared to array himself in the apostolic lawn. A suppressed sign of astonishment, on the part of the congregation, arrested his attention, and in the moment's pause, some one stepped up in evident confusion, with the remark: "There must be some mistake here, sir." "Why," rejoined the bishop, "isn't this Mr. D——'s church? I appointed to hold confirmation here to-day." "Well, sir, there's another Mr. D——, just beyond here, that keeps an *Episcopal* church; perhaps that's where you mean?" The bundle of canonicals, and the bishop with it, were seen leaving.

**SCIENTIFIC DISCOVERY.**—Professor Ehrenberg has examined, with great care, some specimens of snow, earth and rock, brought from the summit of Mount Blanc, in which he has been able to determine the existence of eighty-five forms of organic life.

**JUSTICE FOR HIGH AND LOW.**—According to the Russian criminal returns for 1858, among the convicts were 23 hereditary nobles, 39 enjoying personal nobility, and 22 ecclesiastics.

**A BAD MOTIVE.**—A woman in Baltimore committed suicide a few days since, because one of her daughters married a poor but honest young man.

**HORSES.**—The last Springfield Horse-Show was the most brilliant exhibition of the kind ever opened in New England.

**AMERICAN TACT AND ENERGY.**

No one, who has mixed much with business men the world over, can have failed to be impressed with the superior energy, tact, mental rapidity and decision of the mercantile class in this country. They have all the qualities that command success, coupled with high honor, and there is no body of men whose manners are more refined or agreeable. But we do not propose to write a dull essay, but simply to make a statement of curious facts illustrative of our proposition.

Not long since, a merchant of this city found that a French Jew, who had been doing business in San Francisco, had taken French leave, owing him some seven thousand dollars for goods shipped to California, while he had "stuck" another merchant of this city to the extent of fifteen thousand dollars. It was known, or suspected, that the swindler had gone back to Paris. Our merchant accordingly wrote to the prefect of police, stating the circumstances, and giving a pen-and-ink portrait of the fugitive. He described him as a man of middle height, with a stoop, restless eyes, a partially bald head, a hooked nose, and a peculiar wart on his forehead. In due time he received a letter, saying that an individual answering the description had been "spotted." Our Bostonian received this letter on a Monday; the next Wednesday found him on board a Cunard steamer for Liverpool, furnished with credentials from the Governor of Massachusetts bearing the State seal, a general letter from the Mayor of Boston, with the city seal, and various other letters and documents. Arriving in Liverpool on Sunday, he saw the lions, visited some friends, and the next morning was *en route* for London on an express train. The next day he had an interview with Mr. Dallas, was appointed bearer of despatches to our minister in Paris, saw the Tower, Westminster Abbey, the Houses of Parliament, the queen's stables, and various other noted things, and was off the next morning for Paris as fast as steam could carry him. In Paris, he found that the bird had flown; but, in company with an officer, he tracked him to Strasburg, where all traces of him were, for the time being, lost. Strolling about the streets rather disconsolately with the French officer, our Bostonian saw a case of photographs over the way, and crossed the street to look at it. Among the interesting countenances on exhibition, was that of the very man he was in pursuit of. Through the photographer, his whereabouts and the assumed name he went by, were discovered. To make a long story short, the absconding debtor was sued, and

a judgment obtained against him. He appealed, and the next court reversed the decision. The plaintiff took it up to the highest tribunal, and the decision of the first court was re-affirmed. The defendant, however, had contrived to alienate his property; and here was another apparent block in the game. However, our townsman discovered that the Jew had just shipped a large cargo of goods for California, and he obtained, by a decree of court, possession of the bills of lading, which of course gave him the control of the property, so that his agent in San Francisco laid claim to the cargo, and the Boston creditors finally succeeded in getting fifty cents on the dollar. Our adventurous merchant returned to this city after an absence from home of only six weeks, during which he had seen Liverpool, London and Paris, made a brief visit to Germany, successfully carried a case through three courts of law, visited several manufactories connected with his branch of business, and secured three lucrative agencies. We have abbreviated the narrative of many interesting details, but the main facts are, we believe, correctly stated. The hero of the adventure seems to think nothing of his exploit, and to look at it simply as an ordinary business transaction; but it strikes us as quite a romantic episode in the current of mercantile life, and as a felicitous example of the promptitude and energy of our people.

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**THE MOON'S APPROACH.**—Astronomers tell us that the moon is approaching the earth, but at the rate of less than one inch yearly. If she keeps on at this rate, we shall be able to discover whether she is made of green cheese or not—if we live long enough!

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**A CHURCH-GOER.**—A lady going to church on Ash Wednesday, finding her seat already occupied, requested the pew-owner to remember that although it was Ash Wednesday, the pew was not *lent*.

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**PENITENCE.**—A penitent man should be forgiven; but, unless you can insure the removal of the mental taint, it does not follow that he is fit for safe intimacy.

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**MONARCHS AND WOMEN.**—Men pay tribute to monarchs; but women make monarchs pay tribute to them.

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**THE BRAIN.**—The brain is the twenty-eighth part of the human body, but in a horse but the four hundredth.



**AN AWFUL SCENE.**

We rarely meet in the pages of romance a scene more thrilling than that described by a correspondent of the *Missouri Democrat*, writing from Barclay's Fort, New Mexico. One cannot read the narrative without a thrill of terror. Four Mexicans, with a herd of cattle, were surrounded by fire while in a valley in the mountains. The long drought had rendered the rubbish and undergrowth below as dry as tinder, and the flames licked them up with fearful rapidity, and springing upward, caught the pine leaves above, glossy with resin, and then leaping from tree to tree, formed a billow of fire awful to behold. The affrighted herd, bellowing with fear, dashed through the flames, the most of them escaping badly burned, but some perished. Two of the herders attempted to follow them; but a few steps only were taken, when their nerves became contracted with the intense heat, their limbs refused to perform their office, and they sank shrieking on a bed of fire, never more to rise. Their comrades dashed wildly from side to side, already suffering in anticipation the agonies of a death too fearful to think of, when a huge rock barred their way, and they saw with a thrill of joy that a small spring of water gushed out at its foot. Everything combustible was removed, until the increasing heat forced them to desist; then inserting some dry branches in the crevices of the rock above the spring, they saturated their blankets with water and spread them out upon them, and seating themselves under their shelter, continued to apply the water as fast as the scanty supply permitted. Ashes, coals and burning branches fell thickly around them, and their hopes fluctuated rapidly between hope and despair, as their chances of escape increased or diminished. Moments seemed lengthened into hours, and doubtless more than the agonies of death were passed by these poor herders, ere hope ripened into certainty, and they knew that they were indeed saved as brands from the burning.

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**LAST THOUGHTS.**—Be assured, whatever you may think now, when you come to a deathbed, you will think you have given yourself up too much to pleasures, and other worldly pursuits.

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**A BEAUTIFUL THOUGHT.**—Life is a silver cord twisted with a thousand strings that part asunder, if one be broken.

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**INTELLECTUAL CULTURE.**—The man who has the most intellectual resources, is most free from low temptations.

**THE STEREOSCOPE.**

One of the most interesting effects of the stereoscope is that which has been produced by Mr. De la Rue, who has contrived the means of giving apparent rotundity to the surface of the moon, as viewed through a powerful telescope. The disk of the full moon, however magnified, presents, as is well known, the appearance of a flat surface, with the lights and shadows marked seemingly on a plane; owing to the great distance of that luminary, whether it be looked at with one eye or with the other, therefore it seems moved beyond the operation of the ordinary course of stereoscopic effects. Nevertheless, photographs of the moon have been taken, which, when placed in the stereoscope, combine to form a solid-looking globe, on which all the lights and shadows are distinctly and beautifully delineated. This effect is produced by taking the photographs at different periods of the year, when there is a slight variation in the direction of the moon's face to the earth, and by combining these separate photographs into one image in the stereoscope, the form of the moon appears as convex as the surface of an artificial globe. There is also another arrangement by which the appearance of solidity is communicated to a single image formed on a screen of ground glass. The screen has a black back, and is placed in the focus of a lens in an ordinary camera obscura, wherein the image may be seen by looking down upon it. The particles of the roughened glass reflect to each eye different parts of the image focussed on the screen, and by this means a similar effect is produced as when two dissimilar pictures are looked at through a stereoscopic instrument.

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**A THOUGHT FOR THE YOUNG.**—Costly apparatus and splendid cabinets, says Daniel Webster, have no magical power to make scholars. In all circumstances, as a man is, under God, the master of his own fortune, so is he the maker of his own mind.

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**SLEEP AND LIFE.**—We sleep, but the loom of life never stops; and the pattern which was weaving when the sun went down, is weaving when it rises to-morrow.

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**SUCCESS AND HAPPINESS.**—Lord Clarendon attributed success and happiness in life, to associating with persons more learned and virtuous than ourselves.

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**CAUSE OF CRIME.**—The real cause for a great deal of crime may be traced to the habit of a foolish expenditure of money in early days.

## THE GUILLOTINE.

This terrible instrument, which casts such a dark and bloody shadow over the period of the French Revolution; is generally supposed to have been invented by Dr. Joseph Ignatius Guillotin, a French physician, born at Saintes, in 1738, and it is also believed that the doctor suffered death by the contrivance which bears his name. But these are both popular errors. Guillotin died quietly in his bed at Paris, in 1814, up to which time he was in the enjoyment of a lucrative professional practice. He certainly, however, claimed the invention, the plan of which he submitted to the French National Assembly, of which he was a member, on the first of December, 1789, declaring, in words that have become historical: "With my machine, I sever your head in the twinkling of an eye, without subjecting you to pain."

But the *mannaja*, a precisely similar machine, was used in Italy certainly as early as the 16th century. In the year 1507, Demetri Justiniani was put to death in this way, at Genoa, for fomenting a popular sedition. An engraving of 1550 and another of 1553 represent the instrument. Morton, regent of Scotland, imported it into Edinburgh towards the close of the 16th century, and Tennant, who saw it in the latter part of the last century, describes it as follows: "It is a machine about ten feet high, having the shape of a painter's easel. Four feet from the base is a cross piece on which the victim rests his head, which is kept in place by a transverse bar placed above it. The interior faces of the uprights are furnished with grooves, in which is adjusted a very sharp axe, the upper part loaded with a heavy mass of lead. This mass is held at the top of the frame by a bolt, kept in place by means of a cord; the executioner cutting the cord, the axe falls and severs the victim's head." Sir Walter Scott, in his History of Scotland, gives a similar description. We believe the regent, with grim facetiousness, gave the title of the Maiden to this instrument of death.

This instrument was probably introduced into France after the early Italian wars. We find it employed at Toulouse, in 1632, for the execution of the Duke of Montmorency. "In this country," says Puysegur, "they make use of an axe, which is between two beams of wood; and when the head is placed on the block, the cord is loosed, it descends and separates the head from the body."

Certainly this instrument is an improvement on the system of manual decapitation, for, in using the sword and axe, the executioner, either from nervousness or want of skill, often terribly

wounded and tortured the victim of the law before dealing the *coup de grace*. "If it is done, when it is done, then it were well it were done quickly," and surely. The guillotine is still used by the French government, while in some parts of Germany, the sword is still retained as the instrument of official death.

THE AGE OF GOLD.—A statement was lately presented to the Statistical Congress in England, by the delegates from Australia, in reference to the gold production of Australia proper, and of Tasmania and New Zealand. The details were somewhat voluminous, but the summing up made the yield of gold, from 1851 to the close of 1859, £101,371,828, or over five hundred millions of dollars. The American gold regions have yielded even more than this, since the California gold discoveries of 1848, and in round numbers it may be stated that in twelve years the addition to the world's stock of gold exceeds one thousand millions of dollars.

A PHILOSOPHER'S ENTHUSIASM.—When Dr. Hutton, the founder of the Huttonian theory, first observed in Glentilt veins of red granite traversing the black micaceous schist, he uttered a shout of exultation, which his guides ascribed to nothing less important than the discovery of a vein of gold or silver.

CHANCELLOR COKE.—Ex-Chancellor Coke, of Louisiana, is dead. He commenced the practice of the law nearly forty years ago, in Mississippi, and arrived at a high eminence in his profession early, and was rewarded by his fellow-citizens with public stations of honor and trust.

A TRUISM.—No girl is fit to be married till she is thoroughly acquainted with the mysteries of the culinary art, even if she is not called upon to practise them. The torch of wedded love is kindled by the kitchen fire.

A RELIC.—We saw, the other day, a mahogany bootjack which had belonged to Napoleon I. It showed that the emperor sometimes "put his foot in it."

GIVE THE DEVIL HIS DUE.—Certainly; but it is better to have no dealings with the devil, and then there will be nothing due him.

CONUNDRUM.—Why is a bad picture like weak tea? Because it is not well drawn.

## DREADFUL ACCIDENTS.

Barthelemy, the French poet, in his famous ode to America, says :

"Dauntless in danger, strangers all to fear,  
The sons of freedom push their high career,  
A thousand steamboats, plough their furrows free  
O'er giant rivers rushing to the sea;  
A crash—a shock—one gallant boat is gone—  
But the next thunders, all unheeding, on."

This is poetry and truth, but the fact is far from creditable. The firmness which confronts inevitable danger, is bravery—the impulse which courts destruction is suicidal rashness. No thinking man can close his eyes to the alarming fact that, as a people, the Americans entertain a culpable disregard of life. An awful steamboat catastrophe, by which perhaps sixty lives are lost, creates an impression that, beyond the circle of the friends of the sufferers, lasts hardly longer than a week. A steamboat, overloaded, with a cargo badly stowed, and a high-pressure engine, passes heedless over a spot where another equally precious-freighted boat has found a billowy tomb, without a thought of the horrid catastrophe. A dozen human beings are hurled into eternity by the crumbling of an ill-constructed warehouse, and in the very next street, perhaps, another construction is continued with the same murderous thrift of material. The laws, those reflexes of public sentiment, are culpably lax as regards the preservation of life. Were they more severe, the press would teem with fewer so-called accidents. Carelessness is contagious, and were the criminal neglect which is now termed carelessness, visited with severe punishment, we should have more careful railroad conductors, more careful steamboat captains and engineers, and more careful apothecaries than we have at present. How seldom do we hear of a railroad or steamboat accident in Great Britain! Yet England is covered with a net-work of iron rail, and the Thames with thousands of steamers. The reason is that the employees of corporations there answer with their lives, for the lives of those committed to their charge. The gallows and the transport-ship are severe but sure correctors of carelessness. The fault, however, of inadequate legislation, lies, in a country like ours, with the people and not the judicature. Here the people are the law-givers, and were public opinion more emphatic and unanimous, the lax legislation we have referred to could not exist. It may be, also, that blame rests upon the press, for not fulfilling its duty—for not faithfully echoing and recording public sentiment. Were the press true to itself and its great constituency, every sin of omission and commission would be duly signalized and gibbeted. There are a few papers in

our midst, which do their duty as sentinels, faithfully and well, and these are generally well-sustained. If their example were universally followed, the interests of the community, their lives and property, would be adequately protected, although the "dreadful accident department" of that same press might suffer in consequence.

## SILVER AND GOLD THREAD.

Among the European artisans, silver is generally the basis of what is called gold thread, and the silver in greatest favor with wire-drawers is extracted from lead. So great is the tenacity of even the finest size, that a piece of wire twelve inches long will bear twelve ounces in weight. Preparatory to spinning round the silk, the wire is flattened. The flattening machine consists of only two rollers for it to pass between, the one being about ten, and the other about four inches in diameter, and about two inches wide, slightly convex on the face. The wire so flattened is wound on small bobbins, which are placed on the edge of circular rings, attached to a bar over a spinning frame. On the front of the frame, twelve inches from the floor, are bobbins of silk, the threads of which ascend and pass through the centre of the ring to which the reel with wire is fixed. The whole is set in motion, and while the thread is being twisted, the ring with the wire revolves round the thread in the opposite direction, and thirty or forty threads are plaited at once. In its new form, though only gold is seen, probably nine-tenths of its bulk is silk, while of the remaining one-tenth only one-fiftieth part is gold; thus by labor and ingenuity, a gold thread is formed, of which only one part in five hundred is gold.

**A GRAND INSTRUMENT.**—An organ has been constructed at Vienna for the Sultan, which is the great wonder of the day. It cost 14,000 florins, and is a complete orchestra of fifty musicians, being equal to them in power and expression. There is a great rush to see it.

**CONGENIALITY.**—The sweetest and most satisfactory connections in life are those formed between persons of congenial minds, equally linked together by the conformity of their virtues, and by the ties of esteem.

**REASON.**—A vigorous writer has said: "He that will not reason is a bigot; he that cannot reason is a fool; and he that dare not reason is a slave."

**KINDNESS.**—Kindness is the ornament of man, as it is the chief glory of woman.

## CHARACTERISTICS OF GREAT MEN.

Tasso's conversation was neither gay nor brilliant.—Dante was either taciturn or satirical.—Butler was sullen or biting.—Gray seldom talked or smiled.—Hogarth and Swift were very absent-minded in company.—Milton was unsociable and even irritable when pressed into conversation.—Kirwin, though copious and eloquent in public address, was meagre and dull in colloquial discourse.—Virgil was heavy in conversation.—La Fontaine appeared heavy, coarse and stupid; he could not speak and describe what he had just seen; but when he wrote he was the model of poetry.—Chaucer's silence was more agreeable than his conversation.—Dryden's conversation was slow and dull, his humors saturnine and reserved.—Descartes was silent in mixed company.—Corneille, in conversation, was so insipid that he never failed of wearying. He did not even speak correctly that language of which he was such a master.—Ben Jonson used to sit silent in company and imbibe *his* wine and *their* humors.—Southey was stiff, sedate, and wrapped up in asceticism.—Addison was good company with his intimate friends, but in mixed company was reserved and silent.—Junius was so modest that he could scarcely speak upon the most common subjects without a suffusion of blushes.—Fox, in conversation, never flagged, his animation and variety were inexhaustible.—Dr. Bently was loquacious.—Grotius was very talkative.—Goldsmith wrote like an angel, and "talked like poor Poll."—Burke was eminently entertaining, enthusiastic and interesting in conversation.—Curran was a convivial deity, he soared into every region and was at home in all.—Dr. Birch dreaded a pen as he did a torpedo; but he could talk like running water.—Dr. Johnson wrote monotonously and ponderously, but in conversation his words were close and sinewy; and if his pistol missed fire, he knocked down his antagonist with the butt end of it.—Coleridge, in conversation, was full of acuteness and originality.—Leigh Hunt has been well termed the philosopher of hopefulness, and likened to a pleasant stream in conversation.—Carlyle doubts, objects, and constantly demurs.—Fisher Ames was a powerful and effective orator, and not the less distinguished in the social circle. He possessed a fluent language, a vivid fancy, and a well-stored memory.—Stuart, the American painter, was remarkable for his conversational powers.—Edgar A. Poe, in conversation, was full of imagery and eloquence.

**MEN AND BOOKS.**—Men, like books, have at each end a blank leaf—childhood and old age.

## BACON ON DUELLING.

Bacon, while the attorney general of England, was called to deliver his judgment upon the theory and practice of duelling. The case arose upon information in the Star Chamber against Priest and Wright, who were convicted and sentenced to fine and imprisonment for sending and bearing a challenge to fight a duel. The whole charge of Bacon and the decree of his court are worthy of careful study. We cite only the following extracts: "Touching the causes of the duel, the first motive, no doubt, is a false and erroneous imagination of honor and credit; therefore the king, in his last proclamation, doth most aptly and excellently call them bewitching duels. For, if one judge truly, it is no better than a sorcery that enchanteth the spirits of young men that bear great minds with a false show; and a kind of satanical illusion and apparition of honor against law, against moral virtue, and against the precedents and examples of the best times and the valiantest nations. But then the seed of this mischief being such, it is nourished by vain discourses and green and unripe conceits, which, nevertheless, have so prevailed as though a man were sober-minded and a right believer touching the vanity and unlawfulness of these duels; yet the stream of vulgar opinion is such as imposeth a necessity upon men of value to conform themselves, or else there is no living or looking upon men's faces; so that we have not to do in this case so much with particular persons as with unsound and depraved opinions, like the dominations and spirits of the air which the Scripture speaketh of. Hereunto may be added that men have almost lost the true notion and understanding of fortitude and valor. For fortitude distinguisheth of the grounds of quarrels, whether they be just; and not only so, but whether they be worthy; and setteth a better price upon men's lives than to bestow them idly; nay, it is weakness and disesteem of a man's self to put a man's life upon such lieder performance. A man's life is not to be trifled away; it is to be offered up and sacrificed to honorable services, public merits, good causes and noble adventures. It is in expense of blood as it is in expense of money; it is no liberality to make a profusion of money upon every vain occasion; nor no more is it fortitude to make effusion of blood, except the case be of worth."

**A TAX ON DANCING.**—The government of French Guiana has imposed a tax on a license to dance. This puts taxation on a new footing.

**THE HAPPIEST.**—Those who live to benefit others, are the happiest of mortals.

## Foreign Miscellany.

Sir Benjamin Brodie, the celebrated London surgeon, has become totally blind.

The present population of the city of Paris amounts to 1,800,000.

A horse-thief in London escaped detection lately by swallowing his false mustache.

The members of the Roman Catholic clergy in Austria number 28,000 individuals.

The Princess Frederick William of Prussia, it is said, now devotes much time to sculpture under the tuition of a distinguished artist of Berlin.

When the French empress at table speaks to any one not close to her, she has her words repeated by an *aide-de-camp* or chamberlain, who stands constantly by her side.

Heirs to the estate of Lord Townly are now called for through the English papers. This is one of the largest estates ever left in England, and is now in possession of the government.

There is to be erected in Copenhagen a superb monument in honor of the poet Oehlenschläger, surnamed the "Danish Shakspeare." He died about ten years ago.

A curious literary novelty in England is the production of a Bible which is indexed after the fashion of the Post Office Directory—that is, on the fore edge—so that the desired spot can be opened at once.

A lieutenant of an Austrian regiment in Bohemia has invented a new cannon, which, in the opinion of judges, far surpasses the Armstrong and Whitworth guns for precision, range and strength, and rapidity in loading.

Garibaldi, writing to the secretary of the Garibaldi Fund, London, says: "Should you wish to employ any money generously subscribed by your fellow-countrymen for us, send us, before all, muskets with bayonets."

A most affecting instance of the "devotion of woman" is noticed in the English papers. The ladies of a fashionable congregation in London are raising a fund by subscription to enable their minister—still young and good-looking, we infer—to get a divorce from his wife.

Success has not attended the attempt to introduce salmon ova into Australia. Owing to rough weather in the Channel and a deficiency of ice, the ova perished; but, from the length of time they lived, there is every reason to be sanguine that another experiment will succeed.

Mr. Small of Dundalk, Ireland, a veterinary surgeon of considerable experience, states that sand is not only an excellent substitute for straw for horses' bedding, but superior to straw, as the sand does not heat, and saves the hoofs of the horses. He states that sand is exclusively used for horses' beds in his stables.

According to an extract from the Turin Military Gazette in the Paris paper, France has sold to Piedmont, at a reduced rate, 50,000 rifles, and it is to let her have a further quantity; also a certain number of heavy guns and a quantity of powder and ammunition. The weather in France continues extremely variable, with much rain.

It costs the Emperor of China only \$500 a year to live—his house-rent is free.

Mrs. Gurney, the English lady who ran away with her footman, is worth \$25,000,000.

At Chatham, England, at noon each day, a gun is fired by electricity, from the Greenwich Observatory.

It is reported that perfect equality in civil and political matters for all creeds, is to be proclaimed in Austria.

Since the opening of the Crystal Palace at Sydenham, on the 10th of June, 1854, upwards of nine millions of people have visited the building.

Steps are in progress for the organization of a company in London, with a capital of £500,000 sterling (over \$2,500,000), to be devoted to the purchase and settlement of lands in Illinois.

The vintage in Italy is again bad. For nine years running, the disease has attacked the Neapolitan vines, and the wine grows yearly dearer and worse.

The British Ministry has obtained from Parliament an additional vote of two millions sterling by means of exchequer bills, on account of the bad harvest prospects.

The sultan proposes to hypothecate custom duties at various ports, and make the British consuls receivers, as security for the new loan under European guarantees.

The Paris correspondent of the London Post says: "According to despatches from Naples, which reached Paris on Sunday, the king is likely to abandon his dominions. Neither the army, nor the navy, it is said, will fight for Francis II."

The London Saturday Review has reviewed the oration in which Mr. Everett replied to Earl Grey's charges against American institutions. It is said not to be very successful in its attack upon Mr. Everett's position.

The album which the city of Milan is about to present to Marshal Vaillant, will contain twenty-eight water color drawings by the best artists of the city, including Bisi, Massola, Fromagalla, Pennutti, and Rossi. The cost will be about 15,000 francs.

At Pere La Chaise and other great cemeteries round Paris, when the ground for a grave is purchased in fee simple from the municipality, the marble or stone monument always indicates the fact by these technical words: "*Concession a perpetuite.*"

The consumption of coal in France is 11,000,000 tons yearly—three-fifths of it in manufactures. A large portion of the whole is brought from abroad—1,000,000 tons from England, 2,700,000 from Germany, and 700,000 from Prussia. In 1858, the quantity supplied by England was only 500,000 tons, by Belgium 1,700,000, and by Prussia 20,000.

The population of Great Britain (England, Wales, Scotland and Ireland), by the census of 1858, was 28,664,362, and that of France by the census of 1858, was 36,205,792. The United States numbered 22,191,876 by the census of 1850, and the estimates of the present census, now in progress, range from thirty to thirty-three millions.

## Record of the Times.

Large veins of copper and silver have just been discovered near Athens, Tennessee.

An exchange says there is nothing in Gloucester but "girls, granite and salt water."

Some California miners, like some boatmen, sleep on their ores.

The national debt of the Sandwich Islands on the 1st of April, 1860, was \$108,778.

During the past year over one hundred thousand pounds of dried apples have been shipped from Lynchburg, Pa., to Australia.

A New York capitalist of distinction has purchased the salt meadows of Bergen county, N. J., and will fatten frogs for the market on an extensive scale. It is said to be a great speculation.

The geological examination of Texas, which is now going on, has revealed the existence in great abundance in that State, of the finest clay, suitable for the manufacture of queen's ware.

There is an old lady at Saratoga from Georgia this season, who, sixty years ago, made the journey to Ballston, eight miles from Saratoga, from her home at the South, a thousand miles distant, in the family coach-and-four.

In the Eastern States, codfish are plenty and salmon scarce and dear. In California, however, codfish are scarce while salmon are plenty, the former being quoted in San Francisco at 12 and the latter at 10 cents per pound.

A thousand tons of freight per day are dumped at the Louisville depot of the Nashville railroad, owing to the increased shipments of breadstuffs South, and the road can only carry away half of it daily.

A lady in Portland stood upon a barrel to get a better view of the Wide Awakes. The head fell in, encasing her in a double set of hoops. She was fished out by an accommodating gentleman.

That was a lucky Californian, told of in a Marysville paper, who, in chopping an old stump, found \$7000 in dust, which some dead and gone miner had stowed there for safe keeping. It is the best "find" of the season.

A late census makes the population of Chili to be 1,439,120, an increase in ten years of 355,310. Over 500 persons born in the United States live in the country. A recent estimate of the population of Mexico places it at 8,287,413, the increase since 1855 being 800,000.

The United States Consul at Kanagawa writes to the collector of San Francisco, that it is becoming very evident that the trade between Japan and California, in the great staples of that country, viz., tea, silk, raw and manufactured, oil, wax, copper, etc., will in no very lengthened period, become of vast importance.

A correspondent of the Scientific American asserts that the common glass manufactured in this country (similar to window glass) is not a non-conductor of electricity, and says that a charge will pass through it readily, though many published works seem to have overlooked the fact. For Leyden jars, and electrical experiments, he thinks nothing but clear, white English glass should be used.

The first telegraphic message ever sent from St. Paul, Minn., was to Senator Seward.

There are ten thousand hoop shirts made weekly in Meriden, Ct.

The official returns show the population of Chicago to be 109,420, and Milwaukee, 45,323.

The total number of wild pigeons shipped East from Michigan, the past summer, exceeded two millions, which yielded \$25,000.

The lady managers of the Aged Woman's Home, in Baltimore, have determined to erect on their premises an Asylum for "Aged Men."

The campaign medal manufacturers in Waterbury, Ct., are making 75,000 a day of the various candidates.

The census returns are so nearly complete as to render it certain that St. Louis is the most populous city of the West. The total will be about 161,000, a gain since 1850 of 106 per cent.

For several years past Florida has suffered in her crops beyond any State at the South, but this year promises an abundance, and to spare, of everything the earth brings forth.

A Mr. Hamilton of Vergennes, Vt., whom the doctors supposed dying from consumption, vomited an enormous green lizard (alive), and is now rapidly recovering.

The amount of lumber surveyed at Bangor from January 1, 1860, to September 1, was 112,568,523 feet, as follows: green pine, 32,421,759; dry pine, 6,910,215; spruce, 60,971,908; hemlock, etc., 12,264, 641.

The race of giants is not extinct. One of the modern sons of Anak is Mr. Frederick Decker, of Ossian, Livingston county, N. Y., who is nineteen years of age, seven feet high, and weighs three hundred pounds.

The Manchester Mirror says a young man who resides near Squam Mountain, in Holderness, while walking along the highway a few evenings since, was attacked by a large wildcat, which he shook off with much difficulty, and then made a successful retreat, closely pursued by the varmint.

The demand for canal boats to do the business of the Erie Canal has become so great that boats are brought in from the Pennsylvania canals, and lately twenty barges were towed to Albany from the Delaware and Hudson canal to go into the trade from Buffalo to New York.

The Hartford Times states that the American Hard Rubber Co., who have extensive works at Beacon Falls, where they employ two hundred hands, have sold out and will remove with all their works, on the first of October next, to Flushing, L. I.

Thaddeus M. Rogers was tried at Santa Fe, New Mexico, for the murder of a Mexican on Christmas last, and found guilty of murder in the first degree. He was to be hung on the 14th inst. This is the first conviction of an American for murder in that country for twelve years.

Gov. Moore of Alabama has given a new direction to gallantry, and manifested his deference to the female sex in a novel way. It is reported that finding the penitentiary at Wetumpka too full he has discharged the female convicts to make room for the males!

## Merry-Making.

What part of a ship is like a farmer? The tiller.

Which is the smallest bridge in the world? The bridge of the nose?

"You don't pass here," as the counter said to the bad shilling.

Starers have the habit of taking an uncivil-eyes-ed view of things.

Somebody gravely asks if assorting dead letters aids in acquiring dead languages.

When business is overdone in a city, she may well look out for *breakers*.

The lady who made a dash, has since brought her husband to a full stop.

An inspiring sight for a glazier—the early dawn when it breaks in the windows.

There is a kind of fortune called ill luck; so ill, that you hope it will die—but it doesn't.

What is that which never asks any questions, but requires many answers? The street door.

When is a man shaved by proxy? When his wife goes shopping in his absence.

What perfume is most injurious to female beauty? The essence of thyme (time).

Why do white sheep eat more than black ones? Because there are more of them.

What relation is your uncle's brother to you if he is not your uncle? Your father.

"A penny saved is twice earned." Then it isn't worth saving.

We pity the family that sits down to a broil three times a day.

The lady who tried to read by the light of other days, subsequently took a camphene lamp.

"Where are you going?" asked a little boy of another, who had slipped and fallen down. "Going to get up!" was the blunt reply.

"I shall be indebted to you for life," as the man said to his creditors when he ran away to Australia.

A country editor, speaking of the crops, remarks that in many places nature has put on a rye face.

The woodman who spared that tree came near freezing to death the last winter, on account of the scarcity of wood.

If a ship is of the feminine gender, why are not fighting vessels called *women of war*, instead of men of war? Answer that, will you?

Some sensible chap says, truly, that a person who undertakes to raise himself by scandalizing others, might just as well sit down on a wheelbarrow, and undertake to wheel himself.

"O, Jacob," said a master to his apprentice-boy, "it is wonderful to see what a quantity you can eat!" "Yes, master," replied the boy, "I have been practising since I was a child."

"Why," says the Dominie, "are the crows the most sensible of birds, landlord?" "Don't know!" says he. "Why, because they never complain without *caws*! nor do I. This measure is not full."

What most resembles half a cheese? Ans.—The other half.

When is a bonnet not a bonnet? When it becomes a lady.

What carpenter's tool represents a soothsayer? An auger (augur.)

What word signifying wrong denotes also a young lady? A-miss.

Why is a young lady just from boarding school like a building committee? Ans.—Because she is ready to receive proposals.

In what manner did Captain May cheat the Mexicans? Ans.—He charged them with a troop of horses which they never got.

Why is an invalid cured by sea-bathing, like an imprisoned criminal? Ans.—Because he is sea-cured (secured.)

Why is the husband of a scolding wife, and father of a household of crying children, like a railroad? Because he has a great many cross ties.

You can't be sure but a dog is cross till you see him wag his tail. So, before you undertake to pet him, "wait for the waggin'."

Our French correspondent attributes the effervescent temperament of the Irish to the fact of their being principally Selts.

When Jemima went to school she was asked why the noun bachelor was singular. "Because," she replied, "it's so very singular that they don't get married."

Dr. Johnson left it on record, that as he was passing by a fishmonger who was skinning an eel, he heard him curse it because it would not be still!

A lover once wrote to a lady who rejected him, saying that he intended to retire to "some secluded spot and breathe away his life in sigh." To which the lady replied, by inquiring whether they were to be medium or large size.

In a small party, the subject turning on matrimony, a lady said to her sister—"I wonder, my dear, you have never made a match; I think you want the brimstone." To which she replied—"No, not the brimstone—only the *spark*."

A gentleman having a horse that ran away and broke his wife's neck, was told by a neighbor that he wished to purchase it for his wife to ride upon. "No," said the wretch, "I intend to marry again myself."

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BOSTON.

## ANIMALS SETTING UP IN LIFE FOR THEMSELVES.



Mr. Wolf (who could a tall unfold) meditates whether to commence business as a curb-stone broker, or to set up for a political patriot.



Mr. Gobbler appears before Parson Crow with his lovely bride, Miss Baboon, preparatory to setting up as a fashionable married couple.



**BALLOU'S DOLLAR MONTHLY MAGAZINE.**  
THE CHEAPEST MAGAZINE IN THE WORLD.



Professor Ferret listens to the recitation of his pupil, who hopes, by the aid of a meerschaum, to set up for a German scholar.



Monsieur Grenouille, who sets up for an accomplished barber, operates on a client, who sets up for a Beau Brummel.

# BALLOU'S DOLLAR MONTHLY MAGAZINE.

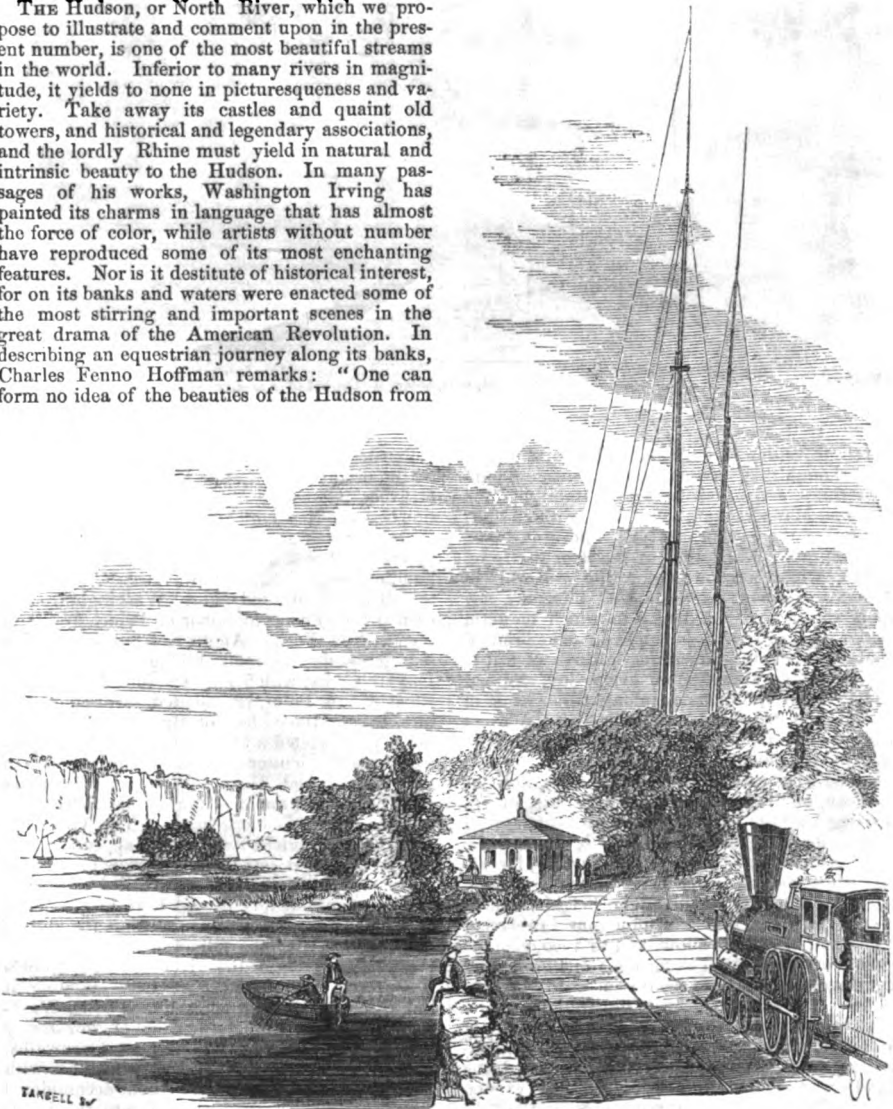
VOL. XII.—No. 6.

BOSTON, DECEMBER, 1860.

WHOLE No. 72.

## VIEWS ON THE HUDSON RIVER, NEW YORK.

THE Hudson, or North River, which we propose to illustrate and comment upon in the present number, is one of the most beautiful streams in the world. Inferior to many rivers in magnitude, it yields to none in picturesqueness and variety. Take away its castles and quaint old towers, and historical and legendary associations, and the lordly Rhine must yield in natural and intrinsic beauty to the Hudson. In many passages of his works, Washington Irving has painted its charms in language that has almost the force of color, while artists without number have reproduced some of its most enchanting features. Nor is it destitute of historical interest, for on its banks and waters were enacted some of the most stirring and important scenes in the great drama of the American Revolution. In describing an equestrian journey along its banks, Charles Fenno Hoffman remarks: "One can form no idea of the beauties of the Hudson from



FORT WASHINGTON DEPOT.



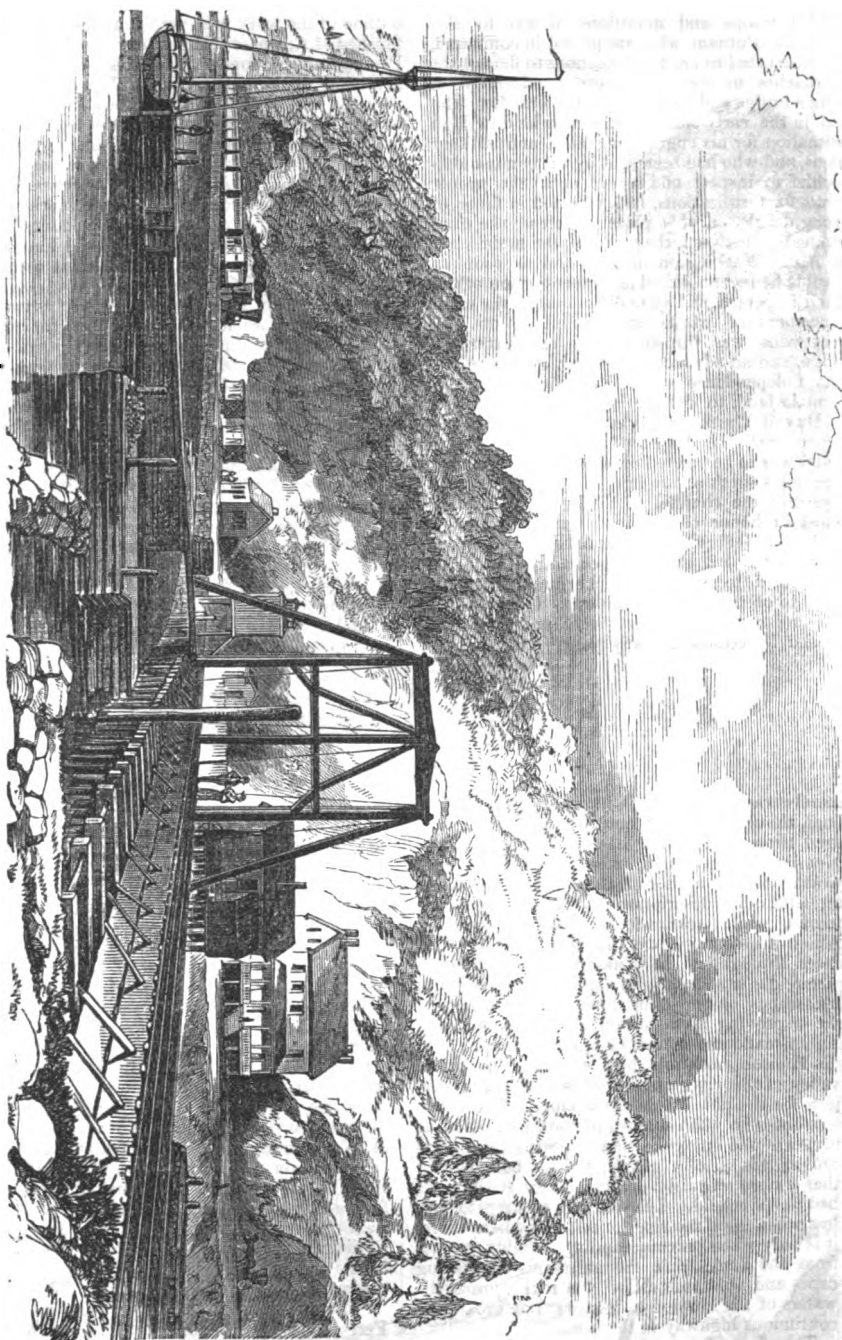
KING'S BRIDGE.

merely travelling through its valley in a steam-boat, though they have made the passage a hundred times, and at all seasons. Hamilton, the Men-and-Manners-man, who has with a pen worthy of the author of Cyril Thornton given an admirable description of the river itself, remarks, while acknowledging the *grandeur* of American scenery generally, that there are few spots throughout the Union to which the term *picturesque* can strictly be applied. The original landscapes of our flourishing growth of artists are disproving his assertion every day, and had he but made an excursion along either bank of the Hudson, he would have seen that the broad valley of this river alone affords exhaustless subjects for the pencil. My companion in the ride was one who, with a relish of nature as keen as my own, had enjoyed wide opportunities of improving his taste by travel, and we both agreed that a more exquisite chain of *lake* scenery we had never beheld. I say of *lake* scenery, for unless when upon the river or its immediate shore, it is only when on commanding heights, remote from the banks, that the numerous interlacing capes and headlands allow you to recognize the waters of the Hudson as forming one broad and continuous highway to the ocean."

The first of our pictorial illustrations represents Fort Washington Depot, near the site of which a redoubt was erected during the Revolutionary War, when, as we before remarked, the Hudson was the theatre of thrilling events. King's Bridge is a picturesque spot, and is well

delineated in our second engraving. This was an important point in the Revolution, from the fact that it was the only means of communication between New York island and the Westchester shore. It was strongly fortified, being covered by the redoubt situated on the height above the building on the left, which was strengthened after the British captured Fort Washington, and named Fort Prince in honor of Prince William, then in New York. Another of our engravings represents the railroad bridge over Spuyten Duyvil Creek, which empties into the Hudson. Block House Point, represented in another picture, is near the village of Bull's Ferry. Here the British erected a block house in 1780 to protect some woodcutters and encourage the Tories in the neighborhood. General Wayne, by the orders of Washington, made a spirited but unsuccessful attack on this block house. The village of Fort Lee is sketched as it now appears. The fort, which stood just upon the brow of the palisades above the village, was called originally Constitution, but was named Fort Lee in honor of the general, who was at that time the idol of the army. After the fall of Fort Washington the British crossed the river opposite Dobb's Ferry, and approached Fort Lee. Finding it impossible to defend it against such odds, Washington retreated through the State of New Jersey towards the Delaware, followed by Cornwallis. Almost all the material in the fort, together with numerous stores which had been accumulated here for the use of the army, fell into the hands

SPUYTEN DUYVIL BRIDGE.



of the victors, and the Americans suffered severe privations during the ensuing winter in consequence of this loss.

Let us now rapidly sketch some of the historical incidents connected with the Hudson River

in the vicinity of New York. The possession of the city of New York, and the command of the Hudson River, was the primary object of the British after the evacuation of Boston in March, 1776. Anticipating this, Washington had for-



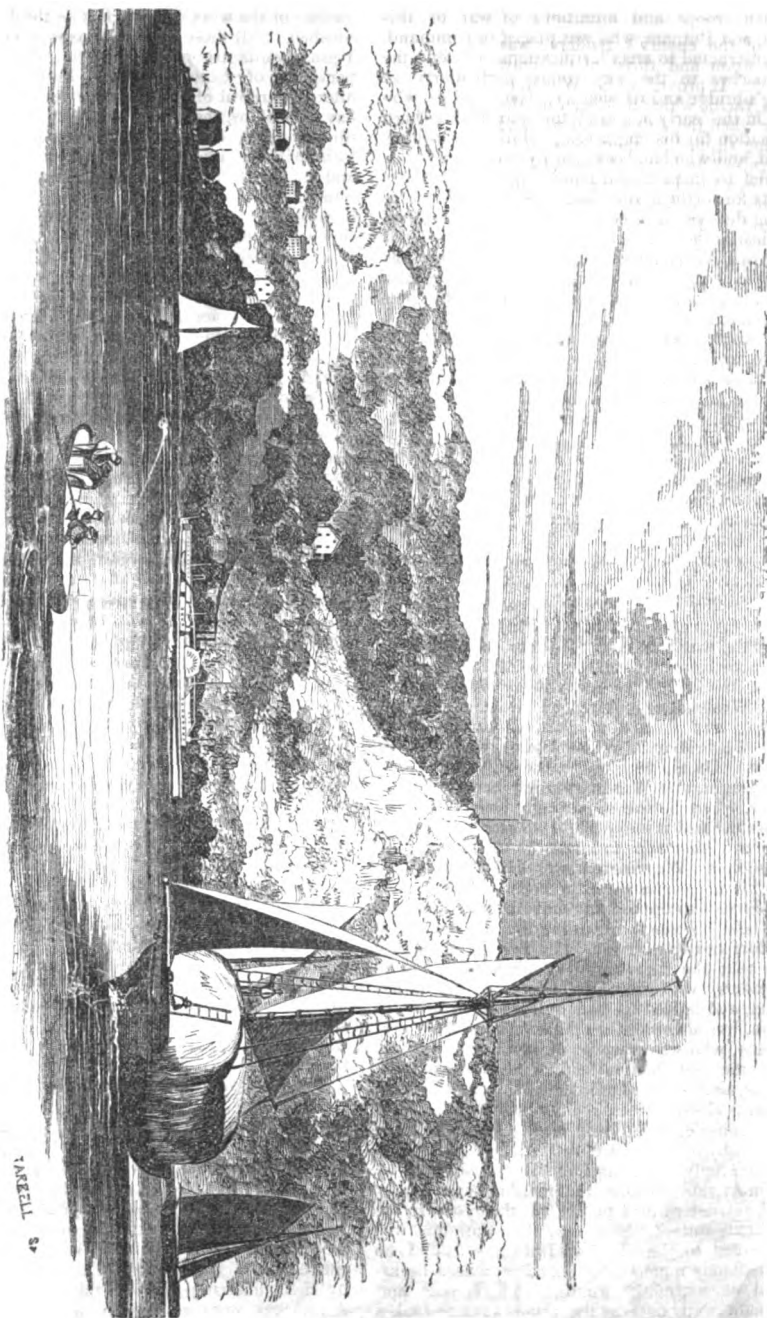
warded troops and munitions of war to this point, and Putnam, who was placed in command, was instructed to erect fortifications to defend the approaches to the city, more particularly at King's-bridge and its vicinity. General Lee, who was in the early stages of the war held in high estimation for his engineering skill and military talent, and who had been sent by the commander-in-chief to inspect and report upon the proper points for fortifications, had reported in favor of strong defences at this place to defend the communication between the city and the main land. In April Washington arrived, and as soon as possible he reconnoitered the upper portion of the island in person, and gave directions for the commencement of works at different points. A breastwork was thrown up to command the bridge, and an advanced work, which was called Fort Independence, was built upon a knoll on the main land, to defend the entrance of Spuyten Duyvil Creek, or Harlem River, at its confluence with the Hudson. A strong work or citadel was to be erected on a rocky height about three miles south of the bridge, on the Hudson, to protect the channel of the river. This was named in honor of the chief, "Fort Washington." On Jeffrey's Point, projecting into the water to the left of the depot, a small redoubt was erected to protect the chevaux-de-frise intended to obstruct the navigation. The remains of this redoubt are very prominent, and although crowned by cedars of many years' growth, the

outline of the work is as perfect as the day it was finished. All these fortifications were erected by Pennsylvania troops and militia, under the supervision of Colonel Rufus Putnam. Soon after the arrival of the British fleet in the lower bay, two ships, the *Phoenix* and the *Rose*, sailed up the river, exchanging broadsides with the forts, without material damage on either side and anchored in Tappan Sea. To prevent their return, and the approach of others, General Putnam placed obstructions across the channel between the works on Jeffrey's Point and Fort Lee on the opposite side of the river. These consisted of vessels anchored and sunk about eighty feet apart, with heavy logs secured between them, while other logs, sharpened at the ends, were fastened to their decks, which, when the vessels were careened, presented an apparently formidable barrier to the passage of ships under the fire of the forts. The British were alarmed, however, of the progress and strength of these obstructions by torres and others, and the two ships, taking advantage of the darkness, and being guided by a deserter, passed through a gap which was to have been closed that day, and escaped to the fleet below. No further attempts were made by the enemy's ships to pass the obstructions until the 9th of October, when the *Roebuck*, *Phoenix*, and *Tartar*, which had been lying for some time opposite Block House Point, got under way with their three masted ships, and came up the river before a southerly breeze.



BLOCK HOUSE POINT.

PORT JEFF, FROM WASHINGTON HEIGHTS.

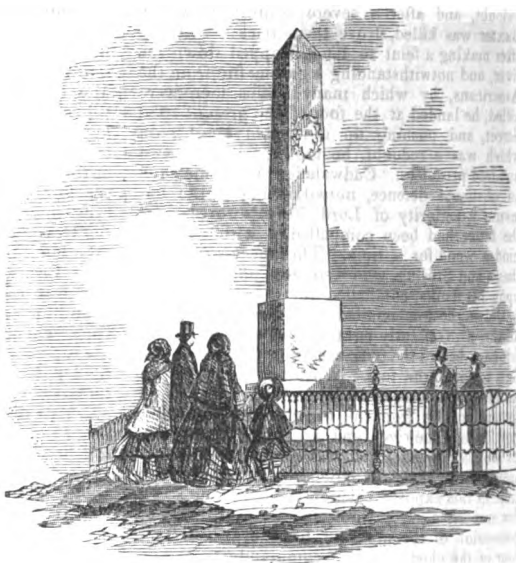


Disregarding the fire of the batteries, which did them no apparent harm, they broke through the obstructions with ease, and passed on, driving before them several vessels and galleys which lay in the immediate vicinity. One of these, a sloop, on board of which was an infernal ma-

chine intended to sink the British ships, was struck by a shot and sunk. Another vessels loaded with rum, sugar and other supplies for the American army, was captured, as were the galleys. On the 11th, a vessel was descried coming down the river, and being mistaken for

one of the enemy's tenders, was fired upon and three of the crew killed. It proved to be Washington's yacht, which had been up the river when the ships went up, and having slipped by them, was on its return.—The battle of Long Island had been fought, and the city being no longer tenable, the army had retreated to Harlem Plains, where it was assembled on the morning of the 12th of October, 1796, when word was brought to Washington that the enemy had passed through Hell-gate and landed a large body of troops on Throg's Neck, considerably in his rear, and threatened to cut off his communications with the country. It was plainly to be seen that the position of the army was a dangerous one; a council of officers so decided, and a retreat into Westchester county was agreed upon. Still, as Congress had passed a resolve directing that Forts Washington and Lee should be held for the purpose of guarding the river, a body of Pennsylvania troops under Colonel Magaw and Lieut. Colonel Cadwalader of Philadelphia, was left in the former with strict injunctions from Washington to defend it to the last extremity. The main army then crossed into Westchester county by way of King's-bridge, and formed a chain of fortified posts from the bridge to White Plains, where its left rested. On the 28th the battle of White Plains was fought, and Washington fell back to North-castle, where he was so strongly intrenched that Howe deemed it inexpedient to attack him, and withdrew his troops to invest Fort Washington. As soon as Washington was satisfied that this was his object, he threw a body of troops into the Jerseys to oppose any move in that direction, and held a council regarding the disposition of the fort and its garrison. His own earnest desire was that the fort should be abandoned and its defenders, who were the flower of his army, saved, and indeed he had ordered such a disposition, but his orders being discretionary, General Greene, who was warmly in favor of defending it to the last, had, instead of withdrawing the troops, sent over reinforcements. On the 15th, General Howe sent in a summons to surrender, threatening extremities in case he should have to carry it by assault. Colonel Magaw returned a spirited reply, informing him that, "actuated by the most glorious cause that mankind ever fought in, I am determined to defend this post to the last extremity." Notice of the summons was forwarded to the chief at Hackensack, and he immediately repaired to Fort Lee, where he arrived at nightfall. Finding that Greene and Putnam were over at the other fort, he took a boat to cross over and meet them there. He met them returning, and being assured that Magaw was confident of a successful defence, he reluctantly retraced his route, to await the issue of the morrow's battle.

The morning of the 16th opened upon the following disposition of the contending forces. In



CLARK'S MONUMENT AT RAHWAY, N. J.

a small redoubt near King's-bridge, called Cockhill Fort, were a few men with two guns; between it and the Fort, on the same rocky range on which the fort stood, was another redoubt, called Fort Tryon, in which was Colonel Rawlings and a regiment of Maryland rifles. On the east, towards Harlem River, were some militia from the New Jersey flying camp under Colonel Baxter, while Colonel Cadwalader commanded a body of the same troops in the line towards New York. The plan of attack was as follows: General Knyphausen, with about 500 Hessian troops was to attack on the north, at the same time that Lord Percy, with a division of English and Hessian troops, assailed the lines on the south. Simultaneously with these movements, Brigadier General Matthews, supported by Cornwallis, was to cross the Harlem River under cover of the guns on the Westchester hills, while Colonel Stirling, with the 42d regiment, was to cross the same river near the present High bridge.

The guns of the redoubt on the Westchester side of Harlem River gave the signal of attack. Knyphausen divided his forces, and while one portion of them, under Colonel Rahl, attacked Cockhill Fort and drove out the few men who manned it, he, with the remainder, ascended the heights near Tubbyshook, and, clambering over rocks and felled trees, attacked Rawlings in Fort Tryon. A spirited defence was made by the riflemen, and many of the Hessians were slain by their unerring aim. Rahl coming up, the Americans were so greatly outnumbered that they were obliged to retire. Meantime, Lord Percy had landed near Harlem, and marching across the island, had confronted and attacked Cadwalader in the line of intrenchments towards New York. While these movements were taking place, Matthews and Stirling landed. The former made a desperate attack upon Colonel

Baxter and his militia, who were stationed in a redoubt, and after a severe contest, in which Baxter was killed, drove them back. Stirling, after making a feint to land, dropped down the river, and notwithstanding a galling fire from the Americans, by which many of his men were killed, he landed at the foot of the present 153d Street, and pushing up a wooden height, on which was a redoubt, he took it, making two hundred prisoners. Cadwalader had made such an obstinate defence, notwithstanding the immense superiority of Lord Percy's force, that the latter had been compelled to withdraw behind a wood for a time. The success of Matthews and Stirling, who were now pouring down upon his flanks, compelled him to retire, and as he did so, he was assailed by the united forces of all three. Gallantly fighting his way, he slowly fell back before the overwhelming number of his foes towards the fort. Washington, who, with his general officers had witnessed the attack and gallant defence from the brow of the palisades, now crossed the river and ascended the heights to Morris's house, from whence he had a better view of the contest. After remaining a short time in this exposed position he retired, and in a few minutes a party from Stirling's forces took possession of the mansion, little dreaming that four of the chief "rebel" commanders—Washington, Greene, Putnam and Mercer—had been so nearly within their grasp. By noon, all the gallant defenders of the fort were gathered within its walls, having been driven from their advanced posts by the immensely superior numbers of their enemies. Knyphausen, who had, after driving Rawlings and his riflemen into the fort,

taken up a position behind a stone house, within a hundred yards, now sent in a flag with a second summons to surrender. Washington, from his position on the palisades, saw the flag go in, and knowing its object, he wrote a hurried note to Magaw, informing him that if he could hold out till night he would bring off the troops, and handed it to a Captain Gooch, who volunteered to deliver it to the colonel. Jumping into a boat at the water's edge, he hurried across, ran up to the fort, delivered the note, came out, and running and jumping from rock to rock, dodging the Hessians, some of whom had endeavored to take him, he reached his boat and recrossed to Fort Lee. The message came too late. The fort was crowded to repletion, and the enemy were in possession of the surrounding defences, from whence they could pour in a destructive fire, and Magaw found himself compelled to surrender himself and his garrison of over two thousand brave troops prisoners of war. At half-past one o'clock Washington had the inexpressible mortification of beholding the American flag lowered and the British flag raised on the staff of the fort.

**THE BEST JEWEL TO WEAR.**—Jewels are an ornament to women, but a blemish to men. They bespeak either effeminacy or a love of display. The hand of man is honored in working, for labor is his mission; and the hand that wears its riches on its finger has rarely worked honestly to win them. The best jewel a man can wear is his honor. Let that be bright and shining, well set in prudence, and all others must darken before it.—*Thackeray.*



OLD EPISCOPAL CHURCH, PERTH AMBOY, N. J.



## SKETCHES OF PERTH AMBOY.



BOYS' SEMINARY AT PERTH AMBOY.

We are indebted to R. L. Midgley for the series of original drawings made for us upon the spot, from which the engravings on pages 510—514 have been prepared. They make us acquainted with some very interesting features and memorials of the flourishing town of Perth Amboy, N. J., around which cluster many interesting historical associations. Perth Amboy stands at the head of Raritan Bay, and at the mouth of Raritan River, about 25 miles from New York. It is situated in Perth Amboy township, on the left or north bank of the Raritan River, and at the south end of Staten Island Sound, about two miles northeast of South Amboy, where the Camden and Amboy Railroad connects with steamboats running to and from New York. The harbor is good and accessible. The village contains four churches, one academy, a lock factory, and a stoneware pottery. The shipping of the port June 30, 1852, amounted to an aggregate of 26,410 tons, enrolled and licensed, of which 20,583 tons were employed in the coast trade, and 4759 tons in steam navigation. During the year eight vessels, with an aggregate burthen of 1273 tons, were measured. It was incorporated in 1784. The population is about 2000. The first picture in the set is a representation of the monument of Abraham Clark, one of the signers of the Declaration of Independence. It is not in Perth Amboy, but in Rahway, seven miles distant, but as it is visible from the former place, we have introduced it into these series. It is a handsome obelisk of American marble, surrounded by an iron railing. The name of Clark,

surrounded by a curve wreath of oak and laurel, occupies a cast iron-plate. The inscription reads as follows: "Abraham Clark, born at Rahway, N. J., February 15, 1728, died September 16, 17—." The third picture is a view of the Boys' Seminary, Perth Amboy, a neat structure, pleasantly situated, and surrounded by shrubbery and trees. It is a very well conducted institution, originally founded by Mr. Samuel Woodbridge, and in this school many graduates have gone forth, well qualified to adorn every walk of life. The second picture represents the old Episcopal church, erected 1721, and pulled down 1852, much to the regret of antiquarians. It was a solid, substantial edifice, without any pretensions to architectural beauty, but a thousand endearing associations were interwoven with its fabric. Our engraving is an accurate representation of the venerable edifice, long a time-honored landmark, replete with historical reminiscences, but now swept away by the strong hand of improvement, and yielding to a more becoming but far less interesting structure. The old Episcopal church stood on the summit of a hill, overlooking Prince's Bay, the end of Staten Island, and Biddle's Grove, while afar off it commanded a view of the Highlands marking the "Narrows," beyond which rolls the deep-heaving sea. Within, the high-backed seats and gilded sounding-board attested its age, while the marble slabs on each side of the pulpit perpetuated the memory of those who had adorned this house of God. Many a scene both of peace and war had this old building witnessed. Within its shade a trench

was dug among the graves during the Revolutionary War, and from thence the sharp practice of an eighteen pounder, brought from New Brunswick in a baggage wagon under cover of night, caused a British brig of war to cut her cable and put to sea, but not until her heavy shot had repeatedly bored the church, and splintered the old gray tombstones which surrounded this sacred edifice of other days. We present herewith a sketch of one of those mutilated gravestones. What is left of the inscription reads as follows:—"M. Brymni o LV voyages—the merchant service between the ports of New York and London, approved himself a faithful and fortunate commander—of integrity and benevolence. He lived a singular example of piety and resignation to God; he died an amiable pattern XIV. July A. C., MDCCIXXII. ætatis LXXVIII—" When the British had possession of this city they stabled their horses in this church, just as they made a riding-school of our Old South. A huge mound in the rear marks the spot where the bodies of the Hessians were buried. Not far off stands the residence of the British governor, a large and beautiful structure even now, the court house, with its floors deeply dented by the burts of muskets, and discolored by dark stains, the old English custom house, still solid and strong, and the long, many-windowed barracks erected by the British for their troops. Indeed, the whole of this part of the country abounds with interesting mementoes of the times that tried men's souls. We wish that we had more of these mnemonic records of the past, these tangible records of our heroic days. When we reflect upon the power they possess upon the mind of carrying it back to the century that has elapsed, of awaking glowing patriotic feelings, we feel that it is desecration to level a single old monument so long as it resists the hand of time. Why could not the old church of Perth Amboy have been permitted to stand? Was its condition dangerous, or was it sacrificed merely to the love of novelty? If merely to secure a more beautiful edifice, we must say that the sacred love of beauty was in this case misplaced. The associations connected with the old building were worth all the pleasures imparted by the new—it would have been better even to have put up with inconveniences than to have obliterated a time-honored relic. But what is past is past. Let us hope, however, that the considerations we have urged may save other old buildings on which innovation looks with evil eye. There is the old Episcopal church in Cambridge, where Washington worshipped, hard by the elm where he first drew his sword in the service of his country. Should that venerable edifice be swept away or remodelled, we should feel as if we had lost an old friend, or suffered the mutilation of a limb. The last view is a picture of the Pagoda, Clifton Park, Staten Island, drawn expressly for us,

and a gay and sparkling picture it is. The Pagoda is a very attractive resort, and visited by thousands of dusty and heated citizens of New York during the summer season. Each steamboat then goes freighted with a crowd of eager beings, thirsty for the fresh air and green woods of this little paradise, and it possesses the charm for the New Yorkers of combining excitement with the pleasure of change, as scarce a day passes without a visit from some military company, whose music swells and echoes among the trees, and whose brilliant uniforms and glittering arms are contrasted by the cool green foliage. The effect of military music and evolutions under such circumstances is greatly enhanced. There are fast folks and faster teams in abundance, while the park contains a hundred acres of hill and dale for those who prefer quiet walks and sylvan shades. Here ever and anon the loiterer surprises a party of young people engaged in the pleasures of the dance, or a picnic group ministering to the tastes of the palate. There is also an ice-cream and refreshment saloon, which is patronized in noiggardly manner.

#### A DELICATE REBUKE.

General Wilkinson was in 1777 an aid to General Gates, and by him sent to Congress, at Yorktown, with the despatches giving an account of the surrender of Sir John Burgoyne and the British army at Saratoga. On the way he spent a day at Reading, about fifty miles from Yorktown, with a young lady from Philadelphia, whom he afterwards married. When the despatches were read in Congress, propositions were made for paying a proper compliment to the favorite of General Gates, who brought us such pleasing news. Samuel Adams, with a grave and solemn face, moved Congress that the young gentleman be presented with a "pair of spurs."—*Anecdotes of the Revolution.*



MUTILATED GRAVESTONE.

**GROWING OLD.**

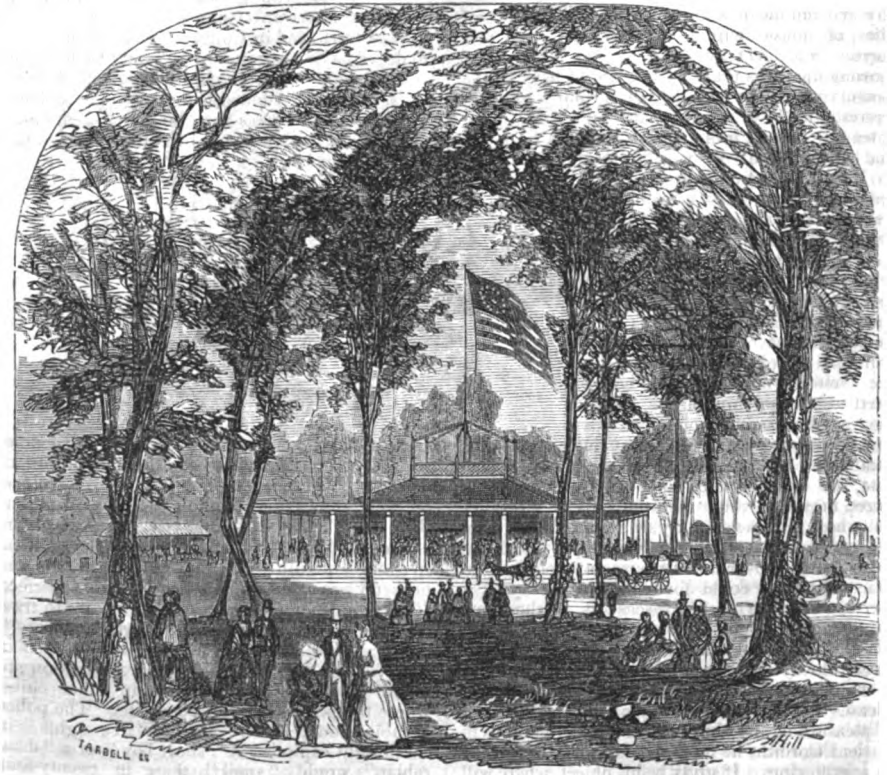
The dead are the only people that never grow old. Your little brother or sister that died long ago remains in death and remembrance, the same young thing, forever. It is fourteen years this evening, since the writer's sister left this world. She was fifteen years old then—she is fifteen years old yet. I have grown old, since then, by fourteen years, but she has never changed as they advanced; and if God spares me to fourscore, I never shall think of her as other than the youthful creature she faded. The other day I listened as a poor woman told the death of her first-born child. He was two years old. She had a small washing green, across which was stretched a rope that came in the middle close to the ground. The boy was leaning on the rope, swinging backwards and forwards, and shouting with delight. The mother went into the cottage and lost sight of him for a minute; and when she returned, the little man was lying across the rope dead! It had got under his chin; he had not sense to push it away, and he was suffocated. The mother told me, and I believe truly, that she had never been the same person since then; she thought of her child as an infant of two years yet; it is a little child she looks to meet at the gates of the Golden City. Had her child lived he would have been twenty years old now; he died, and he is only two; he is two yet; he will never be more than two. The little rosy face of

that morning, and the little half articulate voice, would have been faintly remembered by the mother, had they gradually died away into boyhood and manhood; but that stereotyped them, and they remain unchanged.—*Home Journal*.

**MALLEABLE GLASS.**

Malleable glass (glass which can be beaten, drawn out, or extended), is a curiosity of science, although, doubtless, the glaziers would demur to its introduction into practical existence and utility, at least for window panes. Malleable glass was made in old Rome; and in the reign of Tiberius, a Roman artist had, according to Pliny, his house demolished—according to other writers, he was beheaded—for making glass malleable. The idea of discovering the secret was only ranked second to that of the philosopher's stone among alchemists; but in 1845, there is stated to have been discovered at St. Etienne, in France, the means of rendering glass as malleable when cold as when first drawn from the pot. The substance, silicon, is combined with various other substances, and can be obtained opaque, or transparent as crystal; it is described as very ductile and malleable, neither air nor acids acting on it.—*Brother Jonathan*.

The best way to humble a proud man is not to take any notice of him.



PAGODA, CLIFTON PARK, STATEN ISLAND.

## PARISIAN STREET SCENES.

There is a magic in the very name of Paris. Of all the cities of the old world, it is that to which travellers from all parts hasten with the greatest eagerness and quit with the greatest reluctance. It is the city of all others where the stranger can most readily make himself at home, particularly if he speaks the beautiful language of its people. No city of Europe is more beautiful or more progressive. For centuries it has been advancing in splendor, and is not yet finished. Constant changes are taking place in it. You leave it regretfully for a tour of a few months, and when you come back, you find, perhaps in some quarter where you left rickety and tumble-down piles of houses with narrow and filthy thoroughfares, spacious gas-lighted streets lined with splendid magazines and dwelling-places. No part of Louis Napoleon's administration is more creditable to him than the persistent policy which has led him to accomplish marvels in the improvement and embellishment of his capital. Whether or not selfish motives partly governed him, the results are the same. It is true that the broad avenues he has established now permit masses of troops to operate, and open a path for the passage and the sweep of cannon; but then the bills of mortality will show that the sanitary condition of the people has been essentially improved by these openings. If the government troops can penetrate to places that they could formerly reach only by a terrible sacrifice of life, disease is at the same time banished from those quarters. The pestilence which walks at noonday can no longer sweep them. So much for modern Paris. Nor is the universal liking felt for Paris a mystery. It pleases all because it caters for the tastes of all. If pleasure be the object of the visitor, here, as in ancient Corinth, he finds the cup of Circe filled to overflowing. If study be his object, where will he find greater facilities? If he be a painter, are



THE WAFFLE-SELLER.

there not the Louvre and Versailles? If fond of society, where are there coteries more brilliant and elegant manners more refined? If a recluse, he well knows that nothing is more complete than the solitude of a great city. In Paris there is perfect social freedom, however little political freedom is permitted. Above all things, life and property are safe. The police system is perfect. If its stringency be sometimes annoying to travellers, it is compensated by the perfect security it enjoys. Nothing like rowdyism can flourish in Paris. The dark days of street assassination are over. There is no haunt, as in other cities, where the police dare not penetrate. The police is ubiquitous. There are no "free fights" in that bright capital. A "short boy" or a "dead rabbit" would "spoil" there in twenty-four hours. And again, though living is dearer there



than it used to be, you can dine well for a franc, though you may spend fifty if you choose. The man of moderate means can make himself comfortable at Paris; the millionaire can lead there the life of a Lucullus. On the pages now open before our readers, we publish a number of spirited engravings representing some of the interesting out-door characters that are to be met with in the French capital. The first of these is the vender of waffles, whose wares literally go off like hot cakes. The itinerant sellers of cakes, bonbons, fruit, etc., do a good business, as the French are very fond of delicacies, and are always munching something when they can hunt up a sou in their pockets. The food of the French is far less substantial than ours. Jarvis says: "The American laborer, who consumes in one

day more meat than the family of a French *ouvrier* in a week, would famish upon their bill of fare. The necessity which begets many of their employments pays, also, but poor wages. Yet what would be considered in the United States as a tribute fit only for the swill-tub, would, by skill and economy, be made to furnish a wholesome meal. The dietetic misery of the former country would prove a savory competency of the latter. But, whatever may be the composition of their frugal repasts, they are eaten with a zest and good humor that are not always guests at more sumptuous repasts. The American laborer eats the same quality of meat and bread as his employer. Either of these, to a French workman, would be equivalent to a feast. His bread is coarser, meat inferior, and through-

out his whole diet there is the same difference in quality as in his clothes. The science of living well at a cheap rate is not understood in the United States. General necessity has not as yet begotten that special knowledge. In Paris, thirteen sous will provide a tolerable dinner of a dish of soup, loaf of bread, and a plate of meat and vegetables mixed. This species of healthy and economical alimentation is the heritage of a large class of workmen, and even of impoverished students and artists, who seek these cheap restaurants under the convenient cloud of an incognito. There are other resorts where they can eat at the rate of fifteen sous by the first hour, eight sous by the second, and so on, the chief diet being roast veal, as good as any other, provided the alimentary faith is unshaken. We even find dinners at four sous, composed of four courses, as follows: vegetable soup, one sou; bread, one sou; *montagnards* (large red beans), one sou; coffee with sugar, one sou; or, four sous a head. It is needless to observe that to swallow the 'coffee' (which in Paris costs forty cents a pound) requires even more faith than the



THE HOUSE-PAINTER.

roast veal. Not a few sewing-girls, or domestics out of place, dine daily on a sou's worth of bread. The table-service of the dinner at four sous is very simple. The table is an enormous block of wood, the surface of which is dug out into the form of bowls and plates. To each hole are attached, with iron chains, knives, forks and spoons of the same metal. A bucket of water dashed over the whole serves to 'lay the table' for the dinners next in course." Our second sketch exhibits a house-painter, or out-door artist and decorator. He is descending his ladder after having given the finishing touches to a flourishing arabesque of grapes and vine-leaves, probably intended to indicate the establishment of a wine-dealer. There is a certain "proud humility" in

his demeanor which leads us to imagine that he may once have entertained the hope of rivalling Horace Vernet or Ary Scheffer. But it is evident that his illusions have long since vanished. He has never "exposed" in the annual exhibition, has never been patronized by French bankers or Russian nobles, has failed, in short, to win the golden crown of high art. Yet in one sense his art is high enough—sometimes seven stories high, and no one can dispute that he has reached the "topmost round of the ladder." The next sketch introduces us to the student in the attic. The weather is bitterly cold, for our student, like the hero of one of Beranger's ballads,

"Blows his nails for dire  
Want of fire."



THE STUDENT IN HIS GARRET.



THE STREET SINGER.

And, moreover, he is accoutred in his great coat. Beneath his shelf of books, hang his pipe and tobacco pouch—those inseparable companions of the Parisian student. We are inclined to think that our friend is not a *noceur*—not one of those who spends his time in gay delights, dances at the Mabilles in summer, and at the masked balls in winter, not one who runs up a bill at the wine-merchant's, and then writes home to his provincial parents for a remittance because "books cost so much at Paris;" but, on the contrary, a pains-taking, hard-working fellow, living on bread and water, reading hard, and determined to make a name or die in the attempt. Very many of the students in Paris succumb to the temptations by which they are surrounded; but there are also many honorable exceptions. Our next sketch delineates a female street singer, clad in sordid

garments, burthened with a child hanging to her back, and twanging the strings of a cracked guitar. She is screaming forth in a cracked voice some popular ditty, very likely the song composed by Queen Hortense, the mother of Louis Napoleon, for that is just now an especial favorite, telling how Dunois, the young and brave, was bound for Palestine, and how that courageous and gallant young gentleman requested St. Mary to grant his modest desire to be hailed the bravest of the brave and wed the fairest of the fair, and how after proving his title to peerless valor by hacking off the heads of numberless Paynim (what business had they to be Paynim?) he was rewarded by the hand of a certain Lady Isabelle, supposed to be the most beautiful of her sex. This same "Partant pour la Syrie" which we have placed in the lips of our



itinerant singer, this dish of milk and water, is now the national air, and usurps the place of that noble Marseillaise, the battle-cry of a nation staking all for independence, which, if heard in the streets of Paris to-day, "would rouse the very stones to mutiny." The lowest of all occupations in Paris is that illustrated in our picture of the chiffonier or rag-picker. Yet these people who glean the garbage of the street sometimes, from such beginnings, amass fortunes. Jarvis says: "I hired for the winter a fine apartment of a chiffonier, who had become a merchant of *meubles* (furniture), with an annual income of \$8000, and was the owner of a country-seat."

Another of our engravings represents a London rat-catcher who has found his way over to Paris to officiate at one of the rat-pits which his exiled countrymen have established in the French capital, much to the disgust of those Gauls, who have not yet been infected with the prevalent Anglo-mania. Ratting is a sport much relished by many of our cousins on the other side of the water, and ministers to those tastes which have furnished a theme for the invective and sarcasm of their Gallic neighbors. It cannot be denied that John Bull, in some of his favorite

sports, lays himself open to censure. The prize-ring still-exists, a repulsive fact, cock-fighting is still patronized liberally. Still an improvement in manners is perceptible. A hundred years ago there were actually gladiatorial combats in England—noted swordsmen being matched against each other, and giving and receiving ghastly wounds. Among English sports, ratting holds no inconsiderable place, and we have devoted a page to its illustration. The scene of the sport, the rat-pit, is usually a hall in some tavern frequented by the farley. The rat-pits are constructed of wood and quadrangular, while the top of



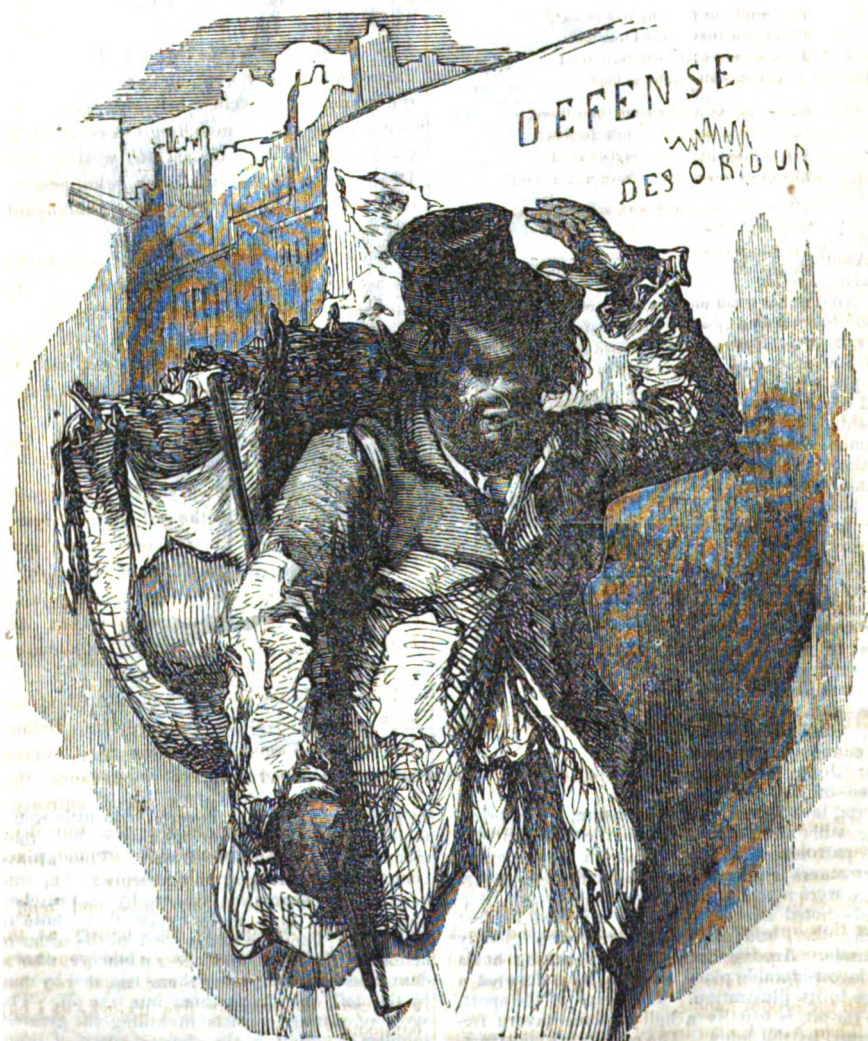
THE LONDON RAT-CATCHER.

each angle of the pit is covered by a little round table of wood; to prevent the rats making their escape by rushing up the corners. They always congregate in this spot, piling themselves up into a pyramid. The rats are collected by a rat-catcher, and there are none more expert than those of England. They are transported to the scene of action in wire traps, and the rat-catcher, who is dexterous and bold, takes them out, one by one, by the tail, and drops them into the pit. The sport of ratting consists in killing the greatest number of vermin in the shortest space of time, and though ferrets and cats are sometimes pitted



against them, yet the only legitimate combat is that between terriers, of different breeds, and rats. The terrier has a body of iron and a remarkable sagacity and aptitude for this service. A terrier beats a cat out and out in her own line of business. The rat dogs vary in weight, according to the breed, from 6 to 14 pounds. Large dogs are hampered by their weight. The combat requires great sagacity and great cunning in manœuvring. The rat often defends himself with vigor before being seized by the reins, and, once taken, may still turn and cruelly wound his adversary in the muzzle. But the latter, with a prodigious instinct of dynamics, shakes his head and jerks the rat with a very rapid alternate movement. Continual force accordingly overpowers all possibility of muscular contraction, and only a sharp squeak indicates his fury and distress. Large bets are

made on the number of rats a dog can kill in a certain time. A little dog named Tiny, weighing 5 1-2 pounds, was very famous in the annals of the rat-pit. She once killed 200 rats in 59 minutes, 58 seconds, and crowned her glory on the 27th of March, 1848, by killing 100 rats in 29 minutes, 10 seconds. The exploits of the famous "Billy," almost stagger credulity. He once killed 50 rats in 6 minutes, 6 seconds, winning thirty guineas for his master, and beating a Berkshire dog which fell exhausted after killing the thirtieth rat. Billy has been immortalized by the pencil of Landseer, and his skin stuffed with great skill, is one of the attractions of the tavern where he passed his illustrious life and killed so many vermin. Rat-catching is a famous amusement in the old world, and many follow it as an avocation whereby to obtain at least a partial living.



THE CRIFFONIER, OR RAG-PICKER.

[ORIGINAL.]

**HAPPINESS.**

BY MRS. R. B. EDSON.

The eager throng we pass or meet,  
In busy mart or quiet street,  
Toward this one mark forever press—  
This empty search for happiness.

The chief desire, the earnest thought—  
Not, am I doing as I ought?  
But shall I, if I onward press,  
Secure this longed-for happiness?

From point to point we vainly seek,  
But find each effort false and weak:  
Till weary with the fruitless task,  
Its semblance serves us for a mask.

This word our fainting lips repeat,  
This siren that allured our feet  
From duty's path, will only lead  
A false, delusive light to lead.

Sure, life has nobler aims than these,  
In harmony with Heaven's decrees:  
Vague yearnings after higher good  
Than our weak hearts have understood!

When shall we learn with reverent faith,  
To credit what our Father saith—  
"All things shall freely added be  
To him who seeketh first for me?"

Would it not purer joys create,  
More worthy of our high estate,  
To mend the same determined seal  
The wrongs and ills of life to heal?

I think, in God's stupendous plan,  
'Twere ne'er designed that any man  
Should, heedless of life's myriad claims,  
Make happiness his end and aim.

'Twere braver, and of praise more meet:  
Though cruel thorns might press our feet—  
To walk the path that Jesus trod,  
Do right, and leave the event with God.

[ORIGINAL.]

**IN THE MIRE:**

—OR,—

**SUSIE DELMONT'S REVENGE.**

BY MARY A. KEABLES.

"SUSAN, Susan!" rang out Aunt Esther's sharp voice.

"Susan, Susan!" came from the hills and the grottoes in a prolonged echo. Aunt Esther bit her thin lips, her gray eyes snapped as she struck at an unoffending sprig of honey-suckle that had escaped from lattice thralldom very spitefully with the broom handle.

Then Aunt Esther looked around, first over the hills, then towards the forest, then in the direc-

tion of the garden, and away in the vicinity of the arbor; but apparently her observations did not meet with the success she desired, for she bit her thin lips more fiercely, and struck at the honey-suckle more spitefully as she called out again:

"Susan, Susan!"

"Ma'am?" came in a timid, frightened tone, from a little piece of humanity that emerged just at that moment from the tall corn at the west of the little cottage—a little creature who looked too old for her years, dark, unprepossessing, and unattractive.

The child, if so we may term her—though fifteen summers had passed over her head—was dressed in a coarse frock of faded chintz, in sad contrast with Aunt Esther's French gingham. She carried her hands behind her, little sun-burned hands they were, and as she approached the woman who awaited her, she seemed more like a guilty culprit marching to execution, than the daughter of the talented and wealthy Squire Delmont and his beautiful wife, who, peace rest their ashes, lay in the little quiet churchyard at Rivernook.

When Susan had come quite near to Aunt Esther Delmont, that lady gave the girl a vigorous shake, and a quick blow upon the ear. The blood rushed to the orphan's pale, dark cheeks, and a light flashed in her large eyes, but Mrs. Delmont did not note this, only asked in a sharp, ringing tone:

"Should like to know where you've been, miss?"

No response being given to the interrogatory, the aunt saw fit to give the girl another vigorous shake which nearly threw poor Susan to the ground, and caused a small bit of crumpled paper to fall from her hand. Susan sprang quickly to regain the scrap of manuscript, but Aunt Esther was too quick for her, and obtained possession of the bit of paper herself.

It was only the fly-leaf from an old spelling book, written over in pencil. Mrs. Delmont glanced at it a moment with the most supreme contempt depicted upon her countenance, then, notwithstanding the girl's eager entreaty—"Please, aunt, let me have it"—she tore it into strips, and throwing them to the ground, placed her foot upon them, saying, sharply:

"Just go into the kitchen, miss, and 'tend to the baking! No more of such foolery as this. You can do that ironing, too, while you have a fire, it will save wood; and mind you have tea ready at precisely five o'clock, as I have company."

Glad to escape from her aunt's presence, Su-

san—or Susie, as her dead mother always used to call her—went around to the back door, into the small, sultry kitchen, where a roaring fire was raising the temperature still higher; there were tears on her cheeks, there was a wild, fierce throbbing of her heart, and her poor head, too. Susie went in from the cool breeze, from the beautiful breath of heaven, and continued the work from which she had escaped an hour before.

"O, dear, I wish I was dead—I do—I do!" sobbed Susie, as the tears mingled with the perspiration that trickled over her cheeks. "I do wish I was dead, I do!"

But Susie's wish did not do any good. She was alive, and likely to be so, despite the sultry August afternoon, the stifling kitchen with its hot stove, and the work she was obliged to do, although she nearly sank down with fatigue.

"O, dear, dear," sobbed Susie. She was not thinking then of her fatigue, of the sultry atmosphere, of her aching head, but of the little scrap of yellow manuscript Aunt Esther had destroyed. Poor Susie!

In the cool vine-shaded parlor, with its dimity and lace hangings, and its tasteful furniture and carpets—they once belonged to Susie's mother, and Aunt Esther said she just used them to keep them from getting moth eaten or spoiled—in that pleasant, cheery-looking room—it used to be Susie's mother's parlor once—sat Aunt Esther, holding an animated conversation with her "company."

Said "company" was a fine-looking young man, of perhaps some twenty-five years, with pleasing blue eyes, and a profusion of bright, sunny brown curls that shaded a high, broad forehead. There was a rather haughty curl of the bearded lips, half concealed as they were by whiskers and mustache, and the head was poised rather proudly, and yet no one ever thought of calling Charles Maynard either haughty or proud.

To give our hero a fair introduction to the reader, we will say he was a distant relative of Aunt Esther's husband, said husband being a very wife-obedient Benedict, by the way, Susie's father's own brother, too, though Susie's father was vastly different from her poor, henpecked Uncle Eben, who scarce dared say his soul was his own.

Charles Maynard, or rather Doctor Charles Maynard, was a graduate from one of the first medical institutions of the day, of course well educated, and although far from wealthy, he was not dependent entirely upon his profession for support. The young physician was just looking

out a suitable location, and on his way to a neighboring village had stopped at Aunt Esther's cottage—in reality Susie's, for her father owned it—determining to rusticate a little before burying himself (we speak figuratively) in the arduous labors of his profession.

How smiling and condescending Aunt Esther was! Why oil couldn't have been smoother than her words, "my dear Charlie," or "my dear Doctor Maynard," or "my beloved Eben's relative," whenever she addressed him.

"A pleasant place you have here, Aunt Esther," the young man was saying, as he looped back the curtains, and put aside the honeysuckle to look out.

"O, la, yes, very pleasant for country, doctor."

"How long since you purchased it?"

Mrs. Delmont regarded the young man steadily an instant ere she answered. There was nothing quizzical in his glance, so laying the blessed unction to her soul that Doctor Charles Maynard was totally ignorant of her family affairs she replied unhesitatingly:

"Quite a number of years."

"Ah, yes, Uncle Eben built the house, I suppose." He said "uncle" for compliment's sake. "A perfect little gem of a cottage, looks quite enchanting from the road, and does credit to its designer."

"I always took quite an interest in such things," said Aunt Esther, modestly looking down, and toying with her silk-apron ribbon.

"Ah, you designed the house, then? It does you credit, Aunt Esther (aunt for compliment)."

Mrs. Delmont looked down and tapped her foot softly upon the carpet.

"I hear you have a niece of Uncle Eben's residing with you?" said young Maynard, at length, inquiringly, as he twirled a gold chain at his waist, and regarded the toe of his patent leather contemplatively.

Aunt Esther paused a moment as if thinking what answer to make, then she said, softly:

"Certainly, my dear Charlie, Eben's brother Henry left a daughter to our care."

"I heard something of it, it was five or six years ago that Uncle Henry and his wife died, was it not? I was in college at the time, and heard that they left but one child. Did he leave much property?"

Aunt Esther apparently did not hear the latter question, for she said, contemplatively:

"Yes, it was five or six years ago. Poor Henry, poor Edith! they left their dear little Susie for Eben and me to care for, and we have done the best we could for the dear child. She

has been like our child to us, rather wayward, to be sure, yet all children have their faults, and I never lay up anything against her; our own daughter could not have been more tenderly reared than Susie has been."

At that moment the door opened and a girl, gay and dashing, with books under her arm, apparently just from school, entered the room. She gave quite a stare as her eyes fell upon the young doctor, but Mrs. Delmont hastened to give them an introduction.

"My only daughter Angeline—Doctor Charles Maynard, from — University—your dear father's relative, my love."

Miss Angeline made a suitable obeisance, and young Maynard took up the conversation where it had been dropped. Mrs. Delmont with apparent carelessness arose, went to the table, turning her face from her guest, and attracting the attention of her daughter, gave her a significant look, and placed her fingers upon her lips. The girl understood the sign, and Mrs. Delmont continued the conversation.

"Yes, Susie, as I said, has been like our own child to me. Angeline don't seem but a little nearer to me than Susie. I'm sorry she's gone, she would be so pleased to see you, I know. She's gone to the city on a visit, and will not return for several weeks."

"Ah, excuse me, Aunt Esther, but I heard you call the name 'Susan' an hour or so ago; you then have more than one of that name in the family?"

It was well for Mrs. Delmont that her face at that moment was turned from her guest, for the hot blood suffused it as she suddenly recollected the manner in which she had treated her husband's niece, and now she had ample reason to suppose the young man had been a witness to the whole transaction. But she was not to be foiled thus; she had begun to deceive, she would keep up the deception. She felt that she would be ruined if her perfidy was thus and there discovered. She laughed carelessly.

"Yes," she said, "two of the same name, a poor trollop of a thing—a poor-house creature that we took pity on, and have given a home for her services—she wont answer to any other name but Susan, so Susan it has to be. I hope you didn't think I would speak as I did to my beloved Eben's niece?"

Doctor Maynard declared he hadn't such a thought, so Mrs. Delmont excused herself for a moment, leaving her guest to the tender mercies of her dashing daughter Angeline.

Mrs. Delmont paced back and forth the length of the hall several times; evidently her mind was

very ill at ease, she felt that she had settled herself very nicely into the mire, and how to get out troubled her; all at once she spoke up in a quick tone of alarm:

"Angeline!"

"What, mother?" came from the parlor.

"Come here quick, just a moment, see what Cato has done."

Mrs. Delmont stood out at the further end of the porch and in a moment her daughter joined her. Bending over, apparently examining a shrub in a small ornamental flower-pot, Mrs. Delmont said, in a low, hurried tone:

"Angeline, have nothing whatever to say to him about Susan; what you might say would probably contradict what I have said. Remember and be careful."

"But what do you want to deceive him for?" asked Angeline.

"I haven't time to tell you now—it is for your sake, Angeline—look your best—he is a fish worth catching—fine fellow, good-looking, and all that—good profession, and well enough off. I'd like to see you married well before Susan is eighteen."

"But perhaps she wont marry when she's eighteen, and if she don't—"

Mrs. Delmont placed her finger upon her lips, and then said, in a still lower voice:

"If she don't it will be all right, but that is the thing, if she should find out the conditions of her father's will, she—"

"Yes, yes, I understand, where is she?"

"In the kitchen."

"Quite a clever idea your saying she had gone to the city, if we can only keep the minx out of the way while he is here; if he should discover our deception all would be ruined."

Miss Angeline spoke low, but not so low but what a part of the sentence reached the ear of the young man, who had followed them unobserved.

"Ruined, did you say?" he questioned. "It is a pity—a beautiful flower, Miss Angeline—did you say it was ruined?" And he pointed to the shrub apparently under observation.

There was a strange sparkle in his eyes. Mrs. Delmont noticed it, and the blood rushed to her neck and brow, to the very roots of her hair, while Miss Angeline turned in a dauntless manner to the young physician, and surmising he might have overheard more than he pretended, she said unhesitatingly:

"We were not speaking of the flower, Doctor Maynard, but of a little innocent trick we have been playing on the schoolmaster of the district, who occasionally boards here, and has taken quite a fancy to the kitchen girl Sukie, or Susan

as she will persist in being called. Ha, ha, you see Cousin Susan has gone to the city, and so I told him to-day at school that Susan had gone, and he thought I meant his Susan. Ha, ha, I was just telling ma that if he should call this evening we must keep the girl Sukie out of his way, or he would discover our deception, and our plans to break up this ridiculous match would be ruined." What an adept Miss Angeline was at lying!

"And what makes you wish to break up the match?" questioned Charlie, who had heard the whole of Angeline's remark previous to his being discovered by her, and but for her artful explanation so skillfully worded, all would have been lost indeed in the way of their plotting. All, however, seemed plain to his mind now, and if he had had any suspicions they were allayed entirely.

Miss Angeline was in for it now, she had put her feet in the mire now, and she felt herself going down deeper and deeper, figuratively speaking. She threw up her hands with a mighty desire to save herself, and with this aim in view, she said, in order to gain time:

"Why do we wish to break up the match?"

"Yes, that was what I asked, if the question is not impertinent."

Mrs. Delmont came to the rescue. She laughed a sort of contemptuous laugh, and said, carelessly:

"A good reason enough, my dear nephew; the girl is scarcely fourteen, a poor witless creature, who is exceedingly unfit for a wife, and he is not much better, and worse than all hasn't a cent to call his own. It would be hard to tell which would be the worse cheated should they marry, he or she, and I feel it my duty as a Christian woman to break up any such alliance, and my daughter, I am happy to say, sympathizes with me."

A peculiar light flashed in the young man's eyes, but he only smiled, and said pleasantly:

"A man with an education is never poor, I think, Aunt Esther."

"Education!" And Mrs. Delmont laughed scornfully.

"Yes, I said 'education,' Aunt Esther."

"Education—yes, if he had an education, but he hasn't enough to do him much good, yet sufficient to be of incalculable harm."

"How so?"

"A little learning's a dangerous thing," is an old saying, you know."

"Yes, I know; but I had two reasons for supposing the young pedagogue well educated, the first because Miss Angeline was his pupil."

Mrs. Delmont interrupted him. "O, Angeline does not attend his school."

"Ah, pardon me, Aunt Esther, I inferred she did from her saying she told him so and so in school to-day."

Miss Angeline felt that they were sinking still deeper into the mire, and she made another mighty effort to extricate herself. So she laughed lightly and said:

"So I did, to be sure, doctor, yet I was just going past the school-house, and stepped in. I never attend school there, the books I brought home belonged to Sukie, who has been going until we discovered the unfortunate attachment growing up between her and the pedagogue."

"Quite advanced in her studies, is she not, for a poor-house child?" queried the young man, toying with a sprig of honey-suckle. "She must be very quick and bright, too, for a girl of fourteen?"

"Dull enough, you may depend," said Mrs. Delmont, who, less quick-sighted than her daughter, could not understand the drift of her guest's remarks; but Angeline, anticipating the answer upon the young man's lips, was about to differ with her mother in that respect, and say Sukie was uncommonly bright, but at that instant she happened to remember her own words, a few moments previous, so she paused in confusion, while Doctor Maynard said:

"I supposed, judging from the books Miss Angeline said belonged to the girl, and that she studied at school, which I saw a few moments since upon the table, that she must be quite intelligent for her years, for astronomy, philosophy and botany require a small allowance of brains in the pupil's head, as well as a slight knowledge of those studies by the teacher, to enable him to explain them correctly."

Miss Angeline remembered with agony that she had left her school books upon the parlor table, and she felt that she was sinking deeper, still deeper in the mire, every attempt to extricate herself only plunging her deeper. While she paused to think of a suitable reply to make, a curious smile curled the bearded lips of Doctor Maynard, and he said, still carelessly and pleasantly:

"I am sorry, Aunt Esther, you have so poor an opinion of my friend, Harry Whitman."

"Your friend?" gasped Mrs. Delmont.

"Your friend?" ejaculated Miss Angeline.

"Yes, my friend, Aunt Esther, he and I graduated from the same university four years ago, and I had always thought him as well educated as he was clever, and intelligent; to tell you the truth, my accepting your kind invitation to spend

a day or two here was partially owing to the fact that I wished to see my old chum, who I knew was teaching in your neighborhood. However, as your opinion of him is so low I could not expect you to entertain so vulgar and unlearned a personage, and will therefore call upon him at his boarding-house, if you will tell me where it is."

Mrs. Delmont seeing how matters were turning, made one frantic effort to save herself and daughter.

"I hope you did not think I meant the handsome and intelligent Mr. Whitman of a neighboring district; every one must acknowledge he is far from being what I have described the pedagogue of our district to be. Angeline attends his school, and as she must pass directly by the other school-house on her way, that is the way she happened to call for Sukie's books."

Mrs. Delmont felt that she had gained a little firmer standing, but her self-congratulations were few, for with the pleasantest of smiles the young man continued:

"I should think that a very good way would be to place this Sukie, as you call her, under the tuition of Mr. Whitman. Surely, he would be a more able teacher of philosophy, astronomy, history and botany than the numskull you have described as her tutor."

Again Mrs. Delmont felt herself sinking. O, how much as that moment would she have given if she had not taken her first step into the mire of deception! Angeline came to the rescue of her mother.

"It all comes of her infatuation, you will perceive," she said, in a slightly impatient tone. "Ma and I both wished her to attend Mr. Whitman's school, but she wouldn't."

Mrs. Delmont felt that they had gained good standing for a time, at least, that is if nothing more was said on the subject; so she excused herself on the plea of arranging supper, and making a sufficient sign to her daughter that implied silence on the subject they had been dwelling upon, Mrs. Delmont left her daughter and guest alone.

The bits of paper Aunt Esther had placed her foot upon, covered with the pencilled writing of the girl he had learned was named Sukie, still lay in the gravelled walk. The young man stepped down from the porch, picked them up and placed them carefully in his vest pocket, of course Miss Angeline did not know wherefore.

Miss Angeline found her guest rather unsocial, her graces and blandishments proving in vain; he remained moody and silent, except when addressed by his fair companion, then answering

principally in monosyllables. Miss Angeline saw that she had lost ground considerably in the past hour, and after wearying herself in her unsuccessful efforts to wear away the unpleasant impression evidently left upon the young man's mind, she became rather vexed, and begging to be excused, sought her mother in the dining-room, leaving her guest alone. He, in the meantime took the opportunity to draw the yellow bits of torn paper from his pocket, spread them upon the table, and arranged them in such a manner that he could with ease decipher the words.

The penmanship was quite poor, many of the letters being made in a printed form as if the writer was unable to write them; but Charles Maynard did not note this particular, it was the touching yet simple outpouring of an orphan's bleeding heart, that caused the tears to come into his eyes, tears in the laughing blue eyes of Doctor Charles Maynard.

"Poor child," he murmured, as he folded the bits of paper and replaced them in his vest pocket. "Poor child, she has a soul if she is a pauper!"

The young man paced the room several times, and then took the bits of paper from his pocket, and examined them again. Strange, he thought, that a girl studying philosophy and astronomy, etc., should write so miserably as that! Then there was so much talent evinced in the composition of the simple and touching rhyme, it might be this was but a copy of some verses that the girl had found somewhere, or that had been given to her. We do not know how long Charles Maynard might have pondered upon the subject, but at that very moment, almost before he had time to conceal the bits of paper, Mrs. Delmont entered the parlor and announced that tea was ready.

Uncle Eben was already at the table. He was a meek-looking individual, with hair between a flaxen and a gray, a ruddy complexion and rather full habit. Said Uncle Eben looked at his wife deprecatingly, then exclaimed, "How do do, dock?" then looked at his plate industriously, until the tea was poured, and Aunt Esther stepped on his toe zealously, and looked meaningly at the bread tray, whereupon Uncle Eben passed the bread, and butter, cheese, etc., and then began to use his own knife and fork with laudable industry. There was no such thing as entering into conversation with Mr. Eben Delmont; after several ineffectual attempts Charles Maynard gave up in despair, and except an occasional remark from Mrs. Delmont, the supper hour passed away in silence.

And Susie, poor, little, weary, down-trodden



Susie, where was she? Charged by her aunt under no circumstances whatever to allow herself to be seen by the gentleman then at the house, as he was a sheriff who had come to arrest her for her father's crimes. Poor Susie—her father's crimes! She had always believed her father, who was now dead, to have been a good and honest man, and the poor child knew so little of law she believed Aunt Esther, and feared encountering the dreadful stranger. So he crept away, out into the garden, out into the waving, tasselled corn, and through that into the orchard beyond, where beneath a great wide-spreading apple tree she lay down on the grass and wept, wept until sleep locked her senses, and she forgot her troubles in the happier realms of dream-land.

She awoke with a start; night had come, and the moon and stars were shining brightly in the heavens, while the air came up cool from over the hills, and played coyly with the girl's dark, tangled hair. She looked around her in a half-bewildered way, and what was her surprise and terror when directly before her she espied our hero, Charles Maynard. She staggered to her feet, and attempted to run from the spot, but a treacherous stick upon which she trod giving way, she was precipitated to the ground, and the next moment she felt a hand laid lightly upon her arm.

"Please don't take me to prison, sir; please don't!" she cried in alarm.

"To prison?"

"Wasn't it there you was going to take me?" she questioned, still trembling like a frightened bird, and trying to escape from the grasp he still maintained upon her arm.

"Certainly not. What made you think that?"

"Aren't you the gentleman stopping at Aunt Esther's?"

"I am stopping at Mrs. Delmont's; but do you call her Aunt Esther?"

"Why, yes, she always told me to," replied the girl, wonderingly. Then she added, "So you are not going to arrest me?"

"Certainly not."

"Aren't you a sheriff?"

"Why, no, you silly girl—a sheriff? No. What made you think that?"

"She told me you was, and that I must keep out of your way, for that you wanted to arrest me for a crime of my dead father's."

"Who told you so?"

"Aunt Esther."

"And you thought I could arrest you for the crimes of your father, did you?"

The girl hung down her head.

"Come, come, you're not much of a lawyer; but I guess you have been dreaming all this nonsense. I don't think Mrs. Delmont ever told you such stuff as this."

The girl made no reply, only made another effort to free herself from the young man's grasp.

"Stop, Susan—that is your name, isn't it?—stop a minute, I want to ask you something. Who wrote this?"

The young man took the bits of paper from his pocket and held them up before the girl. She grasped after them eagerly.

"Please let me have them, sir?"

"Tell me, then, who wrote what is on them?"

The girl looked up honestly into his face, a little blush upon her dark cheeks, but she answered unhesitatingly:

"I did, sir."

"And that is your writing?"

"Ye, sir."

"Why don't you write better?"

The girl burst into tears. "Please, sir," she said, "I never have had a copy to write by since my father and mother died, and I was only ten years old then, and I have forgotten a great deal since that time."

"Why don't you write at school?"

"At school?"

"Yes, it would be better for you than to study philosophy and astronomy, and—"

"Philosophy and astronomy! Go to school?" interrupted poor Susie, with astonishment.

"Yes."

"I don't go to school."

"But you might."

"Who said I might? Aunt Esther always wants me to work, and I never went to school a day since I lived with her!"

Charles Maynard was astonished—there was a strange difference between the story of this girl and Mrs. Delmont's; which could it be that deceived? He looked the girl straight in the face, as he asked:

"Has Mrs. Delmont never sent you to school?"

"No, sir."

"And how long have you lived with her?"

"Five or six years."

"And you have never studied astronomy or—"

"I never have studied anything, sir; only sometimes after I get my work done, I read and learn verses—such sweet verses they are, sir!"

"What?"

The girl took a small edition of Watts's hymns from her dress pocket. The book had no cover, was torn and soiled, yet the child loved it.

"And where did you get this?"

"It was my mother's," replied the girl; "it was under her pillow when she died." Tears drenched the dark cheeks, as she spoke.

The young man gave back the book, and then he said:

"Did your mother die in the poor-house?"

"Poor-house!"

The girl started back in amazement too real to be feigned, so Charles Maynard rightly thought.

"Yes—did she?"

"My mother—my beautiful mother, died in a poor-house?" The hot blood dashed up into her cheeks, as she spoke. "No, sir—the room they will give you to-night is the room where my mother died—my sweet mother!" And the child put her hands over her face and wept.

"Don't cry, my little girl!" The young man spoke kindly, but there were strange feelings taking possession of him, as he gradually discovered Mrs. Delmont's deception—although he never once mistrusted it was *Susie Delmont* before him.

They were a strange couple there in the old orchard, beneath the moonlight—he so tall, dignified and handsome, *Susie* with her slight, shrinking form shaking with sobs she could not control—he so richly and becomingly dressed, she attired in faded, slimsy calico, tattered, and her only ornament the luxuriant, though tangled dark hair that fell over her shoulders.

"Tell me all about your mother—come, I'll listen to you! But first tell me your name."

"You called it, sir—it's Susan."

"Yes, but your other?"

"Why, the same as Aunt Esther's, sir. Uncle Eben and father were brothers; that is the way I come to live here. Uncle Eben is my guardian."

"And you are Susan Delmont?"

"Please, sir, yes."

"And is there any other Susan in the family?" asked the young man, with astonishment.

"No, sir."

The young man ground his teeth with rage. He grasped the girl's shoulder and turned her face to the moonlight, while his own brow was white as the light that lay on the hill-tops, and his whole countenance worked convulsively.

Then he turned from her and strode up and down the orchard paths—the girl, standing like a statue, gazing after him as if bewildered.

"Fool! fool!" He beat upon his forehead, and then upon his breast, and still muttered to himself, yet half aloud: "Curses on her! curses on her!"

His manner terrified the girl. She started,

and would have fled from him, but he arrested the movement by saying:

"Stop, Susan!"

"Why?" She looked up into his face strangely, doubtfully.

He looked down into the innocent, timid face, with that seal of sorrow and loneliness upon it.

"Susan," he said, "your aunt has deceived me. I need not tell you how. It was principally to see you that I came here, but Mrs. Delmont said you had gone to the city."

"I never was in the city in my life, sir."

"Listen, my child!" He spoke very tenderly. "I know more of the affairs of *Susie Delmont* than she does herself, I presume. You have been kept in the most total ignorance for purposes I can well understand. *Susie*, did you know that you are an heiress, on condition? Did you know that besides this cottage, and these broad, well-cultivated lands, you will come into possession of quite a large sum of money after your majority?"

"Why, Aunt Esther said that father owed it all to Uncle Eben?"

"The miserable woman!" The young man stamped his foot, and ground his white teeth.

"'Tis no such thing; and yet she is planning for all your property, my child. That is just as true as gospel, and she's keeping you in ignorance in order to do it. Did you never hear about your father's will?"

A crimson flush passed over the sweet face—sweet if it was traced over with prints of grief and care, it was so innocent.

"Tell me, *Susie*!"

"Yes, I heard something once; the school-master told it to me. He boarded here awhile. His name is Mr. Whitman. He told me—"

The girl blushed deeper.

"What did he tell you? Tell me all, *Susie*!"

The girl raised her innocent eyes to the young man's face, and said:

"I don't believe it is so, sir, but Mr. Whitman told me that I was an heiress, or would be, if I married the man my father had chosen for me, and that if I did not, the property would still be kept in charge of Uncle Eben—I don't know how long; but Aunt Esther heard what he said, and she was awful angry, and she said there was not a word of truth about it—that Uncle Eben owned everything that belonged to father, and she was to have everything that mother used to own. She said I was nothing but a beggar, and if it wasn't for her, I would have to go to the poor-house; but"—here the girl stopped to cry a little, very quietly—"I believe I would rather live in a poor-house than here."



"Poor child!" Charles Maynard laid his hand kindly upon the girl's shoulder. "But tell me, my dear—did you hear the name of the man your father wished you to marry?"

The girl shook her head.

The young man gave a sigh of relief.

"We will have a new leaf turned over, my child," he said, kindly. "You shall live in this way no longer. If you desire an education, you shall have it. Here, sit down under this tree, and let us plan a little. Why, zounds, you don't even know my name—do you, little one? Well, 'tis Charlie Maynard."

That evening, when the two parted, there was a gleam of triumph in the young man's eye, and a sparkle of happiness in little Susie's that even Aunt Esther's harsh reprimand could not drive away.

The next morning, Susie was called in vain to. "Susan! Susan!"

No reply. Aunt Esther forced herself out of bed, and up stairs into the poorly furnished bedroom that had been allowed to Susan for her own apartment. To her surprise, she found the bed undisturbed and Susie minus.

Of course all was excitement immediately—that is, in the minds of the trio, Mrs. and Mr. (that is the order in which they stood) Mrs. and Mr. Delmont, and Angeline. The former, assisted by her obedient spouse, was obliged to prepare breakfast—the said spouse turning the griddle-cakes and steak, and attending to the coffee, while Mrs. Delmont set the table, etc. Angeline spent the time in making her toilet, and a few moments before breakfast joined Mr. Maynard in the garden, looking very bewitching in a flounced lawn, with numerous bows of pink ribbon adorning the sleeves and bodice. Of course Mr. Maynard offered his arm to escort Miss Angeline to breakfast, said arm being accepted with the utmost alacrity by the aforesaid Angeline, who congratulated herself that her flounced lawn, with its gay bows, had already nearly achieved a conquest of the said Maynard's obdurate heart.

Mrs. Delmont anxiously inquired if Mr. Maynard intended to visit his friend, Mr. Whitman, and to her infinite relief a reply was given in the negative. Mr. Maynard said he had changed his mind, as he had important business to attend to in a neighboring village. So immediately after breakfast Uncle Eben brought his guest's pony around to the front gate, and the said guest, after thanking Aunt Esther for her hospitality, and pressing Miss Angeline's hand warmly, bidding her adieu, was about taking his departure, when, as if suddenly recollecting himself, he took a

note-book and pencil from his pocket and asked, hurriedly:

"You said Cousin Susie had gone to the city. I am quite anxious to see her, and if you will give me her address—"

"And why so anxious?" queried Mrs. Esther Delmont, with ill-concealed vexation.

"Is it possible you can be ignorant of the cause, Aunt Esther?" questioned the young man. "You surely are acquainted with the provisions of Uncle Henry's will, in which he de sires me to be Susie's life protector—in other words her husband, Aunt Esther—and that only on these conditions can she inherit the handsome estate thus singularly bequeathed, Otherwise—"

"Well, what otherwise?" asked Aunt Esther, excitedly.

"You certainly cannot be ignorant of the manner in which the will reads, Aunt Esther; and you surely do not forget that in case Susie does not comply with these conditions, the property will fall into the possession of a certain young gentleman known to you as Charles Maynard—that is, if Miss Susie refuses to fulfil her part of the solemn compact—while if the said young gentleman is the aggressor, the property will remain in the guardian's hands, and only upon the death of said guardian, shall fall into the possession of said Susie. Uncle Henry made a strange will, Aunt Esther; but you cannot wonder, under existing circumstances, that I should wish to see Miss Susie."

Charles Maynard bowed, and waited for the address. Miss Delmont stammered and blushed, and said she had really forgotten it.

The young man restored his note-book and pencil to their accustomed place, bowed smilingly to Aunt Esther and the fair Angeline, and bounding into the saddle, and putting spurs to his horse, he was soon lost to the view of those who watched his retreating figure from the cottage.

"A pretty kettle of fish we are in!" snapped Miss Angeline.

"Too bad! too bad!" sighed Mrs. Delmont.

"And it all comes of your trying to deceive him!" upbraided the daughter.

"Do you think I would acknowledge that I let my husband's brother's child and heiress, too, do my drudgery and receive such abuse as he witnessed, for I was so angry with the imp!"

But the next question was—where was she? Mrs. Delmont was troubled. Mr. Delmont was troubled, and Miss Angeline was ditto. *Where had the girl gone?*

"There's one way!" said Mrs. Delmont, at length, in a decided manner, as she laid a hand

upon her husband's and daughter's shoulder.

"If Susan was only dead—"

"What then?"

"The property would fall to Charles Maynard, and—"

"What, mother?"

"In that way you might become mistress of it all!"

"How, mother?"

"How dumb you are! With your beauty and advantages, don't you suppose you could win Charles Maynard?"

"Couldn't say."

"Well, I can say for you, then. I tell you, Angeline Delmont, you don't know what a planning and scheming woman can do; you haven't any idea. Now, here is the case—it lies just here; either you become the wife of Charles Maynard, or we will have to go from here in less than five years, and not a dollar of our own in the world."

"Then what is to be done?"

"Listen!"

"I am listening."

"Can you imitate Susan's hand-writing?"

"O, yes. You know I am a proficient in the art of imitating."

"Well, then, write what I dictate; and you, Eben (addressing her husband), you go and bring Selim around, with the side-saddle, in five minutes! Don't let the grass grow under your feet, now!"

About three miles from the cottage of the Delmonts ran the beautiful, deep, but narrow stream known for miles around as Limestone Run. At the time of which we write, owing to several heavy rains, it had become quite swollen; and to this stream, by a circuitous way, was it that Mrs. Delmont set out with creditable speed. Her errand to the said stream can only be surmised, when we state that the next day a large party of neighbors who had been out on a search for the missing girl, led on by the apparently nearly distracted Uncle Eben, discovered a bonnet recognized as Susie's; and a shoe near the edge of the water that belonged to her, together with a blotted note apparently in her hand-writing, were found on the bank. The stream was dragged, but the body of the unfortunate Susie was not found; yet there was not one in the neighborhood (the Delmonts excepted) who had the slightest doubt but that Susie Delmont was drowned.

In due time Charles Maynard came into possession of the property, and then it was Mrs. Delmont and Angeline began their plotting and planning in earnest.

"O, mother!"

Angeline quite startled that lady with her ejaculation; but unheeding this, the young lady threw herself into a chair quite breathless with excitement, fanning herself industriously with her gipsy hat.

"Mother!"

"Well?"

"Charlie Maynard has proposed, at last!"

Mrs. Delmont dropped the apple she was paring, and looked up with surprise and delight depicted upon her countenance.

"How in the world did it happen, Angeline?" she asked, at length.

"Well, I'll tell you," replied the daughter; "it took considerable management on my part, but I succeeded. I'm glad now I bought that velvet and bugle lace. I always shall believe that they had something to do with catching Charlie Maynard, for they do set the basque out finely—don't they?" And Angeline gazed down upon her dress with an admiring eye.

"Yes, but about the proposition—tell me about that!" interrupted Mrs. Delmont, impatiently.

"Well I will, then. You see I asked him why he did not marry—"

"A bold question."

"Yes, I know; but he did not appear to notice it, but said he had long thought of marrying—that there was a certain fair lady who possessed all his affections—a lady beautiful and accomplished, and all that—and then he looked at me so lovingly and admiringly, that I felt that the battle was more than half won."

"And what did you say?" asked Mrs. Delmont, anxiously.

"O, I said: 'Indeed, Charlie! and pray why don't you marry her?'"

"If I can gain her consent, I will most gladly," he said, and then was silent. I saw he was kind of diffident, so I looked as innocent as you please.

"And what is her name, Charlie?"

"He looked at me straight in the eyes, and said 'Can you not guess?' And then he asked me how I should like to change my name to Maynard, and if I would have any objection to having a wedding here in a week or ten days."

"And you?"

"Why I—of course I consented; and the wedding day is to be a week from Thursday, and we'll have such a grand wedding party—wont we?"

Angeline clapped her hands, and sat down to make out a list of guests to be invited, and to comment upon the subject of laces, silks, white

gloves and satin slippers; while Charlie Maynard, in his own room, sat down to a table and wrote a long letter, which having folded, enveloped and superscribed, he sealed and placed in his coat pocket ready to mail the following morning. This letter was received, one pleasant summer evening, by a young lady known by the teachers and pupils of a certain excellent institute as Miss Susie Delmont—the said young lady smiling quietly, as she read the letter. Susie was meditating revenge.

Yes, that tall, elegant woman, with that crown of purple and black braided bands of glossy hair, that noble brow, those sparkling, soul-lit eyes, that firm, proud, womanly mouth, and that voice of surpassing sweetness, as she warbled a simple song—that was our little friend Susan of six years previous. Are you astonished, reader? The explanation is very simple, and easily made. Charlie Maynard had incurred the expense of her education, and when he said, "Susie, will you marry a poor man who loves you?" it was love, and not gratitude that prompted the reply: "My heart wholly belongs to you, Charles Maynard." And as the young man folded the beautiful girl to his bosom, he thanked Heaven for having given him so great a blessing.

The Delmont cottage was thrown open to the accommodation of a large number of guests, the *élite* of the country round. Young men and maidens, old men and matrons, filled the tasteful parlors, and all was expectation, for that evening (so report ran) Angeline Delmont was to become Mrs. Maynard; and it is due the handsome and talented Dr. Maynard to say that many were the fair maids who envied the intriguing Angeline her husband, as well as the fortune accompanying that article.

Angeline was in her room, arrayed for the bridal. To tell the truth, she looked very pretty in the midst of her satin and laces; yet there was a shadow upon her brow, and she looked ill pleased, for the bridegroom had not arrived, and the time had come for the ceremony to begin.

"There, he's come!" exclaimed Mrs. Delmont, who had watched every arrival eagerly. "And there is another couple with him—Mr. Whitman and a lady. I suppose they are bridesmaid and groomsman, though I think, my dear Angeline, it is a lady's place to choose her own bridesmaid."

"All ready!" Mr. Whitman offered his arm to Miss Angeline, who wondered vastly what it could mean, and why Charles should escort the strange lady; but supposing it was city fashion, and not caring to show her ignorance, she proceeded.

Of course, all happened as it was intended by Charles Maynard, and Miss Angeline was but a bridesmaid, after all.

"What does this mean?" gasped Aunt Esther, as the ceremony was about to commence.

"Villain!" hissed Miss Angeline.

"What are you about?" abruptly inquired Uncle Eben.

"Silence!" demanded Charles Maynard. "You shall all know soon; the time of explanation has come, or nearly so. Let the ceremony go on! Proceed!"

There was so much of sternness and command in his tone, no objection was raised, and a few moments sufficed to make Charles Maynard and Susie Delmont man and wife.

"Susie Delmont!" cried Aunt Esther.

"Susan Delmont!" stammered the almost fainting Angeline; while Uncle Eben exclaimed, his voice rising above all others:

"There, wife, that's just what I've always told you! You've played a game, a desperate bad one, and you're beat. Susan Delmont aint dead, and Maynard's gone and married her. We're all in the mire now, head over ears."

And so they were truly; and when Charles Maynard began and told the whole story of deception from beginning to end, they gave themselves up for lost—going down, down, down! Angeline fainted, Mrs. Delmont went into most violent hysterics, while Uncle Eben, the tears dashing over his ruddy, sun-browned cheeks, exclaimed:

"Served us all right! God bless you, Maynard—you and Susie! She's a good gal, and was poor Henry's darter. Forgive your old uncle! He never gave ye a hard word, Susie, did he? with all his faults."

Uncle Eben carries on the farm, and Aunt Esther is housekeeper at the cottage, glad of the home thus offered to them. As for Angeline, she is still unmarried, and probably will be for some time to come, despite black velvet and bugle lace. She teaches school for a support, and—need we add Charles and Susie are very happy?

Susie Delmont had her triumph, and her revenge was in returning good for evil, and smoothing the rough path of declining life for those who had rendered her childhood miserable! Heaven bless you, Susie!

#### —♦♦♦— EVENING.

An eve intensely beautiful—an eve  
Calm as the summer of a lovely girl  
Dreaming of hope. The rich autumnal woods,  
With their innumerable shades and colorings,  
Are like a silent instrument at rest—  
A silent instrument, whereon the wind  
Hath long forgot to play.—HOUMAN.

[ORIGINAL.]

## LOUIS HUNTER'S TRIALS.

BY M. A. AVERY.

THE evening was cold and dreary; the snow falling in fine, sleety flakes, and the wind howling around that old-fashioned dwelling, and singing through all its cracks and crevices; but little cared its inmates for that, as they sat cheerily around the bright-blazing fire of the pleasant sitting-room, laughing and chatting, or reading or working, as best suited their several fancies; and the eyes of the full moon that looked down from the old brass-wheeled clock in the corner, beheld a very pleasant family party.

The portly old squire, in his great armchair, had gone off into the land of dreams in one corner, while his worthy lady, for the honor of the family, redoubled her diligence, and snapped her knitting-needles vigorously, to make up for his laziness, and keep pace with the needles and tongue of Mrs. Glenn, a gossiping visitor, who was now favoring the neighborhood generally with one of her protracted calls, and at this hour, the Haydens in particular, with the retail business of her calling. Mrs. Hayden looked grave, and was generally silent, though her guest's tongue ran incessantly. Miss Jane, a haughty but handsome young lady of twenty, looked up from her embroidery occasionally, with a glance of mingled pleasure, doubt and irony, while Alda, a girl of sixteen, and her schoolmate and casual visitor, Ellen Lee, who were vainly trying to look out their lessons for the ensuing day, listened with eager interest and delight. Johnny, meantime, the pet and only son of the family, was busy cracking nuts upon the hearth beside his mother. Tray the large house-dog lay sleeping beside his master. The old Maltese cat purred cosily over her pet baby upon the rug, the fire flashed and glowed and sparkled, and the scene altogether presented a very pretty picture of domestic enjoyment.

"Well, how do you here like Louis Hunter the young schoolmaster?" asked Mrs. Glenn, as she glanced around the pleasant group, after many other subjects were exhausted.

"Very much, I believe," Mrs. Hayden replied. "He seems to be an uncommonly bright, intelligent, talented young man for one of his age—what they say is only twenty."

"Indeed!—well, I'm raly glad somebody has a good opinion of the feller."

"Why so? Don't he bear a good name with everybody?"

"Well, I dunno. I raly wish the boy well,

but it's a pity they are so poor and mean and drunken."

"His relations mean? Why, I knew his old grandfather well when I lived at my uncle's, and a nobler, better man never existed. His son, this Louis's father, was away in the city then; and I have heard that after his father's death he took to drinking, and spent nearly all that his father had given him, which is certainly very unfortunate for his family, though nothing against them personally."

"Of course not, Mrs. Hayden. But do these young ladies like this young chap as well, or better than their mother?" And she peered at them over the rims of her iron-bowed spectacles with a queer glance of suspicious inquiry.

"Ask Alda there, who likes him," said Ellen Lee, with a gay laugh.

The pretty face of Alda Hayden crimsoned under the gaze of so many eyes as were now fixed upon her, and feeling angry to know that it did, she said shortly:

"I think it looks very suspicious that you should be so ready to make a cloak of other people."

"Take care, Alda," said the gay Ellen, "or I shall tell these good people about the loved-lit glances I have detected at school this winter. You'd better believe, Mrs. Glenn, that Cupid's arrows have been flying around the school-house like a discharge of musketry."

"And that one Ellen Lee was among the wounded," retorted Alda.

"If I am, the arrow that struck me was not from the same quiver as the one that pierced your tender heart," laughed Ellen.

"What's all this nonsense about, foolish girls?" said Mrs. Hayden, contemptuously. "Nothing sounds more silly and disgusting than for little chicks like you, with the egg-shells still clinging to their backs, to be talking about hearts and darts, and lovers and husbands."

"Ay, but many a girl has had a husband before she was as old as these young ladies," suggested Mrs. Glenn.

"Yes, Mrs. Glenn, but the more fool she, or her friends, if she had any. There's time enough for all those things when girls have finished their education and learned housekeeping, and boys found some business to support them. And they'd all be better off, in my opinion, to wait till they are twenty-five, at least."

"Look out sharp for your young misses then, if that is your idea, or the first you'll know, they'll be running away with some tin pedler, or young schoolmaster."

Mrs. Hayden looked up with a quick, suspicious glance at Mrs. Glenn, and then at her

daughters, the eldest of whom met her glance with a calm but slightly contemptuous one, and then both turned their eyes upon the conscious Alda, who all at once seemed deeply absorbed in her studies, though her flitting color convinced them that her interest in them was feigned.

"I wonder you will be putting such ideas as those into foolish girls' heads," said Miss Jane, who, in truth was privately engaged already. "Why, after this I shall be looking for a husband upon the top of every tin pedler's cart I meet, Mrs. Glenn."

"And Alda will be after every young school-master, I s'pose," chuckled that worthy lady. "But take care, Alda, and see that your charmer has a decent character. You're too proud to have a feller who has a drunkard for a father, and an infinitely worse character for a mother, like this Louis Hunter, besides being no better than he ought to be himself."

"Indeed! But are you sure they are really such a disreputable set?" asked Mrs. Hayden.

"You must be badly posted in county biography, if you do not know it," said the woman, with a gratified smile. "But the worst of it in my opinion is, that this fellow should begin so young to follow in the footsteps of his illustrious predecessors."

"But does any one really know such to be the case?"

"Such reports are in circulation, any way—but pray don't mention them from me. I wouldn't harm the young man for the world; and as his school is so nearly out, perhaps it would be as well to say nothing about them around here."

"Certainly. Don't mention them, girls, any of you. But do you suppose it really true that his mother was a bad character?"

"It certainly is, if one can credit reports that have been in circulation ever since she came to Charleroy. It is even said that jealousy and domestic disappointment were the cause of the husband's ruin; and that but for the children, who were born before they came there, he would have left her long ago. Of one thing I am certain, for I have friends near them—no one of any respectability has anything to do with her, and they would have left the place long ago, if David Hunter had had spirit enough left for anything."

Bird of ill omen, thy mission is accomplished! In revenge for a fancied wrong, from the husband, thou hast slandered a loving and innocent wife—brought jealousy and wretchedness into a happy family—and now disgraced the son, and planted thorns in young and innocent hearts, that but for thee would be nursing with tender care

the beautiful flowers of love and hope, before so fondly cherished!

For it was indeed but the truth that Alda Hayden felt more than a common interest in the young teacher, though it had never before been suspected by her own family. And to him the long, dreary winter had flown by on swift wings, so absorbed was he in love's first fond dream—a dream that had made that old school-house seem like a fairy palace, because her smiles brightened and her beautiful eyes lightened its dinginess; that had made all onerous duties pleasant, and added a charm to their performance, withdrawn his thoughts from the real troubles of his existence, and cast such a warm and radiant glow over his dim and darkened prospects for the future, as to make him forget, for the time, the real and actual in the ideal.

But this beautiful dream was destined to a rude awakening; and he was now to learn that aristocratic pride and fear of the world's opinion, were some of the characteristics of the divinity he had worshipped, and that the copy he had so often set, that "Change and alteration form the very essence of the world," was something more than idle words.

As Mrs. Hayden had said, Louis Hunter was a talented and remarkably promising young man, whatever might be said of his relatives, and the hints to his disadvantage the old lady had thrown out, were no more true than her own deceitful heart and scheming brain. His father, it was true, was one who did not make his home a paradise; but whatever others might say or think, no one could make him believe that his mother was much lower than the angels. They had a home, a little brown cot, the wreck of his grandfather's property, and by dint of industry and perseverance, Louis had contrived to secure a good English education, and he was now striving earnestly to obtain the means that would procure a more classical one and a profession.

Such had been his plan; but getting in love was rather a poor beginning, in his circumstances, for the years of toil that were before him—though he thought they were both so young they could afford to wait till success had crowned his efforts, and he might have a better title to win the prize he coveted. But as yet he had only thought and dreamed, as a thousand others have done, without making those dreams known to their object in words. But from the day of Mrs. Glenn's visit to the family, he could not help seeing that a change had come over the fair Alda Hayden. The mute eloquence of lip and eye, of glance and smile, were gone, or at least no longer responded to his own. Her head was raised with

a look of haughty pride, her eyes downcast, or looking anywhere else than at him, and her mood among her mates much more gay and boisterous than he had ever seen it before, while he knew that she studiously avoided him, in every way.

He wondered at the cause and lamented the change, but he could not, like her, affect a gayety he did not feel. Each day he grew more pale, languid and gloomy, as the school drew near its close. The old ladies where he boarded grew alarmed and tried to dose him with catnip and thoroughwort, and the young ones sighed and looked pitiful, though he, poor fellow, would confess to no ailment but the bad effects of the close air of the hot school-room. Concluding at last that he had offended the young lady, he resolved to seek for an explanation, but while waiting for a convenient opportunity, he found reason for changing his mind.

It was at recess of a fine March day, when the scholars were all out at play, that he returned from a walk, and was just hanging up his hat, when he saw Alda and Ellen glance by the window and come into the entry-door.

"I wonder if Mr. Hunter has returned?" he heard Ellen say, as she looked into the school-room, but without seeing him, he stood so near the door and the wall. "No, he has not," she continued.

"That's lucky," said Alda, "for now we can sit down here and sun ourselves without interruption from any one."

"How long is it, pray, since you began to consider Louis Hunter's society such a bother," laughed Ellen. "It seems to me we both used to like it pretty well."

"Perhaps you did, Ellen."

"Certainly. But you needn't try to blind me, Alda, for I know the day, the hour, and the person who told us his character, and opened your eyes to your true feelings. We have never talked of this before, but I tell you now, Alda, that I don't believe Aunt Huldah's insinuations. His father may be a drunkard, and his mother a low character, but I don't believe it of him."

"Well, if *they* are so mean, to say nothing of *him*, is it not enough to draw an impassable line of separation between us? I think so, if you do not. Just think how we should look and feel associating with the Banhams, who are no meaner, from Aunt Huldah's description, than these *Huns*," said Alda, earnestly.

"Alda, Henry Banham is handsome and talented, in spite of his connexions, and if I loved him and he me, as well as I thought you and Hunter loved each other, I could overlook the meanness of his family."

"So, you thought I loved Hunter, did you?" said she, scornfully. "Assure yourself, then, that I shall never break my heart for him. I have too much pride for that, let me tell you."

"But you once liked his society, Alda, I know you did."

"I confess it; and I am now heartily ashamed of it, and if it wasn't for people's remarks, I wouldn't come to school now, I so dread to meet the pleading glance of his eyes."

"You fear your own weakness more, Alda. You are as proud as Lucifer, and so are your folks at home, but that pride is leading you to do what you will bitterly regret some day—see if you don't!—But let's go in and get our seats before Hunter comes."

They walked slowly in, accordingly, and facing round as they were about to sit down, the first object they beheld was Louis Hunter, with a face as pale as death, one hand clutching the desk, as if for support, and the other pressed to his heart, as if to stifle its shame, indignation and agony. He looked up—a flood of crimson swept over his face, that told as plainly as words that he had been a listener to every ill-starred word, and flashing a glance of mingled contempt and scorn upon Alda Hayden, he turned to the window, and gave the signal for school to commence. Not a word was spoken, and from that hour, not a look or tone of his revealed to Alda, or any one else, a trace of the wild struggle between pride and love that was going on in his heart. He was gayer, wittier, and more eloquent and fascinating than he had ever been before, and when he left at the end of the school, he took with him proud Alda's heart. Years passed away, but she never forgot that dream of early love, and though she wished it a thousand times, he never came back to her—though she did not wholly give up all hope of ever seeing him again, till she heard that he had gone South or West, a thousand miles or more away.

And other changes came to Alda Hayden. She removed to the city to live with a maiden aunt, for whom she was named, acquired many accomplishments, became a brilliant and popular belle, and at her aunt's death, was left sole mistress of a large fortune. A desire for change and a roving life now came upon her; and joining a party of friends, she went to Niagara and the lakes, and down the Ohio and Mississippi to New Orleans, visiting all the principal cities and places of interest on the way, and making a long-promised visit to a school-girl friend at the end of the journey.

And there, for the first time in ten years, she met Louis Hunter, the object of her early love,

the victim of her haughty pride. He was now a distinguished and popular man, and had recently filled the highest office in the gift of the people, in a more northern State. They knew each other instantly, though change had set the signet of a cultivated intellect and a maturer beauty upon the noble brows of both. But both were too proud to acknowledge an acquaintance fraught with such bitter remembrances, and they met as perfect strangers.

But fate, that sometimes so curiously and strangely tangles and commingles the threads of human destiny, willed that they should see much of each other during that eventful winter. Both were visiting in the same family, and of course a daily and hourly intercourse was unavoidable. At first, both were frigid and distant as politeness would allow, and her friend Anna Leigh wondered what could make her own and her father's guests so much afraid of each other. But there were times when looks and words and tones revived early and tender memories, and the hearts of both gathered fuel for a purer and more lasting flame. Each was surprised, as well as the high position, as the growth of intellect in the other, and the similarity of all their discovered tastes and sentiments—though a kind of antagonism, born of regret and pride, kept them from all familiar intercourse. But in spite of this, the old love revived with a tenfold power in the hearts of both, though both were for a long time too proud to confess it, even to themselves. Both were exceedingly popular in society, and always surrounded by admirers; but though they jealously watched each other, neither could discover the mystery of the other's preferences.

But the time of parting drew near. He had doubted and resolved, and put off a declaration till the last moment, in the hope of receiving some acknowledgment, or seeing some symptoms of a preference she had studiously concealed; and now her name was booked for the next northern steamer. The evening before her intended departure, Alda and Louis, with Anna and her lover, were out for a walk—the last they expected to take together in the beautiful grounds that surrounded Mr. Leigh's house. The sky was flecked with crimson and gold-tipped clouds, the breeze blew soft and cool from the river, the early flowers of spring were blooming around them; but it was not of these that they thought, as Louis and Alda walked silently on in advance of their companions. They stopped at last, in the mouth of a little arbor, covered by thick vines and shadowed by a dense tropical foliage, to wait for the coming up of their friends.

"You are very sad and thoughtful to-night,

Miss Hayden," he said. "Is it because you are so soon to leave us?"

"That may have its influences," she replied, with a deeply regretful look and tone.

"Perhaps there is a deeper cause. Report says you have a heart and the promise of a hand with one of these gay southerners." And he looked searchingly into her face for a reply.

"That is untrue," she replied, blushing. "I have never seen the southerner, gallant and chivalrous as they surely are, who could win those precious gifts from me."

"Some one at the North, then—perhaps they were promised before you came among us!" he said, questioningly.

"No, Mr. Hunter, I am under no obligation to North, South, East or West, and—never expect to be," said she, bitterly.

"Why do you say that, Miss Hayden?"

To his extreme surprise, she uttered a loud shriek at this instant, and threw herself upon his bosom. He looked up only in time to see a glittering poignard sheathed in the quivering shoulder that shielded his heart! It was too dark to distinguish the color of the grim hand that guided the weapon, but Anna and her friend, who were summoned by her piercing shriek, saw a dark, muffled figure, supposed to be one of Alda's disappointed admirers, glide swiftly away from the spot. Alda fainted with fright and terror; but she soon revived enough to say that she saw the hand, with the weapon pointed at his heart, protruding through the thick vines, only in time to do as she had done. And though her wound was severe, she was not sorry thus to be the means of saving a human life.

Louis was deeply affected by this act of apparent devotion, and as soon as they were alone together, he said, as he took her hand:

"Words are too poor to express the deep love I have long felt for you, Miss Hayden, or the gratitude that now swells my heart for the noble and generous act that saved my life. O what can I ever do," he continued, with deep emotion, "to repay such an act of rare philanthropy and self-sacrifice?"

"Forgive the deep wrong of the thoughtless words I once uttered in our early days, Louis Hunter—when pride and evil counsels made me untrue to every feeling of my heart," sobbed Alda, who till now, had maintained the appearance of cold, proud indifference, but who drew her to his heart, sobbed out tears of penitence and joy for his recovered affection, upon his manly bosom.

"Do you indeed regret the past, and return the love I then felt, and still feel for you?" he asked.

"I did, and do, Louis—but am I forgiven?"

"Forgiven! O, Alda, one word of regret, or remembrance even, would have brought me back to you, through all this long winter that I have waited so vainly for one word, or smile of recognition or favor. It is true, that listening to the counsels of pride, I at first resolved to shun, and to have nothing more to do with you, but in the heaven of your presence, those resolutions melted like snow in the midday sun, and long before your preparations for departure, I had planned, if you favored no one else, to ask you to become my wife. And I was about to do so, in doubt and fear for the result, when your noble act of self-devotion, which so nearly cost you your life, proved to me beyond a doubt that you really cared for me. Did it prove more than the truth, dear Alda?"

"No, no," said Alda, blushing, "and though I did it from the impulse of the moment, I believe I could not thus have risked my life for one I did not love."

When Alda's wound was healed, she went home in the *Northerner*—not as plain Alda Hayden though, but Ex-Governor Hunter's bride. And now, her friends were not at all mortified by the connexion, nor was she ashamed of the slandered but still noble mother, or the respectable father, redeemed through the influence of his noble son, to whom that son presented her.

After a pleasant visit to all their friends, as well as to the old school-house, and every dear and well-remembered spot, they returned to Louis Hunter's adopted home, where they still live, happy in their mutual love, and the respect and affection of all around them.

#### BABY OUTDONE.

Sir George Davis, who was English consul at Naples when a great plague raged there, retired in consequence to Florence. Visiting one day the menagerie of the grand duke, he noticed a lion at the further end of one of the dens, which the keepers stated they had been unable to tame, though every effort had been made for upwards of three years. Yet no sooner had Sir George reached the gate of the den, than the lion ran to it, reared himself up, purred like a cat when pleased, and licked the hand that was put through the bars. The keeper was astonished, and, frightened for the safety of his visitor, entreated him not to trust an apparent fit of frenzy, as the lion was the most fierce and sullen of his tribe he had ever seen. This, however, had no effect on Sir George, who insisted on entering the lion's den. The moment he got in, the lion manifested the greatest delight, threw his paws on his shoulders, licked his face, ran about him, and purred like an affectionate cat. This occurrence became the talk of Florence, and reached the ears of the grand duke, who sent for Sir George, and requested an interview at the menagerie, that he might personally witness the conduct of the lion.

#### "HERE COMES BOBTAIL."

The following is related of Judge Peters, of Pennsylvania: When General Lafayette was on his last visit to this country, Independence Hall, in the State House at Philadelphia was opened, in order that the public might have a chance to shake hands with the friend of Washington. Judge Peters being one of the committee to introduce the "great unwashed," there was a circle formed, on one side of which stood the general and the judge; those wishing to be introduced being obliged to walk across from the opposite side, and after paying their respects, retire to make way for others. One individual, who, from his manner, evidently thought it the most important event of his life, being dressed within an inch thereof—was seen elbowing his way through the dense mass congregated near the door, and the pressure took off his coat-tails, leaving nothing but the body of his otherwise faultless dress-coat. In his excitement, he knew nothing of his loss; but having gained the front of the circle, he strode across the vacant space with the air of a man who thinks he is creating a sensation. And you'd better believe he thought right; for the moment the judge saw him coming, he turned to the general, saying: "I have introduced you to Rag and Tag, now here comes Bobtail!"—*Pennsylvania Herald*.

#### LYING IN BED.

It is often a question amongst people who are unacquainted with the anatomy and physiology of man, whether lying with the head exalted or level with the body was the most wholesome. Most, consulting their own ease on this point, argue in favor of that which they prefer. Now, although many delight in bolstering up their heads at night, and sleep soundly without injury, yet, we declare it to be a dangerous habit. The vessels through which the blood passes from the heart to the head are always lessened in their cavities when the head is resting in bed higher than the body; therefore, in all diseases attended with fever, the head should be pretty nearly on a level with the body; and people ought to accustom themselves to sleep thus, and avoid danger.—*Medical Journal*.

#### WHY ARE THE PRAIRIES TREELESS?

The Westerners, when they speculate on geology, answer this question by affirming that the prairie fires have burnt them all off—that they have been frightened out of existence by the fires of the Indians. At other times they vary their theory by affirming that the absence of trees is due to the deficiency of rain; but neither does this stand examination, for the maps of the distribution of rain show that the fall on the prairies about equals that in other regions. Mr. Whitney, in his paper on the Origin of the Prairies, read before the Scientific Congress, shows that the real cause of the absence of arborescent vegetation lies in certain mechanical conditions of the soil, and in its extreme fineness.—*Western Paper*.

#### POPULAR OPINION.

The people,  
Against their nature, are all bent for him;  
And, like a field of standing corn that's mowed  
With a stiff gale, their heads bow all one way.  
BEAUMONT AND FLETCHER.



[ORIGINAL.]

## YOU AND I.

BY EDWIN S. LISCOMB.

The fields are yellow with the grain,  
The autumn skies shed gentle rain;  
My heart returns in hope again,  
To where beneath such skies we trod,  
When first you pointed me to God.

Your music lingers sweetly still;  
Its echoes reach beyond the hill,  
Where then you bent my stubborn will,  
And whispered of the nobler life  
Undimmed by scenes of earthly strife.

I wonder if the years far on  
Will prove my soul indeed new born;  
If through life's lowering clouds forlorn  
I shall have passed unchanged, and be  
A witness for my God and thee.

If so, 'neath skies of brighter hue  
I once shall stand, and there with you  
Read clearly all this mystery through;  
Why hearts akin like ours should prove  
Unblessed on earth by nearer love.

[ORIGINAL.]

## IN AT THE DEATH!

BY JAMES FRANKLIN FITTS.

WITH horses, horns and hounds, with hearts eager for the chase, and upon a most delightful morning, we all assembled on the lawn of my uncle's country house, a merry and jovial hunting party as ever was seen in all the length and breadth of Merrie England.

I need not specify particularly whom the we is meant to include, although perhaps one or two should receive a brief notice. There was, then, first, my uncle, a bold, bluff fox-hunter, who really, I think, thought the sport the only occupation fit to engross the serious attention of Christians; there was Harry Merlin, good-looking as ever, but between whom and myself—very unaccountably, considering that we were fellow-collegians, and had hitherto borne the closest relations of intimacy with each other—there was upon this particular morning, a marked coolness; and then there was Belle Catherwood.

Ah! but she deserves a more extended mention. Charming, brilliant Belle Catherwood—as beautiful a girl of twenty as ever scattered an impudent young man's self-assurance to the four winds—how shall I hope to describe her? I might speak of black hair and eyes, of bewitching smiles, of saucy laughs, and all that sort of thing, and Belle would not even thus be

perfectly delineated. To be brief, she was a frank, great-hearted young lady, who loved to fish and hunt, and who *did* break all the masculine hearts within a circuit of ten good English leagues, whether she loved to do it or not.

She was an Amazon, was Belle—and not a straw did she care who knew it. No conventionalist, I fancy, would have chosen her as a pattern of maidenly propriety and behaviour, and little did the young lady desire to assume that position. She, forsooth! Have I not seen her more than once, flying over the fences upon her black imp of a horse, while the worthy curate beheld her from afar off, and lifted up his eyes—ay, and his hands too, in blank horror at the sight? And has not the crack of her rifle from the woods, aroused me from my slumbers times innumerable!

I was present, too, this morning, extremely anxious to hunt the hare—or perhaps some larger game, as will appear by-and-by. We were all assembled there ready for the start, and my uncle proceeded to give us some preparatory advice.

"Attend to me for a moment, my young masters," he said, addressing himself directly to Harry and me. "We are going to hunt this morning, and to hunt hares. You may have seen a hare in the course of the few years' experience you've had on earth?"

Harry looked cross and indignant, and I grumbled out something to the effect that "I wasn't quite a fool yet."

"Ah, glad to hear it," the malicious old scamp continued. "Well, now I wish merely to advise you to give all your attention to the chase, and to remember that we are to hunt hares, and not young ladies."

A musical "ha, ha," rilled out from between Belle's red lips, as she heard this sly shot.

"Me, you mean, I suppose," she said. "Why, how silly to think that either of them could chase me with any hope of catching me! Haven't I hunted with them both many and many a time, and which of them ever overtook me? I'd be willing to give the one who overtook me in the hunt, what both have asked me for a dozen times."

At the words, she drew off her riding-glove, and shook her plump, white hand, sparkling with rings, saucily towards us. Harry and I both sprang to her horse's side, and laid eager hold on the bridle.

"Do you speak earnestly, Belle?" we asked, in the same breath. There was a slight blush upon her face, and she became somewhat embarrassed, as she saw our eager promptness, but recovering her self-possession, she said, carelessly:

"Earnestly? Of course I do, and safe enough am I in making the offer. And now, help me to the saddle, and I'll lead you a long, hard gallop."

I was nearest to her, and offered my assistance first; but she coquettishly refused it, and accepted Harry's. I felt sick, angry, jealous—I couldn't help it—and I sprang upon my horse with a desperate vigor which almost carried me to the other side. As we all rode forward, I dropped behind and signed Harry to join me.

"You'll be willing to abide by the event?" I asked.

"Yes—whoever is blessed or cursed by this venture, I'll abide by it! And you—"

"I will, so help me—Belle Catherwood!"

And we rode forward and took our positions upon either side of her—two as determined, obstinate fellows, as ever entered their energies for a trial where the stake was a heart. My heart thumped fearfully as I looked at Belle, and reflected that I might lose. Lose! Perdition—how could I? "No, and by the powers, *I won't!*" was my mental conclusion. And secretly invoking Diana to my aid, I braced my feet tighter in the stirrups. Belle must have known with what eagerness we were looking at her, and with what fury at each other, for her eyes were downcast, and she was switching nervously at her riding-dress. The hounds had been loosened some moments before, and we were waiting for the signal.

"Hark!" said my uncle, checking his horse. We listened, and the deep baying of the dogs came distinctly to our ears. We were, at this instant, within a rod of a high stone wall—and as Belle heard the sound, she breasted her horse to it, and carried him gallantly over with a slight stroke of the whip, her eyes gleaming with the excitement of the chase, and her mocking laugh floating back to us. That was a feat which Miss Belle, with her fiery black charger might accomplish, but which the rest of us must needs have a start to perform, and so, retiring several rods, we made a rush, and carried the wall together, in a line, starting completely abreast. But this position was not long maintained.

"Now for it," I muttered. And loosening my rein, I bent my knees to the saddle and set my teeth together. But first, a glance at the field. I had comprehended the position of things before I touched the ground after the leap. A long, level country lay before us, unbroken, so far as I could discover, save by occasional fences and ditches, of no importance to the trained hunters which we rode. The hounds were in full cry just half a mile in advance, running in a long, straggling line, and Belle, leading the whole

company by at least half that distance, was apparently increasing the gap at every stride. Heavens! how gloriously she looked! In fact, I almost stopped to admire her. Her riding-cap had fallen from her head in the heat of the chase, and her dark ringlets blew back over her shoulders in a thick mass, while her closely-fitting riding-habit displayed, even at the distance she had gained, every curve of her perfect form. And how like a born huntress she held her gallant steed to his stride, altering his course at times to follow the doublings of the game, and now and then touching him lightly with the whip! Occasionally, too, she turned gracefully in the saddle, and looked back to note our progress, accompanying the movement usually with a shout of exultation, and a wave of her little hand—that hand which, rather than the game, Harry and I were pursuing!

And how we did ride—my head fairly reels to think of that mad gallop! The first half-dozen bounds carried us ahead of all save my uncle, and at the end of the field we passed him also—first, Harry, who yelled in his ear as he went by, some advice, to the effect that he might profitably go home and learn how to hunt hares, and then myself, respectfully snapping my fingers in his face, till, as I threw a glance back, I saw that the old fellow was alternately shaking his riding-whip at us, and then laying it on his horse.

But no more looking back after that—forward was the word—victory and Belle Catherwood, or a broken neck! What a struggle, what a race was that! My blood tingles again at the thought! With breaths drawn hard, eyes fixed upon the figure of Belle, and reins slackened—half the time lying loose upon the horses' necks—we conformed all our movements to those of the game—beg pardon, Belle—and swept onward like a whirlwind. For the first fifteen minutes it was doubtful who was likely to gain the permanent lead. At the first brush, after passing my uncle, Harry led me by a length. Then I passed him, and led him two; but his whip cracked over the flanks of his horse half a dozen times like a pistol, and the gap was overcome. And now came the fury of the struggle. Head and head, neck and neck, we careered onward, neither gaining more than half a length, nor keeping it when gained longer than three seconds. Never did Epsom or Derby jockeys ride better for the sweepstakes, than did we for Belle Catherwood; the trees and fences reeled by till I found the impression fast gaining upon my mind, that the whole country was indulging in a spree, in honor of the occasion, and fence after fence, ditch after ditch, was leaped in our mad course, side by side.

The whole field was now distanced, my uncle and the balance of his guests being "nowhere," and still Harry and I held on. Of course, with such headlong speed as this, the distance which Belle had gained had been materially diminished. She was now perhaps forty yards in the lead, but her speed had not diminished in the slightest. At the start I flattered myself that I was better mounted than Harry, for the stride of my horse was certainly more even than that of his, but I now began to discover with alarm my mistake. The hunter which my uncle had assigned to me was perhaps the better trained of the two, but he now began to show symptoms of distress, while Harry's was apparently as fresh as ever. The speed of my animal flagged, and Harry worked sensibly ahead, until he was half-way between Belle and myself, and I dropping behind every moment! I could not encourage my hunter to greater speed—he had reached his greatest, and was now relaxing to his medium gait. With a sinking heart, I urged him on to what seemed certain defeat—when an event occurred which materially altered the aspect of affairs.

Hitherto, with the exception of the wall encountered at the very outset, we had met with no serious obstacles—all the ditches and fences in our way had been cleared with hardly an effort. But now an impediment rose before us, which was to test our nerve, and the powers of our horses to the utmost. It was one of those gigantic hedges which proprietors in England sometimes cultivate between their estates—full nine feet high, perhaps three feet thick, and bristling with the bayonet-points of thorny vines. At first sight of it, Belle drew up, and Harry dashed forward exultingly, evidently thinking his prize secure. Not at all. The lady has merely paused to give her horse a single breath, and measuring the extent of the hedge with her eagle eye, and satisfying herself that there is no gap large enough for her to break through, she makes a desperate rush towards it! I was in no situation to pause, every second of time was golden to me now, and with whip and spur I urged my horse to the hedge. I saw that the prospect made him uneasy, and that he evinced a decided propensity to bolt, but holding him with a steady hand, I drove him madly on. The prospect of that leap was truly frightful, and a stouter heart than mine might well have quailed at it, but I was almost crazed with excitement, and I was determined that if Belle Catherwood took that hedge, I would follow her, though the certainty of a broken neck lay beyond!

And take it she did, as bravely as hedge was ever cleared. Harry was hardly two lengths be-

hind her, and I not more than six—and now came my triumph! I saw his cheek pale as he drew near to it, his lip trembled, and drawing his rein with a jerk which threw his horse back upon his haunches, he turned abruptly, and looked anxiously around. I came on at full gallop—the hedge was reached—and vigorously plying whip and spur, with a shout of derision for Harry, I lifted my hunter to the dizzy leap. He cleared it, barely touching the inner top; and with a shock which knocked the breath out of my body, and me from the saddle, we struck the ground upon the other side. A sense of dizziness, changing to nausea, at first oppressed me, as I found myself lying helplessly upon my back. Pains—sharp, acute, thrilling pains, seemed to traverse every nerve of my body, and I feebly opened my eyes. The hunt was ended—the hounds were gathered into a knot close by, mangle the dead hare—and Belle was just recovering from the shock of that fearful leap, which had injured neither herself nor her horse, sufficiently to look about her. She saw me, as I lay motionless by the side of my poor hunter, who for some reason was unable to rise, and with an exclamation of alarm, she sprang from her saddle and hastened towards me. My eyes were closed in an instant. Soon she was kneeling by my side, pressing her handkerchief, which she had wet in a brook close by, to my forehead. I betrayed no sign of consciousness—at least, I endeavored not to—and the next instant my head was resting in Belle's lap, and she was wringing her hands over me and sobbing like a child.

"Will, dear Will," she cried, "do open your eyes and speak to me! O, Will, you won't die—but your face is so white! Look up, Will, and speak—it is I, Belle Catherwood!"

I thought best to comply, and so my eyes slowly opened. Belle gave an exclamation of joy:

"Are you much hurt, Will, darling?" she asked, tenderly, bending down until her breath swept across my face.

"I can hardly tell," was my feeble reply, "but I am moderately sure that my arm is broken, and two or three of my ribs, besides which, I am bruised almost to a jelly."

"But you'll live, thank God! You'll not die, Will?"

"I can't tell," I answered, very seriously. "It will depend very much upon what answer you make to two or three questions which I am about to ask you." Belle opened her great eyes wide with wonder.

"In the first place, I suppose you would do almost anything for me, just now. Would you, Belle?"

"Only ask it, Will. What shall I do?"

"Put your arms around my neck, and kiss me!" I resolutely replied. "Do it," I threatened, seeing that she hesitated in confusion, "do it, or I'll die in less than three minutes!"

And she did it—sweetly, tenderly, blushing. The first kiss from her we love—reader, do you recall it? Its thrill, its ecstasy might last for years, and remain undiminished. At all events, I fancied that I improved wonderfully under its operation in this instance.\*

"Now, Belle Catherwood, tell me that you love me! Don't hesitate—say yes, or good-bye to me. I can live or die, just as I please, and if you don't answer to suit me, I'll die! I say it, and I mean it—now say yes!"

"Yes."

"Now say, 'Will, I'll marry you!'"

"Will, I'll marry you." And now, she bent down of her own sweet will, and kissed me. Grasping her hands, I held them very tightly and said:

"It was to be he who caught you, Belle! And I've caught you, and shall hold you fast for a whole lifetime."

At this moment a tremendous thrashing in the hedge attracted our attention. Straightway my respected uncle emerged therefrom, with his garments rent into rags, and his scratched face and hands bleeding copiously. His first care was for the horse which I had ridden; and it was not until after he had set him upon his feet and discovered the extent of his injuries, that he condescended to notice me.

"Well, Master Will, a pretty mess, indeed, have you made of it! Is the scamp dead, Belle?" (The reader, of course, will not need to be informed that my compassionate uncle very well knew to the contrary.)

"Not quite, sir," the young lady innocently responded.

"Pity he wasn't—he deserves to be, for laming my best hunter! Here you, Will, wake up and give an account of yourself! What do you mean by lying there with your head in Belle's lap, while poor Harry is skulking on the other side of the hedge, looking as doleful as you please?"

"Ah, it's you, uncle, is it?" I muttered, drowsily, and lazily opening my eyes. "Where have you been the last hour or more? I thought you came to hunt hares! But I'll tell you what, my jolly uncle, as regards my position just now, I've discovered that it is quite possible to hunt young

ladies and hares at the same time, and that the former is by all odds the most delightful!"

I have no very distinct recollection of how I returned from the hunt, further than a remembrance of a consciousness of the most excruciating pain, which could not have been endured at all, had it not been for the presence of Belle. The sight of her bright face cheered me beyond measure, and I became hopeful, notwithstanding the knowledge that dreary months of sickness and confinement were in store for me. Nor do I think that my return was quite as rapid as my going forth.

Broken arms, fractured ribs and contused heads are things which time only can heal; and I believe it was time only that healed mine, spite of the seas of liniment and mountains of salve which were expended upon me. I grew better slowly, and after a fashion, but still I improved, so that the long-talked-of wedding was arranged for the Christmas following the accident.

And here a word more of Harry. Poor fellow! he congratulated me upon my future happiness as I lay upon my sick bed, telling me with tears in his eyes, how glad he should have been to suffer twice as much as I was suffering, great as it was, to gain what I had gained, I tried to console him, by telling him there were women as good and beautiful as Belle Catherwood. (I certainly believed nothing of the kind.) But he shook his head, saying that they were not in England, and he didn't believe they were in the world. Belle, however, took him kindly by the hand, assuring him that he should always remain her friend, although he could not be her husband. And Harry—great, foolish, excellent fellow—bubbled over like a child, swearing eternal friendship to both of us.

Upon the Christmas day, therefore, following this memorable hunt, Belle Catherwood and I were joined in matrimony. By a pleasant arrangement of my uncle, the wedding party was composed of only those who had participated in the hunt—and a right royal wedding it was. And in the evening, when presiding over the festive table, my uncle gave the following sentiment, amid the applause of the company:

"Here's to the health of the bride and bridegroom! They were first at the death of the hare—and to-day, for a second time, they have both been IN AT THE DEATH!"

#### SLEEP.

I wish mine eyes

Would, with themselves, shut up my thoughts; I find  
They are inclined to do so.

Do not omit the heavy offer of it;

It seldom visits sorrow; when it doth,

It is a comforter.

SHAKESPEARE.

\* The reader will perhaps remember, without assistance, the Autocrat's delicate sentiment upon this subject: "The report of a kiss," he says, "is not half as loud as that of a cannon, but its echo lasts a great while longer!"

[ORIGINAL.]

## THE MISER.

BY ARTHUR L. MESSER.

They tell me that I am growing old,  
But my heart still calls for gold, gold, gold!

Though in my stout old oaken chest  
A prince's ransom is at rest.

They say that I care not for youth,  
Or those that strive for heartfelt truth.

Methinks of a time in early years,  
When I was a youth with hopes and fears.

Poverty drear was then my lot—  
My home was shunned as a plague-spot.

None stretched a helping hand to me,  
I was shunned as they would leprosy.

With every alight the hot blood burned—  
'Twas a weary lesson that I learned.

Time passed—and a man gray and old  
Is cursed for hoarding his shining gold.

He must help the needy and distressed,  
Give to the church, if he would be blessed.

So says the world—I give it all its due;  
As ye did to me do I unto you.

Rail on!—my heart is callous and cold,  
And still cries out for gold, gold, gold!

[ORIGINAL.]

## AN ENGLISH SMUGGLER.

BY CAPTAIN DUNCAN MOLANE.

BOB CARTER was known at Margate and Deal, on the east coast of England, as one of the most skilful and daring boatmen in the vicinity. Many a vessel he had guided clear of the perils of the Goodwin Sands, and many shipwrecked crews he had rescued from impending death. In the wildest storms, when other boatmen deemed it madness to put to sea, he would make the attempt, even if he failed, for he contended that no man could tell what he could do until he tried. At the time of our story he was between fifty and sixty years of age, a little above the middle height, and strongly built. His boat, a lugger, was manned generally by twelve men, four of whom were his own sons. Having been very successful in wrecking, he was esteemed rich by the boatmen, and could easily have lived the rest of his days without labor; but boating seemed a necessity of his nature. He was never so happy as when afloat.

Like most of the boatmen, he was suspected of smuggling, and whenever he put to sea in

moderate weather, one of the revenue cutters was in the habit of keeping the run of him. Lieutenant Bragg, who commanded the cutter *Dart*, seemed more officious in this business than any of the others; he fancied that he had once seen him sink some tube of brandy when hard pressed by the cutter, but though the place was swept by creepers nothing was found.

A Dutch galliot, by the unskilfulness of her pilot, was anchored off Margate Sands, during a westerly gale; one of her cables parted, and apprehensive that the other might also give way, she signalled for aid. Carter put off with an anchor and chain; but when he reached her, took advantage of the tide, got her underway, and piloted her clear of the South Foreland. She was bound from Rotterdam for Surinam with a cargo of gin, and the wind being fair, proceeded down the channel. As part payment, Carter received a couple of casks of gin. In working to the eastward, after leaving the galliot, he saw a vessel's light, near the southeast edge of the Goodwin Sands. He knew that she was in a dangerous position, and had reason to believe that, with the turn of the tide, she would be liable to drift on the sands. With close-reefed sails and oars, all hands labored nearly four hours before the boat was brought under the lee of the vessel. It was the cutter *Dart*; her topmast was down, bowsprit rigged in, and she was riding by a single anchor, liable to be driven ashore by every squall. The anchor and chain which had been intended for the galliot, was now of vital importance to the cutter. Lieutenant Bragg regarded the timely arrival as a special interposition of Providence in his behalf. Carter passed the chain on board, and dropped the anchor in the best position he could, under the circumstances, to ease the other. When he went on board, Bragg embraced him, declaring he had saved his vessel. Carter, however, did not respond to the enthusiastic thanks; but suggested that the end of the chain which had parted might be fished up at low water, and give further security to the vessel. She would then have three anchors ahead. This arduous job he accomplished in a gale of wind; the end was brought up and shackled to the part on board, and now the cutter was comparatively safe.

At daylight, the boat hauled up under the stern of the cutter, and Carter sprang on board of her to arrange with Bragg the claim he should make for his services. They disagreed, each was positive, and parted in rather an angry mood.

"What casks are those in your boat?" demanded Bragg, who happened to see them as Carter was about to return.

"Gin, to be sure," responded Carter, gruffly.

"How came you by them?"

"It is none of your business!"

"I'll let you see whether it is or not. Ho, there, jump on board the lugger, half-a-dozen of you, and take possession of her. Mr. Smith, head the party."

Mr. Smith was a master's mate in the service, a man about thirty, who had been thrust aside in the line of promotion, to make room for those who had influence ashore. He was a good sailor, well qualified to command a frigate; but was not very zealous in his present position. On board he went, however, followed by the men; Carter also stepped on board, ordered his men to out oars, and he soon cleared the cutter.

"Well, Carter," said Mr. Smith, composedly, "what do you intend to do with the lugger; for I suppose you still consider her yours, seeing you are two to one against us?"

"Mr. Smith, you have charge of the boat; I yield everything to you," replied Carter. "I have only cleared the cutter because it was necessary for the safety of our lives. When the tide turns, it will create such a swell upon the sand, that our boat would be swamped."

"But Bragg is signaling us to put back?"

"We are too far to leeward; besides your men don't know how to manage a boat of this kind. I suggest, therefore, we put into Dover."

"So do I," replied Smith; "keep her as she goes."

Carter was the first man ashore; he proceeded to the custom house, entered his gin, and explained the circumstances of having it in his possession, while Mr. Smith went to report to the coast-guard station. Notwithstanding the action of the custom house, the coast-guard retained possession of the lugger, until the arrival of the cutter. An investigation of the circumstances by the officers of the customs and of the coast-guard revealed Bragg's conduct in a very unfavorable light, and the only plea which could be urged in his behalf, by way of apology, was "zeal for the service." Still he was made to feel that he would have ruined the men, who had risked their lives to save his vessel, if they had been guilty of smuggling. Carter's conduct in relieving the Dutch galliot, and then proceeding to the cutter, was brought prominently before the public, presenting a strong contrast to the proceedings of Bragg; but the authorities sustained Bragg—they saw in him a man, who would not shrink from the discharge of any duty, and while they rewarded Carter liberally for the aid he had rendered the cutter, expressed their approbation of the conduct of her commander.

Bragg, however, was not satisfied. He felt that Carter had triumphed over him, that he had carried his point, and longed for an opportunity to square accounts with him in the discharge of his duty. There was no doubt in his mind that Carter was a smuggler. Indeed, such an assumption at that time might have been made in relation to nearly all the boatmen.

One stormy night, he selected a large boat belonging to the coast guard, and with a picked crew put to sea. He had received some information, which he hoped to turn to account in person. Mr. Smith was left in charge of the cutter, which lay at anchor off Hastings, many miles from the place where Bragg anticipated to fall in with a prize. If he watched the smugglers, they and their friends also watched him and the cutter. As the wind was then blowing fresh, it was impossible for the cutter to put to sea, and this he was aware, would be the time chosen by the "free traders," to make a run in his vicinity.

The wind was from the southward, blowing directly on the shore, and the coast guard boat was under close-reefed lugs by the wind headed down channel. About ten o'clock, a lugger carrying a press of sail, was seen steering for her; Mr. Bragg kept off to forelay the stranger, and when near, he hailed through a speaking trumpet, to heave-to or he would fire into her. In an instant down went the stranger's sails, and she was brought to the wind, on the weather beam of the coast guard boat. Mr. Bragg and six of his men, cutlass in hand, sprang on board.

"What boat is this?" he demanded.

"The Rescue. Ah, is that you, Mr. Bragg? Who would have thought of seeing you out here such a night? Of course, you remember your old friend, Carter, eh?"

"What have you on board, sir?" was Bragg's surly response.

"Ballast, a cask of water and about a gallon more or less of old Jamaica. I proffer it to brandy. Will you have a glass?"

He made no reply, but inspected the boat. He found Carter's statement correct, and then asked:

"Where are you bound, sir?"

"That is none of your business, sir. The sea is as free to me as it is to you. Now that you have searched and found nothing, the sooner you go on board of your own boat, the better. If you detain me another minute, I will enter a complaint against you."

Mr. Bragg and his men returned to their boat, and Carter again made sail, stood before the wind, and was soon out of sight. Bragg had

half made his mind up to return to port; but concluded to keep dodging about until midnight, though he had little hopes of picking anything up. He had been informed that Carter intended to run a cargo of brandy that night, and land it in a certain creek, and had made his arrangement at sea and shore to intercept him. His hopes of a prize, therefore, after boarding Carter and finding nothing, were very uncertain. He put his boat about, however, and headed her eastward. Near midnight another lugger was seen coming before the wind; Bragg laid his boat to intercept her, and when she was near enough, hailed her to heave-to, but she took no notice; he fired a musket, still no change of course took place; down she came so rapidly, that Bragg, when too late to get out of her way, perceived that she would run him down. He ordered all his men to fire; a volley followed, and next minute his boat was capized.

The lugger immediately lowered her sails, rounded to, and picked the men up. She was a French vessel, and not one on board of her spoke English. Mr. Bragg, who understood French, learned that she was a fisherman which had been driven off her own coast by stress of weather, and was now trying to make an English port. She was filled almost to the thwarts with fish and nets. He was anxious to recover his own boat, which did not sink, because she had airtight compartments, and was ballasted with breakers instead of pig iron. The Frenchman after a good deal of labor righted the boat, baled her out, and gave Mr. Bragg a couple of oars, as all his own, the masts and sails, had been lost when she was capized. The crew returned to their boat, but Mr. Bragg lingered behind a minute, and expressed a wish to see if there was anything besides fish under the nets.

"What," demanded the Frenchman, indignantly, "would you suspect me of being a pirate, after rounding to save your life? You have fired at me, without hailing, and now you doubt my word. I am half inclined to throw you overboard."

He felt ashamed, stammered out a kind of an apology and left; but he was not satisfied.

"I believe," said Bragg, speaking to his coxswain, "that Frenchman is a smuggler, and that he has a cargo of brandy under his nets. But what could we do without arms?"

"I don't think so, sir," replied the coxswain; "if he was a smuggler, he would not have picked us up."

"I wish we had our sails, I would follow him; he seems too well acquainted with this coast to be an honest trader; and as I live, the fellow has

hauled his wind and is standing down channel."

That night, in consequence of the presence of the cutter in Hastings, the coast guard in that vicinity had been drawn off to the place where Carter was expected to land; to Hastings, therefore, the Frenchman shaped his course.

The next day Mr. Bragg joined the cutter, and as the gale had subsided, got underway, and stood along the coast, looking into every creek for the French lugger, but he saw nothing of her. He then proceeded to Deal, where he saw Carter, who asked him ironically, if he had made any prizes lately.

"By the way, Mr. Bragg, there is a rumor among the boatmen, that over ten tons of brandy were landed at Hastings, within sight of your cutter, the night you overhauled me at sea. What a pity you had not been there!"

"Who told you so, sir?"

A gang of boatmen surrounded him, and responded—"We did—we did, etc. What can you make of it?" They disliked him, because he was always on the lookout for them. Their rumors were confirmed by a notification from the government, who by some means, had ascertained the fact that a large cargo of brandy and silks had been successfully landed at Hastings.

Years passed away, Mr. Bragg had become a post captain and was ashore on half pay, and Carter had also retired from the sea a wealthy man. They were neighbors and friends, and frequently spoke of the incidents of the past, over a social glass.

One evening when they were both pretty happy and talkative, Carter, as he tossed off his neighbor's health in a bumper, said that there was one story which he had never told him.

"I suppose, captain, you remember that night the Frenchman ran you down?"

"Of course, I do, Carter, I shall never forget it, for I nearly lost my life, and what was then almost as bad, my reputation for shrewdness. The scoundrel landed a cargo under the stern of my cutter, while I, who ought to have been on board, was ten miles at sea, knocking about with a couple of oars."

"Well, captain, I commanded that lugger; it was I who ran you down."

"What do you say, Carter, you ran me down?"

"Yes, captain. I knew you were on the lookout. I sailed along the coast, got wind of your arrangements, and then went out in search of you. After we parted, I worked to windward, where I found the French lugger, all ready; I hopped aboard of her, and seeing you were headed to the westward, intended to pass astern of you out of sight, and then haul in along the

land for Hastings. But in the meantime, you had tacked, and to my consternation, I found you right in my course. I hesitated a moment but only a moment, and then decided to run you down. I hoped in your eagerness to heave us to, that you would neglect to look after your own boat, and my hope was realized. You had lost steerage way, and I determined to give you the stern, and leave you to sink or swim; but when I heard the cries of your men for help, my humanity overcame me. I could not leave them to perish, though by saving their lives I ran the risk of losing my liberty. We picked you up like good Christians, taking care, however, at the same time, to cast your masts and sails adrift, and scatter your oars. We left you all right, made for Hastings, where our friends were ready to receive us; the cargo was landed, the boat launched, and by daylight, I jumped on board my own boat again, which was in the offing waiting for me. That night's work completed my fortune; it was the last scrape of the kind I ever engaged in."

"Carter," replied the captain, "I always suspected you of smuggling; but I never thought you had a hand in that scrape. I will forgive you, however, upon one condition; I'm going to run for Parliament next election, give me your vote, and I'll call the account square."

"You shall have it, captain, and those of a dozen others, all good men and true, who have run more cargoes of brandy under your nose than would float a ten gun pelter."

Through Carter's influence, he obtained sufficient votes to balance the election in his favor; he was returned to Parliament, and in the course of time became one of the lords of the admiralty. The boatmen rather liked him because they had always outwitted him. He was too zealous, too impetuous, to cope with men, who by constant exposure to danger, had become perfectly self-possessed, under the most trying circumstances. While on the coast guard, they kept him continually on the move by doubtful information, and when he was looking out in one place, they were at work in another. He never took a prize until he was returned to Parliament. Carter and his friends boasted that they made him a lord, because he did not know enough to outwit a smuggler.

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#### MORNING.

Haggard and chill as a lost ghost, the morn,  
With hair unbraided and unsandalled feet,  
Her colorless robe like a poor wandering smoke,  
Moved feebly up the heavens, and in her arms  
A shadowy burden heavily bore; soon fading  
In a dark rain, through which the sun arose  
Scarce visible, and in his orb confused.—HOAR.

#### THE JEW'S BET.

A Jew in a tavern, in the town of Endingen, saw a merchant whom he seemed to recognize. "Are you one of the good men with whom I had the pleasure to travel from Basle to Strasburg, on the Rhine?"

The merchant assented, and asked:

"Have you, my fellow-traveller, since we met, picked up much traffic?"

The Jew, like a Yankee, instead of answering, asked:

"Did you make a good speculation at the Fair?—if so, I would like to propose a bet to you; that is, I bet that you cannot repeat three words after me, as I say them."

The merchant, thinking that a few pence, more or less, would make no difference to him, replied: "Say on."

The Jew said, "Cutler."

The merchant repeated "Cutler."

Next bagpipe, and bagpipe was responded to.

The Jew smiled and said "wrong."

The merchant, puzzled, bethought himself where the mistake could be; but the Jew, taking a piece of chalk out of his pocket, made a stroke, and said:

"One sixpence for me."

Again the Jew commenced, and said:

"Olive oil."

The merchant said, "Olive oil."

"Tanner."

"Tanner."

The Jew smiled again, and said "wrong."

And so on the sixth time, when the merchant said:

"Now I will pay you, if you can show me how I was wrong."

The Jew said, "You never said the third word, 'wrong,' and accordingly I won the bet."

The merchant paid, and the Jew had made money as he went along.—*Vox Populi.*

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#### IMPUDENCE.

Captain D—, a young military officer, celebrated for that rare quality, modesty, was lately walking with a friend in the Home-park, Windsor, when they met two remarkably fine young ladies, dressed very plainly, and, at least to all appearance, unattended. D's Mercutio-minded friend offered the gallant officer a wager, he did not dare to go up to one of the rustic beauties, and enter into conversation with her. Dreading his friend's railery on the score of bashfulness, he screwed his "courage to the sticking-place," accepted the wager, and in a very civil manner addressed himself to the strangers, and begged respectfully to know their opinion of the weather; but when, to his astonishment, he became aware that one was the Princess A—, and the other the Princess H—, who were quietly enjoying a walk in a plain and simple manner, in the utmost confusion he bowed and stammered out an apology and retreated, while their royal highnesses, with great condescension and good-humor, smiled at his mistake, and enjoyed his confusion.—*London Sun.*

The rose prayed to Jupiter for a gift, so he gave it thorns. At this the rose wept, until it saw an antelope eating lilies.



[ORIGINAL.]

## FOILED.

BY MARGARET VERNE.

WE were sitting in the old doorway together, cousin Amy and I. The sun was almost down, and its soft, fluttering rays fell slanting at our feet. On the mountains a golden mist was lying, a bit of purple was gathering in the valleys. The poplars upon either side of us were turning the silver of their leaves towards the sky. On the grass below, their shadows seemed alive with tremulous motion. For nearly an hour we had sat without speaking, the quiet beauty of the scene falling upon our hearts like a silent blessing. Of a sudden Amy leaned towards me, and clasped my arm with her pretty soft hand.

"Don't you hear the sound of horses' hoofs in the distance?" she asked, her blue eyes growing large and luminous.

"Yes, dear," I answered, after listening intently for a moment, "but what if I do?"

"Nothing—nothing," she answered, nestling down at my side, "only somehow it startles me terribly. How very funny it is—see my arm shake."

"You foolish little goosie!" I said, smoothing her pale, golden hair back from her forehead. "I don't see what in the world you are frightened at. Hadn't you better run into the house and get father's old gun? Perhaps you'll have a chance to shoot something."

As I spoke, the heavy tramp of a horse's feet came slowly and steadily up the road. Bending forward, her beautiful lips apart, her eyes distended, and the red of her cheeks trembling and wavering, she watched and listened. Her hold upon my arm increased in tightness, until it was fairly painful to bear.

"What is the matter with you, child?" I exclaimed, trying to unclasp her rigidly set fingers. "Why, you look as though you were going stark mad. What is the trouble?—See! one lone, solitary man is coming up the road on horseback. What of it?"

"Yes, Susan, I can just catch a glimpse of his face through the low trees there. See! he is coming nearer—nearer. Now he is plainly in sight—and now—O dear, dear!—he is almost stopping before our door. I believe I shall faint clear away."

I believed so too, although I did not know what to make of her strange appearance. Her face had grown as white as ashes.

"Don't, don't!" I whispered, hurriedly. "I believe the stranger is noticing you," I said, as

he checked his horse to a snail's pace, and moved slowly forward.

She did not answer, but sat up straight beside me, fixing her blue eyes upon the gentleman's dark, handsome face. I could see that he was watching her as intently as she was him. For a second I was startled out of my usual composure, but only for that time.

"Nonsense!" I thought—"Amy makes a pretty picture; her clear, perfect features show well against my homely, ungainly face. He is not the first one who has stumbled upon the same discovery."

As these thoughts passed through my mind, he raised his light-colored hat from his jetty curls and inclined his head gracefully towards us; then giving his horse a swift cut with his whip, dashed out of sight.

"See! he has gone, Amy!" I said, drawing a relieved breath.

She did not speak for a moment. When she did her voice was almost fearful in its earnest solemnity.

"That man is my destiny, Susan!" she said. "I feel it to be so way through my heart."

I looked at her in surprise. Indeed, I began to doubt her perfect sanity. But her face had lost its wild eagerness of a moment before, and was as calm and collected as that of a seeress.

"Fie—for shame on you, Amy Grainsby!" I exclaimed, starting up. "Shame! shame to say such a thing, as it were in the face of Alick Hewston—kind, noble, good Alick—and say it so earnestly, too!"

"I can't help it, Susan, you must not scold me. If you only knew how strongly it came to me, even before my eyes rested upon his face!—I shall worship him madly, I know it! And he!—why, I shall be the idol of his heart."

I was unable to stand it any longer. I began to grow thoroughly angry. If I was too plain, practical and matter-of-fact to understand the impressible, sensitive nature of my beautiful cousin, it was not my fault, I only saw the right and wrong of the matter, or at least what seemed so to me.

"When you can speak like your own sense self, Amy," I said, "I shall be glad to listen to you. But you put me out of all patience now."

She smiled and shook her head. Just then I saw Alick Hewston coming across the fields, swinging his straw hat in his hand. He was whistling one of Amy's favorite airs. I turned around to see what effect it would have upon her. She did not notice it at all, but sat as stolid as a rock.

"Alick is coming," I said to her.

"Is he?" was the indifferent reply, as she arose and went into the house.

This was but the beginning of trouble. I do not think Alick had been in the house five minutes before the strange atmosphere began to oppress him. I saw that his eyes grew cloudy, that a troubled, undefined expression settled about his mouth, and crept across his whole face. Still Amy did not appear differently from what she had during other evenings that he had spent with us. She chatted and laughed pleasantly enough; there was nothing odd in her manner, and yet somehow we were all unhappy. When Alick went home she did not accompany him to the door as usual.

"Alick is going," I whispered to her.

"I see," was the indifferent rejoinder.

Beyond that she did not heed me, and poor Alick went home without his good-night kiss—something which had not occurred before for months.

The next morning when Amy and I took our early walk, we met the strange gentleman of the night before.

"I knew I should see him," said Amy, in a low tone, when he first came in sight. "I knew it all the time."

I need not say that I was exceedingly annoyed. The thought flashed through my mind, at the moment, to turn suddenly about with Amy, and go directly home. But I soon saw that this was not best, so I walked slowly forward with her, watching with dismay her rapidly-changing color, and the strange look in her beautiful eyes.

"He is coming quite up to us," she whispered, holding fast to my hand.

That was true enough. He was coming, I thought, like a serpent, his great black eyes glittering and dilating as they rested on the pure face of Amy. Not once did his glance turn towards me. It was she that he was charming and fascinating. Entirely free from his accursed power, how from my heart I hated his dark, handsome face!

"Your pardon, ladies," he said, coming up to us, and speaking, without raising his eyes from Amy's face. "But I have a message for one of you—for this lady, if my impressions are correct," he added, bowing towards her.

"Yes, sir," she said, softly.

"I am recently from California, where I formed a very pleasant acquaintance with your brother, Mr. Frederick Grainsby. I am correct, he is your brother?" he asked of Amy.

"O yes, sir, he is my brother—my dear, good brother!" she exclaimed, looking joyfully up into his face.

"I knew as much when I saw you last evening," he answered, smiling, and displaying a set of white, even teeth.

He was very handsome when he smiled, but for some reason I felt like turning away from him with a shudder.

"Your brother, knowing I was to spend several weeks in these parts, wished me to make your acquaintance," he continued. "I think he told me—indeed, I am quite sure of it—that you were his only sister, and his only near relative."

"Dear brother Fred—how good and kind of him to remember me so! I am very glad he sent you here, sir," she added, with timid grace.

"Thank you—but in the absence of cards I shall be forced to tell you my name," he said, putting his hand in his breast pocket for a card-case. My name is Williard Morton."

"Williard Morton," repeated Amy, prettily. "What a pleasant name! I am Amy Grainsby, of course you know, and this is my cousin—the best cousin in the world—Miss Susan Grainsby," she said, turning to me.

I bowed and smiled. I could not help it, for the ingenuous compliment she paid me.

"You will come and see us often, will you not, Mr. Morton?" she asked, as I took a step or two forward.

"Very often, if you please," he answered, giving a peculiar emphasis to his speech.

I could have struck him for it, for I saw just what an effect it had upon little Amy. I knew I was not courteous in remaining silent, but I could not join her in the invitation. The words would have choked me if I had attempted to speak them. I saw by the single glance that he gave me—for he deigned me but one—that Mr. Morton understood my feelings. From that moment we were enemies. Silent, to be sure, carrying our warfare along by looks, not words or actions, that every one could read and understand; but the feeling of antagonism was not the weaker for this.

That night Mr. Morton called. At seeing him Amy's pleasure was undisguised. The child did not know a single art. Her face, her character was as easily read as a page printed in capitals. He asked her to show him our garden. From the open window I watched them as they went out together, and could only think of a vulture and a dove. While they were out together Alick came. When he asked for Amy, I pointed from the window to the garden. Mr. Morton was eating cherries from her little white hands, which she held together for a fruit-dish.

"Who is it?" Alick asked.

"A friend of Fred's from California," I an-

swered. "He talks of buying the water privilege of our little town for the purpose of building mills. I suppose he is wealthy by that."

He did not answer me, but looked uneasily out of the window. Mr. Morton was still eating cherries from Amy's hands.

"Sit down, Alick," I said.

"No, I can't stay—not to-night," he answered, turning suddenly about. "I have something to see to at home."

He was at the door before the words were half from his lips.

"Take good care of Amy," he said, looking back to me. "Good-night."

I could have cried as he walked down the road. I saw just how his dear, kind heart was troubled, but I could not say a comforting word, because that would be but an admission of what I saw and felt myself.

I do not think Mr. Morton had seen Amy five successive times before he told her that he loved her, although she did not make the fact known to me for nearly two weeks, and he in the meantime had called every day.

"I told you, Susie dear, that he was my destiny," she said, as I stood horror-stricken before her. "I could no more change it, than I could change the color of the sky, or the blossoming of the flowers."

"O, poor Alick!—poor Alick!" I exclaimed. "How could you do so, Amy? It will break his heart, I know it will."

"No, no; it wont, Susan. He wont mind it after a week or two, Mr. Morton says—"

"Don't tell me what Mr. Morton says," I interrupted, indignantly. "He has no right to judge Alick Hewston's heart by his own. Alick is as far above him as heaven is above the lowest depths of perdition!"

Amy's face turned suddenly white. Had she been dead and cold, it could not have been whiter.

"Don't speak so to me," she said, coming up closely to my side. "I love Williard Morton, and there is no changing it. Hearts cannot be bridled and led about at the owner's will. Alick must learn to forget me."

"God grant that he may, and speedily, too!" I answered, bitterly. "I wish he had never known you."

"And so do I," she said, quickly. "I shall tell him so to-night when he comes."

She kept her word. When she saw Alick coming, in the evening, she went out to meet him, and together they walked down the road. I never knew exactly what passed between them, but in a half hour's time she came into the house alone, and said, in a startled way:

"Go down the road a few steps, Susan. Alick wishes to see you."

I went out to him. He was pacing back and forth, with his hands folded before him.

"You know all about it, don't you, Susan?" he asked, in such a pitiful tone, that the tears began to fall from my eyes.

"Yes, dear Alick," I answered, going up to him, and resting my hand upon his arm.

"I don't know what to do," he went on, in the same touching way, as if it cost him a great effort to speak. "What *shall* I do, Susan?"

"I can't tell you, I'm sure," I said, weeping silently.

"It seems as though I could never take another step forward in life. She has broken my heart for everything in the world," he said, dropping his face for a single moment upon his hands.

"Poor Alick!" I murmured, softly.

"Poor—poor indeed! Why, it was only a few days ago that I thought I was the richest and happiest man in the world! I never loved anybody half so well as I have Amy, Susan. Perhaps I ought to be ashamed to say it, but I loved her better than I ever did my mother."

"Poor Alick!" I said again.

"O yes, yes! And we were so near our marriage, too! Our little cottage is all ready for us. It seems just as though she had wrenched my heart away from me."

"I know it is cruel as death," I said.

"O, death is nothing to it," he answered. "I could have died a thousand times, and it would have been easier than the suffering that is upon me now."

"You must be brave, Alick," I said. "I know it is deathly hard—I know how well you loved her—but to-night I am afraid she is unworthy of you."

"No, no, not that—I do not think that for a moment. But that dark-faced man has won her, I hardly know how. It makes me think of a snake's charming a beautiful bird."

I shuddered. I had thought of the same myself, a hundred times.

"But you will come and see us sometimes, will you not?" I said, as he turned about and walked a step or two forward.

"Sometime—yes—perhaps years from now," he answered. "Good-night."

"Good-night."

And that was all.

They had planned to be married in two weeks' time, Mr. Morton and Amy. All that I could say or do had no power to change the arrangement, and so I set about, with a heavy heart, making ready for the terrible day. Through it

all, the house was as still and gloomy as death. Every day, regularly, Mr. Morton came, and as regularly I left the little sitting-room when he entered it.

Time slipped along, and it was the night before Amy's wedding. In the meantime she had heard nothing from cousin Fred, and so with me, she began to look for his coming. This night, the one that preceded the morning on which Amy was to be married, she sat with Mr. Morton in the parlor until a late hour, while I, restless and sad-hearted, wandered about, here, there, and everywhere—first down the road, then into the garden, and then through the house. At last, sitting in the doorway, I fell into a troubled sleep. A few moments passed away, and I was awakened by the clasp of a hand about my wrist. I sprang up. Some one was standing beside me in the clear moonlight. A slight scream arose to my lips.

"Hush, cousin Sue—don't be frightened. Don't you know me—Fred Grainsby?"

"Dear cousin Fred," I cried, joyfully, "how glad I am that you have come! Let me go for Amy—she'll be so glad! O dear, dear, I didn't know you were so near us!"

After Amy came, and Fred had kissed her face over and over again, and held her in his arms, and tossed her about as he used to when she was a mere child, he asked, with quite a roguish look in his brown eyes, "What in the world she was doing in the parlor at so late an hour?"

"O, then, I have something to show you," she answered, blushing redly. "Come in, please."

"But wait a moment. Isn't it Alick Hewston that you are keeping prisoner, say, pet?"

"No, no—come and see. You'll be just as glad as glad can be!"

"Well, then, lead the way."

She skipped before him, and for some reason, I hardly knew then what it was, I followed after them.

"This is my brother Mr. Frederick Grainsby, Mr. Morton," Amy said, as they entered the room, her beautiful face bright and glowing.

"Mr. Morton!" exclaimed Fred, after gasping as though he were losing his breath. "My God! Gilbert Flagg—you've kept your accursed oath faithfully!"

As they stood facing each other, the two strong men, their faces changed to a livid hue. I went around to Amy's side and put my arm about her waist. I was afraid she would fall.

"Your wife and children would like to see you in San Francisco," Fred continued, with a sneer.

"We can dispense with your presence as well as not, I think."

I glanced into Morton's face. His lips were working convulsively. It seemed to me that there was murder in his bad, black eyes.

"Foiled!" he hissed, between his teeth. "One day more, and—"

"Silence, you accursed villain!" thundered Fred. "You shall not finish the miserable, polluted sentence! You swore to touch my heart, but not with steel or bullets. Thank God, she is saved from you!"

"O, and I was going to be his wife to-morrow," cried out Amy, springing to Fred's arms. "Send him away, wont you?"

Without speaking, the villain skulked, like a guilty dog from the room.

"What is it, cousin Fred?" I asked. "What do you mean?"

"Nothing—nothing—only I saved a poor girl from his devilish clutches two years ago. We had been friends until then, when I first learned his true character. He swore a fearful oath that he would touch my heart, and this was his game. But where is Alick, Amy?"

"Don't ask me, Fred, please, and don't hate me either. I am a weak, miserable little girl."

"Never mind then," said Fred, kindly, "we'll let this matter drop, if you wish it. You may run along with Susie and get my supper. I am desperately hungry."

It was months before Amy recovered fully from this sad experience. She went about the house, pale and spiritless. For a long time she did not speak Alick Hewston's name. But one evening when he came home with Fred, she went to him and said:

"Will you forgive me, Alick—just forgive, not love me?"

His heart was not one of stone, and so it was touched; but he did not speak to her of love, and it was well that he did not. She could not have listened to him.

A year passed away, and they were lovers again. O, how happy we were, and how like the old times it grew to be again. While I write, I can see through the heavy trees that shade my window, two brown gothic cottages side by side. Alick and Amy live in one, and Frederick and his beautiful wife in the other, and I—but never mind, I have only told the story. Here it ends.

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#### MEMORY.

There lies a den,  
Beyond the seeming confines of the space  
Made for the soul to wander in, and trace  
Its own existence of remotest glooms;  
Dark regions are around it, where the tombs  
Of buried griefs the spirit sees.—KEATS.

(CONTINUED.)

## THE SPANIARD'S REVENGE.

BY HESTER C. LAUREATE.

It was night in Madrid. Within the walls of the city the spirit of quiet held unbroken sway. From the gloomy walls of the Carcel de Carte to the more gloomy ones of the Carcel de Villa, all was silent. Upon the broad, airy streets of the city silvery moonbeams rested, casting ghostly hues upon the grim statues of the Gothic kings, standing as sentinels in the Plaza de Oriente. It was my last night in Madrid; looking from the casement, Marcia Raymonde said:

"How quiet the city is to-night. Beautiful Madrid! do you not feel a strange attachment for this grand old city, Louella?"

"I think Madrid very beautiful, Marcia; and when far away in my English home, I shall doubtless long for one of our promenades on the Prado, but I am a true Englishwoman at heart, and to me there is no place quite so dear as our own 'Merrie England.' But, sometime in the future, I hope to visit Madrid again."

"Sometime, Louella! ah, sometime seems to me almost an eternity. It seems to me to-night, as we sit here alone, with nothing to break this oppressive stillness but our own voices, that I can hardly wait till the time when I shall enter upon life in earnest. To you, the time has already come. To-morrow, and you are a school-girl no longer, you enter upon your woman's life; yet you sit by my side as calmly as though you were not the happiest girl in Madrid this night. When you do come to Madrid again, I shall entertain you in princely style at the ducal palace."

"Marcia! you wild girl! If ever you see the interior of the ducal palace give me an account of it when you come to England."

"If ever I see the interior of the palace! Then you don't believe that you will visit me there, when I am Duchess of Alva?"

"Believe it, Marcia—why should I? I don't know, indeed, what put the wild idea into your silly little head. Do you anticipate a revolution, that Don Ferdinand may be created Duke of Alva?"

"Don Ferdinand! O, Louella, my heart is full of gloomy forebodings. Since Don Ferdinand left the university and departed for his home in Santa Maria de la Almeda, I have heard nothing of him."

"Ah, Marcia, my poor Marcia! Dost remember the warnings I gave when first we met Don Ferdinand on the Prado? Dost remember

I told you of the pride of the Velasquez, that Don Ferdinand Velasquez would never wed a lowly English girl, however beautiful she may be; and you are very beautiful, Marcia."

"Yes, Louella; my beauty is my only dower—if it be not sufficient for the man to whom I have given my heart, there are those of nobler birth in Madrid than Don Ferdinand Velasquez. If his pride prove stronger than his love, my beauty shall one day trample his love into very dust. When I am Duchess of Alva, perhaps." And her proud lip curled, as she laughed a bitter, scornful laugh, very unlike her merry laughter of earlier, happier days.

"When you are Duchess of Alva! You really talk as if the thing were possible."

For a few moments Marcia was silent, looking dreamily upon the still waters of the Manzanares, and the silvery moonbeams falling upon the noble bridges which cross it, then she said:

"Louella, the gitanos are just without the city walls, not far from the gate Puerto de Alcala."

"And you have crossed the palm of some wild Rommany woman with silver, that she might conjure up something still more improbable than your wildest fancy could for a moment imagine. It was enough that you thought to wed Don Ferdinand, but your wildest ambition would not have awakened the thought of your one day being Duchess of Alva?"

"Forgive me, Marcia, but to-morrow we part. How often have I told you of the unhappiness that must follow dreams visionary as yours. Remember, your station in life is lowly."

"Yes, Louella. And if Don Ferdinand were but the humblest peasant, dressing his vines upon yonder green hillsides, and I his bride, my cottage-home would be my palace, and Love the priestess before whose altar Ambition's unquiet steps would all be stayed. But he is not; I cannot make him so. It is for him to say if love, or ambition, be the ruling power of my future. If he gives me love, then love. If scorn, then my ambition shall know no bounds. The fire once kindled, Death alone shall quench. Ambition once the mistress, and my station in life shall be above Don Ferdinand's, not below."

As I looked upon her strange, wild beauty, it was easy to imagine a coronet encircling that haughty brow, the jewels shining like the stars above us among the glassy waves of her purple black hair; costly robes of purple and velvet, where now was only the simple uniform of a school-girl; while methought the bare white walls around us were hang with tapestry, and our narrow beds replaced by couches with pil-

lows of down, encurtained with softest crimson. So much power had Marcia's beauty over my usually calm nature; but the dream was only for a moment, and recalled to myself once more, I said, by way of remonstrance:

"O, Marcia, Marcia!"

But though I said to this, as to all her wild romantic visions, "O, Marcia, Marcia!" deep within my heart was a strong, fervent love for the beautiful visionary, and I knew that on the morrow tears would start unbidden when the hour should come to part me from her. Two years we had been school-mates and room-mates, and on the morrow my father was to journey with me toward my English home. Marcia was to remain in Madrid at the Conservatoire de Musica; her voice was rich and powerful; sometime I expected to hear of her *debut* as a public singer.

She was an orphan, and alone. How I trembled for her when first she met Don Ferdinand Velezquez. Too well I knew the pride of the high-born Spaniard, to dream for a moment as Marcia did, that he would one day make her his bride. Instead of the brilliant future she could see in the distance, I knew that her high-born lover would cast her from his heart as one beneath him; and I also knew that as yet they were both unconscious of all this. I, the friend and confidant, was the only one of the trio capable of reasoning. Ferdinand and Marcia were blind, wilfully blind. Sometime—I knew that Ferdinand would wake from his dream, then—where would my poor Marcia find herself? Question oft asked; never answered.

But she was proud, ay, proud as the proudest Spaniard of them all. Her pride might be her safeguard. It was the only beacon light I could see for my poor Marcia in the dim, uncertain future. On the morrow we parted. I left the beautiful city of Madrid, scarce knowing if ever I should enter its gates again.

\* \* \* \*

Years came and went. In my English home new scenes and interests had in part banished the remembrance of my Madrid life. In part, but not entirely. When all things else seemed like the visions we see in the beautiful dreamland, Marcia, the strange, wild companion of my earlier years, haunted my memory, and ever as I thought of her, there came over me an intense longing to see if the promise of her girlhood was fulfilled in the beauty of her womanhood.

Sometimes I thought Don Ferdinand's love had rescued her from this life, that perhaps her youthful dreams had become actualities. Five summers had the hedges of England grown green,

and five winters had the snow rested upon the moorlands, when my father was again called to Madrid. Joyfully I made arrangements to accompany him, and my thoughts were full of Marcia. Poor girl, I said, I will find her, and if her proud spirit is crushed by disappointment and sorrow, she shall return with me to England; and my home shall be her home.

We entered the city by the gate Puerto de Alcala, and as we neared it the long-forgotten prediction of the gitano recurred to me:

"Duchess of Alva thou shalt be,  
Seek to know no more from me."

Did Marcia really place faith in the wild words of the Rommany woman, or did she play on the words to hide her grief from me that Don Ferdinand returned not from his father's house in Santa Marie de la Almeda? I knew not. Strange girl! her character was incomprehensible to me. The evening after our arrival in Madrid, my father proposed our going to hear a *prima donna* who was then upon the high tide of popular favor. We had not been seated long ere the words "the Duchess of Alva" recalled poor Marcia to my mind. With queenly step the duchess passed by, so near that the satin of her robe brushed against my own; over the amber-colored satin was thrown with careless grace a Spanish mantilla, and through the costly lace of her veil diamonds flashed with every motion. Again I said "poor Marcia!"—to imagine for a moment that she should be Duchess of Alva. The duchess was attended by many of the Spanish nobility, and for a moment the beatings of my heart were stilled, as I recognised nearest the duchess the familiar features of Don Ferdinand Velezquez. For the time I forgot to look at the duchess, as I eagerly scanned the features of the dark-eyed daughters of Spain, as one after another lifted her heavy veil.

Vain hope! that Don Ferdinand had made my Marcia his bride. She was not among the attendants of the Duchess of Alva. With a sigh I again looked towards her. She had removed her veil, and there, literally flashing with jewels, serene and self-possessed, sat Marcia—Duchess of Alva. Yes, Marcia! and I, who had laughed the visions of her girlhood to scorn, was but a looker-on, where she had taken her rank among the high-born of the land. On the morrow I sought Marcia—Marcia still to me, Duchess of Alva to the world. Relating her history, she said:

"Dost remember, Louella, I told you beauty was my only dower? It was my beauty that made me Duchess of Alva."

"And Ferdinand?"

"O, Ferdinand was proud. He could not

stoop from his exalted station to wed Marcia of plebeian birth; and he dared to tell me this, Louella. I never met him afterwards till a coronet had cooled the fever of my brow. Since the duke died—"

"Marcia! the Duke of Alva dead!"

"Yes, he died soon after our marriage. Since his death I know that Don Ferdinand loves me as of old, ay, better than of old; and, as I said when you and I parted, my beauty, or I may say my pride *now*, shall trample his love into very dust."

Again I said: "O, Marcia, Marcia!" But she lifted her stately head, saying:

"I would not wed Don Ferdinand Velezquez, not if I knew he would crown me queen of Spain. I scorn a love like his. I hate him now with a hatred as intense as the love I once bore him. Long ago he crushed every feeling of humanity from my heart, and it will be the happiest day of my life when I refuse the offered hand of Ferdinand Valesquez."

As she spoke the drapery beside her gently moved, and pale and stern, Don Ferdinand stood before her.

"Is this a jest, Marcia?"

"No jest, but solemn truth."

"Then while you live you will never be my bride?"

"Never, Don Ferdinand."

"If not mine, then DEATH'S. *If not mine in life, then in death!*" he exclaimed, in hollow, sepulchral tones, and with gleaming eyes.

Before I could realize the fearful import of his words, the gleaming of steel was followed by the fall of the duchess; then the knife was plunged deep within the heart of Don Ferdinand, and his life's blood mingled with Marcia's, in a crimson stream upon the colmenar stone of the ducal palace. Thus died Marcia, Duchess of Alva. Her weary life's dream over, the beatings of her proud heart stilled, her queenly head laid low. The visions of her girlhood had been realized, the jewels of a duchess had rested upon her brow, and her last resting-place is among the noble dead of the house of Alva.

#### NOT FRENCH.

A Scotchman, some time ago, took a trip over to France, and astonished the natives there in no small degree. In the hotel where he put up at Bologne, the servants were all newly-imported cockneys, and "Saunders" mystified them not a little by his broad Scotch. Getting up one morning rather earlier than usual, he called a waiting-maid, and accosted her with—"Fetch me ma shunc, lassie." "If you please, sir," said she, "I don't understand French.—*English paper.*"

#### A WOUND.

If a limb or other part of the body is severely cut, and the blood comes out by spurts or jets, *per saltem*, as the doctors say, be in a hurry, or the man will be dead in five minutes; there is no time to talk or send for a physician, say nothing, out with a handkerchief, throw it around the limb, tie two ends together, put a stick through them, twist it around tighter, till the blood ceases to flow. But stop, it does no good. Why? Because, only a severed artery throws blood out in jets, and the arteries get their blood from the heart; hence to stop the flow, the remedy must be applied between the heart and the wounded spot—in other words, above the wound. If a vein had been severed, the blood would have flowed in a regular stream, and slowly, and, on the other hand, the tie would be applied below the wound, or on the other side of the wound from the heart, because the blood in the veins flows towards the heart, and there is no need of such a hurry.—*London Lancet.*

#### SINGULAR COAL.

Near Cairo, in the vicinity of the N. W. Virginian Railway, live coal has recently been discovered of a peculiar character. On examination, it is found to be a mass of crystallized mineral oil, or petroleum, without any stratification, or intermixture of other substances. When laid on a hot metal plate, this singular substance melts like wax. It yields 165 gallons of crude oil to the ton. After a single process of distillation, 82 per cent. of impure oil remains, and after a second process, 61 per cent. of a clearer oil, and 30 per cent. of lubricating oil and paraffin result. It is thought if shafts were sunk to a sufficient depth a natural reservoir would be discovered, from which this vein has originated, similar to that in an adjacent county.—*Virginia Herald.*

#### COBWEB PILLS.

Dr. Donaldson, recommending the web of the common spider as an unfailing remedy for certain fevers, says it is invaluable at times when quinine and other anti-periodics fail in effect or in quantity, not only from its efficacy, but because it can be obtained anywhere, without trouble and without price. This remedy, it was observed, was used a century back, by the poor in the fens of Lincolnshire, and by Sir James M'Gregor in the West Indies. The doctor now uses cobweb pills in all his worst cases, and is stated to have said that he has never, since he tried them, lost a patient from fever.—*London Journal.*

#### Hydrophobia and Smothering.

In the Dublin Chronicle, of the 28th of October, 1881, the following circumstance is recorded:—"Thursday morning an accident happened at the Blackrock (Dublin), which has been attended with most melancholy consequences. A fine boy, about fourteen years old, passing by a gentleman's house, the lady's lapdog ran out and bit him. In about two hours the youth was seized with convulsive fits, and shortly after with the hydrophobia; and notwithstanding every assistance that night his friends were obliged to smother him between two beds."

## SMILES.

BY HENRY TAYLOR.

There is a smile which wit extorts  
From grave and learned men,  
In whose austere and sallow sports  
The plaything is a pen;  
And there are smiles by shallow worldlings worn,  
To grace a lie, or laugh a truth to scorn.

And there are smiles with less alloy  
Of those who, for the sake  
Of some they love, would kindle joy  
Which they cannot partake;  
But her's was of the kind which simply say  
They come from hearts ungovernably gay.

And O, that gaiety of heart!  
There lives not he to whom  
Its laugh more pleasure will impart  
Than to the man of gloom;  
Who, if he laughs, laughs less from mirth of mind,  
Than deference to the customs of mankind.

[ORIGINAL.]

## PAUL AND I.

A Leaf from the unwritten History of two Lives.

BY WILLIAM B. ARNOLD.

I HAVE heard it said that our thoughts are always tinctured by the moods in which they find us, and I believe it. And if this story of mine shall be thought rather sober than otherwise, the reader will know to what cause to ascribe its relation. It may be unfortunate, that this, the only tale which I can tell, should be one of the heart—of that class called love stories, which are sneered at and multiplied daily. But I make no apology for its appearance, and I shall be satisfied if it shall carry conviction to the hearts of my readers, of the truthfulness of which its simplicity admits.

Paul Edwards and I were playmates and schoolmates, and grew to be men, as we had been boys together. And firmly, indeed did our friendship strengthen, as we grew older. Never were brothers more strongly knit together in spirit; and never from the first moment of childish acquaintance, was this intimacy once interrupted by the slightest misunderstanding. True, we were often pitted against each other in those strifes for academic prizes and honors, in which all students so eagerly engage; and, I am free to say it, such was our rank and estimation among our schoolmates, that whenever we entered the field, the reward was from the first virtually conceded to one of us; and between ourselves there

was the most perfect understanding upon every such occasion. If Paul won, I was proud to be the first to take him by the hand and congratulate him upon his success. If I, on the contrary, was the fortunate one, no jealousy, no feeling of envy, ever compelled his noble nature to withhold from me a like tribute. Nor did it matter that he was far the most frequently the victor in these hotly contested conflicts of mind. Perhaps I secretly envied him the possession of that brilliant intellect which carried him to the goal of his wishes, seemingly without an effort, while I was forced to earn my hardly-won honors by close and wearisome application; but the feeling extended no further. The friendship, the love of a heart like that of Paul Edwards, were too precious to be lightly sacrificed.

School days were at length over, and before entering upon the study of the professions we had respectively chosen, we mutually resolved to take an interval of recreation. I am speaking now of a time and locality, in which the possession of an educated and cultivated mind was a sure passport to the best society. And when we had gained admittance into the charmed circle of social life, we were like beings upon the threshold of a new world. We had entered into another school, where the study was one of humanity, and not from books, and we seized upon the delights presented to us, with an avidity for which our recluse-life had prepared us.

It was at a large and fashionable ball, during this time, at which we assisted, that we both first saw Kate Irving. She was the acknowledged belle and beauty of the city, and she never appeared at a public gathering like this, without a numerous train of admirers. To these, Paul and I were instantly added, from the first moment of our presentation. The same fascination which had entrapped a hundred others, was now exerted upon us, and to it we yielded passively and willingly. Eager to create a favorable impression, we contrived to monopolize her to ourselves during the whole evening, to the exclusion of all others; and our attentions were so smilingly and so graciously received, that the feverish bewilderment which is the forerunner of love, enthralled us both. Alternately we danced, conversed and promenaded with her, and at the conclusion of the ball, both of us assisted her to her carriage, and received her farewell smile of gracious approval.

The carriage rolled away, and passing his arm within mine, Paul walked with me slowly from the spot. The night air was cool and pleasant, but the fever in my blood burned none the less hotly—the excitement of the last three hours still clung to me. For some distance we walked



thus, silently and without speaking, and then I looked at my companion. His large gray eyes were thoughtfully turned towards the pavement, and a painful look of intense care overspread his handsome face. Never had I seen him so serious; and as he became conscious that I was looking fixedly at him, he looked up and suddenly paused. I paused with him, and almost involuntarily each pronounced the other's name.

"Paul!"

"Louis!"

There was nothing but unshaken friendship in our tones, as well as our glances, and simultaneously we clasped hands with a cordial pressure.

"Let us understand each other, Louis," were his first words. "There must be no coldness between us because of what has happened to-night, or what is likely to flow from it."

"No, Paul, no! God forbid that our friendship should thus cease! There should not be women enough in the world to cast a blight over it!"

Smiling at my outspoken earnestness, he replied:

"I trust it is so. And now let us speak freely and candidly. One of us can win Kate Irving; both cannot."

"But are you sure," I asked, "that one of us two is to be thus happy?"

"I am positive of it. In all our steps hitherto, none have dared to compete with us, and for the reason that we brought to the struggle, in every instance, a vigor and determination to succeed, which distanced all rivalry at the outset. Into this new contest for that which must make the happiness of one of us—"

"And mar that of the other," I interrupted.

"Nay, Louis, not so. It will be to the unsuccessful wooer a dream, whose effects will be but temporary. In short, however, I have convinced myself that either you or I can and will wed Kate Irving. But which?"

"Ay, which? Tell me that, Paul."

"I know not, and for the present care not. Let us enter the field fairly and honorably—let each strain every nerve if he will, and gain the goal if he can; and, above all, let him who shall be disappointed submit uncomplainingly, and joyfully acquiesce in the happiness of his friend. Is it a compact?"

"With all my heart." And we clasped our hands upon it with an earnestness which bespoke the unflinching assent of both.

"Happiness to the happy man!" Paul enthusiastically cried. "If we were at my rooms, we would pledge him in a glass of champagne. But remember this also, Louis—we must at first keep

a watchful eye upon those who are vain enough to enter the lists with us. Here is our motto. 'All join to guard, what each desires to gain.' And don't forget, my boy, to notice my movements with some little suspicion!"

With a merry laugh, and a cordial "good-night," we parted. When we next met, it was at the home of Kate Irving, as rivals, though still friends. It would be useless for me to note all the details of the efforts put forth upon either side to gain the common object. Never, I verily believe, were such strategy and generalship put forth in a love tournament—never were mines and counter-mines more skillfully constructed, or advances more energetically pressed. Our visits to the house were made with almost exact regularity, and so warm was our rivalry, that I believe neither of us was able to see Miss Irving for several weeks without the presence of the other. I was unable to perceive that either was favored above his rival, although both received such encouragement as quickly convinced me of the truth of Paul's prophecy, that one of us was to be preferred above all others.

Without any foundation, in fact, for the belief, I nevertheless reasoned myself into the conviction that in this strife I was to be the victor. Paul had hitherto borne away honors for which I had zealously contended, and now, I fancied that the turning-point of his good fortune was passed, and that my star was in the ascendant. The conviction arose, perhaps, from a belief in the justice of such an event, since the most careful observer could not have detected the slightest preference in the intercourse of Kate Irving with us. But from whatever cause the feeling arose, it had attained such a firmness, that I more than once pitied poor Paul in his prospective disappointment, and hoped that he would bear his defeat with the same magnanimity as I should under like circumstances!

One evening when I called at the home of Kate Irving, I was fortunate enough to find her alone. Obeying the impulse suggested by the circumstance, as well as by the encouragement which her smiling welcome afforded, I ventured to express my love and ask for its reward. She listened with downcast eyes, and with evident confusion, and faltered in reply, that she respected and admired me—that she almost loved me; and were it not for one other, to whom her heart was pledged, though he was unconscious of it, she could gladly bestow her hand and affections on me. I heard her with ashen cheeks and sinking heart—and when she had finished, I asked, as I had no need to do, the name of that other. And she told me—Paul Edwards!

When I left the side of her who had by these few simple words unconsciously wrecked and blasted my life and hopes, my plans were fully matured. Hastily seeking Paul, I told him in a quivering voice which betrayed my emotion, what had happened, and informed him of what he had not yet ventured to learn—that Kate Irving loved him better than myself, better than all others! Then, in a feeble whisper, I congratulated him upon the happiness within his grasp, and asking him to forgive the foolishness of a broken heart which would not permit me to stay and witness the consummation of that happiness, I wrung his hand and left him. And a week after, standing upon the deck of an outward-bound merchantman, I waved an unregretful farewell to the land of my birth, and my sorrows.

I had seen Paul Edwards for the last time; and I heard from him only once, in a letter which he wrote me, filled with the particulars of his wedding, and with anxious inquiries as to my future plans and movements. It remained unanswered; I had not the heart to frame a reply. But though I was fated never again to take him by the hand, he yet influenced my after life in a manner so strange that I can hardly now think it real. The conclusion of my brief narrative will explain my meaning.

I remained abroad for six years—time enough, I thought, to enable me to obtain control over my rebellious passion for Kate Irving, and to subdue myself to meet her and her husband without emotion. The task was a hard one. Often, when thinking of her who was given to bless and render happy the life of another than me, the tear would start unbidden, and the lip involuntarily tremble. But at last I believed myself conquered by my own will, and I embarked for America, a sad, although not altogether a hopeless man. Upon my arrival, I made no special exertions to find Paul and his wife. Early inquiry made me aware that they had, a year after their marriage, removed from the city where I had left them, to the South, and totally indifferent whether I ever saw them again—such was my reckless, almost wicked state of mind—I resumed my residence, which had been left upon my transatlantic journey, and endeavored to let the remembrance of what I have narrated lapse into oblivion. Accident alone subsequently revived it in a most remarkable manner.

A year after my return, I had occasion to visit a Southern city. During the course of an evening, I happened into the parlor of my hotel. There were several persons of both sexes present, but my attention was immediately drawn to a

lady, dressed in half-mourning, who occupied a seat a little distance from me. Her profile, as I first saw it, seemed wonderfully familiar, but when she turned her full face towards me, I at once recognized Kate Edwards. She saw me at the same instant, and with an exclamation of pleasure, she came towards me and offered her hand. For a moment, as I returned her pleasant salutation, I retained her hand and looked upon her face. She was, indeed, the same Kate whom Paul and I had loved—and yet, how changed!

These seven years added to her life, making her now scarce twenty-five, had deepened her girlish beauty, touching it with the thoughtful maturity of the woman, and lending to it an inexpressible charm. Lovely indeed did she appear, as I led her to the sofa, and seated myself by her side, her whole face overrunning with the joy which my presence evidently afforded her. But my thoughts wandered for the moment from her, and I asked the question which half-died upon my lips as I observed the ominous character of her dress:

“Where is Paul?”

“Dead! He died three years ago. He sleeps in the cemetery in this city.”

Her handkerchief was pressed to her eyes, as she spoke, and although the announcement was not unexpected, my own involuntarily filled with tears. Poor Paul! This was the end of his hopes; a few short years with the idol of his soul, and then death—and that perhaps, with the consciousness that he had alienated his best friend. I wondered, too, whether Kate had really been to him all he had hoped and wished for. Yet this I could not reasonably doubt, as I again noted her loveliness, and sighed to think of the time when I loved her equally with him.

After a few moments of sad thoughts, at my request Kate spoke of the death of her husband. In his last hours, she said, my name was often on his lips, and in his dying moments he had confided to her a miniature of himself, with the injunction to convey it to me. She left the room to obtain it, and returning, placed it in my hands. It was a most faithful representation of Paul—but not as I had known him. The face was thin and careworn, and the whole expression of it that of fixed sadness. What could it mean? It had been painted a year before his death, as Kate informed me, and I with difficulty restrained myself from inquiring what had wrought this terrible change—for it seemed terrible to me that Paul Edwards, gay and light-hearted as he was, should be so quickly transformed into a sad, melancholy man. I pondered upon it that evening after I had parted with Kate—first agreeing.

to meet her at the same place the following evening—but I could arrive at no satisfactory solution. The thought that oftenest haunted my mind, was one that I could not, and would not entertain—that Kate Edwards was very different from what she seemed, and that an artful and attractive exterior might conceal unwomanly defects and imperfections, which might have much to do with the decline and death of Paul. But this was an hypothesis which my heart indignantly denied.

The business which had called me from home was soon adjusted, but I still lingered in the Southern city. I sought not to conceal from myself that Kate Edwards was the cause of my delay. My old longings speedily returned. The flame which had smouldered, but never died for seven years, burst forth afresh. It had been easy when a girl of eighteen, for her to fascinate and enthrall me as others—doubly easy now, in the perfected beauty of her womanhood. And I sought not to escape the charm of her society; yielding myself to it, I began to regard the past only as a hateful dream, and to look upon my life as just commenced. To be brief, in three months after my first meeting with Kate in the hotel parlor, we were betrothed. The proposed day of our union rapidly approached, and in anticipation of it I gave myself up to perfect happiness.

There was one little circumstance in relation to the picture which Paul had bequeathed to me, which troubled me more than I was willing to admit. The miniature itself was painted upon a piece of ivory a quarter of an inch in thickness, and upon the back of this, written with some indelible fluid, in a hand which I readily recognized as that of Paul, was the one mysterious word, in Greek characters—"Search!" I called the attention of Kate to it, but she was unable to throw any light upon its meaning. That Paul had written it to call my attention to something, was to me perfectly apparent. But to what? It increased, as I pondered upon it, into as obscure a mystery as the other, of Paul's incomprehensible transformation. I examined the miniature itself, but it afforded no clue. The brevity of the direction, and its being written in other characters than English, immediately impressed me with the conviction that it had been done in this manner under the fear that the picture might fall into the hands of some person, who might otherwise be enabled to read the word, comprehend it, and profit by it, instead of myself.

*Search*—and for what? Not for Kate, since the miniature had been delivered into her hands.

I tried to connect the word with the idea that Paul desired the union of Kate with myself, but it would bear no such construction. It was as meaningless as the inscription upon an Egyptian obelisk—and yet I felt that with that riddle read, which was locked up in that one word, it would be found pregnant with weal or woe to me. For hours together I thought upon it, and upon the secret of that melancholy face which the picture represented, and failing to comprehend either, they haunted my dreams. Frequently in my uneasy slumbers, Paul seemed to stand before me, looking as sad as in the picture, and pronouncing the single word, "Search!"

In the uneasiness which constant brooding over these enigmas had produced, I turned my attention to Kate, and endeavored to find in her past conduct a clue to assist me. Nothing, however, was noticeable, save a certain studied affectation of sweetness of demeanor, as I thought, with which she always greeted my appearance, while at the same time it would never have occurred to me to accuse her of artfulness.

Such was the position of affairs, upon the night preceding the day of our wedding. Anxious and abstracted, I had thrown myself upon my bed without removing my clothes, and insensibly my thoughts ran into the usual current. For perhaps five minutes I lay thus, and then unconsciously gave utterance to the word, "Search!" And simultaneously a conviction of the real meaning of the word burst upon my mind. Springing to my feet, I took the miniature from my pocket, and proceeded to examine it by the aid of a lamp. In the centre of the edge of ivory, was an indented line running around it. Inserting the blade of my knife into this, I quickly pried the ivory into halves, from between which a neatly-folded letter dropped out! It was addressed to me in the familiar hand-writing of Paul, and with emotions such as may be imagined, I broke the seal and read it.

The information conveyed by that letter was truly astounding. Writing upon his dying bed, my unhappy friend poured forth the story of his sorrows—how too late he had discovered the wife of his bosom to be a heartless, faithless woman of the world, whose artful smile was seen nowhere but in the presence of those whom she wished to delude, and whose hateful cruelty had driven him mad. He wished for a being to love; she whom he had wedded, neither loved him, nor cared for his love. Pride, fashion and deception were her gods. She seemed to have no heart, no soul, no emotion. Beneath the terrible blow inflicted by this unexpected revelation, he had pined and died, and he concluded by warning me

most earnestly not to fall into her toils, to become at last, wretched, miserable and heart-broken.

I read the letter, and reflected upon it. It was like a voice from the tomb. It explained everything concerning which I had been in doubt. My dream had fled, the delusion of my life was past, and its idol turned to clay, but I shed not a tear; on the contrary, as I reflected longer, I exulted over my escape, and the freedom which was now restored to me. Brave, noble Paul Edwards—our friendship had indeed extended beyond the grave! While mourning over the choice of Kate Irving, I had unconsciously escaped a fate which brought him, with his noble, sensitive soul, to the grave—and now it seemed as though his hand had been outstretched from that grave, to perform its last and greatest office of friendship.

The next morning Kate met me, her face wreathed with hypocritic smiles. Handing her Paul's letter, I bade her read it. She did so, and as she proceeded, consternation took possession of her face, which changed rapidly from white to red, and again to the livid hue of fear, until overwhelmed with shame, confusion, and it may be remorse, she sank down fainting at my feet. I needed no further proofs; she was now self-accused and convicted; and I left her forever. It is several years since a Southern paper reached me with the tidings of her death. I read the announcement with a shudder—I knew that she was unfit to live, and feared she was unfit to die.

I can only add that I am an old man now, and that I have never married. Paul has been my idol, and I have not cared to form relations which might withdraw my mind from him. And who shall say that all this has not happened well and wisely? Who shall say that the hope of one day rejoining my noble friend Paul, the friend of my youth, has not been made an instrument for the preservation of one, who might otherwise have been perverted and led astray by the wild recklessness of youth?

#### END OF GENIUS.

Cuzzoni was one of the most celebrated vocalists of her time. She refused a bonus of \$50,000, offered her by an Italian manager, to return to Italy. This lady was born in 1723, and singers were even then paid enormous prices for their services. She was capricious to excess. When a gallant lord carried her a rich lace, worthy of a queen, she having expressed a wish for one, she tore it to shreds, saying it was not the one she asked for. Handel controlled her sometimes; threatening even to throw her out of the window. She married a jeweller, and died in misery, after having recklessly squandered fortunes. At the close of her life, she was reduced to making buttons for subsistence.—*Journal of Music.*

[ORIGINAL.]

#### BY MY COTTAGE DOOR.

BY WILL ALLEN.

By my cottage door now stealing,  
Like a roguish, dancing elf,  
Sending music onward pealing,  
Laughing, singing to itself,  
Is a rill that never ceases  
Tumbling, bubbling by my door;  
And its music oft increases  
Sliding 'tween gray rocks and o'er.

Downward from the jagged mountains  
Steals this purser of pure rills;  
Downward from the bursting fountain,  
Running now 'tween woody hills.  
Now by songster-haunted bowers,  
Now by banks, then by my door;  
Springing oft to kiss the flowers  
Leaning on the banks and o'er.

Wanton is this rill—and often  
Steals it up to some gay blossom;  
Laugh it hushes, music softens,  
Amorous clasps it to its bosom!  
Yet withal this rill is clever:  
Whirls the mill-wheel by the hill;  
Singing always, tumbling ever,  
By my door, thou roguish rill!

[ORIGINAL.]

#### LIFE INSURANCE.

#### A MYSTERIOUS CASE OF SUICIDE.

BY WALTER CLARENCE.

"LOUISA," said Mr. Manners to his only daughter, "I have this day effected an insurance of twenty thousand dollars upon my life; so, my love, let what may happen, you will at least, be moderately well provided for when I am dead and gone."

"O, papa," returned Louisa, "don't speak of your death. What would money be to me if you were not living? besides I have always disliked the idea of one person's insuring his or her life for the benefit of another, and then what possible need can there be for you to insure your life, with your large property and ample income, and, as I have often heard you say—no one to leave it to but me?"

"In the first place, my dear," replied Mr. Manners, "money would be your best, perhaps your only earthly friend if I were to die; then your objection to life insurances is mere folly; and lastly, rich as I may now term myself, riches sometimes make to themselves wings and fly away, and I am a merchant, still in business, and therefore I cannot say what adverse circum-

stances may occur, to render me a poor man yet before I die."

"Well, well, papa," replied Louisa, "you may insure for what you please, but, depend upon it, I will never touch the money. Indeed, I expect to have more than I shall need without it."

Mr. Manners was, as he had said, a merchant, and a man of great wealth, and it did surely seem to be a ridiculous croquet on his part to insure his life for so large a sum, and of course to subject himself to the heavy premium to keep the policy good, more especially as he was not yet past the period of middle life, in perfect health, and had every reasonable prospect of living long enough to pay the entire sum in annual premiums to the insurance office.

But it does seem sometimes, as if there was a providence in these things, or a secret prognostication of coming evil. Five years after the above recorded conversation had taken place between him and his daughter, his circumstances had become sadly reduced, though everybody still believed him to be very wealthy, despite of his well known losses. There had occurred a war on the continent of Europe and he had speculated largely, in full and confident expectation of the continuance of the war, when peace was suddenly and most unexpectedly declared. Then, he had sent vast quantities of goods to India, which reached their destination only to find the market glutted, in consequence of large importations from Europe having arrived there beforehand. Then he purchased a great many shares in, and granted large loans, to, a railroad company which became bankrupt, and altogether had been so very unfortunate that people said:

"Why doesn't Mr. Manners retire from business before he loses everything? when once a man begins to go down hill, he seldom stops till he reaches the bottom."

The truth was that Mr. Manners had got to the bottom, already, and he only remained in business in the futile hope of recovering some of his losses, and of concealing their direful effect from the world.

Meanwhile, during these years, his daughter had passed from girlhood to womanhood, and had been wooed and won by a young man, the son of an eminent banker, and himself holding a lucrative position in his father's bank. The wedding was to come off in three months, when one day Mr. Manners did not come home to dinner at his usual hour. He had said nothing to his daughter or to the servants of any probable detection in town, and Louisa had kept dinner waiting till nine o'clock; then she began to grow uneasy, and messengers were sent everywhere,

where it was thought likely that he might be heard of, to make inquiry respecting him. But all in vain. None of his friends or acquaintances had seen him, and the warehouse and offices down town were closed and the messengers did not know where to find the clerks or porters.

Poor Louisa passed a miserable night, a prey to all manner of doubts, fears and anxieties, and as soon as it was time to re-open the warehouse and offices in the morning, messengers were again despatched, to make inquiries, and learn, if possible, what had become of the merchant.

They knew nothing more than that he had left the warehouse at noon on the previous day, without having informed anybody where he was going, and had not since returned.

His daughter's alarm was now tenfold increased; but the day had passed away, and another, and another, and still there were no tidings of him. Louisa was almost wild with grief, and the friends of the missing gentleman were at their wit's ends to think what could have become of him. At length, on the fourth day of his absence, a coat and hat were found by some laborers, on the banks of the Hudson, about six miles from the city, and were speedily identified as having belonged to the missing gentleman, and almost simultaneously with this discovery several notes drawn by Mr. Manners fell due at different banks in the city and were dishonored.

The intelligence came like a shock upon the citizens. No one had dreamed that the merchant's affairs were in such a condition, and least of all, no one would have dreamed that a man like Mr. Manners would under any circumstances have put an end to his own existence. In such a case the insurance office would, of course, have refused to pay the insurance upon his life; but that was the last thing poor Louisa thought of; and while people were still wondering, and lifting up their hands and eyes in horror, a fresh discovery was made of shoes and stockings, and other garments which were saturated with water and had evidently been washed away by the tide and then cast on shore again; and, the same day, two gentlemen arrived in the city, from Albany, who said that they had met Mr. Manners on the day of his disappearance, about a mile from the city; that they had spoken to him, and that he had told them that he was going to bathe in the river. He appeared, they said, to be remarkably cheerful, and as it was known that he was fond of bathing, and often bathed near the spot where the clothing was found, public opinion took another turn, and it was universally believed that he had gone to bathe as usual, and had been attacked with

cramp, or met with some accident while in the water, and had been drowned. Still people wondered to find his affairs in such disorder; the news was spread abroad, creditors came pouring in, and it was soon discovered that he was hopelessly insolvent, and had been in that condition for several months! Bankruptcy was declared against the estate; but all his assets were found to be insufficient to pay even a moiety of his debts, and his daughter Louisa was left utterly destitute.

Her father's untimely death, as a matter of course, would have delayed her marriage under any circumstances; but now that it was known that he had died a ruined man, those who were in the secrets of the family said that Ralph Onslow, Louisa's accepted suitor, would assuredly break off from his engagement, and for their part, they added, he would, they considered, be justified in doing so.

Louisa, herself, wrote him a letter, blistered with many tears, and written very incoherently, in which she informed him that she could not hold him bound to fulfil his promise of marriage, though she added, her heart was breaking, and if he forsook her she would not care to live.

But Ralph Onslow was not the heartless being that many imagined him to be, and he forthwith replied that if she released him from his bond, he would not release her, and he claimed its fulfilment, as soon as a reasonable time had elapsed from her father's decease; moreover he said he should call on the morrow, and should feel happy, if in any way he could conduce to her comfort in the great affliction which had befallen her.

It is needless to say that Louisa was much relieved by this kind letter from her lover, and on the following day, true to his promise, he called at the house, and held a long conversation with her, in the course of which he told her she was in duty bound to claim the insurance on her father's life.

Louisa refused at first, then demurred and hesitated, and, at length, won over by Ralph's persuasions, consented, he having promised to see to the matter himself, assuring her that it should cause her no trouble or annoyance.

Ralph found that the insurance company still hesitated, indeed at first positively refused to pay the amount demanded, basing their right to refuse on the fact that there was still much reason to believe that Mr. Manners had committed self-destruction; and the probability that such was the case was shown by the ruinous condition of his affairs at the time of his death, a state of things which he had told to no one.

Against this, Ralph brought the evidence of the two gentlemen from Albany; the fact that the greater portion, if not all the unfortunate man's clothing, had been found, and no one in his senses, he said, would divest himself of all his clothing with the intention of committing suicide; and furthermore, the well known fact, that the unfortunate gentleman had long been accustomed to visit the spot where the clothing was discovered, for the purpose of bathing.

The company still refused, and threatened to go to law; but Ralph was firm and public opinion was on his side, besides which, people began to say unpleasant things about the office refusing to stand to their engagements, so, at length, the twenty thousand dollars were reluctantly paid, and Louisa found herself, if not so rich as she had been accustomed to believe she would be, at her father's decease, at least placed very far above the fear of want.

Poor Louisa! she had often said that she could never bring herself to make use of money paid by a life insurance company; but now she found how stern and relentless a thing is necessity, and she recollected her father's words:

"Louisa, you may discover that money is your only earthly friend."

Alas! In the brief period that had elapsed since her father's death, she had already found his words true, for with the exception of Ralph, all her friends had forsaken her, though now that she had received the insurance money, many of them would gladly have returned to her, had she permitted them. But she sternly refused to see those who had forsaken her when they believed her to be wholly destitute.

Removing from the spacious house which her father had occupied, she took possession of a small and exceedingly pretty cottage, inclosed in a garden, tastefully laid out and of considerable extent, a few miles north of the city. There was a piece of woodland in the rear of the garden, which extended to the shelving banks of a narrow stream which flowed into the Hudson about a mile from the spot.

To this lovely suburban retreat she retired, with an elderly woman who had been her nurse, and subsequently had acted as housekeeper to her father after his wife's death. This worthy woman was strongly attached to her young mistress, and when the sad catastrophe occurred which brought to light the hopeless ruin of Mr. Manners's affairs, she positively refused to quit the service of the young lady, declaring that she did not care for wages, as she had laid by during her long service, an ample sufficiency for her old age, and Louisa, glad to find so true a friend in

her distress, albeit so humble a one, did not urge her departure any further. She consented that Mrs. Brady should remain with her, though more as a companion than in the light of a domestic servant. One young maid servant was engaged to perform the menial services of the small household, and thus situated, as happy as it was possible for her to be with the recollection of her recent loss, under such terrible circumstances, she awaited the close of the twelve-months which it had been mutually agreed upon between her and Ralph, should intervene, between the death of her father and the solemnization of their nuptials.

The sum received from the insurance office, carefully invested, furnished her with quite a sufficient income for her simple requirements, though, so strong had been her antipathy to the system of life insurance, so decided her repugnance to avail herself of an income derived, as she insisted, from the death of her beloved father, that she almost shrunk from its expenditure, and had she had any other means of support she would undoubtedly have given the money to some public charity.

She seldom went abroad, still more rarely visited the city. Her walks were chiefly confined to strolls in the large garden, which she kept in excellent order with the labor of her own hands, and very frequently on a fine afternoon or evening, to a ramble into the wood, and on the banks of the stream beyond. The wood which was not too thickly planted, and was unusually free of brushwood and undergrowth, was indeed her favorite resort. She caused several rural benches and chairs to be constructed and placed in her favorite spots, and seated on one of these, with a book, or sometimes some light or fancy needlework or embroidery, to occupy her attention, when thought and self-communion grew painful, she would sit for hours, sometimes alone, sometimes with Mrs. Brady for a companion.

During the early period of her residence in the cottage she had never met with an intruder in the solitude of the wood. Far removed from the din and confusion of the city and even from the occasional bustle of the highway, it appeared to her as sacred from intrusion as the wilderness of the far West; but at the expiration of the first six months, she felt satisfied that she was watched during her rambles. True, she saw no one, but she frequently heard the light tread of footsteps, the rustle of the fallen dry leaves, the occasional rebound of a yielding branch.

At first she thought this might be mere fancy, but its frequent repetition, and its immediate cessation as soon as she stopped and listened, soon

satisfied her that her suspicions were not unfounded. The sounds were not caused by birds or squirrels, for these—and the wood abounded with them—unused to molestation, flew from branch to branch, or skipped and frolicked close under her feet, by no means alarmed at her presence within their sylvan domain. Whatsoever or whoever occasioned the sounds, she was satisfied followed and watched her narrowly, and at the same time was anxious to keep out of her sight.

She could not bear the idea of giving up her favorite rambles, and yet she was afraid to go to the wood any more alone. She spoke to Mrs. Brady on the subject, but the old lady tried to persuade her that it was mere nervous fancy. However, from that period, for several weeks, she never entered the wood unaccompanied by the old housekeeper, and as, when thus accompanied, the sounds were unheard, she, at length, began to think that her fears had deceived her and were the mere result of imagination. She often felt a desire to be alone with her own thoughts, and, after a while, she again ventured into the solitude of the wood unaccompanied, and for some time, without a recurrence of the sounds which had caused her alarm.

One day, however, she heard them again. Resolved, if possible, to satisfy herself as to their reality, she mustered up her courage, turned about suddenly, and walked quickly in the direction whence they proceeded.

It was late in the afternoon, and already beginning to grow dark in the shades of the wood; but she felt satisfied that she discerned a human figure beating a hasty retreat. With a degree of courage not natural to her, but inspired by her peculiar situation, she followed rapidly. Still the figure retreated, quickly, but so silently, that the sound made by her own light footsteps completely deadened those of the pursued, though the figure appeared to be that of a tall, stout man. Still she followed, only sometimes losing sight of the figure, then again catching a glimpse of it, until it emerged from the shadows of the woods. When she also came forth into the clearing which led to the banks of the stream, it had vanished; how or where, she could not conceive, for nothing was in the way to intercept the view of the water.

Half inclined to believe that, after all, she had been a dupe of imagination, and now that the chase was over, alarmed at her own temerity, she was on the point of turning, to hasten home, when a light skiff resembling an Indian bark canoe, darted forth from beneath an overhanging rock on the banks of the stream, being paddled rapidly across, by the figure she had obtained

glimpses of amongst the trees. Now there was nothing to intercept the view; no sound came from the paddles as they were dipped rapidly in the flashing water, the canoe seemed to glide along as if impelled by supernatural agency, so rapid, yet so inaudible was its progress. The figure seated in the bottom of the shallow skiff appeared to be meanly-clad, the clothing even appeared to flutter in rags, though it was so distant from her, and it had by this time grown so dark in consequence of a mass of dark cloud obscuring the setting sun, that it was but dimly perceptible.

She watched until the canoe reached the shore on the opposite side, at a considerable distance down the stream, and was again on the point of returning, when the mysterious occupant of the canoe leaped on shore, and turned round, as if to see whether he was still pursued. At that moment the setting sun shone forth from beneath the black clouds, its bright parting rays gleaming full upon the face of the figure. It appeared to Louisa that she could distinctly trace every feature, so strong was the contrast of the light resting upon the face with the dusky gloom of everything around, and to her horror and dismay the features were those of her deceased father.

In that respect she could not be mistaken, though a long white beard descended to the waist, and the face was overgrown with grizzled whiskers and worn into furrows which had never disfigured the smooth visage of Mr. Manners, when in life. And then, perhaps it was the peculiar light shed upon it which caused the pallor, but it was deadly pale and yellow like that of a corpse! For a moment the figure remained standing, gazing intently upon her, then it disappeared.

Louisa felt as if she would sink to the earth with affright; the perspiration stood in beadlike drops upon her forehead, and she stood rooted to the spot, unable to move a limb. In a short time, however, she gathered courage and fled rapidly homeward, fancying every moment that she was pursued, and when, at length, she entered the door of her cottage, she fell fainting into Mrs. Brady's arms.

When she recovered, the housekeeper pressed her earnestly to tell what had caused her alarm; but she would only say that she had been, perhaps foolishly, frightened by the appearance of a stranger in the wood.

When at night she retired to the solitude of her own chamber, she began to reflect upon what she had seen. Was it a supernatural appearance or not? she asked herself. That the figure had her

father's features, she was certain; they were too firmly impressed upon her memory, even if his death had not been so recent, to be erased. But then the features were more aged, their expression more careworn than her father's had been; and together with the hoary beard and grizzled whiskers, they resembled those of a much more aged man. If it were possible for her deceased parent to appear supernaturally before her, why should he come in that guise and in that place? Why should he retreat from her? Why, if indeed he had appeared, did he not make himself and his object known?

Her deep-rooted repugnance to living upon an income obtained by means of a life insurance at one moment almost induced her to believe that her father had, in truth, appeared to reproach her for what she still considered to be heartlessness on her part—a sort of trading upon the duration of the life of those whom we love. But then, she thought, "Did not he insist upon insuring his life against my wishes? Was it not that in case events should occur which would bring me otherwise to want—as, alas, they have occurred!—that he acted as he did? I am fulfilling his wishes—sadly against my own will, it is true—but his wishes still. Surely he would not come forth from his watery grave to reproach me for acting thus!"

Taking into account the shabby, ragged attire and the dishevelled appearance of the figure which had alarmed her, she at length came to the conclusion that the mysterious visitant was no apparition from the tomb, but some poor man—perhaps a beggar—and that the singular likeness to her father was an accidental resemblance, one of those freaks of nature which sometimes startle us as we pass through a crowded thoroughfare, and fancy for a moment that we see in some passer-by the features of a friend far distant, or long ago passed away to another sphere of existence.

"But if a beggar," she reasoned, "why did he not ask for alms? Why does he come secretly to watch me in the lonely woods?" And she shuddered at the thought that probably she had been watched and waited for by some escaped lunatic from a mad-house!

She resolved never again to go into the woods alone. But others of the household went, and once the housekeeper herself, at length convinced, asserted that she had seen the figure of the old man.

It wanted now but a few weeks to the expiration of the probationary twelvemonth. One night Louisa, tempted by the serene beauty of the moonlit, starlit sky, after preparing herself



for bed, seated herself at the half-open lattice window, and drank in the fragrant sweetness and freshness of the summer night-air, wafted from the flower-beds in the garden.

While thus she sat, deeply absorbed in thought, a slight rustling noise in the garden caught her ear. She glanced in that direction, and saw distinctly the figure of the old man whom she had seen in the wood. He stood gazing intently towards her. The moon gave sufficient light to enable her to scan his features and his entire form, and she was convinced they were those of her father. Observing that he was noticed, he retreated; and she now remarked that the gait of the old man was that of him she had loved so dearly. He was more bent and his steps were feeble, and his matted whiskers, long beard and mean attire imparted an appearance of abject poverty; but that it was no supernatural appearance, but the father, in life, whom she had mourned so long as dead, she could no longer doubt. A terrible thought came for the first time across her mind. It was overwhelming, in its horror. Could it be possible that her father, in his intense love for her, and knowing that his failure was at hand and his ruin irretrievable, had so far smothered his sense of rectitude, his regard of honor, that uprightness and integrity which had guided him in every movement of his life, as to voluntarily and deliberately descend to perpetrate a fraud upon the insurance office? and, by causing it to be believed that he was dead, contrive to secure to her a sum of money which would save her from the poverty into which she would otherwise be plunged, and which he was willing to bear himself, could he only place her beyond its influence? The thought almost drove her mad. If such was the case, was she not a party to the fraud? Had she not obtained money under false pretences, and was she not now living in comfort upon its proceeds? True, she was unwittingly a participant in the crime; but she felt no less the stigma that it would attach to her name, and the self-abasement which it would bring upon herself!

"O," she murmured, "this is terrible beyond endurance! Can it be true? Pray God I am mistaken; but if it be true, what can I do? How can I act? I cannot, dare not continue to perpetrate the crime; and to make it known, would be to criminate my own father! But I will know!" she continued; "I will know whether it be true or false! I will be satisfied—and at once. I could not live in doubt, in such a case as this."

She rose from her seat and commenced hastily to dress herself, resolved to go into the garden

and confront the old man, and be fully satisfied, at once and forever, whether he was actually her father, or some one whose features and form and gait were alike counterparts of those of him she had believed dead.

The figure retreated, turned back, stood still and hesitated, then moved a few paces forward, as if, perceiving that he had been recognized, he was irresolute whether to approach or flee from her whom, to look upon, he had crept out, like a thief, in the dark midnight.

In a few moments, Louisa was sufficiently dressed, and she hurried out into the garden. The figure had disappeared. She went to the gate and passed down the lawn, and across the fields, but no living creature was to be seen. She called aloud, though in a smothered voice: "Father! Father!" But there came no response, and she again doubted whether it had not been a mere phantasy of the imagination. It seemed so natural, so true, she could not bring herself to believe so, and yet she felt what a relief such a belief would be to her.

There was nothing left but to return to the cottage. Again she seated herself by the open window; but she saw the figure no more, and at length she closed the lattice and retired to bed—but not to sleep. Her mind was too full of what she had seen or fancied. If, she thought, she were to be continually subject to these frequently recurring phantasies, it would be terrible—more terrible still, if what she dreaded were true!

Hours passed away, and at length, wearied with racking thought, she closed her eyes and slept uneasily, and dreamed frightful dreams. She was awakened from one of these by a noise beneath the window. Her heart palpitating violently, she lay and listened, fearful to get out of bed; but hearing the noise no longer, she began to think she had been mistaken, and again closed her eyes and slumbered.

Again she was startled from her sleep, and this time she saw the nose flattened against the window, the face she had seen in the garden and on the banks of the streamlet—her father's face—peering into the apartment! She almost screamed with affright, but she had sense to think of the dread exposure that must ensue, if other than herself recognized the features of the midnight visitor, and that fear kept her silent; but she sprang up in bed, and at the same moment a voice—a voice whose accents she well knew, whispered: "Louisa! Louisa!"

The next moment she was out of bed and at the window, the quilt thrown over her like a cloak.

"O, father, father!" she murmured. "Why—what is this?"

She had opened the casement, and the old man, clad in rags, stood in the centre of the room.

In spite of his squalid aspect, in spite of her terrors, and her sense of the great wrong her father had done himself and her, she threw herself into his arms, and parent and daughter clung in a long, close embrace. In the darkness and silence of the night, in the unlighted bed-chamber of his daughter, the unhappy, erring father told his sad tale. It may be recapitulated in a few words:

Conscious that his affairs were irretrievably involved, and desirous, at any risk to himself, of saving his cherished child from the stings of poverty, he had made up his mind to lead people to suppose he had met his death by drowning; knowing that if that were credited, his daughter would receive the money from the insurance office.

To that end, he had spoken cheerfully to some friends he met, and informed them that he was going to bathe. He had provided himself with a disguise, and had put into his pocket as large a sum of money for his immediate support, as he could collect and withdraw from the firm, without raising suspicion, in the short time he had for preparation. On arriving at the spot where for years he had been accustomed to bathe, he had stripped himself of his garments and arrayed himself in the disguise he had brought with him, and with five hundred dollars in his pocket, had escaped into Canada. There he had read in the newspapers all the reports of his supposed suicide, his failure, and the subsequent discovery of his garments, the testimony of his friends, and the change in public opinion which led people to imagine that he had been accidentally drowned. Then he knew his daughter would obtain the insurance money, and he was satisfied.

He had hoped, by living frugally upon the smallest possible sum that would procure him the plainest food, that his money would last for years, if not for the remainder of his wretched life; and he thought that, knowing that his child would be provided for, he could live absent from her without wishing to see her again. But parental instinct was too powerful to be controlled. He had not been six months in Canada, before he felt a craving to see his daughter once again, which he could not overcome. He came to New York, still in disguise, and though not yet in a state of abject poverty, obliged to half starve himself day by day, lest he should find himself altogether destitute. He discovered where his daughter had taken up her residence, and learning that she occasionally walked in the

woods, he crept thither in the hope of seeing her at a distance, though but for a moment. He spoke of the day on which she discovered his presence, and how he had avoided her, and explained how he seemed to walk without noise over the ground, and paddle across the water, by telling her that to avoid discovery he walked the woods in his stocking feet, and muffled the paddles of the skiff.

But after that day, he saw her in the woods no more, and after having waited until he grew almost desperate, he ventured into the garden. Often, unobserved himself, he had seen her at the window; but this night he was discovered. He could endure it no longer. He resolved to make himself known to her, to clasp her in his embrace once again, and then to go forth—and die. He had found a ladder, used for climbing trees in the garden, that he had placed under the window. (It was the noise occasioned by this movement which had at first awakened Louisa from her slumbers.) He had then waited awhile to gain courage for the effort; had climbed the ladder, and looked in at the window. He was looking in when she awoke and discovered him.

"And now, Louisa, darling," said he, "one more kiss for your miserable father, and he will go hence to trouble you no more."

"Not so—O, not so, father!" sobbed Louisa, as she clung to his bosom. "And yet," she added, "how terrible this is! It is like a horrible dream. Father, you must not remain here, or you will be arrested. O, it is dreadful! Father, dear father, how could you thus imperil yourself for me? I could have borne poverty with you; but this robbery—it is nought else—will cling to me like a curse."

And she thought to herself, though she would not express her thoughts aloud:

"It is so mean—so contemptible! I would sooner have committed a burglary, than have been party to such an act of despicable swindling." (It was a terrible thought to occupy the mind of a daughter—to be alike ashamed of the crime committed by her father, and of the means by which it was committed.)

"Father," she continued, after a pause, "you must go hence—go back to Canada. Take with you what money I have got in the house. It is not mine, but that of the insurance company; but, though I know it is wrong, I will hand it over to you on such an occasion as this. You must go to-night—to-night, before daylight appears—and—to-morrow I will go to the insurance office and ask to see the president. I will tell him all, and beg him to keep the money I have

not used. Thank Heaven, I have spent less than one year's interest; and I will beseech him, for a ruined old man's, for a wretched daughter's sake, to keep the matter secret, and forbear to prosecute. And, father, you must write and let me know when you are in Canada; and when this affair is settled, I will come to you there, and work for your support. We will live henceforward together, poor—perhaps as poor as we well may be, and live—but, with the blessing of God, we may yet be happy."

Again she clung to the old man in a close embrace, and then forcing what money she had in the house upon him, urged his immediate departure.

Mr. Manners endeavored to expostulate with her. "I will go, Louisa," he said; "I will go, my child. You shall be troubled with your old father no more. But reflect, before you consign yourself to poverty! I perceive now how great has been my guilt; but you have been guilty of no crime, my poor child! And what is the trifle you possess to a wealthy company? they will not feel its loss."

"Father," said Louisa, "do not argue thus; you shock me. I have as yet been guiltless of crime; but I should be an accomplice to-morrow, if I forbore to give up the money. And perhaps some day the fraud would be discovered—and what would be then your fate, and mine?"

Still the old man argued; but his daughter refused to listen, and at length he took his departure, telling her that he would be in Canada before twenty-four hours had passed away.

Poor Louisa did not attempt to sleep again that night. The day-dawn found her still sitting at the casement window from which she had watched the departure of her father—her weak, misguided, and now care-worn, toil-worn father—grown prematurely old and gray, with the weight of a heavy crime, and the remorse that ever follows crime, save in the most conscience-seared of men—but her father, still!

Unhappy girl! She had reason for deep thought and bitter sorrow. Forever—so it seemed to her—she had lost the betrothed husband, to whom she was so soon to have been united! She could not hold him bound to keep the promise he had renewed and kept, when poverty threatened to assail her, now that she was poor indeed, and, worse than poor, an accomplice, though an innocent one, in a great and base crime! She resolved that she would tell him all, and then go to the directors of the insurance office and relate her sad story to them, and then—what then, she knew not. She could but trust in God, and await his will!

The morrow came, and with a heavy heart she took the cars to the city at an early hour, without explaining to Mrs. Brady the object of her journey; went to the bank and sought an interview with Ralph, and told him all that had occurred, concealing nothing.

"And now, dear Ralph," she said, "farewell forever!"

The tears she had long endeavored to suppress now burst forth in spite of her endeavors, and she sobbed aloud, as she added:

"Ralph—this is the last time I shall call you by that dear, familiar name—you have behaved nobly, most generously towards me. You wooed me when I was your equal in wealth and social position; and when poverty and trouble assailed me, though with a breaking heart I offered to release you if you wished, you kept true to your promise, and loved me still. But now—now how can I dare to hope, to expect that you should lower yourself to wed—O, God! that I should be compelled to say the words!—the destitute child of—a fugitive criminal!"

"And why, Louisa," said the young man, "is it the last time that you should call me by the name of Ralph? and why should you release me from my vows? There are two persons to be consulted respecting that. I shall not release you, Louisa; I do not choose to give up my future wife now, when I have more than ever reason to love her and to admire and respect the motives which actuate her conduct."

He took Louisa's hand, which she freely resigned to him. Her heart was too full to permit her to speak, and Ralph continued:

"I perfectly agree with you, Louisa, as to the course you have determined to take, and I respect you for it. So far from lowering you in my esteem, it has greatly exalted you; and, take my word for it, it will also exalt you in the eyes of the president of the life insurance company. A new president has been appointed since the insurance was paid, who is a worthy man, and a most intimate friend of mine. You shall not visit him alone; I will go with you. You shall tell the story, if you can; if not, I will tell it for you. Believe me, there is no cause for alarm. Have no fear for your father, or of any unpleasant exposure. Before an hour has passed over our heads, the money shall be quietly restored and you will quit the office, having made a new and a valuable friend."

It is sufficient to say that the young banker accompanied his betrothed to the insurance office. They had an interview with the president, who listened to the tale they had to tell, and when it was ended, warmly expressed his

admiration of Louisa's conduct, and promised inviolable secrecy. He shook hands with both the young people; and having learned from some words which inadvertently slipped from Ralph's tongue that he was engaged to be married to the young lady, he playfully congratulated him upon the coming event, and upon his choice of a lady who, independently of her personal attractions, had shown so firm, just, honest and decided moral qualities.

"Then you promise that you will not cast me off, Louisa," said Ralph, playfully, as they walked slowly back to the bank.

"Not if you insist on binding me to my promise," replied Louisa, blushing, and smiling through the tears that she had scarcely yet dried.

"And since your father is living, I see no reason for further delay," returned Ralph. "Why not hasten the day, Louisa?"

"You forget, Ralph," she replied, "that my poor, unhappy father, though living—and I thank God that he is—is dead to the world. What would be said if—"

She ceased suddenly, but the young man understood her.

"You are right, Louisa," said he, "and I was wrong, very wrong to speak as I did. I forgot myself, in my happiness in having you by my side, and feeling how much cause I had for congratulation, after what has passed between us to-day, in my choice of a wife. But I hold you bound to the day previously appointed."

Louisa blushed assent.

"And," continued Ralph, "I think for the short period that will intervene between this and the day on which I shall claim you for my bride, you had better remain in the cottage where you now reside; and, Louisa, until I am your husband, you must let me be your banker."

On the appointed day, the wedding took place, and Louisa, with Mrs. Brady, who had been her friend in adversity, removed from the little cottage to the spacious mansion provided for her reception by her husband.

Mr. Manners wrote a sadly desponding letter to his daughter from Canada, to which she promptly replied, explaining all that had occurred after his departure on the night when he held an interview with her in her bed-room at the cottage, and how happily everything had been completed. Ralph settled a liberal income upon the poor, broken down old man, whom he and his wife would gladly have welcomed as a permanent guest at their own happy home, had such an arrangement been possible under the peculiar circumstances, and frequently Louisa paid him

long visits; but he only lived three years after his return to Canada. With the return of comfort and ease, after his long privations, came a keen feeling of remorse caused by his criminal folly and weakness, which hurried him to the grave.

After his death, the facts which I have recorded became known by slow degrees; but time and the grave had softened down all hostile feeling toward the poor old man, who had, until evil days came upon him, and intense love for his only child had warped his moral perceptions, borne, for so many years, so high a character. And the story, though the facts were distorted, redounded, in the opinion of the world (since she was happy and prosperous, and had no need of its sympathy), greatly to Louisa's credit; and Ralph, now a happy husband and father, as well as a wealthy New England citizen, has never had cause to regret that he twice refused to be released from the promises he made on the day of his betrothal.

#### A CURIOUS JEWISH LEGEND.

Titus passed through what had been Jerusalem after its destruction. It is said that the sight of the ruins filled with sorrow and awe the conqueror, in whose character, according to the statement of contemporaries, good and evil strangely alternated. A Jewish legend has embellished this circumstance by describing in the most fabulous terms certain tortures which Titus had to endure in punishment for the destruction of Jerusalem and the temple. On his voyage from Egypt to Italy (so goes the story), Titus was overtaken by a storm, which threatened to destroy the vessel that bore him. Conscious of the righteous anger of the God of Israel whom he had offended, Titus broke forth in blasphemies against him, as if his power were limited to the sea, in which he had once destroyed Pharaoh, and now threatened his own safety, while he was unable successfully to contend against him upon land. A voice from on high rebuked the blasphemy. The storm was hushed; but no sooner had Titus landed than he felt excruciating pains in his head, occasioned, as it afterwards turned out, by an insect gnawing on his brain, which, according to the Divine threatening, was to continue his tormentor through life. Only once, and for a short time, the noise from a blacksmith's shop caused the insect to desist. On his deathbed, Titus ordered the physicians after his decease to open his skull, in order to ascertain the occasion of this ceaseless agony. To their astonishment they discovered in it an animal, which had grown to the size of a swallow, two talents in weight, with metal bill and claws, that had gnawed at the emperor's brain.—*Hebraist.*

#### STORM ON THE MOUNTAIN.

The sky is changed—and such a change! O night,  
And storm, and darkness! ye are wondrous strong,  
Yet lovely in your strength, as is the light  
Of a dark eye in woman. Far along,  
From peak to peak, the rattling crags among  
Leaps the live thunder.

BYRON.

[ORIGINAL.]

## MY PLOTTING AND PLANNING, AND WHAT CAME OF IT.

BY MARTHA K. ANNABLE.

At eighteen I was pretty, wealthy and spoiled. Pretty! Certainly I was if my mirror told the truth; pretty—if my five hundred and five dear, true, devoted friends and admirers were honest in their declarations; pretty—if a rose and lily complexion, eyes of the merriest hazel, lips full and smiling, and of the richest carnation, features finely cut, well defined, and framed in by the softest and most luxuriant golden brown curls, could entitle one to be called pretty.

Secondly, wealthy. Now I wasn't what you may term an heiress, perhaps, gentle reader, or avaricious fortune-seeker—yet I had been liberally educated, was surrounded with elegance, and even luxury, and besides being my father's only heiress (and he was a comfortable merchant of liberal means), by the generosity of an uncle, I was to come into possession of twenty thousand dollars upon my twenty-first birthday.

Spoiled. No one but myself dared whisper such a thing, yet I am confident such was the fact—that I was spoiled. Do you differ with me, reader? If so, perhaps my story will convince you of your error and my correctness. Now it is very evident if my nature had not been very depraved, when my father informed me upon my eighteenth birthday—the 11th of May, 1858—that I was betrothed in my early childhood to a certain Harry Sanford, the only son of a wealthy friend of my father's—I say if my nature had not been exceedingly depraved, of course I would have acquiesced in this arrangement, with many thanks to my father for his kind forethought, and with many self-congratulations as to the good fortune in store for me.

Owing to the depravity of my heart, however, I declared to my father that I would never marry Mr. Harry Sanford if he was rich as Cræsus, handsome as Apollo, or a very Cicero for eloquence (he was a lawyer by the way). No—marry Mr. Harry Sanford I would not! Why? For the simple reason, I wouldn't—so the matter was settled.

I had seen Mr. Harry seven or eight years before, a green, awkward, shy lad—and so I intimated to my father strongly that the idea of my marrying him was preposterous.

"My dear,"—that was the way my father always addressed me—"my dear, you are very positive. Hadn't you better wait until you see

Mr. Harry Sanford, for you know eight years makes quite a difference—"

I interrupted him very impolitely—but then, you know I said I was spoiled.

"I don't care for the difference."

"You are very set," said my father, with a flushed face.

I laughed a little, as I replied:

"When I marry any one, it will be somebody who cares more for me than my money, and does not wed me because *his* father and *my* father designed us for each other."

"But supposing Harry should really love you, pet?"

"It would be all the same," I answered, carelessly tying the silken cord of my morning-dress into knots and then untying them. "Pray, let us change the subject, papa, for I shall never become Mrs. Harry Sanford, depend upon it."

Now my father was a very determined man in his way, and he had set himself too much upon this favorite plan of his to have it thwarted so easily. So after spending an hour in a fruitless endeavor to persuade me to receive the young gentleman's addresses, he suddenly enough changed from coaxing to threatening, called me an ungrateful trollop, an impudent, senseless flirt of a girl, and ended by informing me that unless I consented to meet Mr. Harry Sanford with becoming respect, he would have me locked in my chamber and fed on bread and water until I did come sufficiently to my senses to do so.

Now I suppose papa thought this would humble me, but again the depravity of my heart caused me to answer that I should never treat Mr. Harry Sanford otherwise than with the most studied and profound contempt. So the next morning I found my door locked upon the outside, and a loaf of bread and pitcher of water upon the table, to answer the purpose of breakfast, dinner and supper for me. Now *here* was a fix! I—pretty Agnes Thorne, a prisoner, and put upon an allowance of bread and water, which treatment I had no reason to expect would be mitigated until I consented to receive Mr. Harry Sanford as my affianced husband! Some girls would have sat down and cried over the untoward state of affairs, but I did not care to spend my time, spoil my eyes, or waste my tears thus. So I sat down coolly and deliberately to think. In the first place I came to the conclusion I would never receive the attentions of Mr. Harry Sanford—*never*. Secondly, that as for remaining a close prisoner for an incalculable length of time, *that* would be almost insufferable, as the warm season was coming on, and there was no one who loved romping, free air and equestrian

expeditions better than I did. No, it never would do to be thus incarcerated a whole summer, and perhaps longer, *that* was not to be thought of. Now women are famous for planning, and it did not require ten minutes for pretty little Agnes Thorne to lay out a decided plan of action.

My first movements were to make my toilet; my next to eat my plain but wholesome breakfast; my next to put my room in order; and then I sat down to sewing as composedly as if the door was not locked upon the outside, and the key no doubt safe in my father's pocket; as composedly as if there was not a cunningly devised plan laid snugly away in my busy brain, only waiting for a suitable time to be put into execution by me.

Two or three times that day my father came to my door and tapped, asking if I were not beginning to repent of my folly. But my answer evidently did not satisfy him, for he allowed the door to remain closed. Once my mother tried to expostulate with me upon my folly—but I more than half believe she sympathized with me in my trial too much to have a great deal to say, as she never took sides against my father. I have often admired her for this. I admired her for it even then—my dear mother!

How long that day seemed; it appeared to me that night, cool and starry, would never come. When the shades of evening, however, did begin to approach, I donned my plainest dress, an unpretending debaige, and linen cuffs and collar—looked over my wardrobe, laying out such articles of clothing as I deemed would be most serviceable to me, and rolled them tightly into a bundle—then I placed a purse containing quite a liberal supply of spending money in my pocket, and was ready for my adventure.

My plan was this. Some fifty miles distant from the village in which my father lived, dwelt his sister and her husband, two quiet old-fashioned people enjoying themselves like princes out there in their little vine-shaded country house, away from the busy turmoil of the city, of the gossip and heart-burnings of a village.

Uncle George and Aunt Martha had often invited me to visit them, and it now entered my willful brain to accept their invitation, and by doing so to foil my father in his grand scheme of bringing about a meeting between Harry Sanford and myself, the young man in question having written that he would do himself the honor of spending the summer at my father's, and I knew that the said Mr. Harry Sanford intended visiting Europe in the fall; so if I could only keep out of his way that summer, I felt that the

Rubicon would be past, and that for some time at least I should be left free.

So far so good—now to escape from my prison. My father, flattering himself that the only manner of egress from my chamber was through the door, forgot that though my window was in the second story, a couple of sheets tied together and fastened securely to the bed-post, would serve as well as a ladder for his romp of an Agnes Thorne. That, however, was my intended manner of escape; but as I was about putting it in execution a new difficulty arose in my mind. My mother always before retiring to rest, peeped in to see that I was safely ensconced in bed. At first, I thought of waiting until she had looked in and discovered all to be right. Then recollecting that I must be at the station at ten o'clock, I put that suggestion aside as impracticable.

Then what should I do? I knew that if she looked in and discovered the room to be empty, she would raise the alarm immediately, and I might be overtaken before I had put myself on board the cars en route for my country relatives' hospitable mansion. What should I do?

But when was ever a woman's ingenuity put at fault? "Necessity is the mother of invention," is an old adage, and it was not long before this difficulty also was removed. It required but a moment to roll some articles of wearing apparel into the shape of a person; this I placed in bed, put a delicate nightcap upon the counterfeit head, turning the face towards the wall. This done, I placed a little note that I had written during the day upon the table, where it would be likely to be found in the morning, and then, highly elated at my successfully laid plans, I made my somewhat perilous descent.

The note that I left for the consolation of my parents was brief, and read as follows:

"DEAR PARENTS: Not particularly fancying its cage, your bird has flown. Don't be uneasy, she will return to you when that odious Harry Sanford is out at sea. Till then adieu. AGGIE."

Of course my Uncle George and Aunt Martha were glad to see me. I arrived at their country seat when it was nearly evening the next day, tired and hungry enough, I assure you. Aunt Martha helped me to alight from the lumbering old stage-coach, while Uncle George (hale, hearty, dear old man—portly, and as warm-hearted as he was portly) came down the path, rubbing his chubby hands together, saying:

"Well, well, bless my old eyes! Is it going to rain, Aggie Thorne, or what is going to happen? Here, let me take your bundle, child, and do you, Martha, get her some supper—she's nearly starved, I'll wager."

I followed the dear old people along the gravelled walk, up the broad steps, through the great sheltering porch, and into the pleasant, old-fashioned parlor. Then I sank down into the depths of a great, cushioned rocker, while Uncle George unfastened my bonnet and shawl, and laying them upon the chintz-covered lounge, sat down to catechize me.

"Come alone, Aggie!"

"Yes, sir."

I knew what was coming. I might better have attempted to deceive myself than keensighted Uncle George. I knew this to begin with, but I was more sensible of the fact, when, ten minutes later, I discovered I had "let the cat out of the bag;" in other words, that Uncle George had possessed himself of all the principal facts connected with my proceedings the previous thirty-six hours.

"Well, well, I can't say that I blame you, lass," he said, after he had fully satisfied his curiosity. I noticed that there was a peculiar twinkle in his eyes, but then Uncle George had very peculiar eyes, perhaps it was only my imagination that made me think I saw anything unusual in their expression.

As I said, Uncle George was a hale, hearty old man, I think at that time about sixty years of age. A good looking old man he was too, and I have heard Aunt Martha say, very handsome in his youth. She, dear soul, was ten years his junior, a pleasant-featured, mild-eyed old lady, invariably dressed in black or gray, with silver-bowed spectacles, and cap and kerchief always so snowy and spotless, and as I entered the dining-room that evening and sat down to the bountifully spread table, with Aunt Martha sitting directly opposite, I thought how very happily her life must have passed, to leave her face so calm and beautiful in old age. I do not know but what I envied Aunt Martha, and would have been willing to have bartered my youth for her quiet old age, if her placid happiness could be mine by the exchange. Aunt Martha, like a dear, discreet old lady, did not quiz me in the least. She talked of her garden, the prospect of fruit, the price of butter and eggs, and the beautiful and seasonable weather. If I was in a manner uncomfortable after Uncle George's catechizing, Aunt Martha rendered me perfectly at my ease, and I forgot my former discomfort.

"Wasn't I tired and sleepy?"

I acknowledged it, for in reality I was. What a cool, spacious spare room that was, Aunt Martha conducted me into with its straw carpeting, dimity hangings and snowy draped bed.

"Good night, child." And Aunt Martha kissed me in a tender, motherly way.

"And be sure and take notice what you dream, Aggie!" called my uncle's voice up the stairway; "for you know the first dream you dream in a strange house will come true as sure as anything in the world."

And I did dream—horror of horrors!—and what do you suppose it was about? Will you believe it? but I thought I was married to the ugliest ogre in Christendom, and the said ogre's name was Harry Sanford! I awoke in a tremendous perspiration, persuaded myself I had had the nightmare, and went to sleep again to dream that I was the horrible ogre, and Harry Sanborn was little Aggie Thorne, and that the said ogre and the said Aggie were one! I awoke all in a tremble, to hear the roosters crowing for morning, and to find daylight streaming in through the white curtains.

Now it is not necessary for the development of my story for me to particularize the events of the few succeeding days, or even weeks. My time would have passed pleasantly enough, but for one or two things. In the first place, I was more conscious than ever of the fact that I was a spoiled girl. Secondly, I had a very, very little wish to know how matters were progressing at home. Besides, I was somewhat ennuied, and when I learned that there was to be an addition to our family in the shape of a handsome young fellow, the schoolmaster of the district, I can't say that I was sorry.

Will Ford and I soon became the best of friends. I can't tell why, unless because my Uncle George called him a blockhead, and my Aunt Martha intimated rather strongly to me that she hoped I would not have a great deal to say to the thriftless fellow, who, although he did well enough for the teacher of two scores of juveniles, was not the most suitable company in the world for pretty, wealthy, accomplished Agnes Thorne. I say that may be the reason even now, I cannot say. Strange how little we know of our own hearts!

Now, why my uncle and aunt so disliked the young pedagogue of the district, I could not discover. I must say they were even rude to him, rude—even Uncle George, dear, hospitable Uncle George, and my pleasant, even-tempered Aunt Martha. Of course I felt very sorry for him, and mortified that he should be obliged to submit to such treatment on my account, and the smiles they denied him, I fully made up to him.

One evening my aunt called me when I was enjoying just one of the pleasantest *tete-a-tetes* in the world with Will, upon the front piazza.

"The night air isn't good for you, Agnes," she said, somewhat sternly. "And as for Mr. Ford, I should think the labors of the day would require him to devote more hours to sleep. Good night, sir." And my Aunt Martha taking my hand, led me rather forcibly into the sitting-room and closed the door.

To say that I was angry would be too mild an expression. I had my father's quick, passionate temperament, and the idea that she should thus endeavor to control my actions maddened me. I went to the open window and looked out. I saw Will walking back and forth beneath the great locust trees, moody and abstracted, his arms folded across his breast, and his eyes fixed upon the ground. I was in no mood to conciliate my aunt, who was evidently very much vexed with me, so I commenced singing:

"O meet me down by the willow tree."

I knew Will heard me, for he looked up, smiled, and answered by deaf and dumb signs, which we both understood.

"I will—in an hour. Remember, Aggie."

I did remember. I pleaded fatigue to my aunt and retired, but to steal from my room little more than half an hour afterwards, and creeping noiselessly down stairs, I wandered out into the moonlight.

What a beautiful night it was, the breezes sighing through the locusts, and lifting the graceful arms of the eglantine that clambered over the great porch. I raised my face to the perfumed breath of the flowers, seeking to inhale a double portion of their fragrance as I passed. The dew lay glittering like pearls upon the grass, the whippoorwill was trilling his sad, plaintive song over the hill, and there beneath the quiet stars, under the sweeping branches of the willow tree, at the further end of Uncle George's garden, in a whisper, lest his words might be overheard by those who sought to separate us—in a whisper to be sure—yet there was no need of words, so eloquent was the look that beamed from his clear, handsome eyes—there and then he told me of his love, and I—I promised to be his wife!

Our interview was a long one. What wonder? How many plans we laid—how much I had to tell him, and he to make known to me! I told him all about my leaving home—that obnoxious Harry Sanford to whom my father had betrothed me. And when he asked me:

"But, Aggie, darling, would you choose the poor pedagogue, rather than the wealthy lover your father has chosen for you?" I replied unhesitatingly:

"As truly as I pledged myself to be yours forever, Will."

He went on in his low, musical way, his arms around me, his clear, earnest eyes gazing into my own.

"For your sake, Aggie, I would like to be rich, that I might surround you with luxury and elegance." (I had never intimated to Will that I was to come into possession of a single copper, either upon my majority, or my father's death, leaving him to surmise that I was as penniless as himself.)

"Never mind," I said. How brave I was, wasn't I, when I knew all the while there were some twenty thousand dollars to come into possession of a certain Agnes Thorne, upon her twenty-first birthday.

"Never mind, dear Will," was my brave speech, "I can endure poverty with all its ills for your sake!"

He did not look at me, as I concluded; perhaps it was well for me he did not, at least, I thought so at the time, for I knew there was a glad, triumphant expression upon my countenance that I could not conceal, and which I feared would betray me.

Now I knew my father well enough to know that a certain refusal would meet the request of my lover if he petitioned for my hand, and I had no intention of allowing Uncle George and Aunt Martha to have the satisfaction of saying "no" to any appeal of his to them. So it was all arranged for an elopement, to come off the very next evening. Will was to have a carriage in waiting at a certain spot designated, where I was to meet him at midnight, and then as fast as possible we were to set off to a neighboring State, where a special license would be unnecessary, and we could be united before a pursuit could be instituted.

And with this understanding we parted. The next day passed away without anything of note transpiring. Will and I merely spoke with each other, and that was all, for we wished entirely to disarm my uncle and aunt of any suspicion they might have in regard to their dutiful niece.

Night came at length—starless, moonless. How I congratulated myself upon the favorableness of the evening for our purpose! At the appointed hour, dressed with more than ordinary care, I glided down stairs and out into the night. I met Will at the spot designated; the carriage was in waiting, he assisted me in, gave a few directions to the driver, seated himself by my side, put up the door, and then we were off, whirled rapidly away over the turnpike. We were both silent for a long time, Will and I. Finally, however, he spoke. There was a strange quivering in his voice:



"Aggie," he said, "you are sure that you love me? Are you sure that you will not regret this step? It is not too late to go back. I could not have the heart to bind you down to a life of poverty with me unless you deliberately make the choice yourself, with your eyes open, realizing what you are doing."

"Poverty with you would be preferable to wealth and luxury with any other," I answered, while there was a great exultant throb of my heart when I thought of the surprise in store for my true, devoted lover, who loved me for myself alone. Then I thought of my father, mother, uncle and aunt, and Harry Sanford. I laughed a little to myself. I said I was a spoiled girl—and I was. How my father would rave, wouldn't he, to be sure, when he found he had been outwitted? But then, it was his own doings. If he hadn't shut me up and fed me on bread and water, I never would have given him Will for a son-in-law, I reasoned with myself, and feeling quite satisfied with the course I was pursuing, I nestled my head down upon Will's shoulder, and went to sleep.

"Here we are at last, Aggie."

These were the words that aroused me, and half-bewildered, I suffered myself to be taken from the carriage and assisted up a flight of broad stone steps, into a wide hall, dimly lighted, and from thence into a large, well-furnished room, very dimly illuminated indeed, by a night lamp. As I looked around, a sudden bewilderment came over me. I thought for a moment that I was the victim of some delusive, inconsistent dream. I rubbed my eyes and pinched myself, to see if I was awake, and finding that I was, I was about turning to Will, with a question already framed upon my lips, when the door opened, and an old man, whom Will whispered me was the justice, entered.

Now there were several things that amazed me. First, the room I was in had a strangely familiar look; secondly, there was a curious twinkling in the eye of the justice; thirdly, I heard sounds of suppressed mirth, and whisperings in a dim corner of the room; and fourthly, my dear Will was addressed by the justice, when he asked him if he would take me to be his lawfully wedded wife, as William Henry Sanford. What a name, I thought to myself, what a name! Although my thoughts were of a very strange nature, my misgivings were not definite enough to cause me to stay the proceedings, and—yes, almost before I knew it, I heard the justice say:

"I pronounce you man and wife."

At that moment, as if by magic, the great

room became suddenly illuminated, and— There stood my father and mother, laughing and chatting with my good Uncle George and Aunt Martha—and—could it be?—yes, surely it was the real sober fact—we had been married in Uncle George's parlor!

"Allow me to congratulate you, Aggie, upon your very wise choice," said my father, advancing. "And upon the success of your elopement," smiled my mother, while my Uncle George looked at me with a knowing twinkle in his eye, and my Aunt Martha, dear soul, laughed until the tears ran down her cheeks.

"Sold!" I pronounced the word bitterly, as my father clasped my husband's hand warmly, saying:

"You've won her, Harry—cleverly won her—but I dare say she isn't worth the trouble you've had in the winning!"

Of course, I tried to be very angry, when I discovered the ruse. Of course I raved and stormed, and declared I would have awful and terrible revenge, but—

Here I am—little Harry looking out of the window and calling papa and I—the happiest little wife in Christendom, I subscribe my name Mrs. William Harry Sanford.

#### TRUE AND FALSE GOOD BREEDING.

It is truly said that a little gentility is a dangerous thing. There are no such sticklers for etiquette as the would-be fashionable, who have heard of good society, but have never seen it. Having no innate good-breeding, they hedge in their lives with conventionalities and rules borrowed from the Handbook of Politeness. It is unsafe to do an original and spontaneous act in their presence, or let fall a remark that's not correctly commonplace, if you would beware of offending their fastidiousness. On the other hand, there's no such freedom anywhere as in really good society. Truly well-bred persons never act by rule, or fear giving offence by the freedom of their conduct and conversation. It is the high tone of their behaviour that preserves them from vulgarity, not the observance of etiquette. Innate politeness and nobility of character show themselves in every gesture, in every accent of the voice and glance of the eye; humble dress and occupation cannot conceal them; neither can vulgarity put on those high qualities, though it be clad in purple and gold, and housed in a palace.—*Home Journal*.

#### AFFECTION.

Talk not of wasted affection—affection never was wasted; If it enrich not the heart of another, its waters returning Back to their springs, like the rain, shall fill them full of refreshment:  
That which the fountain sheds forth returns again to the fountain.  
Patience—accomplish thy labor—accomplish thy work of affection!  
Sorrow and silence are strong, and patient endurance is godlike. LONGFELLOW.

[ORIGINAL.]

## DREAM-LAND VISIONS.

BY FANNY FIELDING.

How sweetly to my wearied brain  
Comes floating, borne by angel wings,  
A low and musical refrain,  
To charm my soul from earthly things.  
It bids me throw earth-cares away,  
And soar into the realms of light;  
Forget awhile the toils of day  
In boundless visions of the night.

In sleep I wake, and wander o'er  
By fairy streams and fountains free;  
Or walk upon some bright parterre,  
Enwreathed with flower, and fruit, and tree;  
Or rest me in some grottoed cell,  
Beside the foaming, heaving sea,  
Whose floor is strewn with many a shell,  
Which breathes Æolian sounds to me.

Then round me comes a fairy band,  
With beauteous forms and faces bright,  
To welcome to this fairy land,  
And give one moment of delight  
To earth-worn spirits such as mine,  
Whose deadened sense and aching breast  
Sweet sleep renews with healing balm,  
And gives from toil and care a rest.

But lo! the enchanting scenes have fled;  
Those beauteous forms have passed away;  
The lark soars high above my head,  
And loud proclaims the coming day.  
The mists that gathered through the night  
Upon the valley dark and drear,  
Are rolling up the mountain's height,  
And soon from sight will disappear.

The trees that crown the mountain's brow  
Lift high their waving, plumelike heads,  
As if to catch Sol's earliest ray,  
And warn me of Time's stealthy tread—  
That I should rise and sally forth,  
My lifelong tasks commence anew,  
Till darkness veils once more the earth,  
And brings bright visions ever new.

[ORIGINAL.]

## THE RED-WHISKERED ASSASSIN.

BY GIACOMO S. CAMPANA.

"As lean as a Frenchman." And why as lean as a Frenchman, any more than as lean as a Yankee, or as lean as a Georgian? Do Frenchmen monopolize all the *macritude* of the world, or even any undue portion of it? No sir-ee; not at all. It is simply one of those no-such-things which John Bull has repeated so often, that he is now willing to swear to them.

By the way, to make the "*entente cordiale*" complete, Louis Napoleon ought to propose to

her Britannic majesty the total abolition of all those old-fashioned national personalities, or personal nationalities (whichever they ought to be called), including Hogarth's "Gate of Calais."

But, on second thoughts, a thorough revolution of that sort would spoil a great deal of good fun now enjoyed by the Americans who visit Paris and London, and hear the two Johnnies, Bull and Crapaud, abuse each other; particularly on the stage. What gets the worst of the battle, in that case, is the emperor's French and the queen's English, mutually murdered by both parties. They used to have an actor at the *Theatre des Palais Royal*, who made his fortune by speaking English, which he used to do in this style: "Juhn! Juhn! you moost obeyee to dose ladee!" Nor is the English French much better than the French English.

But we are wandering from our subject. We were about to say that we have seen a good many millions of Frenchmen, of all sorts and sizes, and we are willing to stake our reputation upon the assertion that the people of that ingenious and enterprising nation are not a whit worse off for adipose matter than our own countrymen, if as much so. That they are a little less puffy than their neighbors over the channel, is perhaps true.

That important point being settled, we will proceed with our true history. A number of years ago there lived, in the Great Valley of Virginia, a fat Frenchman. Yes, whatever the prejudice on the subject of the race may be, no one would be hardly enough to deny that Jean Jacques Legras was a fat Frenchman—that the Frenchman, though a Frenchman, was fat, and that the fat, though undeniable fat, was French; unless, indeed, it be contended that as much of it as was the product of Virginia "hog and hominy," should be set down as American. Be that as it may, the fat itself was a veritable "fixed fact." And Legras was no small potatoes of a fat man, either. He might have passed muster as a London alderman, played Falstaff without stuffing, or stood the test of any of those ordeals which are supposed to be the touchstones of legitimate pingitude.

In body and bulk, then, it will not be denied that our Frenchman was a *great* man. If he was not correspondingly great in other respects, it can hardly be said to have been his fault; for Jean Jacques had the infirmity of noble minds—he was ambitious. He panted for an opportunity of distinguishing himself; he thirsted for glory, as the traveller in the desert thirsts for the crystal well in the emerald oasis. It was military

glory, especially, that he longed for; and if he lived in such "piping times of peace" as to make its attainment impracticable, he surely was not to blame for it. It was only because swords were so scarce, and ploughshares so plentiful, that he had failed to become a Julius Cæsar or a Napoleon Bonaparte. Such, at least, was his opinion; and who ought to know, if he didn't?

Fate having thus made him a man of peace, in spite of himself, Jean Jacques Legras was forced to smother the martial fires within him, and to allow the luxuriance of his warlike enterprise to "run to seed." The result was the transfer to his only son and heir of all those towering hopes which had so signally come to naught in his own portly person.

This son, whose mother died while he was an infant, was named Julius Cæsar Hannibal Napoleon Legras; and as his full complement of appellations was rather inconveniently tedious, it was usually abbreviated by the father into "'Annebal Napoleon," and by the schoolboys into "Hanny Nap."

The future glory and greatness of this long-named youth was the subject of Jean Jacques's "dreams by night and visions of the day." In his own emphatic language, he was bound to make him a hero, or "bust;" and his most strenuous efforts, for many years, were almost exclusively directed to that praiseworthy object of parental ambition.

From the very cradle, Julius Cæsar Hannibal Napoleon's training was of a warlike character. No coral and bells, no harmless rattle, no peaceful playthings of any description, were ever allowed to soothe his infant poutance. His toys were all suggestive of the "pomp and pride and circumstance of glorious war;" his play-house was a military magazine in miniature; and if it had been practicable, the gallant Jean Jacques would have made his daily bread a conglomeration of "gun, drum, trumpet, blunderbuss and thunder," and his diurnal drink some terrible brewage of aquafortis and gunpowder.

As soon as the embryo hero was able to walk, he began to learn the manual exercise, and such warlike accomplishments. His progress was altogether satisfactory to the party immediately interested; but envious "outsiders" maintained that there was a fatal defect in the system, inasmuch as the father, who was his only teacher, was an arrant ignoramus, and had the misfortune not to know it. They maintained, however, that there was one consolation he might have had, if he had not been too obtuse to perceive it; and that was, that the son, being as great a numskull as the parent, would probably advance as fast

under one teacher as another. What a melancholy thought it is that no position is sufficiently exalted to escape the tongue of detraction!

Jean Jacques and his neighbors both agreed in considering Julius Cæsar Hannibal Napoleon a true "chip of the old block;" but it must be confessed that there was a difference of opinion about the stuff the old block itself was made of. If you had asked one of those unmannerly outsiders to interpret the epithet, he would have told you that it meant a thorough poltroon, as well as an unmitigated ass. Like the old man, however, they would admit that he had some redeeming traits—that he was at least good-natured, and, like most cowards, anxious to please all and give offence to none.

After Hannibal Napoleon had been educated up to what his father thought the proper point, the latter resolved, if possible, to have him finished off at West Point. With this object in view, he became the *bête noire*, the especial aversion, of the member of Congress from his district, who soon learned to dread his approach as if he had been a locomotive amalgamation of small pox and yellow fever. He flattered, and cajoled, and blustered, and threatened—or at least made attempts at all these—by turns; but it was all of no avail. Uncle Sam would have nothing to do with Hannibal Napoleon.

Crossed in this darling purpose, Legras determined to convey the embryo hero to his father—or rather his *grand-father-land*. He took him to France, and actually succeeded in getting him matriculated at the *Ecole Polytechnique*. This was a great triumph—but alas! a short-lived one; for hardly had the proud father returned to the shores of America, when back came Hannibal Napoleon, thrown upon his hands again like a piece of damaged goods, and bringing with him a laconic epistle, which was, in substance, a Gallic version of the well-known English proverb, "There is no making a whistle out of a pig's tail"—a proverb, by the way, which some Yankee has falsified by actually constructing a very excellent whistle with no other material than one of those same scandalous appendages.

This was a cut of the unkindest kind; but Jean Jacques was not a man to let anything trouble him long. He railed bitterly against the Bourbons, whom he accused of being the cause of this mishap, in consequence of their jealousy of the young hero! They knew that he himself had been an ardent supporter of the great Napoleon, and they hated Julius Cæsar Hannibal Napoleon Legras, both from dread of what his budding abilities might produce in the future, and from their dislike to the ever-glorious name

he bore. He had always been inclined to think that Louis XVIII. was envious of him and his family, and now he had a positive assurance of the fact.

The Virginia Military Institute, unfortunately, was not then in existence, or he would undoubtedly have tried that also. As it was, his ardor was somewhat abated by his successive disappointments, and he began to turn his attention to the promotion of his son's interests in another quarter. Hannibal Napoleon was now far advanced in his hobbydehoyhood, and would soon be a man, and in a condition to settle for life—which means being fastened down to one spot by that peculiar contrivance called wedlock; and absurdly so, since that is not properly a lock at all to which there can be no key. Once advantageously "settled," Hannibal Napoleon might at least stand a chance of becoming a general of militia, if nothing better offered in the meantime.

As to this settling operation, the father had always had peculiar views for his son, and he thought it was now time to develop them. His only sister had married a Virginia gentleman named Brotherton, and their daughter, and only child Ada, was now an orphan, and under his guardianship. She was an especially beautiful, amiable and intelligent girl.

An important change was now about to take place in the hitherto monotonous life of Ada Brotherton. She had been away at school ever since the death of her parents, and had consequently seen very little of her uncle and cousin. Now, however, her educational course was completed, and the beautiful girl, now just blossoming into womanhood, was to be transferred to the Legras homestead, which its proprietor had dignified with the high-sounding, historical appellation of Austerlitz.

Ada had already left school, and was spending a few weeks with one of her young friends, in the pretty village of Harrisonburg, in Rockingham county, where her father had formerly lived. Here her uncle was to meet her, and convey her in his carriage to Austerlitz.

In view of this little trip, Jean Jacques had made certain calculations which required that his son should accompany him. What their nature was, may be gathered from the following colloquy, which took place between the father and son, the day before the projected visit to Harrisonburg:

"Sit down yourself, von moment, my son; I 'ave need to 'avé wiz you von leetle tete-a-tete—von leetle vat you call consoltation. Now tell me, 'Anneebal Napoleon, vat you tink about to get marry—hein?"

"About getting married? I never thought anything at all about it. What makes you ask?"

"Baycause I tink it lofty time—"

"High time, you mean."

"Varee vell; high time, den, for you to commence for to tink 'bout him. *Oui*—yes, sair. And dere is von yong ladee which has *beaucoup d'argent*—ver mosh silver—and which is beautiful, too; beautiful *comme un ange des cieux*—like as von sky angel. And dis yong ladee, so beautiful, and so reesh, and so—vat you call—so *accomplie*—so complicate—"

"So accomplished, you mean."

"Ah, *oui*!—yes, so accomplished. *O, que vous etes savant!*—that you are learned, my son! Vell, dis yong ladee, which is likewise scholar, and *grande musicienne*—big musician—touches de piano, and pinches de guitar, and is *tout a fait*—all to fact—accomplish; how you like to husband her—to marry her—eh?"

"I wouldn't like it at all. I don't want none of your dictionary-talking gals. I'd rather have Sal Spikes, a heap."

"But dis is not von *dictionnaire*-talk ladee. It is your own *cousine*, Mees Ada Brozsairton; and she is vort feefty tousand dollair. How you like dat, sair?"

"Well, I dunno. I should like the money."

"And you not like de yong ladee too? You ought to be shame of yourself, *corbleu*! You not *assez de Francais*—you not Frenchman 'nough—you too mosh Yankee, or you would be more *galant*. *Mille tonnerres!* If I vas not her oncle, and not quite so mosh fat, I would cut you in—no, cut you out—and marry her meself, *corbleu*! But it vould nevair do for *tant d'argent*—for so mosh monëy to quit de family. You moost marry her."

"Well, father, I don't mind the marryin' and the money, but I don't know how to go about it; I don't know how to court. If it was Sal Spikes, now! But I don't hardly know my coasin; I don't know what to say."

"Vell, vell, you joost do vat I bid you. I'll tell you vat to say. But you moost be ver quick 'bout it; for Ada vill soon 'ave plenty yong fellows to court her. *He bien!* now you 'tend to vat I say. I am going to go to fetch her 'ome to-morrow, and you moost go 'long. I vill drive de *carrosse*, de *carriage*, my own self, and I vill say to Ada dat von of de horses is—is—vat you call—*boiteux*—limpy—"

"Lame?"

"Yes, yes; lame. And ven ve come to de *colline rouge*—de "red hill"—dis side of Harrisonboorg, I vill say you two yong peoples vas be necessair to descend and walk up de hill. So

den, I vill drive on, outside of sight. And ven you comes to *un endroit*, a spot favorable, you moost put your knees on dair you, bend yourself, and say: '*Ange de mon cœur*—angel of my 'eart, deign to cast von pitying glance upon de slave at your feet, and allow dose 'eavenly eyes to cure de evils dey have inflic' 'pon de mos' humble of your admirers, Julius Cæsar 'Anneehal Napoleon Legras.' Vat you tink of dat, eh? She not stand dat, my boy; not nevair. She vill raise you from your knee, and den you moost, vat you call, hop de question, *sur le champ*—on de field—right off de spinnin'-veel."

"Right off the reel, you mean."

"Vell, vell; all same von as tudder. You try dat plan, and see if it don't labor—"

"Work, you mean, father."

"Ah, vell! vork is labor, and labor is vork; and if dat plan don't vork, den call me a rigmorumus. Ve moost 'ave von—von—von pud-ding—"

"Wedding, I s'pose you mean?"

"Ah, *oui*, yes! ve vill have von wedding nex Christmas; and ve vill do it *en grand*—do it big. And ve vill drink de healt' of de great Napoleon, and all de leetle Napoleons, too. Joost you do vat I tell you, and dere vill not be no trooble 'bout Ada's consent to de *fiancailles*—to de hop de question—"

"Pop the question—not hop."

"Vell, vell; pop, den, let it be. And be sure you pop it vell, and don't make no meeetake."

With this parting injunction, the council was dissolved, and both parties proceeded to make preparations for the important expedition. Hannibal Napoleon was rigged out for the occasion in a style which, in cockney phrase of the present day, would be called *stunning*—and a stunning result was anticipated, both by himself and his admiring parent. It so happened that the young man, so far as figure was concerned, was the very antipodes of the old one. He was long, lean, lathy and limber, and, in the highest degree, awkward and ungainly. Jean Jacques, however, believed his person to be the very pink of perfection, and lauded to the skies his "slim and genteel" corporality, in his own peculiar fashion—managing, generally, to top off with an expressive anti-climax.

"*Ah, mon fils*—ah, my son," said he, when he saw him adorned for the ride, "dat is grand, splendeed, magnificent, exquisiteet, sooblime, pretty good!"

The day was a beautiful one, all things went well, and the party left Harrisonburg in high feather. When they reached the "Red Hill" the old man sprang his mine.

"*Ma chere Ada*—my dear child, dis old horse on dat side have somehow estropiated—lamed—hissself. Now if you two yong peoples vill git out and valk yourselves ovair dis big hill, me and de horse vill be ver mosh obligate for de kindness."

Anxious to please her uncle, Ada leaped from the carriage immediately. Hannibal Napoleon followed, at a much more deliberate pace, and then the old man drove on.

It was a delicious summer evening, and our friends had suffered themselves to be delayed till it was quite late. There was a full moon in prospect, however, and they did not think it necessary to be in a hurry. As we have already stated, Hannibal Napoleon's knowledge of his cousin was but slight, and his acquaintance with ladies in general was limited to Sal Spikes and "a few more of the same sort."

He was now alone with his cousin for the first time, and the important moment had arrived when, in obedience to his father's directions, he was to secure his pretty cousin and ever so many thousands of dollars. The two pedestrians were about as totally unlike as two human beings well could be. Ada was a refined and intelligent young lady, with a soul attuned to all the harmonies of nature; Hannibal Napoleon was—the reader knows what.

The young gentleman had a dim consciousness that it would not do to "hop the question" abruptly, without anything in the way of preliminaries. He therefore began to cudgel his brain, in order to find a remark to begin with; but Hannibal Napoleon's brain was a stubborn one, and not much in the habit of standing by its owner in such emergencies. He looked up to the sky, and he looked down to the ground, and he looked all around him—but nothing came of it. O, for an idea! thought he; but not as idea came to his assistance. They were a sort of thing whose acquaintance he had little cultivated, and they now stood aloof, in the hour of his sorest need and bitterest tribulation.

Suddenly a hungry-looking porker sprang out of a clump of bushes, and with a loud grunt, ran across the road. No bigoted Israelite ever cursed the whole porcine race more emphatically than Hannibal Napoleon blessed it now. It was a perfect godsend.

"I say, Cousin Ada, don't it make your mouth water to think about hog-killin' time?"

"Why, cousin?"

"O, sasages, you know, and spar'riba, and chimes, and cracklin'-pone, and them—splendid!"

The subject was a fortunate one. Those who feel deeply, they say, speak eloquently. If so,

no one could have the elements of eloquence in greater perfection than this enthusiastic youth. It was a congenial topic, for if there was anything on earth he loved, it was the rich unctuous morsels which he had in his mind's eye then—

"Grease that was living grease no more,"

as Byron (might have) said.

But the young man's organ of language was not a prominent one, and even grease soon failed him; and a long silence followed. At last, happening to look into a cornfield by the roadside, he caught another idea, and pressed it into use.

"I say, Cousin Ada, do you like roasting-ears best when they're roasted or when they're biled?"

Ada had not paid much attention to the subject, and distrusted her ability to offer an intelligent opinion—hardly knew which she liked best. Her companion gave her the benefit of his experience; but it did not last long, and the conversation again languished.

They had now reached the top of the hill. Hannibal Napoleon was again at a loss for an idea, and knew not where to look for one. Fortunately, he happened to cast his eyes towards the setting sun. Ada followed their direction, and at once became absorbed in contemplating the glories of the scene.

The spot is a commanding one. To the eastward you have the Massanutten mountain, running boldly off towards the south, and then terminating as suddenly as if it had been swallowed up by an earthquake; and beyond it the Blue Ridge, extending, both to the right and left, as far as the eye can reach. Far westward the view is terminated by the North Mountain, and between it and the spectator lies a beautiful rolling country, smiling in the lap of peace and plenty, and rich in all the elements of rural beauty.

Below the feet of the beholder lies the village of Harrisonburg, with all the adjuncts of an American country-seat of the better class. Immediately in front is the court-house, with its steeple crowned by an ichthyological vane, which tells you faithfully how the last strong wind blew; and, a little to the right, a church with its steeple surmounted by a trumpet that will neither blow itself, nor tell how the wind blows, though it professes to be a vane also. And further in the distance are various other churches, and numerous private residences, some of them of a pleasing, tasteful exterior.

Such is Harrisonburg at the present day, and the more prominent features of the scene were not materially different from this at the period of which we write. The cousins saw them gilded and adorned by all the beauties of a most gorgeous Virginia sunset—

"Not as in Northern climes, obscurely bright,  
But one unclouded blaze of living light."

If by "unclouded," Byron here means that the whole heavens were free from clouds, we humbly submit that he has spoiled his sunset. This beautiful phenomenon, even in Greece, could never be exhibited in full perfection unless there were masses of vapor collected above the departing luminary. Such was the case in the glorious scene upon which Ada was gazing with all her soul in her eyes.

Pile on pile, in a vast arch spanning the whole western heavens, lay huge masses of clouds, which one who saw them for the first time might well mistake for entire mountains, composed, each one, of a single gem. Mighty masses of ruby reposed on pillars of jasper; lofty pinnacles of purest gold towered up to heaven, with a background of ultramarine or azure; vast piles of amethyst, and topaz, and sapphire, and cornelian, were glowing as with ten thousand beacon-fires; while opalescent tints and ever-varying hues played over the whole, till all at last seemed to melt into "one entire and perfect chrysolite," extending from the zenith to the horizon, and then gradually fading away into the sober russet of the sunless twilight sky.

But it is time that we should return to earth, and to Hannibal-Napoleon, whom we have left all this time gaping after an idea. He was so still, that his cousin supposed him to be, like herself, absorbed in the contemplation of the glorious scene before them. And so he was, and he proved it, the next minute, by exclaiming:

"I say, cousin, do you know what that thar looks like? It looks jest like the inside of Aunt Betty's copper kettle, with streaks of apple-butter smeared all over it—it does, by gum!"

To this elegant comparison, Ada had nothing to say, and the two walked slowly forward. Presently Hannibal Napoleon wheeled off to one side of the road, and beckoned to Ada to follow him. When she did so, he suddenly dropped on one knee, threw himself into an attitude which he considered very graceful, rolled up his eyes with a die-away expression, and then, with a sudden start and a ludicrous grimace, cried:

"Consarn them chesnut-burs!"

That was not exactly what Ada had expected to hear—though the fact is, she did not know what to expect. At first, she was inclined to think him not right in his mind; then she imagined he was going to say his prayers; and then she didn't know what to think, but stuffed her handkerchief into her mouth, to stifle a laugh, and awaited the denouement.

Hannibal Napoleon shifted his legs, threw

back his head, rolled up his eyes again, opened his mouth, and—*r-r-r-p!* something suddenly gave way at the nether end of his continuations. Casting a rueful glance below, he exclaimed:

"Od rot them straps!"

Ada was thoroughly mystified, and at the same time so excessively amused, as to make an explosion of laughter very difficult to suppress. For this reason, she began slowly to walk forward, but had only taken a few steps, when her genuflecting cousin called out:

"Cousin Ada! ho, Cousin Ada! Come back here! I've got something to say to you."

She returned. Hannibal Napoleon again struck an attitude, threw back his head, opened his mouth, and said:

"Cuss that hat—it wont stay on!"

His hat had fallen off. The same thing had happened twice before, and the lover was at his wit's ends, for his new beaver was the darling of his heart, and the earth was a mass of mud.

At last his face brightened. A happy thought had struck him.

"Here, cousin," said he, "just hold that hat a minute or two—will you?"

Ada consented. The graceful position was resumed, and at last the question-popping commenced. In the tone of a school-boy reciting his task, and with an exact repetition of the ridiculous, lackadaisical gestures used by his father, he commenced:

"Angel of my heart, deign to cast a pitying glance upon the slave at your feet, and allow those heavenly eyes to—to—to cure—those heavenly eyes to—to—to cure—to cure the measles—"

Ada's pent-up risibilities could endure no longer. A clear, loud, ringing, musical laugh burst forth, and her whole frame was convulsed by the explosion, repeated as it was every time she looked at her cousin, who remained still in the same silly posture, with a look upon his face which could only be characterized by borrowing a word from his grandmother tongue—*ebahi*. Though exceedingly amazed that his companion should laugh at so serious a matter, he was not at all embarrassed.

"Cuss the thing—I have forgot it! But you just hold on a minute, and—stop! I've got it! cure the *evils*—that's it! I knowed I could come it—cure the evils—"

And he was about to finish the high-flown harangue which his father had provided for him, when an unexpected interruption occurred in the shape of the report of a gun or pistol, followed by a long, loud, shrill cry, or rather yell, coming apparently from the carriage, which by this time was some distance ahead.

"That's father's voice!" cried Hannibal Napoleon, starting to his feet, and as pale as a corpse.

Without a moment's hesitation, Ada began to run towards her uncle; and her cousin, we are sorry to say, began to travel, at a 2.40 speed, in precisely the opposite direction. The reader will not be surprised, therefore, to learn that the young lady was the first to reach the carriage. When she reached it, she found the horses hitched to a tree, and no one to be seen anywhere. In a moment, however, she heard a dismal groan from the carriage.

"Is that you, uncle?" she asked.

There was no reply, but a repetition of the groan.

After a little hesitation, she climbed into the vehicle, and found her uncle stretched at full length upon the cushions. For some time she received no reply to her repeated questions, save an additional groan, and a piteous cry for mercy. At last, however, the old man said, feebly and tremulously:

"*Est-ce toi, ma chère*—is it you, my dear?"

"Yes, dear uncle, it is I. What is the matter?"

"*Ah, ma chère niece*, it is all ovaire vid me—*c'est fait de moi*—I am done for—almos' gone."

"You are not hurt—are you, uncle?"

"I am kill, my dear—shot to deat'."

"Where are you hurt? I don't see any blood."

"It is not blood, my shild; it is brains. Here, you can feel dem all ovaire my face. De ball split my head open, and scatter dem everywhere."

"Why, uncle, that's not brains! That is the Dutch cheese you had in your hat. Smell it!"

"*Tonnere de Dieu!* I do b'lieve it is sheese, af-tair all. You no feel no hole in my 'ead?"

"No, indeed. You are not hurt at all."

"Dat is ver strange. I feel de bullet strike me joost here. *Juste ciel!* vat a tick skull I must 'ave."

"But who was it, uncle? How did it happen?"

"Vy, it 'appen dat I vas drive along, not tink-ing of noting, and mos' asleep, ven all at vonce de horses vas stop, and I saw stand bayfore me von great, big, tall *sacr-r-r-r-r-r-e* villain ras-cal, vid big red veeskair, and a black patch in von eye, and he not say noting, but poot von pistol to my 'ead, and bang! he shoot me right here in de temple, and I joost 'ave de time to give von screech, and den I fall ovaire, and not know noting no more till I hear you call me. But vere is my son—vere is 'Annebal Napoleon?"

Ada made an ambiguous answer, for she did not like to tell the old man that his darling son had run away, instead of coming to his assistance. The father was easily satisfied.

"Vell, vell," said he, "I sooppose he must

'ave see de *vilain ras-cal*, vid de big red veeskair and de black patch on von eye; he must 'ave runned aftair him, to catch him. Dat boy is so *courageux*—so full of fight—I 'ave great fear of his get into some difficult. Look, my dear shild, and see if you can apperceive someting of him, someveres."

Ada did as she was bid, and presently saw the hopeful youth peeping cautiously over a fence. Hearing no further alarm, he had turned about and crept slowly up to the carriage, keeping the fence between him and the road. Seeing that all was right, he now showed himself, and advanced towards the others.

"Did you catch him, my son?" asked the father.

"Catch who?"

"Dat great, tall, *sacrr-r-r-e vilain ras-cal*, vid big red veeskair, and black patch on von eye."

"I didn't see nobody with no big red whiskers, nor black patch on their eye."

Fearing an unpleasant explanation, and observing that several persons were approaching, attracted no doubt by the old gentleman's yell, Ada good-naturedly diverted her uncle's attention, and suggested the propriety of unhitching the horse and proceeding at once. This was done, and the old man drove rapidly homeward, imagining that he saw, behind every bush, and in every fence-corner, "dat great, tall, *sacrr-r-r-e vilain ras-cal*, vid de big red veeskair, and de black patch on von eye."

They reached home in safety, and nothing of importance occurred for a week or ten days. The morning after their arrival, Jean Jacques took an opportunity to say to his niece:

"Vat vas you two yong peoples talk about las' evening, ven you valk yourselves along de overtop of de red hill, at Harrisonboorg?"

"Well, uncle, my cousin asked me if it didn't make my mouth water to think about hog-killing time, which question being appropriately answered, he then proceeded to compare the beautiful sunset sky to a copper kettle smeared with apple-butter. Those, I believe, were the most important topics of conversation."

The old man did not pursue his inquiries any further. He constantly urged his son, however, to, proceed with his suit, and the latter did make certain demonstrations of that sort; but Ada always laughed so consumedly, that he could never get matters brought to a crisis.

One evening the family was alarmed by a loud report, and a few minutes afterward the old gentleman rushed into the house and fell upon a sofa, half dead with fright and the speed with which he had been running. When he had in

some degree recovered his breath, he felt himself carefully all over, and then said:

"*Dieu merci!* I tink he not hit me dis time; I don't feel no hole novheres."

"Whom do you mean, uncle?"

"I mean dat *enfant du diable*—dat debil's baby—dat *sacrr-r-r-e*, big, tall, *vilain ras-cal*, vid de big red veeskair, and de black patch on von eye! He vas sit up in de top of de big apple-tree, by de stable-door, a-vaitin' for me to come to de stable; but I saw de scoundrel in time, and *j'ai fait mon possible*—I do my possible to get behind de meat-ouse bayfore he shoot, and I joost save my *cochon*—my bacon. I hear de bullet whiz past *mon oreille gauche*—my awkward ear."

"Your left ear, uncle."

"Vell, vell, it is all same in French. But dis is get to be terreeble. I shall not 'ave no peace, not nevair no more, for dat *sacrr-r-r-e vilain ras-cal*, vid de big red veeskair, and de black patch on von eye. Vat he shoot me for? I do him noting—*que le diable l'emporte!*—devil fly away vid him!"

Monsieur Legras went about his daily avocations with fear and trembling. He became excessively nervous, and heard the report of a pistol in every slamming door. He even began to lose his appetite and grow thin. He believed there was some terrible mystery about the red-whiskered assassin, for all his inquiries in relation to him were fruitless. Nobody else had ever seen him, and some went so far as to believe him a myth, a creature of the Frenchman's imagination.

In the meantime, Hannibal Napoleon's courtship was making very little progress; and this was another source of annoyance to the old gentleman. He was quite out of patience with the young man's dilatoriness, and had once said to him, with great emphasis: "'Anneebal Napoleon, you are von son of a jackass."

One evening the Legras household was waiting impatiently for the evening meal. The head of the family was absent—a very unusual thing at this hour. He had gone out to see about the cutting down of some trees for timber, but was to have been back before sunset, and the candles had now been lit for some time.

At last he made his appearance, leaning on the arm of a young gentleman who was not a resident of the neighborhood, though he had been several times a visitor at Austerlitz. He was a rising young lawyer, named Medwynne. Mr. Legras greatly needed his support, for he seemed hardly able to walk.

"Dear uncle, what is the matter?" asked Ada.

"Ah, ma chere niece—my dear shild! I give it



up. *C'est fait de moi!* I am done for—use up! I can stan' it no longer."

"Stand what, uncle?"

"Vy, dat abomeeneable, miserable, dirty, mean, low, vile, disgracefool, ugly, beastly, cowardly, hatefool, daytestable, infernal, *sac-r-r-e vilain ras-cal*, vid big red veeskair and black patch on von eye!"

"What has he done now, uncle?"

"Vat has he *not* done? He 'ave tree time shoot me to de door of de grave, and dis time he vas run up to finish his work, ven dis excellent yong gentleman 'appen to come up, and scare him away, or you would have 'ad no oncle by dis time, my shild. *Scelerat! Que le diable t'etouffe!*"

"Well, well, uncle, we will help you up to bed, and after you have lain down I will bring you a cup of tea and something to eat."

The old gentleman was supported to his bed by Ada and the young lawyer. There was a curious intermingling of fingers, in the course of this operation, and any one who had been looking sharply might have seen Ada slip a note into her bosom. But that is no business of ours.

Before ten o'clock, the Legras establishment was, to all appearance, buried in slumber. The only watcher about the house was the young gentleman-guest, Mr. Medwynne, who was seated by a candle, with a number of the Rockingham Register in his hand.

Suddenly a noise in the upper part of the house broke the stillness of the night; then came a strange shuffling sound upon the stairs, and then Monsieur Legras, in nocturnal attire, and pale as the intruder in King Priam's bed-chamber, burst into the room. He was in a half fainting condition, and would have fallen upon the floor, if Mr. Medwynne had not prevented it and supported him to a seat. He was all the time struggling to speak, and as soon as he could get the words out, he exclaimed:

"*Mon cher ami*—my dear friend—I call on you to bear witness dat I 'ave not no wish for to marry togezair my son and my niece Ada. I give my pairfect consent for her to marry vatevair she please, wherevair she please, howevair she please, howevair anybody else please, and how everybody please. *Je m'en lave les mains*—I wash my 'ands of it, and I vill not 'ave noting to do vid it—*au grand jamais*—not nevair no more forevair and evairlasting."

"Why, Mr. Legras, what is the matter now?"

"De mattair? De mattair now is same as alway. De mattair—*grand Dieu!*—de mattair is dat *enfant du diable*—dat spawn of de devil—dat

infairnal, great, tall, *sac-r-r-e vilain ras-cal*, vid de big red veeskair and de black patch on von eye!"

"It is not possible that he has had the impudence to come into the house?"

"It is posseeble for him to 'ave de impudence of de devil hisself. He come into de house, and into my shambair, and close to de side of my bed, and ven I open my eyes, I see him in de moonlight stand ovaire me, by de side of de table where I 'ad my sooppair. And vidout to say not von single vord, he trow down on de table von leetle bit pocket-pistol; and den he trow down von leetle biggair pistol; and den he trow von great aynormous big 'orse-pistol; and den von leetle gun; and den von mosh biggair gun; and den von traymendous big blunderbush, all same as von leetle cannon; and den von leetle daggair; and den von big daggair; and den von leetle knife; and den von big knife; and den von leetle small-sword; and den von big broad-sword; and den von big bludgeon-stick; and den von bottle of pison; and, las' of all, von haltair—von gallows-rope. After dat, he pick up de tings, von after tudder, and he say:

"If you dare for to praysume for to marry your niece to dat stupeed ass of a son of yours, I vill shoot you vid dis, and dis, and dis (de pistols), and dis, and dis, and dis (de guns); and I vill stab you vid dis, and dis (de daggairs); and I vill cut your heart out vid dis, and dis (de knives); and I vill stick you trough vid dis, and cut and slash you vid dis (de swards); and I vill knock you brains out vid dis (de bludgeon-stick); and I vill make you swallow down dis (de pisen); and den I vill hang you up vid dis (de gallows-rope), till you are as dry as gunpowder and as brittle as glass; and den I vill take von mortar and pestle and pulverize you into atoms, and scattair you into de immensity of space, where noting but Omniscience vill ever be able to find you, and noting but Omnipotence to put you togezair again!"

"And he shake his sledge-hammair fist in de face of me, and I shut my eyes tight, and ven I open dem vonce more, I not see noting more of dat *sac-r-r-e vilain ras-cal*, vid big red veeskair and black patch on von eye!"

"O, Mr. Medwynne," continued the be-devilled old Frenchman, "vat shall I do about it? 'Anneebal Napoleon vill nevair consent to give her up—no, not nevair, no—"

His words were arrested by another noise upon the staircase, a tremendous racket, followed by a sort of bumpety-bump, bumpety-bump, bumpety-bum, bum, bum! caused, evidently, by some heavy body tumbling down the stairs.

The younger gentleman ran to the door, and opening it, found Hannibal Napoleon at the bottom of the steps struggling to get on his legs again, and rubbing his empty pate, which had received some pretty hard knocks in his head—long descent from the landing-place above. His face would have made a capital study for a "knight of the rueful countenance," and the tears were actually starting from his eyes. Some overmastering excitement, however, appeared to possess him, for he instantly burst forth, with excessive volubility (half crying all the time), into the following speech:

"I don't want to marry my cousin! I never did want to marry my cousin! Anybody what says so is a liar! It was all father's doin's! I never courted her! It's all a confounded lie, so it is! Boo hoo, hoo, hoo!"

And here the young hero's feelings so entirely got the better of him, that he began to cry, like a full-grown baby. Suddenly an idea seemed to strike him, and he turned to Mr. Medwynne and sobbed out:

"Wont you marry her, Mr. Medwynne? I do wish somebody would marry her!"

"Tell us first what it is that has discomposed you so? What has happened to you?"

"Why, jest now, when I was fast asleep and dreamin' about somebody a-robbin' my water-millon-patch, I waked up all of a sudden and saw a great, big, ugly-looking feller standin' close beside the bed."

"Hadt' he von red head?" asked the old man.

"Yes."

"And a big red veeskair?"

"Yes."

"And a black patch on von eye?"

"Yes."

"I tought so—*tonners de Dieu!*—I tought so! Dat same *sac-r-r-r-e vilain ras-cal!*" the old man exclaimed, in trepidation.

"Well, he showed me a whole passel o' guns, and pistols, and knives, and clubs, and pison-bottles, and ropes, and things, and he swore how that ef I dared even to think of sich a thing as marryin' my Cousin Ada, he'd shoot me, and stab me, and knock my brains out, and pison me, and hang me, and grind me up in a mortar and pesle, and scatter me into the intensity of space, when the Venetians would not be able to find me, nor their impotence to put me together again! And then he stept out o' the moonlight, I don't know where; and I jumped out o' bed, and run down here. O, me! What shall I do! Boo, hoo, hoo, hoo! For the Lord's sake, Mr. Medwynne, do marry her—wont you? But 'taint no use, though. Father never will consent to it!"

"Vont I, dough? Joost try me a leet!"

"You'll be willin' for Mr. Medwynne to marry Ada, and for me not to?"

"I will dat—and no meestake!"

"Why, father—what is the matter with you?"

"Vhy, son—what is de mattair of you? Tell me dat, and I tell you dis. I tink me bote mattair joost about the same von as tudder. Mees-tair Medwynne 'ave my fool consent for to marry my niece as mosh as evair he please. De bet-tair de soonair."

"And wont you do it, Mr. Medwynne? Do have her, now; wont you? she's a mighty nice gal—indeed she is."

"Well, if it will really be an accommodation to you, I don't much care if I do."

"Huzzar! Sic semper tyrannis—e pluribus unum! Cock-a-doodle-doo-oo! Hooray!"

The reader will not require to be told that this was not the first time that Mr. Medwynne had thoughts of such a thing. Neither will he require from us a minute statement of the plot against Monsieur Legras, and how it was conducted. The following extract from a letter subsequently received by Miss Ada from Mr. Medwynne, will probably suffice.

"Yes, dearest Ada, it *was* necessary to deceive your uncle, and to treat him with apparent roughness; though you must allow that we have been careful to do no real injury either to him or your cousin. Nor would it have answered to have let you into the secret. Your soft heartedness would very soon have spoiled our plot. His own fears met us half way, and rendered our task a very easy one. I didn't disguise myself, nor indeed had I anything to do, except the last time, when I shoved him over into a ditch, at the instant that John Eldon blazed away. He had been talking with a neighbor, and had forgotten it was so late. The first time, in the carriage, John leaned over, himself, and knocked down his hat, cheese and all, over his eyes, with his left hand, while he pulled the trigger of the pistol with his right. There is not a milder looking man anywhere than John Eldon, but he certainly does look frightful in his assassin costume. I mean to exhibit him to you, in full fig; when you cross my threshold, dearest Ada, the first thing you see will be the 'great big, tall, *sac-r-r-r-e vilain ras-cal*, vid big red veeskair, and black patch on von eye!"

#### THE REMEMBRANCE.

Methought I stood in realms beyond the grave,  
Where, in a waste and melancholy place,  
I saw my mother—the same pensive grace  
Hung round her forehead, but upon her cheek  
Tears, as if shed by one who strove to save  
The thing it loved from ill, though all too weak.  
I looked again into those anxious eyes,  
And read the same veiled tenderness; her breast  
Sighed, as if filled with earthly memories.  
I gazed on that loved face, and gazing blessed,  
Until my eyes o'erflowed; but in those tears  
I felt joy inexpressible—for they  
While flowing brought me back to boyhood's years—  
Waters that washed my human sins away!—*REDA.*

[ORIGINAL.]

## THE BLIND GIRL OF WATERLOO.

BY FRANKLIN J. FOX.

THE little Belgic hamlet of Waterloo, although otherwise entirely insignificant and uninteresting, lying some miles southerly from Brussels, was, as my reader need not be informed, some fifty years since, the locality of one of the most important and desperately contested battles of modern times. The spot is now classic ground; and no one, I am sure, for whom the romantic career of Napoleon has ever possessed half the interest and fascination which the perusal of its record usually excites, can linger among the shattered walks of Hougoumont or La Haye Sainte, or survey the field from the heights of La Belle Alliance, where the emperor staked and lost throne, liberty and power, without becoming deeply absorbed in the reflections so naturally suggested by the scene. At harvest time, a rank growth of grain thickly covers the ridges and intervalles, which, as the guides tell you, grows to rust and decay before it ripens; and where the grain is the richest, you can easily mark the spots where the carnage was most bloody. So strange did it seem, that the best blood of Europe should be given to enrich, and to no purpose, the fields of Waterloo!

And doubly strange did it seem, to reflect, as I did while wandering amid these relics of man's violence, that a spectacle so awful, so tragic, as that which the eighteenth day of June, 1815, here witnessed, should have been displayed upon the Sabbath; that of all other days, that should have been consecrated to this fearful work, which a merciful Creator set apart for rest and worship. That while the parents, the brothers and sisters, and the wives of those who here met in the struggle of death, were sending up their prayers to Heaven, in the humble chapel or lofty cathedral, those for whom they supplicated, were, it may be at that selfsame moment engaged in the work of slaughter, or were themselves gasping in the agonies of death upon the field of "red Waterloo!"

And yet, much as reflections like these affected me—solemn as was the thought, that here hundreds of the bravest hearts of France and England were forever stilled, leaving in their distant homes mourners for life—I must confess that nothing which I here saw or felt, interested or affected me half so deeply as a simple story I heard the same evening, upon my return from the battle-field to the hamlet.

As we passed through the little street of the

latter, my attention was attracted by a group, a family, as I judged, sitting in front of one of the numberless shops where mementoes of the place are sold. There was, first, a female, a young girl, whose face, save a strange vacancy and dreaminess in its expression, impressed me as being extremely lovely. Further examination, however, made me aware of the fact that she was entirely blind. A little child, evidently her own, to judge from the marked resemblance between them, stood by her side; while close at hand, watching every slight movement, each expression of her face, was an athletic, handsome man, whose intelligent countenance was extremely grave and careworn. Aside from the interesting study afforded by the sad yet patient face of the blind girl, the conduct of this man particularly drew my attention. The contemplation of his companion seemed to engross all his faculties; he was so absorbed in watching her, as to be almost unconscious of the presence of aught else; or if his eyes were casually turned to some other object, it was but for an instant—they were immediately directed again to her face.

"Pierre," she murmured softly, while we still stood by—"Pierre, my husband, where are you?"

"Here, darling," the man quickly replied, and his hand was placed in her lap, so that she could clasp it in both of hers. "What do you wish, Ninette; tell me, that I may gratify you."

"Mother is crying," the little child artlessly lisped, striving to clamber upon her father's knee. "Speak to her, papa, bid her not to cry! She does so often when she is alone, until she makes me cry with her. Why does she do so?"

I drew nearer, for I saw that my intrusion was not observed, and the scene was one which irresistibly laid hold upon my feelings. I could see that the man struggled to maintain his composure; yet his lip would tremble as he heard the prattling of the child, which explained its meaning, even to me. The sightless eyes of the blind girl had welled over with tears at the voice of her husband, and she now hid her face upon his shoulder. Tenderly placing his arm about her, he asked, if possible, more anxiously than before:

"Will you not tell me your wishes, Ninette? Bid me do anything for you that man can do, and it shall not be wanting." At that instant the bell of the little chapel close by commenced to toll.

"I have never had but one wish," was the hardly audible reply, as the speaker slightly raised her head; "and that, alas! is impossible to be fulfilled. Hark—that is the vesper bell,

and the sun must now be setting! Ah, Pierre, these are four dreary years which have passed since I last saw the sun! And I shall never more see him; no, nor the bright sky, nor the flowers; and this dear child, which I have never seen, and never can! Ah, Pierre, Pierre, it is dark, so dark!"

Her tears flowed afresh, with the words, and again she hid her face upon the shoulder of her husband. So affecting, indeed, was her grief, so touching the plaintive and inexpressibly sweet tones of her voice, and so powerful the appeal mutely given by those eyes, forever darkened to the light, that I turned away my head, to hide from the guide the emotion which I was half-ashamed to confess. Yet I need not have feared, although I doubt not that the honest fellow had witnessed this same scene, or similar ones, perhaps twenty different times, still, upon this occasion, he showed every sign of being deeply moved. Nor do I envy his humanity, who could have stood by, at that time and place, with dry eyes and composed face, unaffected and unmoved.

Upon different occasions, I have seen men powerfully touched by compassion, sympathy and grief, and have witnessed memorable displays of manly emotion; but never to such an extent as at the time of which I speak, and in the person of the blind girl's husband. As he heard her last word, great sobs of agony broke from his lips, his stout frame quivered like an aspen-leaf, and the tears coursed rapidly down his bearded cheeks. For the last few moments, devout worshippers had been hurrying past upon their way to the chapel, to attend the vesper service; and now one of the solemn, majestic chants of the Romish ritual floated out upon the still air, and distinctly reached our ears. At the sound, the husband fell upon his knees at the feet of Ninette, and seizing her hands, he turned his eyes upward, and fervently uttered the words:

"*Ave Maria*, purge my soul from this great wickedness! Merciful Father, forgive the sin—sweet Jesus, intercede for me!"

Unwilling to remain longer, where my presence might possibly disturb the deep solemnity of this touching scene, I walked slowly on. Looking back upon reaching a corner, I saw that Pierre was still upon his knees by the side of his wife; but her hands now rested softly upon his head, and she was inclining towards him, as if whispering some words in his ear.

I subsequently solicited from my guide a rehearsal of the story which I knew must be connected with the blindness of Ninette, and her union with Pierre; and received the following

particulars, the narrator assuring me that he was perfectly conversant with them.

Four years previous to this time, Ninette, then a gay and beautiful girl of fifteen, lived with her widowed mother, since dead, in the hamlet of Waterloo. The grandfather of the young girl had been a French officer, and shared the fate of many of his companions in arms, falling in the last stand of the Old Guard; and the two, Ninette and her mother, were supported in part by a pension from the French government, and partly by the small revenue derived from the sale of relics of the place.

As might be expected, the loveliness of Ninette made her at once the envy of all the other village maidens, and the prize which each of the youth bent his energies to secure. She seemed the only object of rivalry; other fair maidens there undoubtedly were, but none so graceful or so winning as Ninette. At the same time, she appeared as if perfectly careless as to which of her admirers was most favored. Upon one day, one might flatter himself that the success of his suit was beyond peradventure; upon the day following, he was dismayed to find that his advances were most coolly and distantly received; and in this manner, each of the suitors—and there were at least a dozen—was alternately treated to smiles and frowns, raised to the summit of his hopes, and then rudely cast down to despair, until all became dejected with melancholy.

It cannot, therefore, be concealed, that Ninette was a most consummate coquette. To be, while so young, the sole object of such unbounded admiration—to have the disposal, as it were, of so many hearts, was too great a temptation to vain and trifling coquetry. Being well-disposed towards all her lovers, but regarding one hardly above another, with a thoughtlessness which had no feelings of love to check it, she exulted in her power over her victims, winning their hearts successively, only to cast them aside for new triumphs. And all this, without either artfulness or malice—for she was of too simple a mind for either; but because it pleased her girlish fancy to prolong her mastery.

But this mastery could not be forever maintained. The jealousy of the lovers had heretofore prevented their individual knowledge of the treatment which each had respectively received at the hands of the cruel Ninette; and it was only with the shame and anger aroused by the discovery, as it slowly dawned upon their deluded minds, that each was equally favored, and that all had been ruinously deceived, that they unanimously resolved to throw aside, for the while, their jealous rivalry, and mutually concert a

scheme which should make Ninette the bride of one of them—which one, it was uncertain—but all agreed to join in the plot, and abide by the event. The matter was undertaken without anger, and without the slightest intention of harm to the unsuspecting girl; but rather as a peremptory measure to finally settle her preference, and to do away with the uneasiness which had long tortured them; although it is more than possible that more than one of the youths secretly regarded the mental sufferings which were being prepared for Ninette, as a measure of retribution. Happily for the plotters, none of them anticipated the disastrous results which were destined to flow from their thoughtlessness.

As Ninette was lightly tripping home one evening, without the slightest intimation of danger, she was suddenly seized and hurried into a covered vehicle, close by. Her cries were muffled in a cloak, and her person closely confined in the arms of her captor. Overcome by the violence, and terrified by dreadful apprehensions of her fate, she fainted, and remained some time in a state of utter insensibility. When she at last regained her consciousness, it was to find herself in a damp, dark room, surrounded by stone walls, dripping with moisture.\* The apartment was evidently subterranean. She was lying upon the cold floor, while a tall figure, disguised from head to foot, stood beside her. Throwing herself at his feet, she piteously implored to be released and conveyed to her friends, but was rudely repulsed.

"These are the consequences of heartless coquetry," the disguised man sternly said. "And here, Ninette, shall you lie—ay, if it be even to the day of your death—until you consent to accept the hand of one of those whom your heartless conduct has well-nigh driven frantic. I shall return in an hour, to receive your decision; and remember that this is to be your dungeon, with neither food, drink nor company, until your choice is made."

"Pierre, O Pierre, pity me—release me!" the unhappy girl cried, as, recognizing the voice, she threw herself again at his feet. But the prison door was harshly closed between them, and she found herself alone. The terrors of her situation were too much for her meek spirit, again she lapsed into a swoon, and this time so deep, so deathlike, that her breathing could hardly be perceived. Her jailor returned at the expiration of the hour, and so alarmed did her situation make him, that he caused her to be

conveyed instantly to her home. The same night, all of her abductors precipitately left the village, to await the event of her illness.

For weeks poor Ninette suffered in the insensibility of a burning fever, imagining herself still in the power of her cruel captors, and distressing the ears of her friends with her ravings. She recovered at last, and regained her strength; but it was only with the total loss of her sight—the blasting heat of the fever had forever closed her bright eyes to the light!

This intelligence was received with such distress of mind as may be imagined by the exiled youth; and fearing to return to incur punishment at the hands of the authorities, they became miserable wanderers over the continent. Most restless of all, a demon of unhappiness seemed to possess the wretched Pierre. He reproached himself a thousand times with the guilt of the whole transaction, since he had been the ringleader in the plot; and for several months he roamed restlessly about, "seeking peace, but finding it not." Grown desperate, at last, he determined to return to the village. He found Ninette sad and desponding under her heavy affliction, and most earnestly did he implore her forgiveness, which the gentle girl did not withhold. Nor was this all; with a heroism which did honor to his noble heart, Pierre besought her to become his wife; pleading with her to permit him to atone with the devotion of his whole life for his wrong, and assuring her, when she sadly shook her head, that he had never loved her so well as now. Ninette hesitated long, but his fidelity for several months conquered her consent. And never, since the hour of their marriage, had Pierre failed in his unwearied assiduity to anticipate her every wish. The birth of a child served to strengthen if possible this fidelity; and it was indeed beautiful and touching to see this strong man thus nobly employing his days, striving to redeem his one error. One by one, too, the erring lovers of Ninette returned to their homes, being bidden by the husband to come without fear; and the forgiveness of the wife was freely extended to them.

The renewed interest which this story, with its simple brevity, excited in its characters, drew me the next day, to the little shop of Pierre, where I purchased, from the hands of Ninette herself, several relics of the field. I have carefully cherished and preserved them, not so much as souvenirs of the great battle, as of THE BLIND GIRL OF WATERLOO.

#### A PRINCESS'S DISHONOR.

She was a princess, but she fell; and now  
Her shame goes blushing through a line of kings!

BARRY CORNWALL

\* I conjectured—but without any information to that effect—that this apartment was beneath some portion of the ruins of the chateau of Hougomont, or the farmhouse of La Haye Sainte.

[ORIGINAL.]

## A FRONTIER STORY.

BY D. C. WADE.

It had been one of those perfect days in the latter part of October, which we sometimes have, even after the hoar frosts of autumn have come, to blight and destroy all nature's beauty, and to warn all living creatures to prepare for the approaching winter. The sun had just sank into the western horizon, and even the few last lingering rays, which for a time were discernable upon the high hills and forest tops, had disappeared, and still George Belknap continued to labor without any apparent fatigue, and with as much zeal and activity as if the morning light had just dawned, and his day's work had just commenced.

He was in excellent spirits, for this year the crops everywhere yielded abundantly, and the sight of the large, full ears of his extensive cornfield was sufficient to make any farmer's heart glad, for, from it he expected to realize a handsome profit; and his mind was occupied with the various appropriations he intended to make of the money which he hoped to receive from his summer's produce. And now having beheld him so diligently at work, let us pause for a moment, and go back a little in order to give the reader some insight into his previous history.

George Belknap was a young man of about twenty-six years of age, of a fine form and noble bearing, and with a particularly pleasing countenance, and he was moreover universally beloved and esteemed by all who knew him. He had married Mary Grant, a sweet, tidy, comely maiden, whose only fortune was her pretty face and loving heart; and with that her husband was content, for she made him a most capital helpmate, always keeping his house in perfect order, and discharging her duties in as able and efficient a manner as he did his, and not a happier home than their's could be found in all New England. It was a short time before this, that a general panic had spread throughout the colonies. It was the year 1756, and a war had broken out between England and France, which of course very seriously affected the state of things in this country, and the news had come that the combined French and Indian forces had committed terrible depredations upon our border towns, carrying death and destruction wherever they went. Intense excitement everywhere prevailed. Massachusetts appealed loudly to the courage and patriotism of her sons, urging them to arise in their country's defence,

and assist in driving the merciless, blood-thirsty savages and the almost equally ferocious Frenchmen from their borders. George Belknap enlisted at once, with several of his townsmen; but soon the excitement died away. Rumors reached them of suspended hostilities, and of a peace likely to follow; and so much reliance has been placed upon these reports, that for a time the contemplated project of sending an expedition against Fort Niagara had been abandoned, and Gen. Abercrombie deeming further reinforcements unnecessary, very willingly granted permission to those who had already enlisted, and had not yet joined the army, to remain at home, until some fresh outbreak should require their services. This, as well as the bountiful harvests, had served to elevate George Belknap's spirits to a wonderful degree, and he was so occupied with his own thoughts that he did not notice that the sun had set, and that the twilight shadows were fast creeping on, when the loud, shrill notes of the horn, calling him to supper, made him leave his work, and whistling to his dog, he started off in the direction of home. He had just reached the edge of the cornfield, when he turned around, and glancing from one end of it to the other he viewed with evident satisfaction the large amount of labor he had accomplished; when lo! in the very path he had a moment before trodden, he beheld the tall, powerful form of an Indian, standing at a little distance from him, with his keen black eyes fixed full upon him, though no sound escaped his lips. On his brow he wore a coronet of eagle's feathers; a blanket was thrown carelessly over his left shoulder, and with one hand he grasped his uplifted tomahawk, while with the other he pointed significantly, with his fore-finger to a dark-brown-haired scalp, which hung all dripping with blood at his girdle. It was a sight sufficient to make the bravest turn pale, and George Belknap, stout-hearted as he was, stood stupefied with horror and amazement. He stood as if spellbound, with his eyes riveted upon the dusky form before him, and he would gladly have fled, but his limbs seemed suddenly deprived of the power of motion. Not that the sight of an Indian had in itself anything appalling, for in this part of the country they were invariably peaceable, well-disposed towards the whites, and not unfrequently stopped at their dwellings, as they passed to and fro on their hunting excursions, to obtain food and drink. But it must be remembered that signs, dreams and wonders, spectres, visions and ghosts, were household words among our ancestors, and though George Belknap had hitherto ridiculed the whole as idle talk, yet he was

not altogether free from the superstitions of his day and generation. Where had the Indian come from, was the question which arose in his mind; he had but a moment before surveyed the whole cornfield, and he knew that no Indian was there then.

Was it an apparition? what else could it be? for no mortal man had been near him all the day; and as that conviction settled itself upon his mind, his knees actually "smote one against the other." Had he been upon the battle-field he would have been undaunted and undismayed; he would have rushed with impetuosity into the deadliest part of the conflict, and would have fought valiantly and manfully, without a thought of fear; but to be all alone, full three-quarters of a mile from home, just when the evening shadows were thickening about him, with an Indian ghost directly before him, was a sight calculated to fill even the bravest heart with consternation and horror, and he sprang with the agility of a panther over the walls, and flew, rather than ran in the direction of home. Fleeter and fleeter grew his steps impelled by fear, as ever and anon he glanced over his shoulder, and beheld the Indian with his uplifted tomahawk hotly pursuing him. Once, he hit his foot against a stone, and stumbled and fell, then the Indian halted for a moment until he had arisen, and the race went on as before. If he slackened his pace, the Indian slackened his also, always keeping just such a distance from him; if he turned from one side of the road, his companion did the same; if he crossed over to the other, the footsteps of his pursuer were still close upon his track.

On and on they sped, and when George reached the house, he was more dead than alive with fatigue and terror. Again he turned round, but the Indian had stopped, and after shaking his tomahawk defiantly at him he vanished like mist before him.

Fortunately his wife was so much engaged in making tea, and taking up the toast and cakes for supper, that she did not particularly notice him, so that by the time he had taken his seat at the table, he had in some degree recovered from his fright and fatigue.

"George, what is the matter?" said his wife, as she passed him a cup of tea; "are you sick? you look dreadfully pale."

"I, I don't know, yes, I believe I am sick. I have a headache," he answered, hardly knowing what he said.

"What can I do for you?" she said quickly, quite alarmed by his looks and manner.

"Nothing at all, dear, all I need is a little quiet and rest, and I shall soon be better."

"Shall I boil you an egg? or will you have some of this toast? I made it expressly for you, and it is unusually nice, or perhaps you had rather have a cracker."

"Neither, Mary, I don't want anything to eat to-night, I am not hungry at all."

"You have been at work too hard, I know you have," said Mary. "I'll go down and see if Mr. Trueman won't let John or Jim come and help you to-morrow, shall I?"

But Mr. Belknap did not answer; he had not even heard her question.

"Wont you have some more sugar or cream in your tea?" said Mary, after the lapse of a few minutes, again trying to draw her husband into conversation.

"O no, it is all right, and very nice," he answered, drinking it more to please her than because he actually wanted it; and then arising from the table, he drew his chair quite close to the fire, and remained silent and motionless as a statue for more than an hour, gazing in upon its bright burning embers; and Mary, perceiving that her husband was not in a conversational mood, wisely concluded to leave him to his own meditations, and proceeded to wash and wipe the tea-dishes, and to put them away. After that, a long silence ensued, which Mary was the first to break.

"George," said she, as she came and sat down by him, "what is the matter? something has happened, I know, for you are not usually so sad and dejected; do tell me what it is, you surely won't exclude me from your confidence."

"Indeed, I will not, Mary," said George, "you deserve it, and you shall have it. The truth is, I have had my warning."

"Your warning?" said Mary in surprise, "what do you mean? you astonish me."

"I mean just what I say," he answered in a very serious tone. "I have received the warning which death always gives to all before they depart."

"And is that all?" and Mary laughed outright. "Really, I thought something dreadful had happened. I feel as if a load was taken from my heart."

"And it is dreadful," said George, in a husky voice, "to be cut off in the very morning of my life, to die, when I have so many to love and to live for, to leave you, my dearest—"

"Stop," said Mary, putting her hand over his mouth, "you must not talk so; who has been putting these silly notions into your head? I thought you were a firm disbeliever in all this sort of nonsense."

"So, I always have been," answered her hus-

band; "but 'facts are stubborn things,' and I can't discredit the evidence of my own eyes," and he proceeded to relate his evening adventures; how an Indian had risen up before him in the cornfield all painted and equipped for battle, how he had ran, and been pursued by him all the way home, always keeping just such a distance from him, and finally just when he had reached his own door, he had shaken his tomahawk defiantly at him, and then disappeared as suddenly as he came.

To all this Mary listened with assumed gravity, though she could scarcely refrain from laughter. She had no faith in visions, presentiments and warnings, which were the favorite topics of conversation at the fireside among our ancestors, and therefore she could not participate in her husband's fears and forebodings.

"George," said she, "I see through the whole affair; this phantom which you have seen, is partly the work of your own imagination; you were at work all alone in the cornfield, and no one to talk to, and your mind was doubtless occupied with those frightful stories of Indian murders and massacres of which we have heard so many of late, and you allowed your thoughts to dwell so long upon them, that your imagination became aroused to such a pitch, that you actually believed that you saw an Indian before you; that was all. I looked out of the window and saw you running as if some evil spirit was after you, but there was n't any Indian, for if there had been, I should have seen him."

"What was invisible to you, might have been visible to me," answered her husband, quietly.

"When I was about twelve years old," said Mary, "my mother had a quilting-party, and just as we were nicely seated at the supper-table, a bird came in at the window, and flew around my head three times, and lit on my shoulder for a moment, and then went off through an open window. Dismay was on every countenance; the old ladies shook their heads, and whispered one to another, 'poor child, she is n't long for this world; it's a dreadful omen, a sure sign of death.' My mother grew pale with terror, and for months after she watched me constantly, daily expecting to see me droop and die. But you see I disappointed them all. I grew tall, and strong, and here I am not quite twenty-one, and haven't scarcely seen a sick day in my life. What do you think of that, George? If the sign proves false in my case, why should it not in yours?"

"You are a most capital reasoner," said Mr. Belknap, affectionately; "you'd do nicely for a lawyer, I hope your argument will prove true."

He did not tell her that it was the scalp, to which the Indian had pointed so impressively, the hair of which was exactly the color of his own, that had affected him more powerfully than anything else.

"This is a disagreeable subject, let us drop it entirely," said Mary; "it never does any good to dwell upon these dark things, and we won't be so foolish as to give way to idle fears, till we have some cause for them. Suppose we sing a little, that will drive away the blues to perfection. O, no, not those solemn things, for you are solemn enough already," she said, seeing him take up the hymn-book; "let us have something lively, some of those good old English ballads, such as your grandfather used to sing, Prince Edward was a famous man, or Robin Hood;" and in another moment the room was filled with the soft, sweet music of her merry melodies; she sang the whole six verses beginning with "Prince Edward was a famous man," but her husband could not join her, a cloud was upon his brow, his mind was filled with dark and sad forebodings of coming evil, he seemed to feel instinctively that a terrible death awaited him, and even the gaiety of his wife could not dispel his gloom.

Just then the clattering of horses' hoofs were heard at the door, and a soldier entered. He had come, he said, addressing Mr. Belknap, to inform him that hostilities had again commenced more alarming than ever; that the rumors of peace were without any foundation, got up and circulated by the French themselves, to blind the eyes of the colonists, until they could have time to complete their preparations for a war, and Gen. Abercrombie had sent him with orders for those who had enlisted, and as many more as he could rally, to join the army without delay. The soldier delivered this message in a rapid and monotonous tone, and with a polite bow he departed, to execute his commands elsewhere, while poor Mary upon whose heart his words had fallen like a thunder-bolt, threw herself into her husband's arms and burst forth into an uncontrollable flood of tears, for now for the first time those terrible apprehensions of some dreadful calamity about to befall them, which had so disturbed and distressed her husband, suddenly took possession of her own soul, and she gave way to her feelings without any attempt to restrain them.

The next morning the sun shone out in all its splendor and beauty; the weather was warm, and pleasant as summer, and the day promised to be all that the previous one had been, and yet upon this morning when all was beautiful, bright and joyous, there was weeping, sorrow and parting;



many a heart was oppressed with sadness, many a home was left lonely and desolate, and many were separated from loved ones forever, for in nearly every town in Massachusetts, some could be found who had responded to the call of patriotism and duty, and were about to depart upon a perilous expedition against Fort Niagara.

Already the sharp report of the musketry announced that the time of departure was at hand, and the air resounded with the beating of the drum, and the music of the fife; still George Belknap lingered, he could not tear himself away from his young, beautiful and weeping wife, without a few more expressions of love and tenderness, the last he felt he ever should bestow upon her.

Never before had he looked so handsome as there he stood in the doorway all accoutred and equipped for his campaign, with one arm thrown lovingly around his wife, whom he was seeking to cheer and console. His tall, fine form was drawn up to its full height, his head was proudly erect, and no trace of his previous agitation was visible upon his countenance, his dark brown hair was thrown carelessly off his forehead, his cheek was flushed with excitement, and in his eye there was an unusual brilliancy.

"Mary, my sweet wife," he said, "my heart tells me that I shall never return, for twice last night the same Indian that I saw yesterday has appeared in my dreams, to warn me of my approaching end, but do not mourn or grieve for me, for I give my life a willing sacrifice to my country's cause. Our separation here, my dearest, will be a final one, but remember, Mary, there is a heaven above; thither your steps are tending as well as mine; there we shall meet again to be forever united, and to dwell in those blest mansions of eternal happiness which the Lord has prepared for all who love and serve him." Then followed one long and last embrace, and they parted.

It would be useless to enter upon a detailed account of that perilous expedition undertaken against Fort Niagara, for all the readers of American history must be fully aware that the result was most disastrous to the hopes of the colonists. A dreadful defeat, in which a dreadful loss of life was involved, was followed by a rapid retreat. Indians merciless and blood-thirsty constantly hovered upon the trail of the routed army, concealing themselves in the woods and trees, to cut off any stragglers or small parties of soldiers who should by chance have become separated from the main body of the army, and many fell victims to the unerring aim of their bullets or tomahawks. Among these was George Bel-

knap; he, together with some dozen of his companions, had carelessly fallen in the rear of the army, and were stopping for a few moments to drink from a brook, when suddenly a large party of Indians who were lying in ambush for them, attacked them; taken by surprise as they were, and overpowered by numbers, they could make but a feeble resistance, and fell indiscriminately before the musket-shots and tomahawks of the savages. Only one escaped to tell the tale. Albert Morris a neighbor, and fellow-townsmen of George Belknap, by a singular fleetness of foot was able, under cover of the smoke, to reach the army.

The last he saw of his friend, he had fallen upon the ground, and a tall, powerful Indian, enveloped in a large blanket, with his head adorned with eagle's feathers, rushed upon him, answering the exact description of the one he had solemnly protested had appeared before him, but he saw no more, for at that moment, he was forced to flee to save himself.

The next morning, a small detachment of troops were sent to the spot of the unfortunate encounter. The corpses of eleven men were found, many of them dreadfully mangled, and all had been scalped by the hands of the ruthless savages. Among them was the body of Belknap.

Poor Mary Belknap, her love for her husband had been little short of adoration; he was the light of her life, and upon him were centered all the warm, strong affections of her young heart. In his death a blight had indeed fallen upon her youth and her existence, and all joy and happiness were forever banished from her soul; the elasticity of her step was gone, the bloom faded from her cheek, and the light went out from her mild blue eyes, and she grew daily weaker and more emaciated. The kind-hearted neighbors were touched with compassion at the sight of her grief, and sought by every means in their power to alleviate her sufferings, and to console her in her sorrow. But that insidious disease, consumption, had marked her for its victim. No skill, care or attention could stay the progress of the fell destroyer; she received their attentions gratefully, smiled cheerfully and kindly upon all, but uttered no complaint, and shed no tears; and just as the spring was opening in all its beauty and freshness, all that remained of the young, beautiful and beloved Mary Belknap was consigned to the cold and silent grave.

She had indeed gone to that world where there are no tears, sorrow or parting, there to be united to that loved one who had gone before, and to dwell forever with him amid celestial glories of Paradise. Thus ends my Indian legend.

## The Florist.

Who shall say that flowers  
Dress not heaven's own bowers?  
Who its love without them can fancy—or sweet floor?  
Who shall even dare  
To say we sprang not there,  
And came not down that love might bring one piece of  
heaven the more?  
O, pray believe that angels  
From those blue dominions  
Brought us in their white laps down 'twixt their golden  
pinions. LEIGH HUNT.

### Useful Hints.

Do not forget to take up a few roots of the *Diclytra spectabilis* for winter flowering. Many persons fail in getting this beautiful plant into flowering in the house—and the secret of it is, keeping the plant too hot at first. Almost any plant will flower sooner, and in more profusion, if kept in a cool greenhouse till it commences growth—and the diclytra requires yet more cool treatment. Let any one follow the following cool directions, and we will ensure them success. Take up the roots, and place in a large pot filled with good rich soil, and leave the plant out until the earth freezes hard enough to almost split the pot; then bring it into the house to a cool room, and by degrees get it accustomed to the heat. This process, singular as it may seem, will ensure a fine plant and a profusion of blossoms. There are some other plants which, though perfectly hardy, add much to the beauty of a collection of indoor plants; these are the *deutzia gracilis*, daisies, pansies and violets. Soil for potting should also be attended to before frost sets in. Complicated composts, which some writers expatiate upon, are valueless. In our opinion, good maiden loam from an old pasture and a quantity of soil from the deep woods—that which is rather sandy being best—mixed together, will make a compost suitable for almost any plant.

### Coltsfoot.

This grows on high, moist, clayey ground, producing yellow flowers, in February and March. The leaves are round, hairy, and close to the ground, supported on long foot-stalks, veined, kidney-shaped, resembling a colt's hoof, of a purple color; the flower stem grows about eight inches high. A decoction of one pound of the dried roots and leaves, boiled to three quarts and a half pint, drank three times a day, is good for scrofula. For a consumptive cough a gill of this may be taken four times a day. It is a warming stimulant, used to promote perspiration, and cannot be given amiss in colds, obstructions, whooping-cough, asthmatic complaints, pain in the breast, and to promote expectoration. A snuff made of the leaves is good for the eyes and head, and the whole plant made into beer is very grateful and medicinal.

### Garrya.

A hardy evergreen, introduced only a few years since, and which produced its very handsome long pendulous spikes of blossoms or catkins for the first time in England in October, 1834. These spikes are produced in bunches of eight to ten together; and they are frequently over a foot long. It is quite hardy, and should be grown in a loamy soil, where it will continue flowering all winter in defiance of the cold. It is a striking object, not only from the great abundance of its long, slender, graceful catkins, but from its dark green glassy and leathery leaves. It is readily increased by layers or cuttings struck in sand under a glass.

### Thrips.

This is the name given to a species of fly, very small and very destructive among plants both indoors and out. They are very tiny, and seem rather to leap than fly away when touched. They are very destructive, and attack both the leaves and petals, causing both to curl up, and afterwards to turn yellow and drop off. The larvae are nearly as large as the perfect insect, and of a pale yellow color, and the insect itself is at first yellowish, then becomes black. As soon as the ravages of these little creatures are perceived, the plants they have attacked should be well and frequently syringed, and exposed as much as possible to the free air; hand-picking in their case is of very little avail from the very small size of the insect and their extraordinary activity.

### Work for the Month.

Bulbs of *hyacinths*, etc., should be planted in pots—*anemones* planted in beds. The dead leaves of trees and shrubs should be swept up and laid in heaps to decay for vegetable mould. *Dahlias* which have been killed by the frost should have their tubers taken up and laid to dry, after which they should be placed in boxes filled with sawdust or malt dust, to preserve them from the frost. Greenhouse plants must be taken in; and those that are left out, covered carefully at night from the frost. Sweep and roll the gravel walks occasionally, and keep the gutter and drains well open and cleared. Half hardy plants should be covered carefully with furze or baskets of wicker-work, over which mats may be thrown in severe frosts.

### Ephedra.

The shrubby horse-tail or sea-grape. Very curious small evergreen shrubs, with jointed branches, and apparently without leaves. They grow best in sea-sand, and when pegged down and kept clipped closely, may be made to present the extraordinary appearance of green turf stretching to the very brink of the sea, and even covered by it at full tide. They are used for this purpose, Du Hamel tells us, in Africa, to cover those dry, burning sands, and give the appearance of an English lawn, where not a single blade of grass will grow. The berries are wholesome, and when ripe, taste like mulberries.

### Flowers for Winter.

Flowers intended for winter blooming need a season of repose, especially tropical plants, such as geranium, *fuchsia*, etc., which should be allowed rest from growth during the months of July and August, by almost entirely withdrawing the supply of water. Of course the leaves will fall off, but the plants will be fitted to start into fresh and vigorous growth, as soon as the water is again supplied. Previous to this, the branches of the *fuchsia* should be pruned in, and water given sparingly at first, increasing the supply, as the young shoots grow.

### Tristania.

Australian shrubs, nearly allied to *melaleuca*, which require a greenhouse in England and here. They are pretty and showy, and should, to flourish well, be grown in sandy peat. They are propagated by cuttings, and very readily strike in sand under a bell-glass.

### Siphocampylus.

A suffrutescent plant with red and green tubed-shaped flowers. It is generally kept in the greenhouse, but it is nearly hardy. It should be grown in heath-mould, and is propagated by cuttings, which should be dried a little before planting.

## The Housewife.

### To preserve Cucumbers.

Take large cucumbers, green and free from seeds; put them into a jar of strong salt and water, with vine-leaves on the top. Set them by the fireside till they are yellow; then wash and set them over a slow fire in alum and water, covered with vine-leaves; let them boil till tender; take them off, and let them stand in the liquor till cold; then quarter them, and take out the seed and pulp; put them in cold spring water, changing it twice a day for three days. Prepare a syrup thus:—To one pound of loaf sugar, half an ounce of bruised ginger, with as much water as will wet it; when it is quite free from scum, put in the juice and rind of a lemon; when quite cold, pour the syrup on the preserves. If the syrup is too thin after standing two or three days, boil it again, and add a little more sugar. A spoonful of mace gives it the West Indian flavor. One ounce of powdered alum is enough for a dozen cucumbers, or a proportionate number of gherkins. Melons may be done in the same manner.

### To preserve Green Gages.

Gather the finest you can get, and before they are quite ripe; put at the bottom of a bell-metal pot some vine-leaves; roll your plums in vine-leaves; put alternate layers of plums and vine-leaves till your pot is full; cover them quite with spring water, put them over a very slow fire; when the skin begins to rise, take them off and put them on a sieve to drain; make a syrup with some of the faulty plums, put a pound of sugar to a pound of plums; when the sugar is dissolved and skimmed quite clear, put in your plums and let them boil gently for ten or fifteen minutes; take them off, and let them stand in the pan till quite cold, then put them on again and let them boil very gently for twenty minutes or half an hour; then take them out as free from the syrup as possible, and boil the syrup till it ropes, then pour it boiling over your plums; keep back a pound of the sugar to boil with the plums the last time.—*Magna Bonums* to be done the same way.

### Paste for cleaning Knives.

Make a mixture, one part emery and three parts crocus martis, in very fine powder. Mix them to a thick paste with a little lard or sweet oil. Have your knife-board covered with a thick buff-leather. Spread this paste on your leather to about the thickness of a quarter of a dollar. Rub your knives in it, and it will make them much sharper and brighter, and will wear them out less than the common method of cleaning them with brickdust on a bare board.

### To remove Paint from a Wall.

If you intend papering a painted wall, you must first get off the paint, otherwise the paper will not stick. To do this, mix in a bucket with warm water a sufficient quantity of pearl-ash, or potash, so as to make a strong solution. Dip a brush into this, and with it scour off all the paint, finishing with cold water and a flannel.

### Omelet.

Six eggs, one gill of cream, two table-spoonfuls of grated ham. Beat the eggs very thick, add gradually the cream and ham, pepper and salt to your taste. Have ready a pan of boiling butter, pour the omelet into it, and fry a light brown. The moment it is done it should be sent to table. Garnish the dish with curled parsley.

### To preserve Plums, or any small Fruit.

They must be fresh gathered, put into strong bottles, and just covered with cold water, then well corked with good corks, firmly knocked in, and tied over with strong twine twice, in the manner of soda-water bottles, so that the rarified air shall not move them; the bottles, corks, and all are to be immersed in a saucepan of cold water, with a little hay at the bottom to prevent collision; the bath to be gently heated to 180 degrees by a thermometer; when arrived at the heat, immediately remove all from the fire, and let the bottles of fruit cool in the water; when cold they are done, and will keep any length of time; the air has been forced out through the cork by the heat applied, and cannot re-enter, the external pressure not being sufficient.

### To keep Cisterns clear of Insects.

The water of cisterns that are kept covered through the summer soon begins to smell; and if the cover is left open, thousands of "wigglers," the larvae of mosquitoes, appear, and, besides making the water disagreeable, supply an abundance of little blood-suckers to feed upon us during the night, and disturb our slumbers. An easy way to put an end to the "wigglers," is to place a number of small fish—minnows, for example—in the cistern. These will speedily devour the insects, and keep the cistern clear of all such. If a lead pipe is in the cistern, the fish will die in a day or two.

### Apricot Jelly.

Take the stones from eighteen ripe fleshy apricots, cut them in thin slices, and put them in a basin, with the juice of three lemons; have ready, boiling, a pint and a half of clarified syrup. Pour it over the apricots, cover the basin with paper, and let them remain till quite cold, then drain the syrup through a napkin; add one ounce and a half of clarified isinglass, half cold. Mix well in, and pour into your mould. The remainder of the apricots would make a very good marmalade.

### A Cement for attaching Metal to Glass.

Take two ounces of a thick solution of glue, and mix it with one ounce of linseed oil varnish, and half an ounce of pure turpentine; the whole are then boiled together in a close vessel. The two bodies should be clamped and held together for about two days after they are united, to allow the cement to become dry. The clamps may then be removed.

### Gold Lacker.

Put into a clean four-gallon tin one pound of ground turmeric, an ounce and a half of powdered gamboge, three pounds and a half of gum sandrac, three-quarters of a pound of shellac, and two gallons of spirits of wine. After being agitated, dissolved and strained, add one pint of turpentine varnish, well mixed.

### Waterproof Coating for Cotton or Linen.

Bolled linseed oil, containing about an ounce of the oxide of manganese, or litharge, to the quart, will make an excellent waterproof coating for cotton or linen cloth. Put on several coats with a brush, and allow each to dry perfectly.

### To destroy Crickets.

Mix some powdered arsenic with roasted apple, and put it into the cracks and holes whence the crickets issue. It will effectually destroy them, and cockroaches also.

**Imitation Apple Pie.**

Take dried pumpkin, and cut it into pieces about the size of a quarter of a small apple; stew it till soft, but not enough to fall to pieces. Add one cupful of currants, or other dried fruit, to pumpkin enough for three pies; mix well, and put on plates the same as apple; then pour on each pie a teaspoonful of sharp vinegar; strew on some sugar, and spice to taste. Put on the upper crust, and bake. A good substitute for apple pie.

*Another.*—Take ripe pumpkin, cut it in small pieces, and stew until soft enough to break easy with a spoon. Take it up, and add sugar and lemon, or other spice to suit the taste. Bake with or without upper crust.

**Minced Pies.**

One cup full of finely chopped meat, and two of pickled beets; mix over night, and add spices to suit the taste. Pour on it some West India molasses, and a little good elder vinegar, and let it stand till morning; then add one cup of raisins, one of currants, half a cup of sugar, and hot water enough to make the mass of a proper consistency. Add a teaspoonful of butter to each pie before putting on the upper crust. Equally as good as pies made with apples, and in a scarcity of fruit, is well worth trying.

**Recipe for Burns and Scalds.**

Take equal parts of olive oil and lime water, which, when well mixed together, forms a beautiful white ointment, which may be spread with a feather upon the part affected, and a thin rag laid over it. Two or three dressings will take out all the fire, after which apply a little healing ointment. Families ought always to have this remedy by them, that it may be applied immediately after the accident, as it very soon gives ease.

**Tomato Pie.**

Take ripe tomatoes, scald, skin, and take the seeds out. Line the plates with paste, and slice on tomatoes enough to cover each about as thick as you would for a tart; spice with lemon, nutmeg or mace: add a little butter, and cover with a good puff paste; bake well, and you will have a pie good enough for the best man in town.

**To make Sausages.**

Take eleven pounds of the fillet of nice fresh pork, and ten pounds of chine fat, chop them very finely, and add five ounces of salt, two and a half of black pepper, one and a half ounce of sage, half an ounce of savory, and a little thyme; work this well together. If closely covered, it will keep some weeks in a cool place.

**Guinea Fowls.**

These birds must be very young, for, being naturally very dry, they are not eatable if more than twelve months old; they are generally larded or barded, and served plain roasted, rather well done. They are trussed like the common fowls, and require nearly three quarters of an hour to roast.

**Cooling Drink.**

Bake four or six apples without peeling them; when done and quite hot put them in a jug, and pour over them three pints of boiling water; cover the jug over with paper, and when cold it is ready for use; a spoonful of honey or brown sugar added makes it very palatable.

**To preserve Eggs.**

If you take the eggs as soon as the hen has laid them, and smear the shells with lard or butter, they will keep as good as new-laid eggs for some time.

**To preserve Pears.**

Take small, rich, fair fruit, as soon as the pips are black; set them over the fire in a kettle, with water to cover them; let them simmer until they will yield to the pressure of the finger; then with a skimmer put them into cold water; pare them neatly, leaving on a little of the stem and the blossom end to the core; then make a syrup of a pound of sugar for a pound of fruit; when it is boiling hot, pour it over the pears, and let it stand until the next day; then drain it off, make it boiling hot, and again pour it over; after a day or two, put the fruit in the syrup over the fire, and boil gently until it is clear; then put it into the jars, or spread it on dishes; boil the syrup thick, then put it and the fruit in jars.

**To make Tomato Figs.**

Pour boiling water over the tomatoes, in order to remove the skin; then weigh them and place them in a stone jar, with as much sugar as you have tomatoes, and let them stand two days; then pour off the syrup, and boil and skim until no scum rises. Then pour it over the tomatoes, and let them stand two days, as before; then boil and skim again. After the third time they are fit to dry, if the weather is good; if not, let them stand in the syrup until drying weather. Then place on large earthen plates or dishes, and put them in the sun to dry, which will take them about a week; after which pack them down in small wooden boxes, with fine white sugar between every layer.

**Tomatoes in a new Style.**

The following method of preparing them for the table, we are assured by one who has made the experiment, is superior to anything yet discovered for the preparation of that excellent article:—Take good ripe tomatoes, cut them in slices, and sprinkle over them finely pulverized white sugar, then add claret wine sufficient to cover them. Tomatoes are sometimes prepared in this way with diluted vinegar, but the claret wine imparts to them a richer and more pleasant flavor—more nearly resembling strawberry than anything else.

**To pickle Tomatoes.**

Always use those which are thoroughly ripe. The small round ones are decidedly the best. Do not prick them as most receipt-books direct. Let them lie in a strong brine three or four days, then put them down in layers in your jars, mixing with them small onions and pieces of horseradish; then pour on the vinegar (cold), which should be first spiced as for peppers; let there be a spice-bag to throw into every pot. Cover them carefully, and set them by in the cellar for a month before using.

**To prevent Mildew on Awnings.**

Boil the cloth intended for awnings for one hour in a liquor into which has been dissolved one ounce of alum, and the same quantity of blue vitriol, to every four gallons of water. Allow the cloth to dry thoroughly before it is put up. If the awning is up, brush its surface over with a hot liquor of alum and blue vitriol. This will tend to prevent mildew, and render it more durable.

**Nice Castor Oil.**

One drop of the essence of bitter almonds will communicate an agreeable taste and smell to an ounce of the castor oil of commerce, and will not at all affect its medicinal action. Persons taking this medicine should order it to be thus flavored.

## Curious Matters.

### The Wonders of Somnambulism.

Henry Ludford, a ferryman, of Troy, New York, hearing a man call "over," arose from his bed, passed down stairs, out of doors, and down the long stairway to his skiff, got in, crossed the river, brought the passenger over who was calling, took his toll out of a quarter, fastened his river boat, took the passenger over in the Mohawk basin boat, and recrossed back again to his station on the island, passed up stairs in the toll-house, where the ferry-men sleep, took the lighted lamp in his hand, passed to his bed and back again to the hatchway, where he stepped off and fell to the floor below, making a great racket and waking up all the rest of the hands, who hastened to see what was the matter, and on inquiry found that Ludford had been sound asleep all this time. Curiously enough, he received but a few slight bruises by his fall. He remembered nothing of what had occurred, and was bewildered when found lying on the floor, and anxious to know how he came there, and ready to swear that he had not been over with a passenger since an early hour in the evening. The change made by him was taken from a table on which the quarter lay. The midnight passenger called attention to the queer conduct of the ferryman, and said he never saw so dumb a chap before.

### Vicissitudes of Fortune.

The London correspondent of the *Manchester Guardian* says Lord Lovelace's son and heir, the grandson to whom will go the bulk of the late Lady Byron's large landed property, and who now becomes Baron Wentworth by her death, he, and has for a considerable time past, been working at weekly wages as an artisan in the smiths' department of the Woolwich arsenal. For the son of an earl, and the heir of a barony by writ, this is a unique case. Lord Lovelace's daughter, to whom passes the bulk of Lady Byron's large personal property, is an inheritrix of much of the rare ability of her mother, Ada, the only daughter of Lord Byron.

### Patriarchal Turtle.

A woman named Sarah McKisson, residing near Indiana, discovered a land turtle, or terrapin, near her house, the other day, over sixty years of age, bearing the following dates on its back—James Dixon, 1797; James McKisson, 1797; John McKisson, 1818; Thomas Cross, 1818; Robert McKisson, 1829; William McKisson, 1840. Mr. McKisson, who marked it in 1840, is alive and well, and states that it was found but a few rods from where he left it. It had the 10th of August, 1860, added to the other dates on its back, and was turned loose again, as a walking monument to future generations.

### Wonderful Child.

In 1791, a child was born at Lubeck, Germany, who at ten months of age spoke distinctly; at twelve learnt the Pentateuch by rote, and at fourteen months was perfectly acquainted with the Old and New Testaments. At two years of age he was as familiar with ancient history as the most erudite authors of antiquity. Sanson and Danville only could compete with him in geographical knowledge; and Cicero would have thought him an "alter ego," on hearing him converse in Latin. This wonderful child, unfortunately, or fortunately for the rest of mankind, died in his fourth year.

### The Nations without Fire.

According to Pliny, fire was for a long time unknown to some of the ancient Egyptians; and when Exodus (the celebrated astronomer) showed it to them, they were absolutely in rapture. The Persians, Phœnicians, Greeks, and several other nations, acknowledge that their ancestors were once without the use of fire, and the Chinese confess the same of their progenitors. Pompanius, Moles, Plutarch, and other ancient authors, speak of nations who, at the time they wrote, knew not the use of fire, or had just learned it. Facts of the same kind are also attested by several modern nations. The inhabitants of the Marian Islands, which were discovered in 1551, had no idea of fire. Never was astonishment greater than theirs when they saw it on the descent of Magellan, in one of their islands. At first they believed it was some kind of animal that fixed to and fed upon wood. The inhabitants of the Philippine and Canary Islands were formerly equally ignorant. *Africa* presents, even in our own day, some nations in this deplorable state.

### An ingenious Workman.

Near the fountain of the Pont St. Michael, Paris, a clever and industrious mechanic has just commenced exhibiting a collection of monuments executed in wood, on a very large scale, which is the result of the most extraordinary labor and skill. There are the splendid cathedral of Milan, the palaces of the Louvre and the Tuileries, the Hotel-de-Ville, of Paris, the Dome of the Invalides, St. Peter's at Rome, the English Houses of Parliament, the Church of St. Germain l'Auxerrois, the palace of the Luxembourg, the Church of St. Etienne-da-Mont, and fifty other remarkable European buildings.

### Coal Bed on Fire.

A coal bed between Wild Cat Bluff, on the Trinity, and Mound Prairie, Texas, which has been burning slowly for a number of years, has during the recent dry season made wonderful progress, and ten or twenty acres have been burned off, and the fire is progressing rapidly. Recently, on a gentleman and lady riding near it, the horses broke through the crust of earth which covers the fire near the edge, and were severely burned before they could get out.

### A new Idea.

In the official report of the California Mint, the following passage occurs, which illustrates some of the many singular phases of social life on the Pacific!—"Half dimes, three cent pieces, coppers and nickels are unknown in our commerce, and are almost unknown in our mint, although a few half-dimes were once issued, to the great indignation of some people, who consider them a dangerous innovation, as having a tendency to reduce the price of labor and the profits of trade."

### Magic Pictures.

Magic pictures have been heard of which, when viewed in a certain point through a lens, exhibit an object perfectly different from that seen by the naked eye. Nicorom tells us that he executed at Paris, and deposited in the library of the Malmes, a picture of this kind. When seen by the naked eye, it represented fifteen portraits of Turkish Sultans; but when viewed through the glass, it was a portrait of Louis XIII! This is as wonderful as the stereoscope.

**What will a Glass of Water hold?**

It is generally thought that when a vessel is full of water any solid substance immersed in it will cause it to overflow—and such will be the case if the substance is not soluble in the water; but the philosophic truth, that in dissolving a body you do not increase the volume of the solvent, may be proved by a simple and interesting experiment. Saturate a certain quantity of water at a moderate heat with three ounces of sugar; and when it will no longer receive, there is room in it for two ounces of salt of tartar; and after that for an ounce and a drachm of green vitriol, nearly six drachms of nitre, the same quantity of sal ammoniac or smelling salts, two drachms and a scruple of alum, and a drachm and a half of borax; when all these are dissolved in it, it will not have increased in volume.

**A novel Capture.**

The engineer of a locomotive plying on the Central Railroad, New York, captured a large hawk a few days since in rather a novel manner. The hawk, while crossing the railroad, was struck by the smoke-pipe of the engine and brought down. It received no further injury than a stunning blow, and was captured by the engineer as his lawful prey, and has been adopted as a pet by the captor. The bird is not confined, but is gravely perched on the engine, resisting the approaches of all persons excepting the engineer, from whom it receives many kind attentions, which it acknowledges in a way that proves that even senseless birds are not without grateful instincts.

**Singular Fact.**

Frank Varnum, the only individual saved from the brig Mary Pierce, lately wrecked, in his statement of the circumstances, says that he kept his place on the wreck by thrusting his knife into a worm-eaten spot upon the keel, and holding on. "A gentleman now visiting this city," says the *Newport News*, "informs us that he was one of the crew of that ill-fated vessel during a portion of 1859; that in July of that year she was hauled into dock in London and coppered, and the very place which was the means of saving Varnum's life purposely left uncoppered, it being the design at some future time to replace it with a sound piece of wood."

**Death from a Spider Bite.**

A little son of Charles Gott, of East Lancashire, aged five years, died lately from the bite of a spider. The little fellow awoke in the night crying, and on his parents seeking the cause of his grief, they found a small black spider was biting the calf of his leg, and appeared to be sinking itself into the flesh, where it hung very tenaciously till removed. The leg swelled to a very large size, and his sufferings increased till they terminated in death, about forty-eight hours after he was bitten.

**A remarkable Fish.**

A sea-monster has been taken in the salmon weirs on the river Bride, weighing fourteen hundred weight. The head resembles that of a calf, the body of a darkish gray, with four webbed feet. None of the fishermen can give the name of the animal.

**Origin of a Phrase.**

Before the introduction of carpets, to cover the floor with straw or rushes was deemed so necessary a point of courtesy, that when not performed, it was said that the host did not care a rush or a straw for his guest; hence the origin of the expression common now.

**A curious Case.**

A sickly girl in Plymouth, N. H., a somnambulist with a strong propensity to walk off with things and hide them where they could not be found, nor she herself remember, so that at last it was found necessary to lock her in securely at night, made off, a few weeks since, with a valuable watch. Then the family gave her liberty, and watched her movements in hope that the same somnambulist that carried it off would again find it. The other night she started out, followed by her brother. She walked places that he dared not follow; but the moonlight helped show her course, and he kept along. Finally she walked up the trunk of an old tree that hung at an angle of forty-five degrees over a brook, stood firmly at the end while the tree swayed beneath her, and stooping down brought out that watch. Returning to terra firma the brother waked her, took the property, and hurried home.

**Shakespeare's Will.**

Shakespeare's will is tied up in one sheet with those of Milton and Napoleon, and may be seen at Doctors' Commons, London. In the will of the Bard of Avon is an interlineation of his own handwriting:—"I give unto my wife my brown best bed with the furniture." It is proved by William Byrd, July 22, 1616. The will of the minstrel of Paradise is a noncupative one, taken by his daughter, the great poet being blind. That of Napoleon is signed with a bold hand; the codicil, on the contrary, written shortly before his death, exhibits the then weak state of his body.

**A Pair of Eccentrics.**

Mr. Day, the eccentric founder of Fabrics Fair, had a housekeeper who had lived with him for thirty years, and was equally eccentric. She had two strong attachments—one to her wedding-ring and garments, the other to tea. When she died, Mr. Day would not permit her ring to be taken off. He said, "If that was attempted, she would come to life again;" and directed that she should be buried in her wedding suit, and a pound of tea in each hand—and these directions were literally obeyed.

**Singular Customs.**

Among the curious customs in the regions of Central Africa, visited by Captain Burton, are the following:—When twins are born one is put to death. Archery is the only education given to children. A wife is bought for from four to ten cows. When a chief is buried, three pretty women are buried with him. Male criminals are clubbed, speared, or beheaded; females are impaled. When a man is in want, he objects not to sell his family.

**A Gormandiser.**

There was caught, says the *Banffshire* (Scotland) Journal, the other day, by one of the boats belonging to Port Gordon, a large eel, which, on being opened, was found to contain eleven full-grown herring, quite fresh, besides a great many that were beginning to undergo decomposition, also seven half-grown crabs—a very fair take in for his codship, and sufficient to have served him on a pretty long voyage.

**A lucky Hit.**

A Montreal schoolmaster, somewhat of an enthusiast in the science of geology, has recently made a good hit, by which he pockets the sum of \$200,000. He took a lease of a tract of land near Acton, on the Grand Trunk Railroad, upon which a little copper ore had been picked up by the farmer who owned it. Setting to work, he soon developed a magnificent copper mine, which has just been sold for \$500,000, of which he receives \$200,000.

## Editor's Table.

MATURIN M. BALLOU, EDITOR AND PROPRIETOR.

### THE NEAPOLITAN BOURBONS.

The dynasty of Spanish Bourbons, just now expelled so ignominiously, has afflicted the southern parts of Italy for more than a hundred years. It was in 1735 that the child of Philip, first French King of Spain (Louis XIV.'s grandson), took by force of arms the Kingdom of Naples from the Hapsburg Emperor of Germany, together with Sicily, which the treaty of Utrecht had bestowed on the house of Savoy; but it was not until 1759 that this century of miserable tyranny began. The first King Ferdinand, with his consort, the Austrian Caroline, "unsexed and filled with direct cruelty" as she was, was twice cast out of Naples, and twice enabled, by the forces of his allies, to recover it. The savage Ferdinand I. was followed in 1825 by his son, the hypocrite and profligate Francis I., and he, in 1830, by the late Ferdinand II., whom we remember but too well, and who was succeeded last year by the present Francis, last King of the Two Sicilies. So that four bad sovereigns, in direct descent, with an ominous alternation of names of Ferdinand and Francis, have inflicted on the fair Italian provinces they owned, a dreadful course of maltreatment and unmitigated misrule.

**A CONVERTED PUGILIST PREACHING.**—Mr. Richard Weaver, a Staffordshire miner, formerly a noted pugilist, known by the name of "Undaunted Dick," because he was never beaten, is now preaching with great success at the Victoria Theatre, London.

**THE USE OF HISTORY.**—People may say what they please of the practical utility of history, an intimate acquaintance with it is a sure preservative from being deluded into hope by many an *ignis fatuus*.

**MONACO.**—The small Italian principality of Monaco has been finally placed under the protection of France, but for diplomatic reasons the treaty will not be published at present.

**REVIVAL IN WALES.**—As the fruit of the revival in Wales within the last year, some 38,000 persons have professed Christ.

### MARVELS OF THE MICROSCOPE.

Lenwenhoeek tells us of animated insects seen with the microscope, of which twenty-seven millions would only be equal to a mite. Insects of various kinds are observable in the cavities of a common grain of sand. Mould is a forest of beautiful trees, with the branches, leaves, flowers and fruit fully discernible. Butterflies are fully feathered. Hairs are hollow tubes. The surface of our bodies is covered with scales like a fish; a single grain of sand would cover 150 of these scales; and a single scale covers 500 pores; yet through these narrow openings the sweat exudes like water through a sieve; how minute then must be its particles! The mite makes five hundred steps in a second. Each drop of stagnant water contains a world of animated beings, swimming with as much liberty as whales in the sea. Each leaf is a colony of insects grazing on it like oxen in a meadow.

**THE VALUE OF CORN.**—It has been well said, that a single year's crop of corn is worth more than all the gold of California. In addition to its other uses, it is now found that it produces a clear fluid, that burns without odor, without smoke, and is inexpensive, affording a good light in an ordinary kerosene lamp for half a cent an hour. The corn-oil is as clear and colorless as water.

**CONDEMNING OUR FELLOWS.**—It is a practice entirely too prevalent in this queer world that we inhabit, to condemn the performances of others, when we know that the task could not be better accomplished by ourselves.

**THE MINIE RIFLE BALL.**—Recent experiments show that a Minie rifle ball, which will pass through a thick board, or a bag of oakum, at a distance of 500 yards, is flattened into a shapeless mass in a bag of sand, at 300 yards.

**GREAT CITIES.**—There are fifty-seven cities in the world which contain from 100,000 to 200,000 inhabitants, twenty-three from 200,000 to 500,000, and twelve which contain above 500,000.

**ERRANDS OF A MANIAC.**

About a year since, a gentleman in Wisconsin became insane, and was sent to the Lunatic Asylum in that State. He was a physician of superior cultivation and of remarkably prepossessing appearance, about thirty years old. A few weeks ago he escaped, and went to Chicago. There he encountered a friend who loaned him quite a sum of money, having no suspicion of insanity. He supplied himself with new and elegant clothing and started for La Porte, Indiana, where he remained long enough to win the affections of a young and wealthy widow, and was married to her. During the brief courtship, he exhibited no indications of lunacy, but shortly after his marriage he commenced acting in a manner which startled and shocked his wife and her friends. Among other fancies he believed he was a sheep, and insisted upon crawling on his hands and feet, bleating in the most absurd manner. He would then fancy himself a rattlesnake, and make frantic attempts to bite the members of his household. The unhappy lady, at length worn out with watching him and endeavoring to restore his reason, made preparations to send him to the asylum at Indianapolis; but his insanity sharpened his wits, and he adroitly escaped.

He then went to Syracuse, where he actually purchased a block of buildings. The papers were made out, and he was to call the next day with the money. He was to pay an outrageous sum for the property, and the parties with whom he bargained chuckled vastly. But they saw no more of him. The lunatic started westward. At Buffalo he bargained for an immense amount of corn, to be delivered in New York, and then proceeded to Cleveland. There he endeavored to negotiate for some real estate, but talked so absurdly, that the parties with whom he had interview refused to treat with him. Meanwhile his friends, and particularly his wife in Wisconsin (for he has a wife and two children in that State), were making every effort to ascertain his whereabouts. They traced him to Syracuse, and from thence to Cleveland, but he had already gone from there, and was finally captured at Adrian, Michigan. When not in his rabid fits, few would discover the unfortunate man's true condition. He would make very absurd propositions, and offer exorbitant sums of money for property that hit his fancy; but he would do so in so candid and captivating a manner, as in most cases to disarm suspicion.

THAT'S SO.—Gilded roofs and silver door-locks cannot shut out sleepless nights.

**ASKING A BLESSING.**

It is related that, on a certain occasion, an English ship of war touched at one of the ports of the Sandwich Islands, and that the captain gave a dinner to the royal family of the islands and several chiefs. The table was spread upon the quarter-deck, and loaded with viands and delicacies of all kinds. After the company were seated around it, and the covers were removed, and everything appeared ready for operations to commence, the islanders seemed to be in no haste to begin, but looked as though something more was expected. The captain thought that the trouble was with the food, and that it was not what they liked, or that it had been prepared in a manner to which they were not accustomed, and accordingly commenced apologizing for the fact. He had, however, a pious waiter, who stood behind his chair, and who was quick to discover where the obstacle was; and who, whispering to the captain, said: "These persons are waiting for a blessing to be asked." "Ask it, then," said the captain. The waiter did so—reverently and gratefully implored the Divine benediction. No sooner was this done, than Queen Pomare, her family, and the chiefs, soon showed by the manner they attacked the provisions, that it was not because the dinner did not suit them, or that they had no appetites, that they had previously refrained from eating, but because no one had "said grace."

WELL TO REMEMBER.—Any persons residing in any part of the country, having sheet music, magazines, newspapers, or serial works of any kind, which they desire to have neatly bound, have only to address them to this office, enclosing directions, and hand the package to the express. The works will be bound in the neatest manner, and at the lowest rates, and returned in one week. Godey's Magazine, Harper's New Monthly, Harper's Weekly, Peterson's Magazine, Atlantic Monthly, London Illustrated News, Punch—in short, all and every serial work is bound as above.

PORCELAIN MANUFACTURES.—The manufacture of porcelain is now being carried on in South Carolina; \$50,000 worth has been produced at Kaolin the past year, and the company are enlarging their works.

FOLDING MACHINE.—A folding machine that will fold and pack fifteen hundred printed sheets per hour, casting off bad sheets at the same time, is in operation at Washington.



## THE TROTTER HORSE.

The Trotter, says Porter's Spirit of the Times, is an American institution, peculiar to the country, expressive of the taste of the people, and fully up to the accomplishment of the popular desire. He stands between the race horse and the dray horse, exactly as the middle class of England stands between the peer and the lower grade of English society. England has never been able to compete with us in trotting time; and though we extract our best trotters from pure-blooded horses, still the mother country, with all her great advantages in that respect, has never been able to produce a Flora Temple, a Patchen, or a Lady Suffolk. We succeed because we train for the purpose, devoting money, time, and strict study to the incipient movements of the horse; and every characteristic of action and temper is noted with conscientious care. Some years ago, an English gentleman sent to a friend in New York an order to purchase a fast roadster for him, and Alexander, a horse not equal in reputation to his illustrious namesake, was sent over, and a trial made with him, which resulted in his utter disgrace. But Wheelan happened to be in England at the time with Rattler and Ripton, trotting and winning horses, and Alexander being recognized by him, he immediately induced the owner to enter him for a stake at Manchester, with four or five of the best trotters in England, Wheelan engaging to train and ride the horse. When Alexander came upon the ground, the odds were four and five to one against him, but he won the race by a quarter of a mile. Wheelan said that he took the track at starting and widened the gap easily, and near the finish, being surprised that no horse was anywhere near him, and fearing that a great brush was intended by one of the enemy, he plied the steam on, and landed his horse a quarter of a mile ahead of the field. So happy was the owner of Alexander, that he gave, Wheelan a gold time watch and other presents, and sent to his exporters in New York a handsome service of silver.

**FLAX IN INDIA.**—A private company has been formed in London by some leading houses in the linen trade for the promotion of the cultivation of flax in India, especially in the Panjaub.

**A SHORT REIGN.**—The runaway king of Naples, Francis II., began his reign May 22, 1859—yet he filled the throne too long at that.

**HAVANA.**—Highway robbers are getting bold in their operations at Havana. The Cubanos need another Tacon.

## A NEW COLOR.

An art writer says—During the past ten days though the warm weather still continues, the change of color in the dresses which may be seen in Broadway, is as marked as the change which may be seen in the vegetable kingdom. Every one who is not so unfortunate as to be afflicted with color blindness, must have been made conscious of the incoming of a new tint, this season in the world of fashion. A color of peculiar brilliancy must have been noticed in the show windows of milliners and dry goods dealers, flustering from ladies' bonnets, spotting their dresses, edging their handkerchiefs, and now and then tied in very narrow strips around the throats of dressy young men. Last year this lovely has raged in England and was domesticated in France, and occasional glimpses were had of it in Broadway. But now an eruption of it, like scarlet fever, has broken out on this side of the Atlantic. The French call this new tint *rose* from its resemblance to the marsh mallow, which it does not much resemble, its nearest vegetable relative, in point of color, being a boiled beet; but the true name of it is Perkins's Purple, so called after the English chemist who first succeeded in extracting it from coal tar.

## THE DANGERS OF SCIENCE.

Some years ago, a whale was caught at the Nore and brought to the Isle of Dogs. Mr. Clift, in his eagerness to examine the internal parts of the mouth, stepped inside the mouth, between the lower jaws, where the tongue is situated. This tongue is a huge spongy mass, and being at that time exceedingly soft, from exposure to air, gave way like a bog; at the same time he slipped forward towards the whale's gullet, nearly as far as he could go. Poor Mr. Clift was really in a dangerous predicament; he sank lower and lower into the substance of the tongue and gullet, till he nearly disappeared altogether. He was short in stature, and in a few seconds would doubtless have lost his life in the horrible oily mass, had not assistance been quickly afforded him. It was with great difficulty that a boat-hook was put in requisition, and the good little man hauled out of the whale's tongue.

**SINGULAR.**—The coffins used for the burial of young persons in Brazil, are either red, scarlet or blue; older people alone are carried to the grave in black coffins.

**CURIOSITY.**—Curiosity is little more than another name for hope.

**A CURIOUS SWISS CUSTOM.**

When a girl has arrived at a marriageable age, the young men of the village assemble by consent on a given night at the gallery of the chalet in which the fair one resides. This creates no matter of surprise in the mind of her parents, who not only wink at the practice, but are never better pleased than when the charms of their daughter attract the greatest number of admirers. Their arrival is soon announced by sundry taps at the different windows. After the family in the house has been roused (for the scene usually takes place at midnight, when they have all retired to rest), the window of the room prepared for the occasion, in which the girl is first alone, is opened. Their parley commences, of rather a hoisterous description; each man in turn urges his suit with all the eloquence and art of which he is possessed. The fair one hesitates, doubts, asks questions, but comes to no decision. She then invites the party to partake of a repast of cakes and kirschwassar, which is prepared for them on the balcony. Indeed this entertainment, with the strong water of the cherry, forms a prominent feature in the proceedings of the night. After having regaled themselves for some time, during which, and through the window, she has made use of all the witchery of woman's art, she feigns a desire to get rid of them, and will sometimes call her parents to accomplish this object. The youths, however, are not to be put off, for, according to the custom of the country, they have come here for the express purpose of compelling her on that night, there and then, to make up her mind, and to declare the object of her choice. At length, after further parley, her heart is touched, or at least she pretends that it is, by the favored swain. After certain preliminaries between the girl and her parents, her lover is admitted through the window, where the affiance is signed and sealed, but not delivered, in presence of both father and mother. By consent of all parties, the ceremony is not to extend over a couple of hours, when, after a second jollification with kirschwassar, they all retire—the happy man to bless his stars, but the rejected to console themselves with the hope that at the next tournament of love-making they may succeed better. In general, the girl's decision is taken in good part by all, and is regarded as decisive.

**ONLY THINK OF IT.**—If the United States and its territories were as thickly populated as Great Britain, they would contain 750,000,000 of people, a number nearly equal to the whole population of the globe.

**POMPEY'S STATUE.**

The special travelling correspondent of the Christian Watchman and Reflector in his closing letter from Rome, thus speaks of a memorable work of art:

In one of the palaces, of which the city is full, and which generally contain more or less of art, I saw the statue of Pompey, which is now almost universally supposed to be the identical one at the base of which "great Cæsar fell," at the hands of Brutus and his associate assassins. For centuries the existence of this statue was unknown; but subsequently it was discovered, exhumed, and brought to light. It had only lost one arm, which has been restored. It is identified both by its form and the place of its discovery, which corresponds with the statements made in history as to the locality in which it was last left. It is unquestionably an antique, and is worthy to have been that of the illustrious Pompey. It is most dignified and noble in its port, bearing the aspect of a god rather than a mortal. Its right arm is extended as if in command. It was a fitting ornament of the place it occupied, as it has a countenance and bearing realizing our highest ideas of Roman valor and dignity. My sensations were peculiar, as I gazed at it, and thought of what it had witnessed. To that noble form the haughty Cæsar clung when pierced by many wounds, and upon its base the blood of foul conspiracy flowed. There are those who pretend that some red stains upon one of the limbs of the figure were made by the blood shed upon that occasion; but this is hardly credible, especially as the statue was buried for many years. This glorious work of ancient art narrowly escaped destruction during the bombardment of the city by the French in 1849. I hope this statue will be preserved to the end of time.

**IGNORANCE.**—Ignorance is often the source of the most intrepid action, and the most implicit faith—since there are none so fearless as those who have not light enough to see their danger, and none so confident as they who have not sufficient knowledge to discern their own errors.

**ATROCIOUS.**—At a recent festive meeting, a married man, who ought to have known better, proposed—"the ladies," as "the beings who divide our sorrows, double our joys, and treble our expenses."

**A RACY REMARK.**—Persons who sport money at races are likely to come into connection with good company, or, at all events, they are consually with their *bettors*.

## MODERATION IN EATING.

The statistics of food show that an American consumes more aliment than a citizen of any other nation on the face of the globe. That all Americans are able to do so, speaks volumes in favor of the prosperity of the country. But the question arises, whether we do not abuse the plenty that reigns throughout our favored land?—whether we do not eat too much?—and medical gentlemen are apt to tell us that we do. We are rather afraid that gluttony is a national sin. One of the conditions of attaining a long life, is moderation in eating. The famous Cornaro, who lived to an hundred by a strict observance of the laws of health, has bequeathed us some important rules for our conduct in this matter. First, we must lead, said he, a sober life; a sober life is a life of order, of rule, and of temperance. We must not eat so much as will unfit the mind for its usual exertions. We must not pass suddenly from one extreme to another, but change slowly and cautiously. We must eat plain and wholesome food. We must proportion the quantity to the age and strength of the eater, and the kind of food used. We must never allow the appetite for food or drink to regulate the quantity we take; that is, we must always eat under satiety. This kind of sobriety made Cornaro a new kind of man, and the wonder of his age. "From it," he cries fervidly, "spring, as from a root, life, health, cheerfulness, bodily industry, and mental labor. Laws divine and human favor it. From it, like clouds from the sky, fly repletions, indigestions, gluttonies, superfluities, humors, distempers, fevers, griefs, and the perils of death."

To ascertain how long a man can live, the learned reason from analogy. The duration of life with the horse, and with other animals of the higher species, is proportionate to the time expended in their growth. The learned and ingenious Flowrens has improved on the working out of this idea suggested by Buffon. All the larger animals, he observes, live five times as long as the time expended by them in reaching maturity.

The camel grows for 8 years, and lives	40
The horse " 5 " "	25
The ox " 4 " "	15 or 20
The lion " 5 " "	20
The dog " 2 " "	10 or 12
The man " 20 " "	100 or more.

By a physical analogy, therefore, the ordinary life of a man should be 100 years, at least. Now, if any of our readers wish to attain the respectable age of a century, let them combine Cornaro's rules for diet with Dr. Windship's rules for physical exercise, and live faithfully up to them.

## A GOOD MOVE.

Mr. John D. Philbrick, Superintendent of Public Schools, devotes a large portion of his semi-annual report to the subject of physical training. He thinks it ought to form a large part of our educational system. "I am not prepared," he says, "to recommend at present any material change in the existing provisions of our system for the protection of health in schools. The regulations respecting vacations, sessions, recesses, studies, and home lessons, are not the hasty product of a day. They are the fruit of wisdom and experience. They are good in the main, and should not be changed without careful deliberation. It does not seem to me that the desired result is to be attained merely by shortening the sessions, or by reducing the standard of scholarship. The principal remedy which I would suggest, is the introduction into all grades of our schools, of a thorough system of physical training, as a part of the school culture. Let a part of the school time of each day be devoted to the practice of calisthenic and gymnastic exercises in which every pupil shall be required to participate. I fully agree with an able author, who has thoroughly studied this subject, that 'a universal course of training of this kind, scientifically arranged and applied, in connection with obedience to other laws of health, might, in one generation, transform the inhabitants of this land from the low development now so extensive, to the beautiful model of the highest form of humanity.'"

**IMPROVING THE TEXT.**—A young Thespian was once entrusted to deliver the following message to Lord Randolph in the play: "My lord, the banquet waits." But having lost the run of the sentence, he called out, amid the roars of the audience—"Mr. Randolph, your supper has been ready for some time." Another actor, playing in "Joan of Arc," and having to announce the arrival of the heroine's father, said: "Miss Ark, here comes old Mr. Ark."

**WEALTH OF PHILADELPHIA.**—The real and personal property of Philadelphia amounted to \$300,000,000—the assessed value half as much.

**POETRY.**—Poetry is to philosophy what the Sabbath is to the rest of the week.

**RATHER SEVERE.**—Austria taxes her Venetian provinces sixty per cent.

**TANTALIZING.**—They have been raising a second crop of strawberries in Virginia.

## POPULAR CREDULITY.

There is scarcely any length to which popular credulity will not go. Many people believe that Colt, who was hanged for murder in New York, is still alive. There are some people who still stick to it that Hicks the pirate was resuscitated after his execution on Gibbet Island, in New York. The ridiculous story of the existence of the French dauphin in the person of an Indian preacher, found many firm believers. History is full of the records of impostors who have been successful for a time by *exploiting* the gullibility of the masses. When the two princes were murdered in the Tower of London by the order, it was supposed, of the Duke of Gloucester, afterward Richard III. of England, there were numerous dynastic and party interests which made it important to spread abroad the report that one of these, Edward, Duke of York, and heir to the throne, was not killed. It was given out that he had been rescued and carried away secretly into Scotland. An individual named Perkin or Peter Warbeck, was procured to personate the defunct. He came to England and laid claims to the crown. Margaret, the Duchess of Burgundy, the aunt of the murdered princes, who must have known them as intimately as she did her own children, maintained the identity of Warbeck with the young Duke of York. Hundreds of others, who knew Edward familiarly, and who must have seen him a thousand times at the court of his father, Edward IV., testified to the same effect; and a large party was formed to assert by arms his pretensions to the throne. Landing in Cornwall, he was joined by a powerful band of insurgents. He besieged the town of Exeter, but when the army of Henry VII. came against him, his courage deserted him, and he fled to the sanctuary of Beaulieu Abbey. False promises of pardon, however, induced him to leave his retreat, and he was then seized, carried to the Tower and hanged, drawn and quartered. Henry the VII. published a confession which this youth was said to have made, in which he gave his name as Warbeck, or Osbec, and said he was the son of a converted Jew of Tournay; yet for a long time his story was believed, and down to a late period historians gravely argued its probability. The finding of the bones of the murdered prince, buried somewhere near the steps of the Tower, finally put an end to speculation on the subject.

Another instance quite as remarkable as this, came to light in Russia during the sixteenth century. A young son of Ivan the Terrible, during the reign of his elder brother, Feder, was put to death in the town of Uglitch. He was

found in his blood, and the knife with which he had been playing in his throat. His murderers were pointed out by his mother, and the populace of the town inflicted a fierce revenge upon them; but ample testimony was adduced by others to show that Demetrius, for that was the prince's name, died by accident. While the conflicting reports were yet circulating, a person appeared in Luthianda who asserted that he was the young prince, that he had escaped the hands of assassins, and that he desired the restoration of his name and rights. Many of the most distinguished nobles espoused his cause, the Palatine of Sandomir gave him his daughter in marriage, an expedition against Moscow was set on foot by his followers, the strongest cities voluntarily opened their gates to him, he vanquished some of the leading Russian generals, and he entered the capitol in triumph. He was finally crowned, amid the acclamations of the people, as the Czar of Russia. The mother of the murdered prince acknowledged the identity of the new czar and her lost son; he reigned in peace for some years, when his irregularities provoked the people, and he was butchered in a moment of insurrectionary fury. The origin of this Demetrius is still involved in the greatest obscurity.

**A PROMISING BOY.**—They have a nice, well-grown boy named Joseph True Lake, at Chicester, Vermont, who, if he is not suddenly stunted by some accident, will be a man one of these days. The delicate juvenile is eight years old, standing four feet seven inches in his stockings, measuring four feet two and a half inches around his waist, and weighing 237 pounds.

**ONLY THINK OF IT.**—In the last three years one hundred tons of wire have been used per week in the manufacture of ladies' skirts, and the material used for this article of dress has cost yearly \$1,464,060.

**HAPPINESS.**—Happiness in part is imaginary, and its possession depends almost entirely upon ourselves; contentment is the key which unlocks the treasure house, and with "godliness is great gain."

**A MONSTER CAGED.**—John Swartz was sent to prison in Philadelphia, for lifting up a boy 4 years old, and dashing his head on the pavement, without provocation.

**THE PINEAPPLE.**—This delicious fruit is now successfully raised in Florida, proving hardier and more profitable than the banana.

## Foreign Miscellany.

The Earl of Kingston, a lunatic nobleman, lately walked through London, undressed.

With the exception of Queen Isabella of Spain, no Bourbon now reigns in Europe.

A manuscript of the time of David, has just been discovered in the East.

Four sub-marine cables between Valencia and the islands of Ivica, Majorca and Minorca, and thence to Barcelona, have been successfully laid.

A missionary on the African coast, says the French have agreed to give up their emigrant system after this season. It is the slave trade in disguise.

A new perpetual motion has been invented by an Italian, named Cavanna, who expects to propel the largest ships by the simple agency of cold water.

The Sugar-loaf colliery at Hazleton, Pa., is 9000 feet deep, without a particle of water at the bottom of the mine, is believed to be the deepest mine in America. Another in Virginia is upwards of 7000 feet deep.

A blind man in Paris, who had been allowed to beg, in the belief that he was poor, has been found out to be worth over 30,000 francs, and has been arrested and put on trial for mendicity—an aggravated case.

Of the children born in Scotland during the second quarter of 1860, 2494 were illegitimate—8.5 per cent of the whole number born, or one in every 11.3. In England, in the latest return (1858), the proportion was less by a fourth.

The London correspondent of the Scottish Guardian says: "To show how London example and influence act, I may mention that there is now a ragged school about to be established at Cairo, Egypt, for Moslem children."

Cialdini, the Italian general, is said to be no less an artist than a soldier. It is reported that he has been a long time a welcome guest in the salons of Americans sojourning in Italy, among not the least of whom, Charlotte Cushman may be named.

Showers of frogs have frequently been mentioned as having taken place, but Liege (says an English paper) was recently visited with a shower of a different kind—one of ants. An immense number of these insects fell on the town, and penetrated into all the apartments wherever the windows were open.

The Press Medicale Belge states that, in Tonquin and Cochinchina, hydrophobia is cured with complete success by decoction of the leaves of *Datura Stramonium*, or Thorny Apple. A violent paroxysm of rage ensues, which lasts but a short time, and the patient is cured in the course of 24 hours.

Paris was astonished not long since by the sight of a carriage, propelled neither by steam nor gas, going with such amazing swiftness as to leave far behind the four-in-hand carriages of the Jockey Club, which endeavored in vain to keep up with it. The inventor is said to be a poor man, who has constructed the vehicle entirely himself, and will not disclose the secret until he is properly secured by patents.

Of the eighteen Princes of Wales, eleven have lived to reign in England.

Michelet has nearly ready for the press a new volume, *L'Enfant*.

The territory of Banjermassing, in the south of Borneo, has been formally incorporated with the foreign possessions of Holland.

In London, recently, twenty-two pictures of the choicest kind, from the Belvidere collection, were sold by auction, and brought the sum of \$125,000.

Of the two young ministers on trial who were stricken from the list of the English Wesleyan Conference, one incurred that penalty by jilting the lady to whom he had been engaged.

The American missionaries who lately visited the Chinese Camp at Loo Choo, report that the tents were made of Massachusetts drills, and bore the stamp of the manufacturer still upon them.

It is proposed to erect 400 public drinking-fountains (the water to be filtered) in London, to counterbalance the 10,000 places for the sale of intoxicating drinks.

Pieces of hemp rope which have been fished up from the wreck of the Royal George, at Spithead, after a century of submergence, have been found perfectly sound, and they are said to have actually retained the smell of the tar.

A copy of the "Bay Psalm Book," the first book printed in British America, at Cambridge, Mass., has been sold in England, to a private individual, for one hundred and fifty guineas, a sum exceeding \$750.

A Mr. Richardson, of Ireland, lately attempted to get off the cars of the Dublin and Kingstown railway when they were in motion. The railway company prosecuted him, and had him fined £3, as a warning to others.

Garibaldi asked one of our naval officers, who lately saw him in Sicily, if the people of this country understood him and his cause. "I am doing," said he, "what your fathers did in 1775 to 1782."

A small brass cannon has been found at the bottom of a deep well of the Castle de Cluey, in France, with the date of 1258 upon it. The date of the invention of cannon has historically been assigned to the year 1324, 66 years later.

The lazzaroni of Naples are divided into two political parties—the Retrogrades and Liberals, haunting distinct quarters. The Liberals have now petitioned to be no longer called lazzaroni, but popolani.

An Italian journal, the *Trovatore*, states that the number of professional singers of both sexes now in Italy amounts to 1730. This aggregate is composed of 410 *prime donne*, 330 tenors, 280 baritones, 160 basses, 50 buffos, etc. In addition to these, Italy has 1670 dancers, male and female.

Strong beer is one of the most important articles in the commissary department of the British army, especially in India, where it is supposed to be the best means of preserving health. It has hitherto been exported from England, but an experiment has recently been successfully made in brewing it in India, which has excited much interest in England, and was made the subject of a leader in the Times.

## Record of the Times.

The new Aquarial and Zoological Gardens, Central Court, Boston, are truly astonishing.

Vanity Fair has found a new name for Cincinnati—*Ham-burg*.

It is said there is no Spanish romance or comedy without fighting in it.

The best photographs are those taken before 12 o'clock, noon.

The cost of building Victoria Bridge at Montreal is stated at \$7,000,000. There were over 3400 men engaged on it during its erection.

A schoolmaster in New London, Conn., has sued a pupil named Gordon for damages for an assault, and recovered a verdict of \$200.

The prairie stone, existing in large quantities just back of Chicago, will make gas as well and as freely as the best coal, yielding 50 per cent. of pure saltpetre, and a residue of good lime.

The geological examination of Texas has revealed the existence, in great abundance in that State, of the finest clay, suitable for the manufacture of Queen's ware.

The will of the late Rev. William Neill of Philadelphia contains a bequest of \$2000 to the Trustees of the College of New Jersey, at Princeton, to the indigent students who may be preparing for the Gospel ministry.

A petrified fish, over sixteen feet in length, and very perfectly preserved, its scales and fins being distinctly marked, has been taken from the coal mine at Blue Mound, Kansas. Its species has not been determined, but it is much larger than any fish now found in the Kansas rivers.

In man, the temperature of the blood is 98 degrees; in sheep, 102 degrees; in ducks, 107 degrees. During the chills of ague the heat of man's blood falls to 96 and 94 degrees, while at the height of fever it rises to 102, and even to 105 degrees.

It is stated that two tea-spoonful of finely powdered charcoal, drank in a half tumbler of water, will in less than fifteen minutes give relief to the sick headache, when caused, as in most cases it is, by superabundance of acid on the stomach.

One house in New York has a stock of camel's hair shawls valued at one hundred and fifty thousand dollars. Their separate values range from twenty to fifteen hundred dollars, and their patterns are sumptuous beyond description. They have a heavy gold embroidery.

In the town of Huntington, Conn., recently, a rock was struck by lightning and separated into fragments. One portion, weighing at least half a ton, was projected to a considerable height, other pieces, to the number of thirty or more, were thrown in every direction.

On a railroad in England has been placed a locomotive which has projecting over the frame of the engine large adjustable mirrors, set in a proper angle. By means of the reflectors, the engineer has a view of the whole train before him, so that in case of a casualty to any one of the cars, he can see it reflected in the mirror on his engine.

Refined coal oil is a solvent of gutta-percha and India-rubber.

Two centuries ago not one person in a hundred wore stockings.

One halfpenny a day will buy food in China sufficient to enable a man to "live comfortably."

As a general rule, a fashionable bean, like a bow in the sky, can't make both ends meet.

The horse was originally a native of the deserts of Tartary.

Miss Dix, the well-known philanthropist, is visiting the jails and hospitals of Michigan. She finds some of them in bad condition.

All the toothpicks do not come from Chili, as was recently stated. The greater portion are made in Portugal and Madeira.

Deborah, from the Hebrew, means a bee; Rachel, a sheep; Sarah, a princess; and Hannah, the gracious.

The population of Paris is given at 1,569,800 souls. By 1870, Paris will be overtaken by New York, and crowded by Boston perhaps.

The most ancient lock, of whose form and construction there is any certain knowledge, is the Egyptian, which has been in use upwards of four thousand years.

A russet and a spice apple tree stand side by side in Huntington, L. I., and on the latter are twenty or thirty apples, one half of which are spice, and the other half russet.

On the great Santa Fe road, through New Mexico, there have been employed this year 2170 wagons and 5984 men, the freight carried weighing 6000 tons.

An Irishman out West threw a quantity of powder upon some green wood to facilitate its burning, and was blown to pieces. Verdict, "Died for want of common sense!"

H. H. Sisson, of Harwich, a livery stable keeper, lost all his horses by fire a short time since, and the other hack drivers in the vicinity have presented him with six horses and other articles to start him again in business.

Mr. James Parker went as conductor on the first trip over the Western Railroad from Boston to Springfield in 1839, and has been employed on the road in the same capacity ever since. He has travelled in all 1,280,000 miles.

A machine called the centrifugal gun is on exhibition at Columbus, Ohio, which will throw 500 balls a minute without the aid of powder or cap, by merely turning a crank like that of a coffee mill.

When a rich man commits suicide in Havana his relatives charge somebody with murdering him, so that his property may not be confiscated to the crown. A young gentleman of fortune recently shot himself with a revolver, and the porter of the house has been charged with killing him and committed to prison.

It is related of a man travelling in Ireland, to circulate counterfeit money, that stopping at a peasant's house for the night, he was so moved by the poor man's fervor at family prayer, that he destroyed all his spurious coin in the presence of his host, and announced his intention to lead an honest life.

## Merry-Making.

What piece of carpentry becomes a gem as soon as it is finished? **Ans.**—A gate.

Why is the letter L like a calf's tail? **Ans.**—Because it is at the end of veal.

What Miss plays more tricks than a monkey? **Ans.**—Mis-chief.

What Miss occasions a great many quarrels? **Ans.**—Mis-understanding.

What Miss will ruin any man? **Ans.**—Mis-management.

What Miss always makes her lover go astray? **Ans.**—Mis-lead.

Who are the oldest bores on record? The Etruscan augurs.

"Never saw such stirring times," as the spoon said to the saucepan.

Why is Prince Albert like a stag in the queen's park? Because he's Victoria's own dear!

One ought to have dates at one's fingers' ends, seeing they grow upon the palm.

Mrs. Partington has just sent Isaac the inquisitive off to get an "epidemic education."

"Is your city a healthy one, sir?"—"O, yes; medicines are drugs there."

A young lady captured a beaver lately, and also the man who was carrying it about on his head.

"Your horse has a tremendous long bit," said a friend to Theodore Hook. "Yes," said he, "it is a bit too long."

"Come, get up, you have been in bed long enough," as the gardener said when he was pulling up carrots to send to market.

The gentleman so often spoken of in novels, who riveted people with his gaze, has now obtained employment at a boiler factory.

A chap who went to California poor, and subsequently became very rich, is now so extravagant that he skates on ice-cream.

"A weak watch invites a vigilant foe." Yes; and the "foe" in question is the watch repairer, who is always on the lookout for weak watches.

It is useless to talk so patriotically about the great American heart, when so much interest is taken in the great American stomach.

A Frenchman, intending to compliment a young lady by calling her a gentle lamb, said "She is one mutton as is small."

The proprietor of a bone mill advertises that those sending their own bones to be ground, will be attended to with punctuality and despatch.

Julius, why didn't you oblong your stay at the seaside? Kase, Mr. Smith, dry charge so much. How so, Julius? Why, de landlord charged dis colored individual with stealing the silver spoons.

At a printer's festival the following toast was given: "The editor and lawyer—the devil is satisfied with the copy of the former, but requires the original of the latter."

"Tommy, my son, run to the store and get me some sugar." "Excuse me, ma; I am somewhat indisposed this morning. Send father, and tell him to bring me a plug of tobacco!"

Theory may be all very well, but young doctors and lawyers prefer practice.

"I'll be with you in a crack," as the rifle-ball said to the target.

The unfortunate youth who drowned himself a few days ago in a flood of "tender recollections," is said to be slowly recovering.

Why is a man riding fast up hill like another man taking a little dog to a young lady? Because he is taking a gal a pup.

"I do declare, Lib, you're pretty enough to eat." "Well, dear Charles, aint I eating as fast as I can," replies Lib, with her mouth full.

The worst way of pitching into a fellow, and making him feel generally like a goose, is to tar and feather him.

"Ma, get down on your hands and knees a minute, please." "What on earth shall I do that for, pet?" "'Cause I want to draw an elephant."

What is that although only four inches broad and three inches deep, yet contains a solid foot? A shoe.

Boots made of alligator skin are all the go in New Orleans. Jinks, however, who has seen 'em, says they are not exactly long boots you know, but alli-gaiters!

An independent man is said to be one who can live without whiskey and tobacco, and shave himself with brown soap and cold water without a mirror.

The mother-in-law is the person in the household who attends to the preserves and pickles, and sees that the matrimonial jars are put carefully away, to be opened as they are wanted.

"Honesty is the best policy," said a man to another, who had narrowly escaped hanging for robbery. "I know it," said the other, "for I have tried both sides of the question."

A sleepy churchwarden, who sometimes engages in popular games, hearing the minister use the words, "shuffle off this mortal coil," started up, rubbed his eyes, and exclaimed, "Stop, stop! It's my deal."

Perhaps the best retort upon a lie is to outwit it, at Galba did, when a courtier told him he had bought eels in Sicily five feet long. "That," replied the emperor, "is no wonder, for there they are so long that the fishermen use them for ropes."

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